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THE

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JUNE—NOVEMBER,

1870.

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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

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ENTIRELY NEW SERIES.

VOL. V.

JUNE—NOVEMBER.

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of the period. A reflection of the leading current topics of every successive season will be found in our pages. The present volume, for example, contains articles relating to the war in Europe and the fall of Napoleon III. Our writers have discussed the condition of England's coast defences and the loss of the *Captain;* and while the changes in our educational enactments have been treated with reference to the labours of educational pioneers, the minor, but to many none the less interesting subjects of croquet laws, salmon cultivation, and the best mode of fly-fishing, have also occupied the pens of some of our most esteemed contributors. Tribute has been paid to the genius of Dickens and to the memory of Lemon. "Lothair" has had its defender, Mr. Ayrton his critic, and enough we feel assured has been done to entitle *The Gentleman's Magazine* to be still in some sort regarded as worthy of preservation for future reference. There are among our friends a few representatives of the days of the Georges, who might have preferred the continuation of the old cover and the old matter, but our reply to these is the unmistakeable change in the opinions of their successors, as exemplified by the increased and increasing popularity of *The Gentleman's Magazine* in these days of telegraphs and balloons.

A word with regard to the future. We have made arrangements to increase our staff of writers upon subjects of special and peculiar interest to gentlemen, with a view still further to develop and fulfil the pro-

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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1870.

THE CHRISTIAN VAGABOND.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER IX.

GATHERING SIMPLES.

IT had become known in the old men's room that the Christian Vagabond, had opened the chapters of his life, to the Lady of Charity and the Sisters, in the refectory. Would he not beguile their lagging hours with at least some passages from the ponderous year-book he had lived to make? They were too old to profit by the lessons: but not to feel the gladness of the light that would break from them upon the grey shadows of their evening. The Sisters pleaded with the Lady of Charity and with the Christian Vagabond, for the expectant old men. And, while the morning was cold, and before a ray of sunlight had glinted upon the capitals of the columns of the galleries; the lily shafts were lifted from the chamber of Christ—and two old men stood by the couch of the Christian visitor.

"Holy pilgrim," said the foremost, his lips quivering with the day-break cold—"We approach you with a prayer—we who, with Job, must swiftly make our bed in the dark." [*]

"Brothers, you are turning down the sheets apace, by this woful imprudence. The cold is the old man's enemy. I pray you get you to your beds: and, presently, I will come to you."

---

[*] "So I shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark."—*George Herbert.*

"Nay, but, venerable traveller who have braved every wind and storm"—broke in the second old man, shivering more violently than his companion, "bear with us while we make our brief prayer."

"Begone, brothers: not a word. Every sound is a step that need not be, to the bed in the dark. Begone, and I will shortly come to you."

In the full flush of the morning two Sisters entered the old men's day-room, saying, "Our Guest comes, to grant you your desires; but, after difficulties. Our Lady is vexed with the wicked pair who crossed the galleries at sunrise this morning." The old men turned to one another and chattered in whispers, like frightened children. But they rose, each as best he could (and how much more impressive and worshipful is he who does obeisance upon a crutch than the finished courtier mincing on his well-turned legs!), doing ungrudging honour to the Age that was greater, twice told, than that of the oldest among them. The click of the staff sounded upon the marble without, and to the curtseys of the two Sisters who stood in the doorway, the Christian Vagabond passed into the old men's day-room.

The trespassers of the morning were smiled into silence, as they opened their excuses; and, as when the old men told the leading events of their lives they assembled about the venerable figure, so now they clustered; the deaf making of their hands a shell behind the ear, that not a word might be lost.

The Vagabond paused, and laid his black staff across his knees, and looked inquiringly down upon it, as asking it some questions of their early jauntings in company.

"When I was hedged with difficulties," he began, his mild eyes still fixed upon the thing that had been his doughty companion and support, and would be, in due time, his crutch—"When I was hedged with difficulties; when I stood to the waist in snow, or clung to the ropes in the storm-handled ship, and the hissing wave-crests were my horizon for many hours together; I said, with Jesus—'It is my meat to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish his work.'

"It stilled my stomach; it whitened the black bread, it slaked my thirst, and was a palm leaf between me and the scorching sun. The holy passion of the pilgrim, is a bliss that grows by feeding it. The hundred miles behind his back, drive him forward. The fifty shrines at which he has devoutly humbled himself, are so many feathers of an angel's wing that supports him and carries him forward. With heavy steps and slow, I crept over the first hills from my castle gates; but on each succeeding morning, I rose with an increase of vigour. The light within me burned the brighter to-day for the fatigue and foot-soreness of yesterday. With the true, devoted pilgrim it is always so. He who has knelt in the snow, hungers after a shrine in the tropics. Just as the wholly ignorant are quite content, and the untravelled have world enough within the bounds of an orchard fence; so the devout who have never wandered, lie quiet in their cell. But let the staff be trimmed and polished, and the dust of roads once cover the shoulders of the traveller in quest of holy things; and the pilgrim is a wanderer evermore.

"I explain the fire that, thanks be to God, has burned within my bosom so many years beyond the limit of man's ordinary life. I am but an ordinary pilgrim, brothers, forgotten by death or mercifully left to finish my work—which is and has been my meat. I am a volcano a little older than the rest: this is all.

"I should over-tax my memory, and tire out your attention if I tried to lay before you an unbroken thread of my life in the many lands in which I have watched the goodness of God to his creatures; and through which I trudged after the child of Lazarus whom my haughty father smote at his gate. It has been my privilege to see vastly spreading branches of the family of man. Man, in every condition, I can think of, have I looked upon. Upon the naked savages, villeins in gross and villeins regardant; the poor free to starve, the rich in golden chains; the white, the red, the black man. And I have never tarried in weariness of spirit, since the light was kindled in my breast; and it pleased God to permit me to study my brothers, in the humble hope of doing some good to the human family before mother earth should claim back the dust of me.

"I had not gone far—my staff was hardly smoothed and settled to my hand, before I lighted upon communities of men and women, living the lives of the beasts of the field; and owned and scourged by great lords and barons. Youth in the mud and slough of sloth; Age driven in the fireless chimney corner. Sons cursing their sires that they lived so long. Daughters spurning their mothers, for crones much in the way, and filling room that could be better used. Every man's hand against his neighbour. Murder in the woods: a torch found by the farmer's rick: the sick dying in solitary chambers: violence rampant along every highway! Quagmire roads: flesh showing white through rent garments: few Griseldas in the cottages: the Biblia Pauperum* smeared under the hoofs of the cattle! The ending of Boccaccio's story often came upon me in those early days of my pilgrimage. He remarks of the patient, shamefully tried spouse, who was taken from a hut to a palace—'What can we say, then, but that Divine spirits may descend from heaven into the meanest of cottages, whilst royal palaces shall produce such as seem rather adapted to have the care of hogs than the government of men!' I have seen the men in truth made hogs—lowered by brute governors to fitness for the stye: and through the night and gloom and pestilence of such woful outrage upon millions of God's creatures, I have watched the royal and knightly pageants and processions pass—streaks of golden light cut through a storm-cloud that overarched the heavens. Griseldas in the cottages! The wrong was too crushing to leave many sparks of hope.

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* The Biblia Pauperum—the poor man's bible, consisted of some forty or fifty rude pictures of Bible subjects—and taught the unlettered, pictorially, some of the leading scriptural events.

"And yet what goodfellowship have I met? I have eaten more black bread than white, given in dutiful adoration of the Master on whose business I was bent. It is so difficult to stamp out all the good from men: alas! it is also very difficult to do them good.

"This was my cross. I searched with my whole might. Wherever I could light upon a good, a noble, a Christian deed, I unbuckled my wallet, and bared my head; and I tarried patiently to know all about it. Did I come upon a governor of men who sought their happiness: I craved the full knowledge of his methods, and pored over the lights and shadows of his kindly face. I was within the dominions of a remorseless tyrant—hog and tiger mixed; and then I followed the deadening slime of his path among my brothers doomed to live within his realm. Often, where at the outset I saw blurs and blemishes, I found light and hope. You may have lifted a hemlock leaf—to find a glowworm under it. I remember a contention bearing on this, which I shaped somewhat in this form, as I sat, now many cycles past, in a shady corner, somewhere in the Valley of the Loire.

"SONG CRADLES.

"A rustic and a townsman returning from the fair of a neighbouring market town, disputed about some black tufts that looked ugly enough in the branch-traceries of the bare trees. It was winter weather: and the two felt the cold in their bones, and were petulant. The townsman vowed that they were unsightly blotches in the scenery, and should be torn away.

"'Nay, they shall not be touched, and I can prevent it,' the rustic answered. 'They are beauties, to my sight, on my wintry walks to and from market.'

"'They are blots,' the townsman insisted, 'and one of them shall be wiped out.' With this he raised his stick, and was about to strike the branch of a tree, when the rustic took an iron grip of his arm.

"'You shall not. I tell you that clump of twigs and hair and leaves is a thing of beauty, that warms me as I pass it, carrying my dairy produce through the snows to you men of the town, upon whom nature is thrown away.'

"In the spring the two were travelling together by the same road. On the brow of the hill, whence they were about to dip into the valley where the market town lay—they stood, enraptured by the concerts in the trees. The blackbird opened the melodious fire: the thrush took it up: the lark made the heavens laugh with his sweet cadences.

"'It is beautiful, is it not?' the rustic asked, holding an attentive finger to his lips. 'And now do you understand our quarrel, when we passed this way in the winter?'

"'I am blind.'

"'Those blurs and blots in the landscape were the deserted nests of these birds, left in the naked boughs. They were beauties to me, for I remembered that they were the cradles of the songs that, with the spring, would thrill delight through the leafy shadows of the grove. Could I let you break them with your stick?'

"Upon the dead past—the world-wide grave—we build. The shriek of the martyr is prelude to the hymn of the blessed. Yea, these are dead twigs, but they have thrilled under the bosom of the lark, and warmed the bare little breasts that are now full-fledged, and musical over the corn-fields of to-day.

"But how to get at the truly useful, in our brotherly relations. This has been my perplexity; and I have travelled from blunder to blunder; from wasted sacrifice to wasted sacrifice. The heroes who have fallen in vain! The blood that has rained upon barren ground! The sum of senseless suffering! The fruitless tortures! The living saints, entombed, for their salvation—holding the foul things that crawled over their unwashed limbs too pure and good for their neighbourhood! The hand wasted by years of fixed courage, that held it motionless! It is not the devotion, the fortitude—the thoroughness of self-abandonment to works of mercy or of salvation that has been lacking these many years: it is the light.

"In every city—or in nearly every city I have seen—there have been crowds of righteous men and women; desiring with all their strength of heart to do God's work in the great human fellowship. But the plan has failed, nearly always. The God-house has been set up in a hundred fashions. I have seen it as variously furnished as, in this busy world, are the chambers of Christ: here giving the scrap of salt fish, the black bread and the beer, with a cell by night—there offering an artificial home of complex build—and always so unlike home! It has been anguish to see the vast expenditure of virtue, and the little sum of service got through. For on all sides the need for Christian help was pressing. The social economy was bad. The governors were hoggish, selfish, lustful. The mass of God's children had not bread for to-morrow. North and south, east and west of the European continent, where, we are told, civilization most excels in benefits to mankind; I found the misery general, the ignorance black, the lights few, and the good works too often but provocative of sloth and hypocrisy.

"Years, by the score, my brothers, did I carry this staff from city to village, and from village to waste and forest—finding a hundred developments of the old gilds—that reach back to Canute the Great;* but everywhere confusion of aim and conflict of purpose. For eight hundred years we have been in quest of the right way of helping our forlorn and faint brother. And little is the progress we have made. The ancient Gild-brothers met for worship and for mutual assistance: the prayer to God, and the work acceptable to Him. They broke bread in common; they collected alms for the poor and gave meat from their tables to them. Each Gild-brother was bound to bear himself in a Christian, courteous spirit; and to make common cause with his wronged or persecuted neighbour. The oath taken on the relics of the patron saint was observed; and it is along the bright threads of these holy brotherhoods of humble, God-fearing men, we find the diamond lights of truth that lead us through the remote barbaric years, and all the gloom and woe of the middle ages. 'If one misdo, let all bear it; let all share the same lot'—was the leading principle of association. We have not much improved on it—nor, my brothers, in our methods of applying it. Canute's Gild-brothers had no palaces of charity, no plumb-and-line monuments of their goodness: but they were truthful, simple, strong men, who turned into the neighbour's cabin when he fell ill; and cudgelled for the right, when violence was done to the person or goods of a fellow-member.

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* "The oldest reliable accounts which we have of Gilds come from England; they consist of three Gild-statutes. According to the latest investigation into the origin of Gilds, the drawing up of all these statutes took place in the beginning of the eleventh century. In the case of one of these Gilds, there is no doubt whatever as to the accuracy of this date. This Gild was founded and richly endowed by Orey, a friend of Canute the Great, at Abbotsbury, in honour of God and St. Peter."—"*On the History and Development of Gilds,*" *&c., by Lujo Brentano.*

"I have found, I say, innumerable forms, and fantastic twistings of the original Gild; and the German and Scandinavian family feastings —which had a benevolent and lofty spirit at the back of them. The heir who toasted his father's memory and vowed to imitate his virtues, has not been improved upon. The sacrificial meal was the basis of most that is honourable in modern society. The Christian copied the Pagan's feast—but put away his idols—and behind the banquetting board reverently set up the chamber of Christ. The family compact, grew into the Gild, into the corporation, into the general government. Something was lost, brothers, if much was gained. There was the day when the father could not appear against the son—nor any man against his own brother, in a court of justice. The family was answerable to the community for the misdeeds of any of its members. The spirit of brotherhood possessed men like their blood. The Gilds and fraternities of old made common cause in prayers to God; as well as for the mutual protection of their worldly interests.* It was when the fraternal bonds were loosed, and the government levied that which the Brother had freely given—the confusion began, which lasts still, and of which we cannot conceive the end. I have seen the old jumbled with the new; and that which was worship and faith and voluntary homage cast into schedules, and written down as law in hard title books. The frank-pledge of the family developed into an organized police. Then the strong ridded themselves of their obligation to the weak. The lord of the soil remained the lord, but ceased to be the protector. This is the separation of mundane right and Christian duty, which is the deplorable feature of the modern communities among whom I have journeyed. On all sides have I seen it, but most plainly and painfully when I was young, and the highway was fresh to my feet."

Bernard interrupted—with his usual quickness—

"And yet, holy brother, the charities are many in the land. In every town, in every parish—"

---

* "When, for instance—to make use of an example which Hartwig himself brings forward in a later passage of his inquiry—the Christian communions were formed, all the members contributed, according to their ability, to one common fund for the purpose of good works. With the extension of Christianity this general display of love abated; the contributions ceased, or were changed into regular and involuntary taxes; and the zealous separated into particular brotherhoods," etc.—*Lujo Brentano.*

"Nay, good brother Bernard, hear me out," was the Christian Vagabond's gentle protest. "Hear me out. Have I not borne witness to the great run of good there is in man? On all sides have I found it. I have slept in the robber's cave; I found Charity there. I have seen the sooty charcoal burner, wild and solitary in the pine forests of Scandinavia, turn from his black business, light up his cabin for me with a resinous log planted in the earth, and roast my eggs, and excuse the roughness of his arrangements. I have known the drunkard rub the wine film from his red eyes, and wake to the good offices which man owes to his brother. The right word—which is always a kind one—has turned the lustful ruffian into the protector of innocence."

Timothy, the merest shadow of an old man, broke in—"That is the truth exactly spoken: for mark how many sin for want of thought."

"We seldom reckon how far speech reaches," the Vagabond observed, gently resuming the thread of his narrative; "nor where the ripples of our activity have an end. We might turn an old speculation in a new direction. Instead of pondering on the number of murders that would be committed if a man might seat himself in the privacy of his cell in a corner of Europe, and by the turn of a screw advantage his purse at the expense of a Tartar's life; we might ask ourselves, more profitably, whether men would not be better inclined to charitable actions, if they could see that the obolus given in the porch of Nôtre Dame, or by the shrine of A'Beckett, set in motion a tiny current of benevolence that would carry rice to the mouth of the famine-stricken brother upon the burnt-up plains of India. I can vouch, my brothers, for the travelling capacities of a good action. The river, the course of which I have lost under the tropics, I have lighted upon in the Caucasus, and again in the ague-smitten marshes of Hungary.

"I was in the south of Europe, where the almond, the orange, the fig, and the grape, fill the air with perfume, and copiously slake the general thirst. It was some score of years or so ago, when the people were oppressed, they said. But they sang and danced in their villages; and could live in health on the harvests of their fields. I had been wandering many months with little cessation, from monastic refuge to hospital, asylum, home and shrine, possessed with all the pilgrim's strength as well as his ardour; when on a certain late autumn evening I was hastening down the slopes of some purple hills to a long stretch of golden valley richly crusted with the ripe fruits of the earth. The dust rose in clouds, from my feet to my face; and I was very thirsty, and casting about for the first brook—when I saw a traveller approaching me from the town that lay beyond the sombre olive groves. He was a poor, neat man, of stately bearing, and with a painful eye, and mien. A gourd was slung at his back.

"'You are thirsty, brother,' he said, not waiting to hear me. He unstrung the gourd, and held it prone to my lips. And he smiled, as the cold stream gurgled in my throat, and he caught my grateful eye fixed upon him.

"'It is from the well of Goodman Jacob,' he said, 'it should be doubly refreshing.'

"'Who is Goodman Jacob?' I inquired, handing back the gourd. 'The draught is delicious: sweet as the fig and cool as the evening breeze.'

"'You are a stranger in these parts—and come from far away—or you would know the Goodman. Better man never lifted his cap by this Calvary.' We stood near a road-side cross, that was covered to the ankles of Christ with flower offerings of the peasants passing to and from market. 'The Goodman is a righteous man, who was a pilgrim once, like ourselves; for I see your feet are familiar with the road. Let us rest a moment, and you shall hear more of him; before you tarry under his care—for have peace and rest and counsel you must under Goodman Jacob's thatch this night. You will learn while you sleep; and your heart will be glad at your awakening.'

"We drew up under the branches of the sober olive: and the traveller lit his pipe.

"'The Goodman Jacob is a man whom sorrow has chastened and sweetened. Wronged by his brother, he has answered with virtuous deeds. Cast naked into the world by godless kindred; he has worked and won his way to fortune, in order to offer an open door to outcasts. The bedless are his friends. Whom the world contemns, he takes to his bosom. The wicked town by the gates of which his well is dug, and his garden flourishes, drives forth the empty-handed, without remorse; whereupon the Goodman flings wide his gate, and with bare head gives welcome to the unfortunate—aye, brother pilgrim, to the profligate. "Shall we wait till we have only angels for guests, before we entertain?" he asks. He is servant to all whom he invites. He makes no ostentation of feet-washing. He serves you in a beechen bowl: he wraps you warm at night: he warms your breakfast: he prays for you before you set forth in the morning: and he gives you this (holding up the gourd) and opens his purse to you.'

"'And,' I asked, 'are Goodman Jacob's gates open to all, without let or hindrance?'

"'Before the curtains of the night fold over the valley, you will see and hear,' the traveller answered—shaking a pebble from his shoe. 'He does not harbour the idle.'

"'I ask,' said your humble brother, 'because it is in search of such good men I have been wandering for so many years. How to do good, without doing harm. How to gather simples, and to avoid the poisonous plants? The art is acquired slowly; but I shall be much mistaken if the Goodman Jacob does not help me forward a little. To gather simples for the souls as well as the bodies of men! Have you bent your mind to the study?'

"The painful eyes of the traveller fell upon me, and he answered, laying a hand upon my knee fraternally—'My days have been passed recovering from the blows of cruel Fate: and there has been little use in my unhappy life. It is a closed book. Such wretches as I, feel all the beauty of a bounty like Goodman Jacob's.'

"The traveller rose with this—moved by the indiscretion of my question. 'Hasten down the hill—for see, the shadows are deep purple upon the houses in the valley, and they creep up to the summits apace.'

"'It is so with the family of man,' I answered him, 'the shadows fall upon the lowly soonest. When a nation is moving to its overthrow, the poor are the first to suffer.'

"'Tell the Goodman you met his grateful guest upon the hill. God watches. Adieu.'

"The traveller looked sadly upon the road as he resumed his journey; and never turned, but put his hands across his breast as I answered him.

"'God watches.'

"I went and met the shadows that were hastening up the hill. That day I gathered a simple, I believe."

CHAPTER X.

THE PLANTING OF THE CRESSET.

"Upon the western hill leading to Clotilda, I met Felix, in the early morning. He threw himself upon my bosom—then held me at arms' length—and the tears streamed down his honest face, while he examined me. For more than a score of years we had not met. We had parted boys: and now he looked a feeble man upon whom Time had been laying heavy hands. My poor Felix!

"Behind him was a venerable woman, leaning upon a crutch. Felix stood aside and let my eyes fall full upon his mother; for I knew it was she, by the loving expression of inquiry upon his face as he stood between us. The good soul had become completely an old woman —no longer able to loose nor fasten my park gates. But the same gentle, happy light was there, just dimmed, and even gentler for this.

"In the dress by which I had known and loved them the two had come forth to the western hill at daybreak to meet me. They brought me the honey of my own bees, and milk, and bread made by the mother of Felix: and bottles of the grape ripened upon the slopes of the hill on the crown of which we met.

"'And now my good Felix,' I said to my faithful friend and Christian steward, 'let us sit as in the happy young days. You have the book with you.'

"The mother of Felix drew it from her bosom, her smile falling upon my moved heart the while; and she unfolded it out of a white kerchief. It was the old, thumb-worn volume Felix and I had devoured, stretched upon mother Earth and playing with her flowers. The sweet story of Clotilda lay upon the brown old leaves, in the heavy black letters—as I had first learned to spell them. 'Come,' I said, leading the dame by the hand and humouring her feebleness—'Come, and we will read as in the old days, while mother shall spread our meal—and we will be young again.'

"I was seated under my own branches, and I could see the turrets of the castle of my sires, and the trails of blue smoke feathering the landscape along the line in the valley, where our village of Clotilda lay. Felix stretched himself upon the grass near me, and read the dear familiar pages to me; while mother spread napkins, and unfolded with a woman's beautiful pride, the simple, household treasures of her baskets. We broke bread, and ate our home-grown honey, while we talked of the years that had passed over us. Felix took up my staff mournfully.

"'I remember,' he said, 'the spring morning when you cut this in the wood, and barked it while we talked; and the surly bailiff passed. You *have had* a load of sorrow, noble master.'

"'Hardly my share, Felix,' I truly answered. 'But upon you the years have left their traces.' His mother anxiously watched me while I spoke, and the while I surveyed her beloved boy. 'They are honourable scars,' I continued. 'We have done little service to our kind yet. The good that is to last must be built like the cathedral that is to stand—like the bridge that is to cross the torrent—with a patient, thoughtful slowness. Yet you have done—you have been permitted to do—an unusual individual share. The service to which you have turned such unpromising stuff as Paul, is a triumph of patience and of faith.'

"'Poor Paul,' the old dame said, while she picked me out her ripest fruit, and polished my goblet till it flashed in the sun, 'He does his very best I am quite sure, but the pains rack him—he was never strong enough for the plough—and that last wet season was quite too much for him.'

"'He is a good pupil,' Felix bore witness, 'and his example has had an immense effect through the village, and even beyond the village. He can read fluently: he writes extraordinarily well for a peasant, and he was more than thirty when I took him in hand, and that was a year after the noble master's departure from his hall. In Paul his neighbours have been taught to see the advantages of education. 'It turns a man's head into a better kind of right arm,' is the way he loves to express it among the children; and he laments with touching constancy quite wonderful when I think of his former sullenness and hardness, that he was so like a brute when his little boy died. The employment I have given him as an almoner, suits his nature. Who could have thought there was so much under that rough and hard surface. He sees all the danger of giving carelessly. Sometimes he comes home at night carrying all I gave him in the morning. He will explain—"Antoine wanted just half a day's work—and I have given it to them." He has taken his coat off, and spent his muscle in charity.'

"'Then let us turn him to the best account,' I said, 'But now listen to me Felix, for I shall be far away before the carts return from market this morning.'

"Felix and his mother, caught each a hand of mine, and listened:—

"I have taken a lesson from the good man Jacob. Within his home there is peace, and order, and intelligent Christian charity. It lies half a league from a busy southern town; and from its flower-girt windows you see the mountain ranges crowned with snow. Jacob's house is open to any wayfarer—whom Jacob approves—Jacob, or his wife. His sole anxiety in the world is as to his successor, after he and his wife shall be laid in their graves.

"'For,' he said to me, while I sat over my bowl of milk talking to him, 'this would be the rascal's home, if I were not here to watch zealously over all I have to give. I remember this whenever I approach my gate to examine a traveller,—all that is given to the unworthy is a robbery committed upon the deserving; while it is an encouragement offered to unworthiness. I have put my happiness in being the host of the roofless. I rejoice when another poor man comes to claim a slice of my loaf; but the slothful hypocrite who would steal my substance, I abhor.'

"He took a lamp and conducted me over the house. Plain and sweet in every part, encompassed by a garden that supplied the fruit and vegetables: the southern aspect given to the old and feeble men and women: it was roomy, full of air—and yet of lowly appearance. 'I keep it like any other village inn—but without mark or sign. My guests are those whom God is pleased to entrust to me. When I bid a guest God-speed, I charge him with the duty of sending to me any worthy soul in want whom he may meet wandering in this direction.'

"I had told him of the traveller who had given me a draught from his gourd on the brow of the hill. 'It is a plain way I have chosen,' Goodman Jacob went on, as we passed from oaken room to oaken room, ducking now and then under the shelving thatch—'A plain method of helping on the good life. It is just God's way with the swallows.'

"I told him of our village; and of our dreams. He was very earnest then. 'Do nothing save with men who have their hearts in the work. The best gifts are those which neighbour gives to neighbour—for they know each other. My daily pain is to know my guests. I will not spurn the rascal—but he lies without—and is not of my family of guests. I lay my purse open before the parting guest, saying to him, "This is God's money, and by so much as you take is your poor brother's portion lessened. Had he who went forth yesterday taken all, how would you fare to-day?" The difficulty with many is to make them carry away a groat—but I compel them.'

"'What say you, Felix?' I said, turning upon my boy-friend and admirable steward, in whom I had been richly rewarded for my boldness in appointing a peasant lad to administer my fortune in my place. 'Now, freely, what say you?'

"'Noble master,' was his answer, 'all glory to Goodman Jacob. But I am fearful. It would be a tough work in the outskirts of Clotilda; for our roads are between great and cruel towns, and the poor and suffering abound along them. But where is the Goodman?'

"I answered—'My Felix, is it possible you have not concluded that I intend Clotilda shall be henceforth approached by such a Christian hotel as Goodman Jacob holds beyond the Alps; and that Goodman Felix shall be my Goodman Jacob?'

"The dame hereupon burst into tears, and threw herself into her son's arms. 'Now,' she cried—'now indeed, am I proud of our noble master, and of my boy whom he loves so well, and justly.'

"'You shall remain the steward also, Felix: for I would keep the bond a close one between the roof open to all who are unfortunate and seek its shelter, and the castle which commands the village, and owns it. Our free gates shall be raised by our own people. Thatch it, and woo the birds to build under its eaves. Let the black thorn and the white be the bounds of its gardens; and fell our finest timber to furnish for our ragged guests.'

"While the dame, her tears dropping upon goblets and platters and cloths, was re-folding and packing our breakfast service—I drew from my wallet a lamp which I had brought, filled with the sweetest oil of the grove by Goodman Jacob's house. With the help of Felix, I raised a mound of stones; and then I lit my lamp and placed it upon the mound, and crowned it with a cross.

"We prayed by its soft, white light; and, afterwards, I turned to my Goodman Felix, and to his aged mother who was leaning heavily upon him, shaken by the emotion that filled her—and said to them:—

"'On this spot, which may be seen from all the hill-tops within my land, I charge you, my beloved Felix, to raise a granite column: and upon it you shall place a cresset, whereof this is the rude and petty model. The lamp shall shine at night: the cross above it shall appear by day—to every traveller of the roads that cross the hills—and so shall they know where the open home of Goodman Felix lies; for half way down this steep you will build it, covered from the blast, but apparent to all the valley.'

"I could not bear to look upon their anguish when I said 'farewell,' but my heart pressed to my throat as I walked, all through that live-long day.

"The cresset was built as I commanded: and the smoke of the free home of Goodman Felix was the incense that curled past the lanthorn, to the cross."

(To be continued.)

A FRENCH ISAAC WALTON.

I SUPPOSE there is no class of men who receive so greedily anything new or old about their favourite sport as anglers. That a great deal remains to be learnt about fishes and fishing it is impossible to deny. Those sporting journals which devote a large portion of their space to the gentle craft are inundated with extraordinary questions, facts, and fancies, so extraordinary indeed, that either the brother of the angle has retained all his ancient character for simplicity, or the art of angling has ceased to be "most honest, ingenious and harmless." I rather suspect that the most accomplished editor sometimes sleeps, and is liable to be sold (saving your presence Mr. URBAN), and that many facts which are vouched for by apparently respectable names, are invented by some silly waterside wag, who is possibly ignorant of his art, and has neither wit nor patience to learn it; yet wishes to make some stir in the angling world, which he does at the expense of truth and those who trust him.

Still there are, no doubt, many curious incidents which have occurred in every angler's experience, which he would not care to vouch for in a mixed company. I can remember many in my own. For instance, I was once fishing from Thames' bank in a space between two bushes about the width of my writing table; I had a book and a pipe and was lying my length on the warm grass confounding my luck, unlike John Leech's hero, because I could *not* get a bite, when a kingfisher perched on the end of my rod which was at my side waiting for its prey, and without appearing to care the least for my presence, took his header, brought up his bleak, whisked his little tail at me, and flew away as if he had done something very clever. Now, I venture to say, that sixty per cent. of the readers of this magazine are or have been more or less anglers, and that such an incident never occurred to them. Again, some three or four years ago I was fishing in company with a gallant captain, who had seen all kinds of sport all over the world. We were attended by one of the best and most experienced fishermen on the Thames, and while punting up from C—— Bridge to the Weir, close into the shore, all of a sudden a jack nearly three pounds weight leapt into the punt. Never had such an event occurred in any of our experience. Of course, not a soul would believe it. We could only account for it by the punt pole coming down unpleasantly near him when he was asleep, or reposing after the fatigues of the chase, and literally making him jump. Dace I have frequently known do the same thing, but then it is their nature. I have heard sceptics declare that Truth lies at the bottom of the river, as well as of the well, and that there are three subjects on which men—well, we'll say exaggerate, more than on any other, to wit, money, women, and fishing; but the greatest of all these is fishing. A gentleman of otherwise unimpeachable morals and veracity went out fishing the other day, and returned in the evening, saying he had had capital sport. On being asked to show his basket, he with an ignorance or audacity in either case sublime, displayed three or four brace of mackerel, and declared with an imperturbable gravity that he had found the red palmer very killing. Every one exclaimed with the injured Mrs. Lobskey,

> A dozen sprats! base man, said she,
> What! catch in the river the fish of the sea?

Still we all know that salmon go up rivers, and why shouldn't mackerel? I never heard that they did; but that proves nothing. Perhaps Mr. Frank Buckland can enlighten us on this point.

But the above anecdotes are merely *hors d'œuvres* or whets to the more substantial fare I am about to lay before you. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*, they came it pretty strong in old days, as I shall presently show you.

My friends know that I am a maniac in the matter of angling, and that I am a collector of literature connected with that sport, so whenever they light upon any curious work, bearing on my favourite subject, they always send it to me.

Two works have lately reached my hands in this way. One, and that from which I shall chiefly quote, is, "Pisceptologie, ou l'art de la pêche aux lignes volantes et flottantes, par J. C***, quatrième edition." It is curious, but no doubt the French J. C. was considered as great an authority on fish in his day, as our own J. C. is on whist in ours. The date of this fourth edition is 1828, but it bears internal evidence of being very much older. For instance, the rods, hooks, and apparatus generally, shown in the plates, are nearly all as roughly and awkwardly made as those in Dame Berners' pamphlet, of which the supposed date is 1496, while in the other work, which is dated 1830, "Le Pêcheur Français, par C. Kresz, Ainé, deuxième edition," the plates of fish tackle, flies, &c., are all exceedingly well executed, and with a very little more finish might pass in any modern book on angling. Kresz was a fishing tackle manufacturer himself at Paris, 34, Quai de la Mégisserie. I shall not have occasion to trouble M. K. very much; he stumbles amusingly sometimes, but he evidently knew what he was writing about. I can make out nothing of J. C.'s antecedents, except that he was author of a sister work "Aviceptologie." Unfortunately the preface is torn out of my edition. I am, therefore, unable to say whether he introduces his subject with any of those moral reflections which are the delight of angling authors, as if to show they are worthy disciples of Walton in meekness, humility, and piety. Kresz, the Elder, is however, moderately equal to the occasion :—

"The spectacle offered by fishermen in small towns and villages is no less interesting. The general, who has made his name respectable, the soldier of every grade, the artist and even the artizan, in short all those who after a laborious career, end their days far from big cities, find in the practice of angling an agreeable diversion. It is difficult to form a correct opinion of the esteem, attention, and courtesy, which exist between individuals whose professions, acquaintances, and customs are so different."

Thus in France we have another example of the proverbial courtesy of anglers. I confess, for my part, unless I seek for it (especially in fly-fishing), I dislike it. I dislike a stranger examining my flies. I object to comparing baskets. I am a very ordinary artist, and the comparison is generally humiliating to my feelings. To me the chief charm of fishing is solitude. It is not the fish I catch, else I should never go. That dear old lady, Dame Berners, has perfectly described my emotions when out for a day's fishing :—

"And yet atte the leest he hath his holsom walke and mery at hys ease, a swete ayre of the swete savoure of the meede floures that makyth him hungry. He hereth the melodious armony of fowles. He seeth the yonge swaunes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other foules, with their brodes whyche me semyth better than all the noyse of houndys the blastes of hornys and the scrye of foulis that hunters, fawkeners, and foulers can make. And yf the angler take fysshe surely there is no man merier than he is in his spyrte."

J. C. is very great on the subject of baits. Here are a few he recommends for the summer. I shall be very glad if any of my readers will try them, and let me know the result.

"Anglers in fresh water, bait during the summer with Gruyère cheese, with the flesh of all kinds of animals, such as that of the cat and rabbit. The liver is preferable."

Perhaps with a few truffles added it would be irresistible. Walton, by the way, mentions the above bait, but does not give it the *cachet* of his authority.

"Frogs are a good bait, but only for big fish; they are successfully attracted by pieces of red cloth."

Here is a ground bait which, if anyone had the courage to concoct, would, I should think, drive him in no time to fly-fishing, even were it only for bleak :—

"Chop up very small, or beat up in a mortar, the flesh of a male heron (on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief), place this hashed flesh in a bottle with a wide mouth, which you cork up carefully, and keep for a fortnight or three weeks in a warm place (on your chimneypiece or in the oven, for instance). The flesh in decomposing is reduced to a substance which is like oil, and which you mix with hempseed cake, or bread crumbs, honey, and a little musk. It is said that most fish, and especially carp, consider this bait exceedingly dainty."

Here is another, equally nasty, but more simple :—

"Put on a wooden platter some sheep's blood till it is half dried, and when sufficiently hardened, cut it in pieces of a size proportioned to that of the hook. A little salt prevents its blackening, and the bait is all the better for it."

If Edwin takes his Angelina to a snug cottage on the banks of the Thames for the honeymoon, he may establish his reputation as a successful fisherman by using (according to J. C.) the following most attractive ground bait. He had better, perhaps, absent himself, with or without leave, for a few weeks after its preparation :—

"The ground bait which is easiest to make is a paste of bread crumbs mixed with honey and assafœtida. Cow-dung or bran mixed with sprouting corn, the entrails of animals, &c. (whatever that, &c., may include), powerfully attract the fish. In using these different baits you must carry them to the water-side at eight or nine in the evening, squeeze them in your hands into the shape of balls, and throw them in the water. These balls fall to the bottom and remain there, unless the current is too strong. You may fish the next morning at break of day. This bait is particularly good for bream. When several of these balls have been thrown in, go and examine them night and morning (how! engage a diver?), and see if they are eaten. If they are effectively, be sure there are fish, and that you may hope for a good catch, but if the bait has not been attacked you will only lose your time by remaining there."

As everyone involuntarily cowered when Mr. Winkle fired at the rooks, expecting to be overwhelmed by an avalanche of murdered fowl, owing to his reputation as a sportsman, so does the friendly J. C., anticipating enormous catches as the result of his odoriferous compound, instruct you how you may overcome natural disadvantages and haul in your prey in perfect security:—

"Seldom is the water on a level with the bank. You may supply this deficiency by means of a large table, an inch and a half in thickness; you sink one end of it in the water, and fix the other in the edge of the bank. This forms an inclined plane, on to which you guide the fish to pull it out of the water."

This is ingenious, but the table would prove rather a fatiguing impediment during a fishing day. On this very piece of furniture, if the bottom is muddy, you may invite the fish to partake of your hospitality as if you were on dry land:—

"This table, again, may serve to lay the baited hook on, where there is a muddy bottom, but lest it frighten the fish it must be placed in position some days in advance with those ground baits laid out on it which attract the fish."

The sagacious J. C. does not evidently understand what would inevitably have happened in three days to a table placed on a muddy bottom.

"A MANNER OF PROCURING FOR ONESELF EARTHWORMS.

"Fill a bucket of water, break up some green walnut shells into it, then moisten the ground with it. You will soon see the worms rise to the surface."

This sounds like a conjuring trick; but it is true. Only it kills the worms. *Experto crede.* Exactly the same effect is produced by several buckets of water: the walnut shell is a superfluity, unless you wish to destroy the worms. One more method of attracting the fish, if you object to the confection of the above ground baits, and we will then see what J. C., for whom I am beginning to have a great affection, has to say about the fish themselves, and how to catch them.

"TO MAKE FISH COME AFTER THE LINE.

"Take two grains of musk, four drops of oil of lavender, as much *momie* (I know no other translation of this word but mummy) and camphor, rub the hook frequently with it, and bait as usual. All the fish in the neighbourhood will come to it. You may also bait the hook with some greasy old hat." Lest my good faith be impugned, I give the last startling novelty in the original, "On peut ainsi amorcer l'hameçon avec du vieux chapeau gras."

We now come to the second part of "Pisceptologie," which contains "Discourses on Fish," "The Art of Fishing for them," and "How to cook them."

The first fish he treats of, curious to say, is the otter. But there is nothing new said about him except that he is eaten on fast-days, and has a nasty fishy or rather marshy taste; but his skin is much esteemed for making furs and waterproof gloves.

He then gives several pages to the eel, the greater part of which is devoted to various ways of dressing him. I see nothing in these methods to warrant my submitting any one of them to Fin-Bec.

The next one in order is the chabot, or miller's thumb. By the way, if I recollect right, Chabot is the title of the eldest son of the Rohans. Old Wykehamists will remember that years ago it used to be a favourite practice of "Juniors" to tie a two-pronged fork to the end of a stick, and go into the water-meadows, where, in the small streams, this fish would lie under stones, with his head just peeping out. Down went the fork and the creature was impaled. But we never thought it worth while to dress him as J. C. advises:—

"First scale him, and after having washed him well in clear water, clean him, taking care for that purpose to make the hole as near to his ears as possible, clean his throat with the greatest attention, that done put sweet herbs into his inside, fixing him with two or three splinters to a spit, baste him frequently with vinegar, or rather with verjuice, and butter mixed with salt. This method of preparing him does away with all the watery particles with which the miller's-thumb abounds." And there is another way of dressing him too, but that I pass over. At last J. C. condescends to arrive at the trout, and as evidently Mrs. Glasse had not been published then, he proceeds to dress him "en marinade," before he catches him. However, in other respects, he treats him with respect. "One may say of this fish what the ancient poets said of wine, and what the English say of venison, that he is generous." But he evidently doesn't think much of him, and doesn't say a word about fly-fishing. I dare say he found king trout refuse those curious puddings of his, and despised him accordingly. Almost everything he has written about the trout, salmon, and grayling, he has stolen from Walton, without acknowledgment, with one or two exceptions. But he is himself again when writing of the pike.

"THE CHASE OF THE PIKE.

"Expose on a fine day a mirror to the sun, and cause the reflection to fall on that part of the river where there are known to be plenty of pike. They soon appear in mid-water, attracted by the reflection of the light, and you take this opportunity of killing them with strokes of gun. (I thus translate 'coups de fusil,' as it evidently takes several strokes to kill them, as shown in the following sentence.) As soon as they are hit they appear on the surface of the water."

But if you want to kill them in a sportsman-like manner, get a dead bait, gudgeon or roach, and here's the secret:—"Dissolve gum of ivy in oil of spike, and therewith anoint your dead bait for a pike; cast it to a likely place, it is almost certain that you will draw it back with a pike." Oh! J. C., J. C., this is old Isaac's recipe and not yours, you old thief!

We now arrive at what is evidently the favourite fish of the French, and that is the carp. Both J. C., and Kresz, the Elder, give more space to this fish than any other. In fact, Kresz says, "Every one knows that this is the best fish in the river, and therefore deserves a closer attention." The pains they take to ensnare it are enormous, and sometimes ridiculous. But I cannot help thinking that they know more about carp fishing than we do, at all events they possess, or think they do, secret pastes of great efficacy, and there anent I can contribute the following anecdote, for which I can vouch:—

A captain in the Royal Navy, an acquaintance of my own, was on a visit to a French nobleman at his château in La Vendée. The marquis was about to eject one of the small tenants on the estate for some offence, when the gallant captain interceded on his behalf, and succeeded in obtaining his pardon. The farmer was so grateful to my friend that he presented him with the great carp secret, to wit, an infallible bait; telling him that though a poor man, he considered it of the greatest value, and it was only gratitude to his benefactor that could have induced him to part with it. Many a time since have I tried to surprise this secret but without success. Suffice it that I have my friend's word that it is infallible, and that the principle of it is, ground baiting with beans prepared with some chemical substance which purges the fish, and makes them hungry the next day for the bait. Now here is a bait described by J. C. which I cannot help thinking must be very like the mysterious one mentioned above:—

"Moisten for a night some large and mellow beans, half boil them in water; if you use a quarter of a bushel, add a quarter of a pound of honey with a couple of grains of musk, and withdraw the pot from the fire before the beans are entirely cooked."

He alludes to these beans later on when he is describing fishing for carp with a line. "The evening before you fish, groundbait with the purgative beans, keeping the largest for bait."

Kresz, the Elder, has something novel to say about the carp. Talking of the muddy taste carp possess when taken in a pond, he says:—

"You can destroy this unpleasant taste in a very short time, by making a carp, when he is just caught, swallow a glass of strong vinegar. It appears that the vinegar produces on the body of the fish a thick perspiration, which you remove by scraping several times with a knife, and at the same time you scale him. When the carp is dead his flesh is firm, and of as pure a flavour as if he had been caught in the river."

One might try him with some light claret, I should imagine it to be more agreeable to the fish, and the same effect would in all probability be produced. The following is useful to know. Kresz, the Elder, is evidently a man of research, and if what he says be true he should long since have been hailed the benefactor of his race:—

"The flesh of the carp is excellent, easy of digestion, and suitable to all temperaments; nevertheless convalescents are recommended to abstain from it, and it must be absolutely forbidden to those who are suffering from gout, as it increases the attacks. The hard roe is prepared like that of the sturgeon, and may be kept for more than a year; but they are less sought after than the soft roes, which offer a most delicate dish, and have the property, I am assured, of restoring health to the consumptive."

We will now return to J. C., where a very startling heading excites our curiosity and astonishment.

"HOW TO BOMBARD CARPS.

"Choose a part of the river or lake where the water forms a kind of basin, free from all kinds of rushes or roots of trees, and where you are certain there is store of carp. By means of a small boat surround it with nets, of which, as usual, the leads touch the bottom, and the upper part floats on the water sustained by corks. Then take twelve, fifteen, or twenty bombs, which are but ordinary petards, to which stones are attached to make them sink. Light them, throw them into the water quickly one after the other. The petards thicken the water so frightfully, owing to the effect produced on the mud by their explosion, that the carp in a fix knows not where to fly, but, forced to seek a purer air, he rushes into the nets, where the fishers catch him." Of course there is danger here of your being hoist with your own petard, but that may only add to the excitement. However, if you prefer success without danger, the following method may be more likely to suit you. This is headed

"AN EASY METHOD TO CATCH CARP.

"This mode may easily be adopted on rivers and, above all, in lakes. Take an old boat, and fill it with branches of trees. Old palings are the best; if you cannot get them use ordinary wood. When the boat is full, sink it to the bottom of the water, where it should remain three months or more, without being touched. The water must be deep enough to allow the fish to go into the boat unperceived. They go and settle there. When you wish to see the result of your fishing, you take two other boats, to which you attach, by means of cords and iron rings, the sunken one, and then haul it up from the bottom. When you have raised the boat, you take it by means of the other boats to a ditch, remove the wood which is in the boat, bale out the water, and take out the carp. An amateur who has practised this style of fishing, says he has taken more than a hundred carp at a time."

J. C. has little to say about the barbel, so dearly loved of Thames fishermen, but Kresz, the Elder, mentions that in 1804 he caught one in a sweep-net close to the Pont Neuf in Paris which weighed eighteen pounds. I never heard of one as big as this, but there is one stuffed at the Cricketers' Inn at Chertsey Bridge which is said to have weighed twelve pounds, and is the largest I ever saw. Kresz brings forward some authorities to assert that the roe of the barbel is not so poisonous as it is generally supposed to be. Block * declares that these eggs, which are said to have a dangerous influence, are as wholesome as those of the carp, and Bosc in his dictionary of Natural History says that he has eaten them without inconvenience; at the same time he observes there may be seasons and circumstances when they become harmful. Kresz has also a curious bait for barbel. "Bait the hooks," he says, "with small pieces of Gruyère cheese, which you have previously soaked for half an hour in urine in which two cloves of garlic have been put. This will render the cheese suitable for your purpose." He is fond of big fish, and says "that, although in France the perch never weighs more than two or three pounds, in northern countries it acquires a large development. They have been caught in England of nine pounds." (I suspect this is my venerable and mythical friend of the Serpentine whom I have met

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* Block was a German naturalist who wrote a book in twelve volumes, folio, on Fish, 1750-90.

with in every book on fishing I ever read.) Block says "that in a church in Lapland there is preserved the head of a perch nearly a foot long!" Kresz adds with some naïveté, "It would appear according to this account that cold waters are favourable to this fish."

In commenting on the fecundity of the bream, Kresz says, "In revenge he has many enemies. All fish of prey, and water-fowl wage war against him. They say that the grebe and the diver unite ten or a dozen of them to hunt him. They dive after him and thus drive him towards the banks, whence they carry him off. The buzzard also often attacks the big bream, but it is declared that the latter frequently drags her (the buzzard) to the bottom of the water, where she perishes, the victim of her voracity." I should like the opinion of Mr. Frank Buckland on the above. I fear Kresz, the Elder, was very credulous, and as for Block, he was as bad as any professional Thames fisherman of the present day. "This fish (the bream) is singularly sensitive to noise. He rushes to the bottom directly he hears the feeblest sound." Block says—this always puts me in mind of my dear old grandmother, heaven rest her soul, who whenever she was about to tell some little scandal, or fib which she had invented, always prefaced it with this formula, "and they do say," &c.—I beg his pardon, asserts, "that in Sweden the sound of a bell is sufficient to disperse the shoals of bream, so much so that the inhabitants of the villages situated on the borders of the lakes, and who are for the most part fishermen, refrain from ringing the church bells during the spawning season, even on feast days; and when they use the seines they drive the fish into the net by beat of drum."

I fear my space is getting short, but I must cull one or two more choice morsels from J. C.

"SECRET TO ATTRACT FROGS.

"Put a live frog in a tumbler on the edge of a pond, and place a stone sufficiently heavy on the top of it to prevent the animal getting out. As soon as the others hear the captive frog croak they rush to deliver him, and you then secure them in a landing-net."

The roach he dismisses in a few lines, which makes me think that J. C. is an impostor, as undoubtedly the roach takes a great deal of fishing for. He merely says that its flesh is white and delicate, and that when one speaks of a man in good health, one says he is as fresh and lively as a roach. (Cf. our own expression, as sound as a roach.)

"He is found in different lakes and ponds, and *even sometimes* in rivers!" (Oh J. C., I should think in the Thames, where there is one sort of fish, there are at least five roach.) "He is called *gardon* because *il se garde* a long time in a vase filled with water (!!) Deleuze says that the fish appears to be the same as the *vengeron* of the lake of Geneva." Deleuze knows nothing about it, the vengeron of the Swiss lake is simply a fresh-water sardine.

Well! it is time to part with our old friends. J. C. winds up his account of the fresh-water fish with the shark. Here are the important passages:—

"The shark is a sea fish, or rather a marine monster of extreme voracity. His mouth is frightful for its size and the quantity of teeth sharp as a razor. * * * This fish is such a glutton, and so bold, that he advances sometimes on to the shore, to devour the passers by. A traveller naturalist says that many sharks are caught on the west coast of Scotland. This animal so terrible, is at the same time so stupid that he allows himself to be rubbed with the hand in the water and remains motionless on the surface as if he was asleep; he lies sometimes on his stomach, sometimes on his back, like tired swimmers."

I think this last will give cause for reflection to my readers; and so, as good old Isaac says, "God speed all honest men and anglers."

J. E.

THE BALLAD OF THREE.

THREE woke up in the quiet night
Under the shining moon
From dreams of that which was to be
Too soon, God knows, too soon.

One in a village of the wold
Tenderly nested, woke,
The very fulness of her joy
The woof of slumber broke.

The tangled tresses from her face
Her hand impatient swept,
Her cheek burned in the dark for joy:
For joy she laughed and wept.

In pulsing raptures of delight
All broad awake she lay,—
The church vane kindled rosy gold,
It was her wedding day!

Deep in his castle's heart of gloom,
Dull in the dawning gleam,
One started shrieking from his sleep
As stricken in a dream.

And rising fierce, he saw the stars
Die out into the dawn,
As spots that fade into the grey
Upon the dappled fawn.

And "O thou Mary—mother dear!"
And "O thou Christ!" he said,
"Better this maid went to her grave
Than to our marriage bed."

Out of the porch beside the church,
  Where crouched in gloom he lay,
One sprang with cries and cursed the stars
  And cursed the dawning day.

He drew a broad knife from his belt,
  Its edge was keen and true,
But on a stone that hid the dead
  He sharpened it anew.

And thrice across his thumb-nail wet
  The biting edge he tried:
"Once for my lord! And once for me!
  And once for her, his bride!"

So they three in the quiet night,
  They three beneath the moon,
Thought of the thing that was to be
  Too soon, God knows, too soon!

WILLIAM SAWYER.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

IN the autumn of the year 1801 a group of young men, hardly, for the most part, out of their cricketing days, happened to meet together one evening in the chambers of a Scotch barrister, on the eighth or ninth flat of a house in Buccleugh Place, Edinburgh, to talk of poetry, metaphysics, and politics, over their Bohea. They were all men of rare endowments, men of wit, of eloquence, of high spirit, and of ambition equal at least to their accomplishments. Except, however, in their own estimation of themselves, they were none of them particularly distinguished, unless, perhaps, it may be, as the heroes of those oyster-supper parties which then formed one of the pleasantest traits in the social life of the Athens of the North, where men met to eat and drink, to argue and joke, and to indulge now and then in one of the rarest privileges of friendship, by sitting still as stupid listeners. They had hardly a hundred pounds in hard cash between them, and I doubt whether they possessed sufficient credit to raise that sum on their joint note of hand. "I see no prospect," said the owner of the rooms, speaking with the frankness of friendship, "but that of dying the death of other great geniuses—by hunger." And he was one of the seniors of the party, a thin, spare man, of thirty, with keen and sharply-cut features, dark bushy hair, and sparkling black eyes, in physique not much bigger than an Aztec, but with an intellect of almost preternatural acuteness, a fluent tongue, well practised in the art of conversation, as the art of conversation was then understood in the metaphysical circles of Edinburgh, and possessing, as he thought, a turn for epic poetry. This was Francis Jeffrey; and he was just now at the very lowest ebb of fortune. He had swept the hall of the Court of Session in the wig and gown of one of the *noblesse de la robe* for seven years, without picking up sufficient fees to stock his office with law books. He had tried his hand on authorship, at poetry, at law, and criticism, and had come to the conclusion that, with great powers of industry, he possessed no special qualification for anything. He had even failed in an attempt to establish himself as a newspaper grub in

London, under the auspices of the Scotch editor of the *Morning Chronicle;* and, with no prospect but that of picking up two hundred guineas a-year as a law reporter at the Scotch Bar, he had married a girl without a shilling in the world, taken up his quarters in these garrets in Buccleugh Place, abandoned the hope of earning even these two hundred guineas at the bar, and was now, in a spirit of sheer despair, thinking and talking of studying Oriental literature, and seeking his fortune in India. The hopes of the rest of the group were at least a trifle higher than this. They still cherished the illusions of one-and-twenty: one of them talking of the horsehair and ermine of the Lord Chancellor, and another of the lawn sleeves and shovel hat of an English bishop. But even these ambitious spirits were neither of them men of high birth or fortune, nor of influential connections; and were therefore, quite as much as Jeffrey, dependant upon themselves, upon their own wit and courage, for the attainment of any honours that might be in store for them. In these qualities, however, neither Henry Brougham nor Sydney Smith were particularly deficient; and when Sydney Smith proposed, in the hardy spirit which more or less animated all of them, that they should set up a Review, even Horner, the sagacious Horner, the gentlest of the group, did not deprecate what they must all, nevertheless, have felt to be a rash, and perhaps ruinous, experiment. The proposal was adopted by acclamation. The author of the suggestion was at once installed as editor, and commissioned to look out for a publisher.

This—as I need hardly, perhaps, add—was the origin of the *Edinburgh Review*, a publication which, though now superseded in most of its functions by the newspaper press, has in its day exercised a more powerful influence on English politics and English literature, and numbered in the ranks of its contributors more brilliant and distinguished writers than all its contemporaries put together.

It is an old story, I know; but it is a story that can never pall in the telling, for it represents one of those incidents in the history of literature over which the imagination loves to linger, and to scan in all its detail.

You take up the first volume of the *Edinburgh Review*, run your eye over its title-page and its modest preface, and at once reproduce in your mind's eye, by a sort of enchantment, that scene in Buccleugh Place. There is Jeffrey's plainly-furnished study, fitted up complete for 7*l.* 10*s.* There are his books and papers scattered about on his desk, two or three old briefs, returned MSS., and a copy of the *Monthly Review*, containing his first published contribution, on Whiter's "Etymologicon Magnum;" and there, round his hearth, are three or four of the most active and powerful intellects in the three kingdoms—Brougham, as yet, perhaps, only half conscious of his gigantic energies, but panting to do something to distinguish himself; Sydney Smith, with his jovial, beaming countenance, and his restless grey eye sparkling with wit, the only man in the group, as he used to boast, with any plausible pretensions to good looks; and Horner, the knight of the shaggy eyebrows, with the Ten Commandments all written in the lines of his face as legibly as they were on the tables of stone. It was a tempestuous night, and one can still hear the echo of the laugh over Smith's prediction that they were brewing a far stronger storm in Jeffrey's garret. "What terms are we to offer the publisher?" "What motto shall we adopt?" "What is to be the size of the *Review?*" were some of the first questions that had to be turned over; and they were all disposed of in an off-hand manner. Smith, of course, suggested that they should take as their motto, "*Tenui Musam meditamur avenâ*"—We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal! But this, as they all acknowledged, was too near the truth to be admitted; and Brougham took up a copy of "Publius Syrus" that happened to lie on the table, turned over the leaves, of which none of them had read a syllable, and hit upon the sentence that still adorns the covers of the old buff and blue—"*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur!*" Of course it was easier to find a motto than a publisher. They offered the whole of the first year's numbers to Constable as a present if he would take all the risks of printing and publishing. Considering the spirit of the writers, and the state of the law at that time, these risks were not the trifles that they are now. But the Prince of Publishers closed with the offer, and the Reviewers set to work with their pens.

Except Jeffrey, none of these Edinburgh Reviewers had, I believe, written a line beyond their college exercises; and all that Jeffrey had published had been one or two trifling bits of criticism in the *Monthly Review.* But Jeffrey set to work with his task like a practised athlete. It was just the sort of work that his previous training and course of reading had qualified him to shine in. He had been a critic from his cradle. He possessed a fluent and vigorous pen, an intellect teeming with arguments and illustrations upon almost every possible topic of literary and metaphysical discussion, and the most intensely critical spirit that perhaps ever animated a man of letters. Even when a mere boy at Glasgow University, Jeffrey had distinguished himself in the Historical and Critical Clubs by his fluency and acuteness; and when an essay of Principal Haldane's once fell into his hands for analysis, he dissected it with a precocious keenness and severity that startled his professor. The critical powers which were thus early brought into play were developed by the most intense and systematic course of mental exercise that a man of genius ever put himself through. He analysed and criticised every book he read; every lecture he attended at Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Oxford; the professors, and their theories and styles; his own poems, essays, and translations; and, to crown all, he generally finished up by criticising, in the sharpest terms, his own criticisms. Most of these MSS. have been preserved; and, knowing what a hornet's nest Jeffrey brought about his ears as the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, it is curious to look through them and see how he anticipated his censures, upon the Lake Poets, for instance, by his criticism upon his own work. "I do not like this piece," he says of one of his essays on Poetry; "but of which of my productions can I not say the same? Here, however, it is said with peculiar energy. The style is glaringly unequal; affectedly plain in the beginning, oratorical in the end. The design is not one, and I am afraid the sentiments are not consistent." "This barbarous version of the elegant Racine," he says of another piece, "I feel myself bound to stigmatise with its genuine character, that as often as the proofs of my stupidity, displayed on the foregoing pages, shall mortify my pride, I may be comforted by the instance of candour set forth on this." He compiles an epitome of Lucretius, reads it, and pronounces it "a very disgraceful performance." "The poetical beauties of the original are entirely lost." He sketched out a speech on the Slave Trade on the model of Demosthenes. "On the model of Demosthenes!" he says, with a sneer, at the close of his work. "Admirably executed! I wonder which of the characteristics of that orator I had it in my mind to imitate while I covered these pages! There can hardly be anything more unlike the style, though at times it is evident I have been jumping at that too; and the solicitude with which I have avoided special narrative and individual illustration is still more inconsistent with the instant peculiarity of that model. Now I knew all this when I avowed my intention of imitation. What was it, then, that I designed to imitate? That perspicuity and simplicity of arrangement, that direct and unremitting tendency to the single object of the discourse, that naked and undisguised sincerity of sentiment, that perpetual recurrence to acknowledged and important positions, which are, certainly, the most intrinsic and infallible marks of the orations of Demosthenes. No intermission of argument, no digressive embellishment, no ostentatious collocation of parts, no artificial introduction, no rhetorical transition is to be found in the pages of this accomplished and animated orator. He falls from argument to argument with the most direct and unaffected simplicity; and at every transition from argument to exhortation, and from exhortation to reproach, he holds the one object of his discourse fully in his own eyes, and in those of his auditors. This I say by way of self-defence, that I may not be thought to have mistaken the character of this writer, whom my imitation evinces me to have understood so ill. In one respect it is similar to my model—it is sincere, and has not declined any part of the argument that occurred. Towards the end it is most defective: the turgid breaking in upon one unawares. I never read ten pages on the question in my life. I pretend, therefore, that this is original." This is the very style of the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, an anticipation of the tone that marked some of the most exasperating of his criticisms.

Of course the object of all these exercises, of all this self-analysis, was to acquire accuracy of thought, and ease and readiness of expression. And they served their purpose with remarkable success. The quickness of Jeffrey's perception, the rapidity of his thought, the fluency and flexibility of his tongue and his pen, were the marvel of his friends. They were like those of an improvisatore. "He seemed to invent arguments, and to pour out views, and to arrive at conclusions instinctively." These, of course, were the very qualities that were needed for the work, and especially in the case of men circumstanced as the original band of Edinburgh Reviewers were, with nothing but the scraps of their time to devote to criticism; and Horner, the sagacious Horner, at once saw that if any of them were destined to derive honour from the *Review*, Jeffrey was the man. "The genius of that little man," he said, with characteristic generosity, "remained almost unknown to all but his most intimate acquaintances. His manner is not, at first, pleasing; what is worse, it is of that cast which almost irresistibly impresses upon strangers the idea of levity and superficial talents. Yet there is not any man whose real character is so much the reverse. He has, indeed, a very sportive and playful fancy; but it is accompanied with an extensive and varied information, with a readiness of apprehension almost intuitive, with judicious and calm discernment, with a profound and penetrating understanding."

Yet, of all the Edinburgh Reviewers, no one in the first instance seems to have thought less of the prospects of the *Review* than the critic by whose genius it was, in the course of a few years, to be developed into the most brilliant and powerful representative of the Fourth Estate. His only anxiety was to drag through the first year, in order to relieve themselves of the bond they had entered into with Constable. He harps upon this point in his letters all through the year. " I have completely abandoned the idea of taking a permanent share in the publication," he says, writing in June, 1802; "and shall probably desert after fulfilling my engagements, which only extend to a certain contribution for the first four numbers. I suspect that the work itself will not have a much longer life. I believe we shall come out in October, and have no sort of doubt of making a respectable appearance, though we may not, perhaps, either obtain popularity, or deserve it."

How the original band of Edinburgh Reviewers, strengthened with two or three recruits—Murray, Thomson, Seymour, and Playfair, for instance—met together during the first year in a dingy room off Willison's printing-office, in Craig's Close, with Sydney Smith in the chair, to read the proofs of their own articles, compare notes, and allot books, to criticise each other all round, and to sit in judgment on the few MSS. that were then offered by outsiders, I need not say; nor how Smith insisted, probably with a twinkle in his eye and an expression of well-feigned horror, that they should all repair to this dark divan, like a band of conspirators, singly and by back lanes, in order to throw off suspicion, and to preserve that incognito without which, as he professed to believe, it was impossible for them to go on a single day. These gatherings have been commemorated by a more graphic pen than mine; and a note, in passing, is enough to reproduce the whole scene.

The first number of the *Edinburgh Review* made its appearance on the 10th of October, 1802. I note this date, with the particularity of the almanack, because it marks, and marks in white chalk, the commencement of one of the most prolific and brilliant periods in the history of English literature.

Compared with the poets, historians, and wits of our own time, those of Queen Anne are simply creatures of gauze and spangles. But, with two or three exceptions, none of the writers who flourished during the middle of the eighteenth century were fit to mend the pens of Pope, of Addison, and of Swift. You may run them all off on your fingers—Gray, Thomson, Young, Collins, Fielding, Richardson, Goldsmith, Johnson, Gibbon, Hume, and Cowper; and of these how many outlived the third quarter of the century? And of those who did, how many outlived it only as drivellers and shows? These men had between them given a fresh turn to the thought and style of our literature; but they had none of them acquired that ascendancy in matters of taste and style which Pope and Addison and Swift exercised in their day, and which has since been exercised by Scott, and Wordsworth, and Byron. They founded no schools. They left no successors. Their appearance was like the false dawn of an Indian summer. It was followed by intense darkness. A period of utter lifelessness supervened upon a period of silvered mediocrities. At the close of the century the first man of letters north of the Tweed was a sort of philosophical fribble—Henry Mackenzie, the author of the "Man of Feeling." His companion in poetry was Joanna Baillie. Crabbe and Bowles were the English counterparts of these brilliant northern lights. Here and there, of course, a few men of original genius were rising to the surface; but, in 1802, the authors of "Marmion," of "Christabel," of "The Excursion," of "Roderick Random," of "The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Pleasures of Hope," were known only by the first trifles of their genius. Scott had published his "Minstrelsy," Wordsworth his first volume of "Ballads," Coleridge his "Ancient Mariner," Southey his "Thalaba." But that was all. Scott had not yet written a line of his "Lay," in the form in which we now have it, although, at the request of Lady Dalkeith, he had been turning over in his mind a few verses of "a border ballad in the comic style," to preserve a ghost story which she had heard over the yule log. Coleridge was translating "Wallenstein," and writing squibs for the *Morning Post*. Southey was still puzzling out the mysteries of "Coke upon Littleton," as a preparation for the bar. Lamb was trying his hand at his first farce, in a garret in Chancery Lane. Wordsworth, after years of hesitation, had just made up his mind to make a poet's work the profession of his life, taken his cottage at Grasmere, thrown off a few sonnets, and planned the prelude to his great work, in the course of his morning strolls on the banks of the Derwent. Byron had made his first dash into poetry, under the influence of his passion for his cousin; but he was still "a wild mountain colt" at Harrow. Shelley and Tom Moore were still in the nursery; and Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli, and Bulwer Lytton hardly as yet out of their cradles. All the highest intelligence of the country, all its culture, all its thought, all its wit, were to be found in the House of Commons; and perhaps at no period, except the present, has the House of Commons possessed a brighter constellation of statesmen, orators, and wits, than it did then. Outside the House of Commons there was not a single political writer of the slightest mark. The *Times* as yet was hardly known, except as a sheet of gossip and advertisements. The *Morning Post* was principally distinguished by its *jeux d'esprit* upon the foibles of the day. The *Chronicle* was rising into note by its Parliamentary reports. But free and independent criticism on the political topics of the day was not yet thought of. And these were the only newspapers of the slightest political or literary influence within the four seas. The provincial press was voiceless. The reviews were tame and spiritless, to a degree which is now almost beyond conception. *The Gentleman* still preserved some sparks of the spirit that distinguished it in the days of Johnson and Cave. Its rivals, however, did not possess even this. They were the organs of the booksellers, and they puffed and sneered at rival publications all round as they were ordered. In the midst of this expanse of sand and scrub, the *Edinburgh Review* shot up, like one of those majestic palms which give a touch of preternatural beauty to the deserts of South America. Its effect was magical; and its publication is the first distinct sign of the revival of the literary and political life of the nation—the first streak of light in the dawn of a long and brilliant day.

Take up this number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and your first feeling is a sensation of surprise that anyone should have done anything but go to sleep over it. The articles which form the staple of the number are very long, and, to tell the truth, not particularly marked by any of those vivacities of style that afterwards distinguished the *Edinburgh Review*. A criticism on "Mounier," from the pen of Jeffrey, stands first; that covers seventeen pages. Horner takes up twenty-eight pages with an analysis of Thornton's work on "Paper Credit." Brougham discusses the "Crisis of the Sugar Colonies," and takes twenty-two pages to do it. There is, too, a long and bitter review of "Thalaba," from the pen of Jeffrey, chiefly interesting as the first note of war against the Lakers and their poetry. The most readable articles are from the pen of Sydney Smith. You may generally trace his fine Roman hand in the first two or three sentences; and his contributions are light, racy, and offhand. A tone of insolence and contempt is, however, the distinguishing mark of the contributions. Of course, there is a tone of cleverness about the *Review*, and, here and there, we come across a slashing page of criticism. But, contrasting the haughty declaration of the Reviewers in the preface—that they intend to notice only those works which possess a permanent interest, and to discuss the principles of these rather than their style,—one wonders why they should condescend to hunt the small deer which, every now and then, are started for a run of four or five pages, and, sometimes, even for a scramble of a page and a half. The truth is, the *Spectator* now contains in a single number more thought, more wit, and more criticism on politics and literature that is worth reading a second time than the whole of the first volume of the *Edinburgh Review.*

It is right, however, to add that the first number was written entirely by the projectors themselves—written, that is, by men who had taken up the work of criticism more in sport than anything else, that, with a single exception, they were all novices at the work, and that their contributions were thrown off in those intervals of leisure which tutors and barristers could steal from college rooms and courts of law. The first number contained in all twenty-one articles: seven from Smith's pen, five each from Jeffrey's and Brougham's, and four from Horner's.

What the circulation of these numbers of the *Review* was I cannot say. Booksellers are not in the habit of publishing their own autobiographies, and the accounts of the *Edinburgh Review* are still locked up in the archives of the house of Constable. It is plain, however, from the tenour of Constable's correspondence, that the *Review*, during its first year, brought more fame to its publisher than profit; for, though one of the most enterprising of publishers—a publisher who never hesitated for a moment upon projects that promised the slightest margin of profit, even Constable hesitated about continuing the *Edinburgh Review* beyond the term of his original engagement. He consulted Smith. Smith's answer was emphatic and business-like. "If you will give 200*l.* per annum to your editor, and ten guineas a sheet, you will soon have the best *Review* in Europe." This note Constable submitted to Longman. He pronounced the terms to be beyond all precedent; but they were the only terms upon which Smith thought it possible to secure the pens of the original band in the permanent service of the *Review*, and Constable yielded to his suggestion. In five years the *Edinburgh Review* was the first in Europe, its editor the most powerful man of letters within the four seas, its staff of writers the flower of English intellect and English wit, and its proprietor the prince of publishers.

At the commencement of the second year Jeffrey was installed as editor with a fee of 50*l.* a number, and the scale of pay fixed at ten guineas a sheet. This, at the time, was thought very handsome. It represents now only the scale of second-rate publications. At the outset of the century, however, men like Scott and Southey, Coleridge and Hazlitt, Lockhart and Lamb, thought ten guineas a sheet of sixteen pages worth working for; and that for several years was the scale of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly.* The *Westminster* was, I believe, the first to raise the amount. Sir John Bowring fixed the minimum pay of his staff at sixteen guineas a sheet. This was the rate, too, of the *London Magazine* and of the *New Monthly*, I believe, under the editorship of Lord Lytton. In both cases, however, special rates were paid to writers of acknowledged reputation, Charles Lamb, for instance, drawing a guinea and a half a page for his "Essays of Elia." Except during the first three or four years, however, the ten-guinea scale of the *Edinburgh* was not very closely adhered to. Practically, Jeffrey held a *carte blanche* as to payment; and he exercised his privilege pretty freely, paying for special contributions even as much as thirty guineas a sheet. In one or two cases, I believe, Macaulay received fifty guineas a sheet. Twenty and twenty-five guineas was the rate in nearly every case after the establishment of the *Quarterly*, and Jeffrey estimates that the average rate, that is, reckoning the cost of the whole number to the publishers, during the greater part of his editorship, was not less than twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet.

Even at this high rate of pay, however, Jeffrey did not find it easy work to keep his original staff together at their work as a regular task. Their ambition was not to play the mere part of sharpshooters in the political contests of their day. They aspired to figure in the front ranks of the combatants; and before the *Review* had been in existence a couple of years, Jeffrey found himself alone in Edinburgh, the solitary representative of the original band of Reviewers. This was the most trying period of his editorship. Here is an illustration of the sort of perplexities he not unfrequently found himself in. He is writing to dun Horner for his contribution. "I have some right to dun, too," he says, "not merely because I am the master, to whom your service is due, but because I have myself sent *fifty* pages to the press before I ask you for one. Hear, now, our state, and consider: Brown has been dying with influenza, and is forbidden to write for his chest's sake. De Puis is dying with asthma, and is forbidden to write for his life's sake. Brougham is roaming the streets with the sons of Belial, or correcting his colonial proofs, and trusting everything to the exertions of the last week, and the contributions of the unfledged goslings who gabble under his wings. Elmsley—even the sage and staid Elmsley—has solicited to be set free from his engagements. And Timothy refuses to come under any engagements, with the greatest candour and good nature in the world." Smith and Horner professed to meet in London on the first of every month to go through the publishers' lists, and ct the books they thought fit to review, keep what they could d with themselves, and send the rest to Edinburgh to be apportio by the editor. But neither of them was to be dep

"Horner," says Smith, "is a sort of literary tiger, whose den is strewed with ten times more victims than he can devour;" and Smith, after keeping back books, was quite as likely as Horner to send an apology instead of his MS. Now and then the crack men of the *Review* struck all round; and the number for January, 1805, was got out "without any assistance from Horner, Brougham, Smith, Brown, Allen, Thomson, or any other of those gallant supporters who voted their blood and treasure for its assistance."

The editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, however, was not the man to crane even at difficulties like these. An editor, to be worth his salt, must be prepared, like a parliamentary leader, to write and talk upon any subject at a moment's notice, to find himself in perplexities, to see his favourite bolt at the last moment, to see his best hands throw down their pens, put on their hats, and walk off in the middle of an article, and yet to keep his head and his temper cool, fill up gaps in his ranks, cover retreats, and put the best face upon everything. And, perhaps, no man was ever better fitted for a post of this description than Francis Jeffrey. He was the *beau ideal* of an able editor. He could turn his hand to everything; take up a volume of English poetry, of German fiction, of French memoirs, or Scotch metaphysics, "cut the leaves and smell the paper knife," and throw off a light and sparkling review in the course of a few hours; revise a heavy article upon science or philosophy, and, by a touch of his pen here and there, an interpolation or an erasure, give it an air of liveliness as well as of learning,—see into the heart of a discussion at a glance, and suck the brains of all his contributors like oranges. Possessing an audacity almost equal to Brougham, an intellectual dexterity which imposed upon most people like the sleight of hand of an Indian conjuror, diversified culture, a light and vivacious fancy, a fluent and vigorous pen, he knew all the arguments and sophisms upon every topic of thought and conversation,—hit upon plagiarisms, misquotations, and false theories in a book by a kind of instinct, and was prepared in the plenitude of his egotism to discuss astronomy with Herschel, chemistry with Playfair and Young, metaphysics with Dugald Stewart, the principles of taste with Alison or Madame de Staël, and English jurisprudence with the profoundest lawyers in Westminster Hall, in a style, perhaps, a trifle too flashy and superficial for serjeants-at-law and fellows of the Royal Society, but in an easy, off-hand, and sparkling style, that made the discussion pleasant and suggestive to people who only took up the *Review* to kill an hour after dinner. Sydney Smith caricatured Jeffrey's style with his usual point and wit. "Damn the solar system! bad light—planets too distant—pestered with comets—feeble contrivance; could make a better with great ease."

All that Jeffrey wanted, Smith used to say, to make him the most charming of men, was a semblance of modesty. And that was the impression he left upon most people. Omniscience was his foible. He was too clever, too off-hand, too apt to contradict people upon matters that he knew nothing at all about. Of his wit, of his eloquence, of his humour, of his thought, no one ever speaks. His cleverness is what everyone harps upon. Mackintosh thought him the cleverest man he had ever met; and that is the highest eulogium I have yet met with upon Jeffrey. No one ever rises beyond that point in their admiration. Lawyers sneered at his law. poets pooh-poohed his canons of criticism. Southey thought his notions of taste contemptible. "He is a mere child upon that subject; I never met a man," he says, "whom it was so easy to check-mate." You may trace blunders by the score in most of his articles as they originally appeared. Yet it was impossible to take the conceit out of the man, or, to use Smith's phrase, to alarm him into the semblance of modesty; and Cockburn's remark on Southey's criticism is very characteristic. Of course, he pooh-poohs the suggestion that his hero was a child upon questions of taste or anything else; and, as to the notion of check-mating Jeffrey, he says that was simply impossible. He was as superior to trifles of that kind as the Emperor Sigismund was to the rules of grammar. "He was much more likely to have played on in spite of the check, or to have prevented his antagonist from seeing that it had been given." That sentence gives us the key to the whole of the man's character. It is a sort of biographical anagram.

Of course, these were qualities that won for Jeffrey a species of cold admiration, an admiration that was generally thought to be adequately expressed by that odious and equivocal term cleverness. They were not qualities to excite either sympathy or friendship, or, I might add, to make him one of the most agreeable of companions. *Tête-à-tête* now and then, or at a quiet dinner with Scott or Smith, Jeffrey could be pleasant enough; and Lockhart, in his "Life of Scott," gives us a glimpse of the editor of the *Edinburgh* and of his talk at a dinner-table. It is from the pen of an English gentleman, a member of the House of Commons, a man of culture, and a friend of Scott and Jeffrey alike. He happened to visit Edinburgh shortly after the article on "Marmion" appeared. The party was small. Scott and Jeffrey were the only lions. They were both ir
"A thousand subjects of literature, antiquities, and

started; and much was I struck, as you may well suppose, by the extent, correctness, discrimination, and accuracy of Jeffrey's information; equally so with his taste, acuteness, and wit in dissecting every book, author, and story that came in our way. Nothing could surpass the variety of his knowledge, but the easy rapidity of his manner of producing it. He was then in his meridian. Scott delighted to draw him out, delighted, also, to talk himself, and displayed, I think, even a larger range of anecdote and illustration, remembering everything, whether true or false, that was characteristic or impressive; everything that was good, or lovely, or lively. It struck me that there was this great difference—Jeffrey, for the most part, entertained us, when books were under discussion, with the detection of faults, blunders, absurdities, or plagiarisms; Scott took up the matter where he left it, recalled some compensating beauty or excellence for which no credit had been allowed, and, by the recitation, perhaps, of one fine stanza, set the poor victim on his legs again." And what Jeffrey was over a glass of wine he was at his desk. He was a critic to the tips of his fingers.

But with all his faults, and these were, I believe, the principal—want of breadth and want of generosity—Jeffrey was beyond comparison the most adroit and able editor that has yet sat in the chair of the *Edinburgh Review*. It was this belief of his in his own omniscience, this superabundant confidence in his own powers, this cold, critical temperament, this audacity and conceit, this glibness of tongue and pen, this power of playing on even after his check, that made Jeffrey what Jeffrey was. A man of more breadth, of more generous instincts, might have been as much out of place in the chair of the *Edinburgh Review* as Charles Dickens in the chair of the *Daily News*. A man of less versatility and less fluency could not have sat down and thrown off a light and readable review of a Waverley novel, a volume of Wordsworth's poetry, or a philosophical treatise of Madame de Staël, in an hour or two stolen from his sleep, or his briefs at the close of a day's work in the Court of Session. Yet this was what Jeffrey often did. "I am in a constant state of hurry and agitation," he says in one of his letters to Horner; "I have had reviews to write, and felons to defend, visits to pay, and journeys to perform, directions to give, and quarrels to make up—and all this without one interval of domestic tranquillity; but under strange roofs, where paper and pens were often as hard to be met with as leisure and solitude were always." And as his practice at the bar increased, you find him frequently talking of having written this and that article with the printer's devil at his door, or when the *Review* ought to be at press; for though he was in the habit of writing, on an average, two or three articles in every number of the *Review*, he never permitted the work of the *Review* to interfere with his business. The law was his profession, not letters; and with his volume of contributions before us, it is a little amusing to note how finically he guards himself in his correspondence against the suspicion of doing anything that can bear a tradesmanlike complexion. "I confine myself strictly," he says, "to intercourse with gentlemen only, even as contributors." "If I chose to give myself up to the magazine, I could make a lot of money; but I prefer to make less at the bar than to abandon my profession, even though I make it with less personal pleasure."

Of course Jeffrey's best articles were not written with this haste and carelessness at the fag end of a day spent in defending a tippling minister of the Kirk, at the bar of the General Assembly, or a sheep stealer in the Court of Session. These were written generally in the vacation at Hatton or at Craigcrook. Yet it is surprising how little difference there is between Jeffrey's best and his second best work, between that which was thrown off in haste, and that which was thought out under the trees on the hill-side at Hatton, or on the lawn overlooking the peaks of Arran, at Craigcrook. All his writing is critical; and in writing, as in conversation, it was the flaws of a book, its plagiarisms, its faults of style, its false logic, or its weak parts, that Jeffrey fastened upon. These he twists and turns about with keenness and vivacity, and frequently with severity that is hardly distinguishable from brutality; but there is a conversational tone about his style. It is the style of a man turning over a book, quizzing a high-flown sentiment here, a flight of tawdry eloquence there, contrasting the theory of one writer with that of another, and throwing in observations of his own now and then, in answer to the interlocutory criticism of a companion. There is no attempt at polish or elaboration in any of his articles. They are simply the writings of a man with keen powers of observation and a fluent pen. Jeffrey never starts any views of his own, and works them out as Macaulay does. Except in one or two articles,—in those, for instance, on Alison and Madame de Staël,—he never attempts to go into the principles of a question. He thinks it quite enough to skim the surface of a discussion; and he is generally happiest when he gets into a vein of vituperation. His collected writings do not form more than a third of his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, but it is no exaggeration, I believe, to say that all Jeffrey's reviews put together are not worth one of the best of Macaulay's,—that, say, on Bacon, or on Warren Hastings.

Of Jeffrey's habits of work we do not know much. But what we do know is characteristic of the man. He never took up his pen till the candles were lit; and, like Sheridan and Byron, and Charles Lamb, he did most of his work in those fatal hours of inspiration from ten at night till two or three o'clock in the morning. Adopted originally, perhaps, from the exigencies of his profession, Jeffrey continued these habits of study and of work all through his life; and the only disagreeable incident attending his elevation to the bench was, at least in his own estimation, the hard necessity it imposed upon him of breakfasting now and then at eight o'clock in the morning.

His manuscript was inexpressibly vile; for he wrote with great haste, as most men do whose thoughts outrun their pens, generally used a wretched pen, for he could never cut a quill, and altered, erased, and interlined without the slightest thought either of the printer or his correspondent. Sydney Smith was always quizzing Jeffrey upon his scrawl. "How happy I should be," he says, in one of his notes, "if you would but dictate your letters, and not write them yourself. I can scarcely ever read them!" He gives a pleasant description in another of the sort of perplexities he got into in trying to puzzle out Jeffrey's manuscript. "I have tried to read it from left to right, and Mrs. Sydney from right to left, and we neither of us can decipher a single word of it." Constable's printers followed Jeffrey's copy as Scotch terriers follow their quarry, by scent, for it was impossible for any of them to put two sentences together by sight. "A more illegible hand," says Lord Cockburn, "has rarely tormented friends. The plague of small and misshapen letters is aggravated by a love of contractions, and an aversion to the relief of new paragraphs. There are whole volumes, and even an entire play, with the full complement of acts and scenes, without a new line." The explanation is, of course, the usual one with men of Jeffrey's temperament and genius. He had a horror and hatred of the work of the desk. "I would willingly forfeit any of my attainments," he says, "to acquire a good form of writing. But the truth is, I detest the employment. Such mechanical drudgery! and without any certainty of the attainment of my end." His favourite hours of reading were in the morning and in bed, unless he had to deal with a subject of peculiar difficulty, and in that case he read it up, as he read up most of his briefs, at night; for he had a notion that hints and suggestions, facts and thoughts, illustrations and authorities, picked up promiscuously overnight, assorted themselves in sleep round their proper centres, and thus reappeared in the morning in logical order under the influence of some law of crystallization in the intellect or the imagination. He had a "canine appetite for books," and spent most of the mornings of his vacations in what he calls quiet bed readings, in careless talk with friends and visitors, or, when alone, in lounging about in the woods, reading idle snatches from Shakspeare and Fletcher, and Keats and Shelley, or in "watching seals, and porpoises, and yachts, and steam vessels, and clouds playing with the peaks of Arran," in toying with "the shells and pebbles that engaged the leisure of Scipio and Lælius, in a world in which nothing was like our world but the said shells and pebbles, and the minds of virtuous men resting from their labours," and in quiet contemplative trots before dinner along the sands, with "the waves plashing round his feet, and the wild thyme, and the bees, and the white houses gleaming round the shores of the mountains, bays, and promontories before him." This sort of life was his delight; and in his early days, before he began to dream of the horsehair and ermine of the Lords of Session, he is everlastingly harping upon the pleasures of life in a cottage with 300*l.* a year, a wife and children, friends and books, free from all the vexations of law and politics; for he thought public life, after all, a sort of harlequinade, and never entered into its contests with the zest and ambition of a man who cared two straws about its honours and rewards. Even when at the head of his profession, with a seat in the House of Commons, and in a position where a man of his powers might have won the highest prizes of Parliamentary eloquence, we find him panting for a couple of days with the poets at Craigcrook. "If it were not for my love of beautiful Nature and poetry," he says, "my heart would have died within me long ago. I never felt before what immeasurable benefactors these same poets are to their kind, and how large a measure, both of actual happiness and prevention of misery, they have imparted to the race. I would willingly give up half my fortune, and some little of the fragments of health and bodily enjoyment that remain to me, rather than that Shakspeare should not have lived before me." That was the man. And this was the kind of life he was always sighing after. "He ever clung to hearts. As soon as any excitement that kept him up was over, his spirit, though strong, and his disposition, though sprightly, depended on the presence of old familiar friends. He scarcely ever took even a professional journey of a day or two alone without helplessness and discomfort;" and in Westminster Hall, on the Treasury Benches of the House of Commons, on the Atlantic, or in America, he is always sighing after the "sweet leisure" of his life at Hatton, his flowers, his books, and his friends, "Tuckey's cherub voice and glittering eyes," his airy tea-drinkings with the open windows and the swallows skimming past them, his long twilight social walks and his long mornings in bed, with the soft moon shining in upon his slumbers through the open windows. It was here, too, that he was seen at his best. Here, and here almost alone, he was free and genial, thoughtful and witty. At the bar he made very little play. In the House of Commons he was a failure. He never caught the tone of Holland House, and the conversational style of the Oyster Cellars of Edinburgh, the style, partly of a Scotch professor's class-room, and partly of the literary *salons* of Paris under the *régime* of the Academy, was a little too *bizarre* and dialectic to make much of a sensation in the most polished and brilliant drawing-rown of St. James's. But at home with his books, and his flowers, and a few friends, strolling in the woods, or over a glass of wine after dinner, everybody concurs in speaking of him as one of the pleasantest and most suggestive of talkers.

> "Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
> As great a Jacobin as Gracchus:
> Short, though not as fat, as Bacchus,"

is Sydney Smith's description of him in his well-known epigram on Jeffrey,

> "Riding on a little jackass;"

and Sir James Mackintosh speaks of him as "more lively, fertile, and brilliant, than any Scotch man of letters, with more imagery and illustration added to the knowledge and argumentative powers of his country, and more sure than any native of this island whom I have seen, to have had splendid success in the literary societies of Paris." Yet it speaks well for Jeffrey's heart that with all this freshness, vivacity, and wit, he used to thank God that he had never lost his relish for bad company; and Horner seems to have condensed all his principal foibles and faults as a barrister and a politician into a single sentence, when he said that all he wanted to be as irresistible at the bar and in the House of Commons, as he was at his own dinner-table, was to speak slow, to add a cubit to his stature, and to be a little dull.

CHARLES PEBODY.

WILL HE ESCAPE?

BOOK THE THIRD.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XVI.

A GLEAM OF HOPE.

LIVY got home about nine o'clock, and it was a miserable journey for her, down. Indeed, for a person with "something on their mind," there is no imprisonment so terrible as that of a railway carriage, which flies forward so swiftly, but with which the anxious, fluttering soul does not keep pace; and, indeed, now lags behind, now leaps forward, as if eager to leave the express carriage behind. It was terribly long for her, and she thought the journey would never come to an end. When she entered there was no eager, expectant mother rushing to meet her; but a servant on tip-toe, with a "She is asleep now, miss. Oh, but she has been so ill!"

Livy stole up, almost thankful for this sleep, which saved her the misery of having to enter and be the bearer of wretched news.

She saw the pale, worn face before her, all the colour gone; the old Chalon beauty turned haggard. Livy sat by her and watched for more than an hour, when Mrs. Talbot roused herself and looked round, and her eyes fell upon Livy, and she started.

"Well, dear," she cried, "where is he? You have brought him to me? No?"

Then Livy had to tell her poor halting story; and who shall blame her if her desperation made her put in such colouring as there was not in nature, to make the whole have something of a more promising aspect. The woman of the world understood better, and shook her head mournfully.

"I expected nothing, dearest. You did your best. After all, as I have been thinking since, why should I put on a pretence of affection in the matter; why should I try and act a part to you, my own child, who know well that this is all mortification at being worsted by that woman, or at finding one whom I have ruled so long, breaking at last from my control? At least this is what the world will say, and the world will be nearly right; for I have been always a worldling, and it is fit that I should be dealt with as one."

Ever since Livy had left the hotel, and noted the change in her father—and there was a change in her, too; for all the delicate bloom, which was like the green on a bronze statue, was being rubbed away—that curious hint of Old Dick Lumley's had been in her ear. It seemed like an inspiration. All pleading, importunity, and appeals to love and affection and sympathy were thrown away. Those delicate "sweet waters" were turned back, and played on an iron-bound rock, rising smooth and sheer. Already, though, that little head was fluttering with a new scheme that seemed to her all but infallible in result—certain to succeed, if it could only be brought into effect.

A miserable night for both. The mother seemed sunk into a hopeless stupor, and lay there on the sofa. She would not go to bed. The hours wore on to eleven, then to midnight, and Livy was tearfully imploring, beseeching her to lie down. "We would see in the morning." Vain and oft-repeated bit of sham comfort! the friendly night interposing, as a wall, with the poor comfort of delay, as though some friendly genii would arise and bring about some wonderful change!

At last she was prevailed on; and she was going up when they heard the gate bell ring. In a moment the Beauty entered, with an air half-hangdog, half-defiant, as if brought to bay, sulky to a degree, and confronted the two ladies. Livy, when she heard the bell, had just time to pour out an eager whisper into her mother's ear. "Now all depends on this, dearest. It is our last chance. I implore you be guided by me in this. Promise me." It acted on Mrs. Talbot like an inspiration; and the Beauty saw before him his wife and daughter, calm and smiling. Mrs. Talbot had *acted* many a time before, under far more difficult circumstances.

"We understood you were not returning to-night," she said, almost gaily.

"So you told me, dearest," said Livy, gently; "and I told mamma so."

"You don't seem very certain in your movements," said his wife, smiling.

"Well, you needn't have *sent* after me," said the Beauty, wondering at this tone. He was prepared for a tremendous tempest. "I don't like it, and I won't have it."

"(ainly not; it looks bad before people. Livy insisted on ıp to town."

"Yes, and bringing off that man to the hotel after me, as if I was a schoolboy."

"No, indeed, dear Beauty," said Livy, eagerly. "It was Mr. Lumley who had heard some club story, and wished to tell you himself."

He glanced angrily and nervously at his wife. A look of intelligence came from Livy's face to reassure him. She had not told her mother. What if she had? He was not to be brought to book for everything. Besides it was all "a *lie*" or a mistake; so he could have told them.

"I really don't understand," said his wife. "I sent nobody after you. This is all a tissue of mistakes. We understood that you were not returning to-night. You have changed your mind: why make a fuss about it?"

The Beauty did not relish this tone, and was not a little confounded. He was in a very bad humour indeed. His faith had been rudely shaken. He went out of the room angrily, and went to bed, leaving the two women there.

It was a wretched, sleepless night for them. In the morning the Beauty appeared with quite a load of injuries on him. He was in real trouble and vexation of spirit, mortified; and, after all, believing htat the two ladies knew well what was disturbing him. The little faint success of the night before had inspirited them; and Mrs. Talbot, ill at heart, and with an old malady born of her old campaigns, and which she had carried about with her gallantly, much as a veteran would a ball in the leg, had been tortured by it secretly and without a complaint. Only at times of crisis this private enemy ungenerously came out and added to her torments. This was "something in her side," which many of her friends knew indistinctly by that title. But of late, agitation and the sense of failing years and decay coming on her, had robbed her of some of her old strength for doing battle with such enemies.

The Beauty mooned about undecided all the morning. It was evident that some dispute had taken place between him and the lady he so admired, and that his sense of dignity kept him undecided. When he found the ladies of his family dressed as if for guests, he asked Livy pettishly what they were going to do.

She looked at him with "a cold eye," and which seemed to be a new weapon of hers since the day that she had so boldly faced him.

"Colonel Fotheringham is coming down here to lunch."

"Coming down here?" he repeated with astonishment. "What do you mean by this? Such a man as that! I don't choose to have a man of his sort in this house."

"It is mamma's wish," said Livy coldly. "Surely you would not oppose her in so trifling a matter?"

"It is not trifling—a man of that character!"

Mrs. Talbot entered now, and he repeated his disapproval.

"I don't choose to have a man of that sort in my house."

"He is the friend of your great friend, Mrs. Labouchere. That ought to be no objection in your eyes."

"That is nothing to me, or to you."

"Nothing to me?" said the lady, growing excited. Livy at once struck in.

"You cannot mean that. You must be just and reasonable. If you deny mamma's right to interfere with your choice of friends, you must allow her the same indulgence."

"Yes," said Mrs. Talbot, growing more excited, "as I have borne so much from you, it is time I should get back some liberty."

"O come, I won't be lectured, you are making quite a fool of yourself!"

Livy stepped forward and said, with the coldest contempt—

"You must not speak in this way to my mother. She is too good to you, and has suffered too much. All that must be changed now. It must indeed."

"Must!" repeated the Beauty, astonished.

"Yes, must. She is entitled to be treated *as a lady*, at least. 'A fool!' shame on you to let such words pass your lips. Never fear, dearest, I shall protect you from the effects of your own good nature. If you are not treated with respect in this house—your own house—we shall go out of it. There are plenty of places abroad, plenty of friends who will be glad to welcome us; and when this folly of papa's has passed over—and it will be a short-lived one—and he has come back to his own old gentlemanly self, we shall come back too. But you must not be insulted here."

The Beauty had found a new school-mistress. He could only murmur—"I *didn't* insult her—I never meant it—it's absurd."

"If you never meant it, then, of course mamma will think no more of it. Here is Colonel Fotheringham."

CHAPTER XVII.

A DUEL.

THE Colonel entered with a curiously amused expression. He saw from the attitude of all the party that something dramatic was taking place—the nat[illegible] which he readily guessed. Livy's eyes glittered, and her cheeks coloured, as he appeared; for she had begun to look on this man as one about whom might seem to hover a mysterious influence. Instantly a change came over the whole party; they became the people of society and fashion again; and that *débris* of sorrow, passion, desertion, misery, which had covered the place a few minutes before, was all decently swept away. It was as though some superior officer had come along the disordered ranks, and, in his presence, all order had been restored. Mr. Fotheringham felt that he was such an officer, and that he had the command of the situation virtually in his own hands.

He talked away gaily of the usual topics. Under the politely attentive faces about him, no one would have guessed that there were panting hearts beneath, eagerly anxious, and longing to use the new comer for their ends. Major Fotheringham knew all this. He began at once.

"I breakfasted at Starridge's," he said to the Beauty, "with a great friend of yours—Mrs. Labouchere. She was kind enough to ask me—"

The Beauty started. "Oh, with *her?*" he said, confusedly.

"When I say a great friend," went on the Colonel, laughing, "I mean she *was* a great friend. She was in great spirits and good humour. I never saw her so full of fun, as they say, and so ready to turn people into ridicule."

Livy struck in at once—"She would not do that to us, I suppose. She has finished with us by this time, I hope."

"Oh, yes," he said, "she spared the ladies. No, it was some one else. I stood up for the absent, I assure you."

"I understand all this," said the Beauty, fuming, and walking about angrily, "I know what it means, and who has arranged all this. If Mrs. Labouchere be angry with me——"

"Angry with you?" repeated his pale wife, unable to restrain herself, "she angry with you?"

"Yes, I know very well how it has been done. It is all a plot. I believe you are all joined in it."

"A plot!" said Colonel Fotheringham, with dignity, "I don't join in plots, Sir. It is not among the many sins laid to my account."

"No; Mr. Talbot is talking very strangely of late," said his wife, "and forgets——"

"Oh, I understand it very well," went on the Beauty, in a rage; "it didn't suit that I should have a friend that really liked me, and that was good to me. I know about 'wheels within wheels,' but I don't believe it. There's an object in all this."

"Hush, hush, papa," said Livy, "and remember we are not alone."

"Oh, this is a public matter," said he, with an attempt at weight and dignity; "excuse me, it must be cleared up. Grave charges have been made affecting the character of an *absent lady*, and *mine also.* I am very glad Colonel Fotheringham is here. He is a gentleman, and I am sure states candidly what are the facts. It is due to myself, and to *the lady concerned.*"

Oh, what humiliation for our Livy! And yet there was something absurd in these heroics. It did not really amount to anything of gravity. The Beauty went on, "Grave charges have been made; that a lady whom I esteem, and have the highest regard and respect for,—who is as pure and noble-minded a person as there exists on this earth,—that this lady, I say, has spoken of me in a letter to you, Colonel Fotheringham, behind my back, in the most contemptuous way."

"Oh, father!" said Livy, "don't, don't; spare us; what will this gentleman think of us?"

"We will leave it," said Colonel Fotheringham, now grown very pale, "please leave it as it is; I cannot bear this. No charge is made; if there was anything said, it is withdrawn. I implore you——"

The Beauty took this for a sign of victory. He was very clever. He had brought them to bay. They were afraid. They dared not substantiate the matter.

"Not at all," he said, in triumph, "we are not going to dispose of the matter in that way. I ask Colonel Fotheringham, distinctly, and as a gentleman, I am sure he will answer me—in fact, things have come to this pass—it is his duty to give me an answer. Is it a fact that he received any letter about me, or in which any terms of ridicule were used about me? There."

The Colonel shook his head.

"I thought so. It is scandalous taking away people's characters in——"

"Stop, stop!" said the Colonel, coolly, "take care, do, what you are saying. You are surely not conveying that any one of your family would invent such a statement; or, say that I told them such a thing, when I did not?"

"Oh, of course not," said the Beauty, hesitating, "but there are such mistakes and exaggerations."

"No, no, it was a distinct statement. Well, then, do you mean to convey, that if it be true I stated such a thing to these ladies, that I should have invented or exaggerated, as you call it: come?"

This was a poser for the Beauty. He paused, and then looked from one to the other angrily. Still he never wanted for courage, and thus pushed to the wall, but pouting, answered bluntly—

"Well, since you wish to know, I do doubt it."

"Doubt it, sir? Doubt my word?"

"You have said nothing. I don't meddle with that or with you at all; I don't want it. All I say is, I won't have a lady calumniated. She would never say a word against me."

The Colonel was now growing excited in his turn.

"I am not accustomed," he said, "to hear such things repeated. Again I must call on you to state plainly, do you accuse me of inventing this matter?"

Thus brought to bay, the Beauty said—

"Well, I don't say that; but I say this—I don't believe, without proof, what is said about Mrs. Labouchere."

The Colonel laughed, and put his hand in his pocket.

"You have required this yourself," he said.

"I don't care how you put it; I don't believe it. There. I think it's a slander against Mrs. Labouchere."

Colonel Fotheringham was a spiteful man. He never could resist the opportunity of "putting down" another man. Here was an opportunity.

"You are not a wise man or a brilliant man, Talbot," he said. "You must begin your education in the world. Much *you* know! But how can I prove it to you? It is very awkward—you won't like it; but as you throw it on me—I have a certain letter here; and as you have doubted my word, I am bound to substantiate it. It is a little mortifying for you, but you will have it."

With a strange smile the Colonel put his hand into his pocket, and, forgetting all his propriety and honour for a moment, drew out the letter from his pocket. The Beauty trembled with rage and mortification. But still he stumbled on a good retort.

"What, you show a private letter! That is an honourable and gentlemanly thing."

The Colonel hesitated. Then Livy struck in, fearful that her only chance was going to be lost. "Show it to him, Colonel Fotheringham. You know you promised me."

But Colonel Fotheringham was obdurate. At this moment lunch was announced. This was a diversion. In presence of that matter-of-fact incident of life all the earnestness and tragedy of the situation melted aw [illegible] With the cutlets and potted meats, how was it possible to keep u [illegible] w [illegible] the grand tragic elements of life? And so the ladies and [illegible] of this situation passed into the dining room, and the servant attended, and helped sherry round; and they talked of the last Academy exhibition, and other indifferent matters.

After the lunch—during which Livy was very gay, though, indeed, with a forced sort of gaiety, while the Beauty took his food and drink with a true characteristic sulkiness—Mrs. Talbot, very pale and worn, and still struggling with illness, went away to her room. Livy said to her visitor, "You must let me show you our garden, and my pet bed of flowers." It was curious to see this veteran fowler, this deadly "shot"—so sure and pitiless—trying to adjust his aim at this gentle, innocent creature. Somehow, under that innocent gaze he felt discomposed.

"So this is your pet bed of flowers," he said. "Lucky flowers!"

"I don't know that," she said, acting coquetry. "They blow for me—they put out their prettiest leaves and blossoms for me—they are most compliant in every way, and do anything that I ask them. I am going to ask you, Colonel Fotheringham, to be as compliant as my flowers."

"If I am rewarded by having the same delightful adjectives applied to me, you would find me the same, Miss Olivia."

"I want to see that letter," she said, suddenly growing grave. "You see the state of things with us. There is no convincing our Beauty; no opening his pretty eyes. Just help me in this—oblige me: it will make us happy; and you will have done a real, friendly, generous thing. You will have made a poor rustic family like ours happy. I know he is good, really good, after all. Colonel Fotheringham, you would like to be able to look back to a really friendly and good-natured act? And as you are a man of the world, and always will live *in* the world, and will have very little of this sort of rustic thing to think of, you may thank me for leaving you something of this sort to think over. And when we are far away, as we shall be soon, you will think of me, whom some people call 'Rustic,' in connection with this really kind and good-natured act."

"Going away!" he repeated. "You do not mean that you are leaving England?"

"Yes, I hope so. I long for a change, for mamma's sake. Her health requires it. She was always delicate, and, as the doctor said, had no nerves."

"And the Beauty, is he to be left behind?"

She paused. "That depends—on you, in some degree."

There was something so piteous, so appealing, in this little speech of Livy's—something that so placed her outside of the category of women in which this man had counted all ladies of his acquaintance

—something so firm and yet child-like—that he felt himself awed, and even reproached. There was something so winning in that sweet face, so tender and sacred, that he felt himself under a sort of irresistible spell, and with a sigh put the letter she wished for into her hand.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DEFEAT.

She flew upstairs to show her prize to her mother. As she reached the landing, she heard the sound of excited voices—husband and wife were having some frantic contest within. She stole away awe-stricken. She was not one of the greedy listeners, for whom anything of this sort becomes dramatic—more attractive than a play. She rather let down the curtain, and shrank away. They were strange voices—hysterical protestations—angry vituperations—voices raised high—voices sunk low, and still lower. The Beauty had miraculously received some wonderful gift of boldness, but which was indeed not more than a delusive sense of strength in presence of weakness. Every moment he was growing stronger—more indignant, at the wrongs he had to put up with.

After this battle he returned moodily and fuming to his study, meeting his daughter on the way, who was coming hastily from the garden. There was a look of triumph in her eyes, and she waved her precious letter at him. "Now, papa, dear; read this. Only listen to these words,—'As for that Beauty'——"

Our poor foolish Livy had not taken the wisest way, in legal phrase, to "get in her proofs." Were they written in letters as large as those of a poster, it was hardly to be expected that his *amour propre* could endure such a refutation. He lost all patience.

"How dare you hunt me in this way? What do you mean by all of you trying to put me down. I tell you, you won't succeed. I don't believe a word of your stories: I know how you all hate her, and would do anything to destroy her. Even you are getting down a fellow like that—a man with the worst character in London—to take him into confidence: you, that set up to be well brought up! Now, just keep your letter—it's a forgery."

"It's true, it's true," cried the young girl. "O, papa, don't go on this way! Will nothing open your eyes?—will nothing bring you to your senses? It will all end miserably, I know. You will have mamma's death on you."

The Beauty sneered. He was immensely excited.

"Much any of you cared for me all this time! Whatever happens, it has not been my fault. I mean to be master here, in my house, never fear. I have done with all that."

Livy was not equal to this emergency. She had overrated her strength. Who could be expected to resist such evidence? And if her infatuated father would see nothing, know nothing, would be convinced of nothing; what struck her very heart with a chill was, that there was so much worse to come. What *was* to become of them? Even his face—ordinarily so quiet, so calmly complaisant—seemed to have quite changed, and to have taken a vindictive, malicious, venomous look.

Was it some evil genius—some cruel Puck, that haunts houses, and causes little events to take place at the exact moment when (in conjunction with others) they can do the utmost mischief conceivable?—was it some such familiar who contrived that a letter should arrive at this precise moment for the Beauty? He gave a cry when he saw the writing, and tore it open. Livy turned pale; she had an instinct who this was from.

"There," he said, with an overwhelming sense of triumph; "there is a Providential refutation of your calumnies. This noble and slandered woman! You should all go on your knees and beg her pardon. How *dare* you attempt to take away the character of a pure and spotless lady. Listen to this." And he read aloud:—

"'I have decided on leaving England at once—you will guess the reason. No one shall say that *I* caused dissension in any family. Not that I could not carry on the battle with those who resort to the dishonourable weapons of calumny. You have spoken of some letter in which I wrote disparagingly of you. Perhaps I did; perhaps I did not. When you think to whom this letter was written—a man bankrupt in character, and one whom *no unmarried girl should be seen with for a second*, without exciting the worst suspicions——, but I say no more. This is a delicate matter.

"'Come and see me to-night for the last time. I spoke a little warmly last night; but I was hurt by your unkind suspicions. If it was shown to you, even in my own handwriting, that I had spoken of you in *any* way, you should know me well enough by this time to disdain any such evidence. Any one that knew me thoroughly would believe me before the most convincing evidence in the world. I should not accept any story of you, in preference to what I know of your own nature. Come to me to-night. I count on you; for I want your aid, sympathy, and *advice* above all.'"

"There," cried the Beauty. "I am ashamed of myself for having listened to you so long!"

"You are not going," faltered Livy, in a faint voice. "You cannot do this."

"No power on earth shall detain me."

Livy could not restrain her scorn.

"You should take money with you then. She says she wants your aid."

"She shall have it then. Nothing that I can do could make up to her for the outrages I have allowed to be heaped on her from my house—from people that depend on me. I shall never forgive myself! Never, so long as I live!"

"Oh! but you have not heard what she said. O read! read! I conjure you!"

"Don't forget yourself," he answered. "How do I know what you and your mother have been at. You would not scruple to carry out your designs."

"You must read it. There! take it—it will open your poor eyes."

"You are growing too impertinent," said the Beauty in a fury; and, taking the letter thus thrust on him, tore it up, and threw the pieces on the ground.

Livy gave a cry; and, turning, left the room. Her last chance seemed gone.

CHAPTER XIX.

DALILAH.

The Beauty remained pacing up and down full of joy and triumph. The world was indeed opening for him now. He was able to conquer his enemies—which they were—to take the management of events, which he had never done before. What time he had lost; yes, he would go, would fly to that noble generous creature, who had so trusted him; even to show them that—It was growing intolerable, this constant interference, they must be reduced to order, and he must assert himself. As he thought of all this, his eye fell upon the torn-up fragments lying on the ground. They would try to prove anything to me, they hate her so, they would think it no harm to make her write anything. He took up a few of the pieces and looked at them intently. Yes, it was her writing, there could be no mistake, but then his eye fell on a most disagreeable and disturbing word, "Fribble." Yes, it was quite plain, "fribble," it was. He got some more of the pieces and began reading what was on them, impelled by an over curiosity—but his was quite a woman's mind. Then he came on another disturbing word, "Empty-hea—." Finally he had gathered them all up carefully, had taken them to his room, and spent a long time putting them laboriously together; no child's puzzle could have been more difficult. When he had done, he got up, tore the whole into smaller fragments still and flung them out of the window. He was hot and angry. "So this is the way she chooses to speak of me—never mind! O they are all the same—never mind, I shall make her feel." There was a book of telegrams in the hall. In a moment he had filled up one with as indignant and cutting a protest as could be transmitted by the public agency of the telegraph:—

"I am not able to go to Town, and wish you a pleasant voyage."

But at the same time he determined not to give them the triumph of seeing that they were right. He would go up to Town on business of his own. Yes, he would show them that he was not to be trampled on—what a wonderful deal of trampling that poor human nature bears so well—he was not going to be crushed by *every one*, he was very bitter about all that—that she for whom he had done so much should have turned false—no matter, they should not have that triumph.

He had long since sent his telegram, and was getting ready to go upon his expedition, when his daughter came down again with woe and misery in her face. "Where are you going, papa dear," she said, quickly noticing his preparations, "not away, up to town?"

"Yes! *must I ask for leave?*"

"She's not well, indeed she is not. I think we ought to send off for someone to see her, she is so weak and languid."

The Beauty laughed scornfully. He was pretty well up, as he thought, to these "tricks."

"Oh I know, I understand; Oh she is very strong; she used to go to balls enough, and would bear any exertion. But why not send for a doctor if it is necessary?"

From the look of contempt which Livy gave him, he shrank away. His own daughter was beginning to despise him. Without a word she turned and left him, and yet he could not quite make up his mind what to do. And full of the deepest resentment, discontented with all the world, and longing for some object—toy even—which he could crush and break, to show that he *had* power—he paced about till nearly five o'clock, not able to make up his mind as to what he was to do. Just at that time drove up the local doctor who attended them, and who went in a little hastily.

The Beauty smiled sarcastically. He knew these women very well;

in their spite, this was a bit of acting to work on him. Some hysterics, to be magnified into serious illness, with speeches attendant, "Oh you must take care, it is very critical, &c." He was well accustomed to all *that*, to women's fancied illnesses, and he resented its being made an instrument for tyrannizing over him. When the doctor was going away he came into Mr. Talbot's study, "I don't like the state of things upstairs at all. We must take care; nerves finely strung and all that—fever might supervene."

The Beauty looked at him scornfully. This was the old story. He had been duly primed upstairs.

"Of course, of course," he said, "I understand all that."

The doctor stared at him; he could not understand those glaring eyes.

"I am serious," he said, "we must really look to this, Mr. Talbot, your wife is in a critical way. She is excited, and must be soothed and kept quiet."

"Of course," said the Beauty, pettishly; "she is kept quiet in this house; every attention is paid to her here. What do you mean?"

The doctor again stared at him. At that moment a cab drove up to the door, and one of the porters belonging to the station jumped out, a letter was brought in, which the Beauty tore open eagerly. The doctor went his way wondering.

Livy had come down again and was standing before her father, pale and agitated. He was devouring the letter, every word of it, and she knew perfectly, though she could not see the writing, who it was from. The handwriting that he read was in his poor fatuous face.

"Come up, father," she said, she had latterly begun to call him by that formal and official name, "she is very ill, you have excited her and made her ill."

He was still reading; he was not listening. The letter ran,—

"I have come down from London, and am waiting at the station to see you—if you will come to me. Say to the bearer that you will, or that you will not. A simple answer, yes or no, will be enough."

Livy, still excited, struck in,—alas! injudiciously,—

"You have not lost all humanity, or feeling, or duty? You dare receive such things when she is ill and in peril?"

"I don't believe it," he said. "This is some of your tricks."

"Tricks! come up and see then! Poor mamma, she is ill indeed; and it is you who have made her so."

"Yes; put it on me. I am up to that game by this time. I have business that takes me up to town."

"Takes you up to town! You would leave her in that state?

"Oh, yes; I am up to all that. I'll find her perfectly well when I come back."

"You are lost to all decency. Go, then, I shall not detain you: and God forgive you!"

He was in a fever to get away, and yet was undecided. He felt some shame when she left him. He was not bad altogether; it was this miserable infatuation working on his vanity that was causing this moral cataract to spread over his eyes. A sort of shame and pity took possession of him, and he went up hesitating, and with soft steps. "At all events I can just see her: though women's hysterics——"

But he caught the sound of voices, and his own name, uttered in excited tones,—

"The blinded, empty creature; God forgive him! I despise him——"

It was enough. He turned, walked down stairs, got his hat, entered the cab, and was driven away.

CHAPTER XX.

LIVY'S PLAN.

THERE was one up-stairs tending a poor wasted figure in the bed, who caught the sound of the wheels, and to whom it might have been as dismal and grating as the sound of the crumbled gravel under the wheels of a hearse, bearing away the remains of one whom she loved more than her own life. The ears of the sick lady were too dull to catch that fatal sound.

Her indefatigable child was ever ready, ever versatile where her amazing affection was concerned, and which furnished her with arms, with devices, power, strength; nay, with *heart*, and a spirit that never flagged a moment. Here in this new disastrous state of things she was only nerved to more desperate exertion. Yet what could she do; what could she next turn to? In half an hour, or an hour, her mother would ask for him. What could she say? what excuse could she give? No subterfuge would avail; it *must* come out: and it did, after this fashion.

It was amazing what a change had come over the once famous lady of fashion, who within these few days seemed, as she lay there, like one who had received some terrible shock. Late in the evening she roused herself, and asked gently for *him*.

"He is gone out, mamma, dearest"—not knowing what to say.

"Where? When will he be back? After all, dear, do you know what I have been thinking? We have been too serious, too severe in the whole matter. I may have magnified it; I am a poor foolish sick woman. He looks at these things in his own way; it does not go beyond fancy, and it amuses him. When will he be back, dear?"

"Not till late, mamma, I fear. I think he had business in London."

"*Business in London!*" Down toppled the little card house the poor lady had built up. A blankness fell upon both, but she said not a word. A little later she asked about some letter that was to have gone to the post. A maid, who was fluttering about the room, struck in, eager to soothe her. "It was late, m'm; but we gave it to the lady's cabman."

"The lady's cabman!" faltered Mrs. Talbot, raising herself up. Alas; no ingenious prevarication could avail. What lady, what cab? It had all to come out. *A cab had been sent up from the station, by a lady who was waiting there*, and Mr. Talbot had gone away in it.

In vain the protests and signs of Livy; in vain her despairing pantomime to the foolish woman who had told all this story.

The unhappy lady gazed at the maid, then restrained herself a moment, and in a low suppressed voice, demanded further details. There could be no further concealment—the telegram, the messenger, the cab, all was quietly investigated. Then she said; "I see it all now. I know what this means. It is the beginning of the end."

Passionately our Livy strove to soothe her. With an ingenuity worthy of a special pleader, she invalidated every apparent argument that her unhappy mother clutched at, in desperation.

"It is that woman. I knew it from the beginning. *She is stronger than I am!* I ought to have known that from the first day. I made a feeble ineffectual struggle; but I was a poor ineffectual creature; no match for her. She is a wicked cruel *demon*, but she is stronger than I am. I own it. She has won and I have lost."

She was trembling all over, shaking and quivering; some new hysterical visitation was coming over her. Livy was aghast.

"It is not so much affection for him. I don't take the credit of that. Let any one who likes know it; it is mortification, and disappointment, not to be able to defeat a creature of that sort—a poor second-rate thing. Well may the world despise me."

She paused. Then went on again.

"What an infatuation! What a miserable, hopeless infatuation!

There he had it before him in black and white, and yet he would not believe his poor eyes. And yet, to get anything like the same result, no one could guess all that I have gone through—the miserable struggle of many years—to secure not a tenth part of what this woman has done in a few weeks."

"Dearest mother, don't think of it: don't worry yourself, I implore of you."

"But others will think of it—talk of it—laugh at it! Don't you imagine that I have not old enemies of twenty years' time, who are still as envenomed against me as ever, and would do anything to mortify me; and would enjoy my mortification even after this long interval? I have insulted and trampled on them; and they would enjoy this revenge. Oh! I cannot endure the thought."

There was something so new, so wild, so strange to Livy in this tone and excitement, that she gazed at her mother with something of terror. There was a *new* wildness, a new fire and shiftiness in her eyes which she had never noticed before. This dwelling on one subject had often, she had heard, produced some terrible result. The doctor's warning—"to soothe, to keep quiet"—came back on her. But how? No doctor's prescription could tell her. She felt herself utterly helpless—in utter despair!

It was now past five o'clock, and growing dark. She went on more excitedly still.

"Am I to sit down here patiently, and be trampled on—put up with any treatment—have the finger of scorn pointed at me? Never! I shall not belie my whole life; I shall die struggling, as I lived. Come, let us go. Let us follow, and bring him back."

"Mother! mother! what are you about? You will kill yourself. The doctor said you were not to think of such things."

In a wild, earnest way the mother said: "Let us go: go, and at once! Not a moment must be lost. It is only mercy to him. Let us set out at once, and bring him back."

"Oh, but mamma, how? You must not. It is too late now. He will be here: I know he will return."

There was a strange solemnity about Mrs. Talbot; a sort of wild earnestness, joined with power and determination, which quite alarmed her daughter. She could not resist, and she felt that she could not resist, her purpose.

In a short time a fly from the village was at the door. The weeping Livy, looking at the pale, worn, ghastly face, almost fell on her knees before her to detain her. But there was a stern purpose in the mother's face there was no misunderstanding. Livy was helpless, and got into the carriage with her. The wondering servants stood at the door watching this mysterious departure, speculating and auguring the worst. "Missus was taking leave of her senses, going out at such a time of night."

At the station she almost fainted, but with indomitable resolution she rallied again. Long after Livy recalled that weary transit in the railway carriage—the dull, damp and dusky blue cushions, which gave the idea of a cell. Mrs. Talbot seemed lost in a sort of abstraction—her lips were compressed. There was no one in the compartment but the two ladies.

The journey seemed eternal—never coming to an end. And in the meantime it began to grow dark, and about half an hour from London the lamps were lighted, which gave a kind of mournful and lugubrious air to the interior of their blue cell.

Then they were on the platform, amid the crowd pushing past them, looking for luggage, with the cold evening air sweeping up through the station, along the platform.

They got into a cab, and then, for the first time, the question occurred, "Where were they to go?"

Mrs. Talbot roused herself out of her reverie.

"You see, dearest," said her daughter, eagerly, "we shall not find him. How can we think of looking in this vast city——"

"For him? Let us seek *her*. I do not want *him*. Where does she live?"

This question was put fiercely and determinedly.

"I want to meet *her;* for this night shall end the whole struggle now and for ever! I cannot endure it longer."

In a faltering voice Livy said,

"She was at the hotel—Starridge's."

"Then drive to Starridge's."

They drove off to that well-known and select family hotel. As they came up to the door, the light was reflected back from the shining plate-glass windows. A few carriages, sober and glittering in their windows, also stood by, to take away the owners. There was a Queen's ball that night, and various distinguished county families had come up to town, to Starridge's, to go to the solemnity. There were lights in many windows, where the young ladies were dressing. A blaze, as from a lantern, came out from the hall, where servants were waiting.

"Was Mrs. Labouchere there?"

Yes, she was staying there; but was engaged.

"No matter. They must take up that name."

It was impossible. She was just going away—to the Continent, by the night train.

Ah, she was flying—beaten—afraid to carry on the contest!

The sick lady looked over at her daughter with a sort of exultation. They were certain? No mistake? Well, there were her boxes coming down.

"No matter, I shall not trust her," said Mrs. Talbot, "I shall wait on her, and *must* see her too. She will think when she hears that I have been here, that I was afraid to meet her."

Livy did not answer her, did not hear her, in fact her whole heart and soul were absorbed by a figure which she saw in the hall, and recognized, a figure which had glided down, and was busy over the trunks, and giving directions with a sort of fussiness—utterly unconscious that any domestic eyes were gazing on his movements. It was a truly dramatic situation. He had even an air of command, the old foolish bustle and importance—ordering the waiters about—it was a pitiable sight indeed for her.

But the whole anxiety and burden on her mind was the fear lest her mother should see, or catch a glimpse. At times his face was even turned full on the cab, in the glare of the light; but still she did not remark him; something must be done, for she wished to get out, go upstairs and meet her enemy; when with a sudden thought, Livy said hurriedly.

"You must not go in mother, you cannot do it. In this place too. Or at least, let me go in first, and then you can follow, if you wish."

As she spoke, she got out and entered. No one noticed the veiled young girl who had fluttered in so softly, and she heard her father giving words of command in his own old foolish and excited way.

"Here I say! Get down that trunk—we shall be late! *Has my portmanteau been got down?* See that it is labelled 'For Paris,' at the station."

"My portmanteau got down!" What were these terrible words that seemed to strike her full in the face, like blows of a club?

Was *he* going with her?

CHAPTER XXI.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

He was in the shadow now, out of the glare of the light, so that he could not be seen from the street. She stepped lightly aside into a parlour that was open, and bade one of the waiters tell that gentleman to come to her.

The confounded look in the Beauty's face, the rage, vexation, disappointment, was something to see.

"You here!" he said, "what do you want? I won't have this. Now, just go back. I won't go with you."

"What does all this wickedness mean?" she said, with almost solemnity in her voice, "I heard you give some directions about a trunk."

"Yes, always spying on me. What if I did? I'll do as I like now. I am sick of the whole business!"

He was trembling with excitement. Yet still, though she saw now the unutterable depths to which his folly was leading him—folly still, though on the verge of being converted into wickedness—she wished to save him, to preserve their dignity, before the house, and before her mother. She would not even pretend to see what his purpose had been. Such delicacy for their mutual interest had this young girl.

"Ah! come home at once," she said. "Give up all this folly. Say goodbye to her, and let her go."

"I don't want you here. I wish you would leave me alone. Such work and fuss as it is, following me about in this way. I can't go up to London, without having you all after me in this way. I tell you, I won't have it."

"And do you tell me," said she, "that you will leave this with her? You cannot, you dare not!"

"Dare not? What do you mean? Now, just go away. I won't have this sort of thing. Pursuing me up to London as if I were a child!"

"Come, come, dear papa, come home with me—with us."

"With *us?*"

"Yes; mamma is waiting outside. She was determined to come up here."

The face of the Beauty flushed up. He felt himself a miserable, degraded, hunted, persecuted man. All this was childish, undignified, and he would not "put up with it."

"Just go away," he repeated; "I don't want you here; I won't have it."

"But mamma? O, poor mamma, she is so ill, and waiting there outside! Yes."

"Waiting there outside? O, this is unendurable. How *dare* you do this? It is uncalled for—and I don't choose it—and I won't have it; so I command you to go away and leave me."

"No, father," she answered, calmly, and even sternly; "I remain here—and she shall remain too."

He was thunderstruck at this firm tone. A waiter entered here and said—

"Please, sir, Mrs. Labouchere wishes to see you up stairs; she is waiting."

It was a terrible situation.

"Now," she said, and her nerves and firm purpose were all strung with a sort of supernatural strength, "now, papa, there is no time for compromise or hesitation. We are at arms' length, and I shall not see my poor sweet treasure, who is at the door, perish through your unkindness. What do you wish? Will you come away with us, and say goodbye to this woman; or if you do not, do you choose a scene here—to be disgraced before the house, to be exposed in this undignified position? Say, at once, which you prefer!"

The Beauty was speechless at this arrogant defiance. He was enraged at being thus checked by a mere foolish girl. But what was he to do? Beside himself with anger, he turned round suddenly and left the room.

There was a triumph in Livy's eyes. She paused a moment to collect her thoughts, then hurried from the room and ran to her mother waiting outside.

"Dearest," she said, eagerly, "promise me this; everything will go well, if you only leave it to me; put all into my hands—oh, you must, you shall; you must not interfere; but just go away to the station and wait for me. Oh, do this, and all shall be well. Fly from him!"

"Never; so long as I live I shall never do that?"

"You must—it is the only thing I ever asked of you. It is not flying from her. I am a match for her. Leave all to me. There! there, Coachman," and she bade him drive away to the station with unspeakable relief; she saw that her mother made no further protest, and then she hurried back into the room. She found Mrs. Labouchere, in travelling dress, waiting there.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CRISIS.

THAT lady's face was contorted with anger, so as almost to look ugly. She stamped her foot as Livy, with flushed cheek, came running in.

"So you have come again. I am sorry I have no time to wait and see you. Mr. Talbot is going to see me on my journey. We have very little time to lose."

"You can go, then," said Livy, with a tremulous voice, "I do not detain you."

"I know that. You would scarcely venture to interfere with my movements. Things have not gone quite so far as that."

"They have gone far enough," said Livy, "but it must stop here."

"That is as it may be. Then what is the object of your visit at this extraordinary hour?"

"I wish my father to escort me back."

"I am afraid," said the lady, looking at him with a doubtful smile; "perhaps he will not receive his orders from you, obey, and return to school?"

"I have had enough of this," he said, impatiently, "and won't be interfered with. I command you to go home at once. I shall see Mrs. Labouchere to the train."

"Then I shall wait for you here."

"I am not returning here. Stand out of the way," he added roughly.

"No, he won't return here to-night," said Mrs. Labouchere meaningly. "However, observe I have nothing to do with his movements. Whatever good-natured offices he performs for me, they are all spontaneous, I assure you."

"It is very disinterested of him," said Livy, her voice trembling; "and very spontaneous of him, considering the picture you have drawn of him in letters to your friends. Poor unfortunate papa! nothing will open his eyes."

"How dare you? I won't have this. It was a forgery; and never referred to me. So much for your spite, and this conspiracy. I never believed a word of it, Mrs. Labouchere; and you made it as clear as light to me."

"Oh, *that* is the explanation," said Livy, turning to her enemy in triumph. "So you stoop to *that*—to deny your own handwriting; well, all through I gave you credit for ingenuousness that was above board; but I did not think you would descend to that meanness."

The other was much confused and colouring.

"I never *did* deny it; but I said that there was a conspiracy to set everything in the worst light."

"Yes," he added, supporting her eagerly; "and hat it applied to quite another thing—I understood you."

"But let us understand clearly *now*. Surely, I—we—saw the words with *his* name: it made my cheeks tingle as I read. Surely, there could be no mistake in *that.* Do you deny it?"

"Of course she does," he said eagerly. "You know nothing about the matter."

"I do not deny it! and never did!" she said fiercely. "No one shall accuse me of untruth. I own it here before him—make what you like of it."

"Ah! you hear father."

He faltered, and looked at Mrs. Labouchere.

"Then what did it mean? You told me——"

"Never! *I* did not wish to hurt you—nor do I now, dear Mr. Talbot. I will explain all these things to you by and by. Come, come, now," said the siren, putting on a most seductive and enchanting smile. "Come with me. You will not desert me in the face of calumny—I can count on you at this last moment."

A waiter entered now, and disturbed this curious and unmelodious trio that was going on. The infatuated Beauty gave way at once.

"Yes, I am ready!" he exclaimed.

The young girl gave a cry, and placed herself before the door.

She stood between them and the door, and the spirit of determination which filled her face gave her quite the air of a heroine suited for painting or sculpture.

"You can leave this room if you like, but I warn you there shall be a scene here—in the hall—before the house—before the world! You can go to the railway station, if you wish; I do not hinder you. But again I warn you. I will follow you there, and shall find a way to expose you. I know that she—*you* will not care much for such an exposure; but *you* will, Papa. You have delicacy, and sensitiveness, and decency, and will not allow this lady to expose you in such a way."

Mrs. Labouchere looked at her with an expression of baffled rage and fury. She stamped her foot.

"Are you her father? Do you put up with this language? and do you allow me to be spoken to in this fashion—to be insulted? Are you so weak that you cannot assert your power over a girl of her sort? This is a pretty exhibition indeed for me to be treated to. I wish to pass out—I shall be late."

"You can go if you will. So can he," said the young girl, suddenly giving way and throwing the door open. "But mark—he knows me, and that I have never shrunk from doing all that I say. Leave that hall with him, and I call on the people of the hotel, and tell them my story. That I am his daughter—that *you* are——"

She stopped. Mrs. Labouchere looked furious. The Beauty was pale with anger, irresolution, and terror. He knew not what to do. He was cowed before his own child. He was not quite pleased either by the tone of the lady, whose companion he had been, and for whom he had sacrificed so much. She had turned on him, with actually a sneer.

"I am afraid," she said, "you are hardly fitted for the rather responsible situation you have placed yourself in. Have you measured your own strength? At least, you should have done so before taking up such a position. A man should learn to control his own household first. Still, your daughter meant no such low, vulgar scene as she seems to threaten me with. Such may suit a certain class, but not me at all. But this is what I do. I call upon you—at least you can do this—to take care that I am not exposed to any exhibition of this sort. I require it from you—it is the least you can do!"

After all, this young girl, weak, powerless as she seemed, had brought them into this dilemma. The Beauty, stung with mortification at the desertion—hurt at being addressed in this way before his daughter, before whom he wished to keep up his pride—kept looking from one to the other. Then he made a desperate rally.

"I command you to go away, and to make no fuss. Do you hear me; you must obey me."

Livy never stirred, only shook her head and smiled.

"There is the door," she said, "it is open, I go on before you into the hall. But if he goes, I shall do what I say, as surely as there is a heaven above us."

"A good defiance and challenge," said the lady. "They can speak any way to you, in your own family. You cannot do it," she added, pityingly, "the leopard cannot change his spots. You had better submit."

"But she *shall* submit. I am not going to be treated in this way. Let her do it if she dare. Come Mrs. Labouchere, you shall see."

He offered his arm. Livy turned pale, her heart misgave her.

But help came, and at that moment the door was opened, and a servant entered, saying—

"Mrs. Talbot is waiting, sir, and wishes to see you."

CHAPTER XXIII.

FINALE.

In a moment that pale face and worn figure stood before them, in the doorway.

Mrs. Labouchere stamped on the ground impatiently.

"You are but a clumsy workman," she said to him in a low voice. "This is clearly not your department. Take my advice and return to your old domestic habits. It will be the wisest thing you can do. Dear me! What an invasion, the whole family come to see me off!"

"Going away, are you, going away," said Mrs. Talbot. "Thank God."

"Oh! now, no scene or confusion! I beg for that. All I want is to get to my continental train without any confusion, before the people of the house. I will withdraw—retire—will do anything so as to keep up my credit as a lady with the people of the house. Any family scenes or things of that sort I have not been accustomed to. *Indeed*, the game is not worth the candle."

The Beauty was utterly helpless, his head hanging down on his breast, not knowing what to do, and bitterly resenting these open sneers.

"The game is not worth the candle, of which I have already burnt too much in my life. I want all the waxlight I can get. It is very precious. Ah, my dear Mr. Talbot, you do not know how to manage things. It is out of your line. Take my advice, as that of an old friend, don't meddle with these things in future. You have the awkward knack of blundering. See what a little meeting you have contrived here! Your daughter, wife, all gathered in my apartment threatening to call in the people of the house, to raise some vulgar storm! Shocking! The situation you see is beyond your control. So now I advise you—go back quietly in honorable custody, be submissive, and the past will be perhaps condoned, and, above all, in future devote yourself to chronicling small beer, and to your old department, for which you are eminently——"

"How nasty; how unkind of you," said the Beauty, "to speak to me in this way. You have no heart, and they were right when they said so."

"Yes," said Mrs. Talbot, "I can see what she is now. Thank God for opening your eyes at last."

The lady burst out laughing.

"No heart, he says. Why, surely you were not taking it all *au grand serieux.* Surely you must have seen, Mr. Beauty Talbot, that I had something more than some pastime in view; something with which to fill up my hours. Whatever end I had in view, Mrs. Talbot, it has been carried out perfectly. I have succeeded."

"No," said Livy, looking at her steadily. "No, you have not."

"Take care," said the lady. "Do not try me too far. As it is, you do not know what you have done. As you have chosen to take her place, and have put yourself forward, you have incurred a debt which I shall one day call on you to pay. I only wait a more convenient opportunity. Mind, I warn you. You have not done with Mrs. Labouchere yet!"

"Threaten my poor child!" said Mrs. Talbot aghast. "What has she done to you, you unscrupulous woman?"

"She knows very well," said the other fiercely. "Let her think of it. It will comfort her in all her approaching happiness. The sweet devoted daughter; the gentle creature who will, of course, have her reward in marrying the man of her choice. Yet my sister-in-law she will be after all! Think of that."

"I did you no harm. I was only protecting all that was most dear to me."

"You have dared to set yourself up against *me!* You, a poor child! But never fear! all in good time. I could have been content to have despised you all; had you let *me* alone. No; but *she* must insult us by open contempt of my father's honestly-got wealth, and of his origin, for which he was not accountable. That insolence drove me mad almost, and I vowed I would punish its author as she deserved—make her feel as much mortification as she inflicted on me. Was it genteel, lady-like, worthy of high birth? No matter. Let any one survey the whole party at this moment, and say which ought to have the most pride now."

She looked round on them all triumphantly. The picture was actually as she described it. For there was the fine lady, who at the beginning of this story had been so haughty and insolent to the *nouveau-riche* family, who had amused herself at those parties of Mr. Hardman, launching her little arrows into the neck of her victim, like the Spanish bullfighters; the grand lady sitting up enthroned, while they, the low-born, had to do homage before her—that miserable rebuff of the returned picture, which affected her more than anything; certainly, for all these outrages here was indemnity!

Entered now Mr. Wellman (who was the Starridge of the day) in person.

"I am afraid, ma'am, you will be late. There are only twelve minutes to spare."

"Then I must go. Adieu! adieu, all round," she said, with her old sweet manner. "Remember," she said to Livy, "you shall hear of me again, I promise you that."

"I shall be ready, and shall reply," said Livy, firmly.

"Good-bye, Mr. Talbot, remember my good advice—sing your little song, the 'Last Eternal Smile,' was it not?'"—even this distortion of the title of his famous song, hurt our Beauty as much as anything—"sing it at the little parties about; but never attempt any grand enterprise of this kind. You have not the stuff, the fearless gifts, to carry such a thing through. Adieu."

She was gone. The trio were left in that room together—a strangely humiliated party—the Beauty literally writhing with shame and mortification. He was not more than a boy—a boy of nearly forty or so—but still an untrained boy, whose education was actively going on, and would not be completed for the next dozen years. On this principle, perhaps, it might turn out a wholesome lesson for him.

Mrs. Talbot was humiliated too, but thankful. There was even a secret joy in her heart at the deliverance. She was a true woman; her enemy was gone; she had the field to herself; affection would do much still. She believed in that wonderful arm.

But for our Livy, what a deal there was before her, as, indeed, she felt. It was the task, the heavy, up-hill task, of "reconstruction," as difficult as that American business; she would strive and labour at it, however, though there were nothing but ruins strewn about her.

How was she even to begin. She had no element in her favour. The Beauty was, indeed, softened to her purpose, annealed, judiciously cowed, ashamed of himself; and over him, besides, there was a sort of trepidation and uneasiness, which her quick eye detected, and detected with a sort of joy.

That night, when her mother was above stairs lying down, wearied, ill, yet still calm, and tranquil, Livy was below with her father.

This uneasiness was strong upon him.

"We must never go back on this night, father," she said, with that new, steady manner which had come on her within these latter days, and made him uncomfortable. "The whole of this night's business—would to heaven it could be dropped out of our lives. Still, we need never think of it again. And I promise you this, dear papa, I shall school myself to forget it even, provided that you do your best to make me forget it."

His eyes fell upon the ground. Then he said eagerly,

"She was a wicked, cruel, spiteful creature; and—"

"Hush," said Livy; "that is not the way to look at it. Poor mamma, who has suffered so much, she must never be let to think of this night either. It is humiliating for us all; but for *her*—." She paused. "And if you were only kind and attentive, and tried to do your best, then this night would be forgotten."

He understood her. It was a sort of bargain. He felt that he had re-entered his old servitude, but with a mistress of more mental power. But he was in truth heartily ashamed. He could not bring himself to think of the degradation he had gone through; his public mortification; and, above all, to think that he had been on the verge of——. His sense of humiliation was so great, that he began presently to persuade himself he never seriously *meant* to carry out such a thing; it was a mere thought, born of irritation. Still, when he saw his daughter's calm eyes fixed upon him, he was relieved that it was to be heard of no more: he was grateful for the forbearance, and he knew her well enough to believe that she would loyally, honourably, and fairly carry it out.

And so she did.

From that night a new life began for them all. She stepped into that place which her mother had filled, and filled so indiscreetly heretofore. That abdication was cheerfully accorded. In vain came young Mr. Hardman, her lover and slave now, filled with a fresh admiration of her gifts and charms, to beg that she would think of him now.

Her answer always was,—

"You must wait. If you are content to do this, I can love you. But I have duties here more sacred. Later on we shall think of each other."

And so he was content to wait, and did wait very long and very patiently.

Meanwhile, the Beauty goes back slowly into his old life, and sings his little songs about. Indeed, he is a great "composer" now—*i.e.*, has got a hold of a certain public—writing under the name of "SILVIO." D'Alberg and Cocker actually publish a long list of these sweetly sentimental things, which the fashionable music-masters in London and Brighton teach their young ladies to warble, and which are of this style and description :—Songs by Sylvio: "He gave one last and lingering smile" (second thousand), words by Annabel; "The Swallow;" "Her hand in mine," words by Fides; "His eye was soft, his voice was sweet" (second thousand), words by Fides, with many others. "Fides" and "Annabel" were ladies of his acquaintance who admired him. Our Livy forwarded these litttle pursuits as very harmless and useful, worked hard at revising them, for they outraged the laws of harmony barbarously, and her energy got them published. She had a strange influence over him, possibly owing to that little secret which was between father and daughter.

That secret Mrs. Talbot, growing fresh and fair again from good health and good spirits, never so much as dreamed of. To the day of her death she shall never know it. Indeed the Beauty behaves very well on the whole. He has his little harmless flirtations now and again, at which Mrs. Talbot smiles. He is indeed not a little disturbed by one thing, which positively weighs on his spirits and depresses him. He feels he is getting *fat!* He is horror-stricken at a sort of gentle incline, and is going to take meal biscuits at breakfast, bran cakes, and the like, which he hears is better than Mr. Banting's famous regimen. This, with the songs, engage his chief attention.

Mrs. Labouchere is in exile. No one hears of her, or has heard. Mr. Hardman is going to get into Parliament. Old Dick Lumley is still alive, and "capering" down to "dear Lady Towler's," or up again from "the Duke's." These various characters go on their old way. In truth their story is but incomplete. Mrs. Labouchere is certainly one of those of whom people say, "That woman has a history." Such a one must certainly work out a history for herself of some kind. What that history is, will be traced on another occasion. She certainly was not likely to forget those last words she addressed to Livy; nor was she likely to forgive that young girl. Meanwhile she, as well as the reader, can answer the question favourably, which has been so long at the head of these pages,—"WILL HE ESCAPE?"

THE END.

THE SEASON: 1870.

I.—MUSIC.

IT comes on imperceptibly—even as the flowing tide creeps on to a level shore. When the vernal equinox is passed and the sun rising higher and higher in the heavens strikes with greater warmth, then its distant murmur becomes audible and signs of its being at hand multiply day by day.

No man is indifferent to its coming. The rich await it as a time of amusement and luxurious enjoyment; the poorest among us watch the budding foliage covering the blackened branches of the London trees with hopefulness, fancying in the gaiety thereby prophesied some change for the better may be in store for them. We all feel instinctively the approach of the stream of life that is to overflow the town. Sounds of its advent grow louder and louder. On, on it comes, increasing rapidly, until the mighty living current floods every place of public resort, and the lower depths of poverty are hidden for a time by the whirling surge of fashionable life.

The great social wave of 1870 set in a few weeks ago.

At first, Parliament being open, the Clubs were roused from lethargy, then the Italians made bright and sparkling music in Covent Garden, Belgravia became re-animated, and now every part of town is inundated with visitors. Society has its duties, of which the most imperious appears to be that society shall enjoy itself collectively in summer time. By congregating ostensibly for that purpose in their metropolis, English people obey a natural law as immutable and inscrutable as that which directs the migratory movements of other besides the human species—a law clearly beneficent in its object, for who shall say that the gathering together of the richer classes which constitutes a London season, has not an advantageous tendency? Its influence makes the pulses of trade and commerce beat with healthy vigour; it gives substantial encouragement to art. Financially, in the very worldliness that now prevails, good is done. Look at the Park. What wealth, and diffusion of wealth, it represents. It is a grand sight so considered, and at the same time the greatest social anomaly that can be contemplated.

The equipage of royalty rolls side by side the carriage of the courtesan, the purity of innocence and the effrontery of vice come face to face, the high-born and notorious, the rich, and bankrupt, jostle each other in the marvellous crowd—a *société anonyme* in the broadest sense of that mysterious term. Wealth and incongruity are its chief characteristics, while its uniform appearance is remarkable. The Park is open to all, but the poor, as a rule, avoid those drives and promenades frequented by loungers at this time of year. It is well they do so, for apart from the annoyance they might cause the fastidious, who object to pauperism coming between the wind and their nobility, the sight of so much idleness and luxury constantly before them, tends to excite those feelings of discontent at the unequal distribution of worldly riches, which render poverty intolerable, and are the very seeds of revolution among the pauper classes.

Another noteworthy feature of the Hyde Park daily assemblage, and incidental to the fact of its being free to all, is that it affords a solitary instance of crowds being brought together without money in some way or another changing hands. Of course, the charge made for chairs need hardly be taken into consideration, and even admitting that trifling item, the Park is an exception to every other locality where people congregate. Assemblies may safely be divided into two sections, the paying and the paid, or hosts and guests. To picture galleries, flowershows, theatres, the opera, races, and in fact to all other places of resort the rule applies, except to the Park, and that the latter, under this circumstance, should always present the uniform appearance it does is strange, to say the least.

It is only to be accounted for by the doctrine of natural selection socially applied, which again causes surprise by including, as it necessarily does in this instance, every degree of vice and virtue among the upper classes within its scope.

The pleasures of a London season, like summer flowers, are ever fresh and attractive when they re-appear. They may be monotonous enough in their routine, but they have an occult charm which young and old can but with difficulty resist. Nevertheless, to those whose hey-day in the blood is tame they bring with them many recollections of enjoyments which in the natural course of things have passed away for ever. Who can listen to any of the well-known operas this season without being painfully reminded of the voice and beauty of Giulia Grisi?

To the present generation the impersonations of the great singer are among the saddest pleasures of memory associated with the opera house. Accomplished and fascinating as are the sopranos, now in their zenith, it cannot be said that in any one of them are combined those attributes which made the prima donna we all deplore so famous. Her dramatic genius was as versatile as her voice was powerful and sympathetic.

Sparkling and vivacious in lyric comedy, in tragedy she was transcendently impressive, every look and gesture being instinct with dignity and significance, while her beauty and expression of face gave an ineffable charm to both her acting and singing.

Grisi died at Berlin on her way from Florence to St. Petersburgh, where Mario was engaged last winter. During the summer they had been staying at Wiesbaden with their children.

It was there that she first complained of languor, and was compelled to desist from those long and rapid walks which used to be her great delight. The slightest exertion fatigued her, and she was frequently overcome by drowsiness when out driving or sitting at table. No anxiety was felt at these symptoms. Grisi insisted upon the efficacy of the remedies she prescribed for herself, some homely medicines and the Wiesbaden waters.

They left Germany, and returned to the Villa Salviati, at Florence, early in the autumn. Arrangements were then made for the family to accompany Mario to St. Petersburgh. They started and reached Munich, when it was found necessary to seek medical aid, Grisi suffering much pain from what proved to be a carbuncular swelling in the cheek. After the delay of a few days the journey was continued, in accordance with the earnest wish of the invalid, who had now become weak and seriously indisposed.

On the road between Munich and Berlin an accident occurred to the train which greatly alarmed her. At Berlin doctors were consulted, under whose advice improvement took place, and Grisi so far recovered as to be thought able to go on to St. Petersburgh. It was, however, considered desirable that she should repose for some short time longer, and that Mario should precede the rest of the party, in order to make preparations for their reception in Russia. He did so, and some two or three days subsequent to his departure, Grisi was attacked by fits of fainting, from one of which she never rallied. Her three daughters were with her when she expired.

Kind and warm-hearted, true and faithful to him she loved with passionate adoration, a fond and devoted mother, Giulia Grisi was as estimable a woman as she was a great and gifted artist. Her acts of charity were manifold, although unknown to any but those upon whom they were conferred. Poverty never made its appeal to her in vain, and her helping hand was always ready to aid deserving merit.

This allusion to so sad a subject as the death of such a favourite may, like a sombre suit of mourning in a brilliantly-dressed throng, be out of place in a paper referring to the gaieties of the season; however, for some of my readers it may have sufficient interest to plead its justification.

The name of Grisi has been so long and so intimately associated with that of Mario, that it is impossible to mention one without being involuntarily reminded of the other.

This is said to be the last season Mario will appear, although the usual form of leave-taking has not been adopted. His objection to any sensational announcements where he is concerned may account for the fact of his approaching retirement not having been made public. Should he decide upon such a course, the Italian lyric stage will sustain a loss, irreparable at any rate for some time to come.

Although it is impossible to deny the influence of time and Meyerbeer's operas upon his voice, the means by which the injury is concealed constitute such perfection in the art of singing, and his histrionic powers are so consummate, that even when at his worst he is still the most accomplished tenor ever heard.

There are some moments of musical enjoyment that remain indelibly impressed upon the memory, and assuredly Mario's name recals many such delights. His impassioned singing will never be forgotten by those who have heard it, though all the stentorian tenors of the day endeavour to efface it by physical force and violent declamation.

I have heard him tell the story of his career, and have related it elsewhere. Being in his own words and interesting, it will bear repeating.

"I was born," says Mario, "at Cagliari, in Sardinia. My father was the Marchese di Candia. I was sent to the Military Academy, where Cavour was one of my fellow students. I served in the army seven years. I was aide-de-camp to my father at Nice, where he had been appointed Governor. At that time the Duchesse de Berri made her expedition to the South of France, and I visited her on board the steamer, in which she was concealed. When at Genoa with my regiment, the *Chasseurs de la Garde*, I was suspected of associating with those who were politically opposed to the Government, and was, in consequence, deputed to carry despatches to Sardinia. This being evidently a pretext to get rid of me, I protested, and was anxious to appeal to the King, Carlo Alberto, against what I considered an indignity put upon me. However, the Marchese Paolucci showed me the general order, and the note affixed to it, according to which, if the lieutenant objected to the duty, he was to consider himself at the disposal of the General in command, equivalent, in fact, to my being placed under arrest. In spite of the advice of my good friend the marquis, I sent in my papers to the authority, and decided to embark for Spain. It being some time before the preparations for my departure could be made, I had to conceal myself in Genoa, which, thanks to the assistance of a young lady to whom I was much attached, I successfully accomplished for a month. At the expiration of that time I took passage on board a fishing-smack bound for Marseilles, intending to proceed thence to Spain. We had a most tempestuous voyage, and were seventeen days at sea. On arriving at Marseilles, and making myself known to the authorities, I was received with the greatest hospitality, and strongly advised not to continue my journey to Spain, but to go to Paris, which advice I followed. I remained in Paris but a short time, and was persuaded to join a party of travellers going to London. Being well acquainted with Admiral Fielding's family, through them I was introduced to the Duke of Wellington. Still anxious to visit Spain, I asked the duke to give me some facility for so doing. He assured me it was a country in which I should make no progress—that the more energy I displayed, the more enemies I should make; and that the only thing I could hope for there, with any certainty, was a *coup de fusil.* He concluded his advice by saying, '*Amusez vous, et je ferai quelque chose pour vous plus tard.*' This counsel I followed to such good purpose that time passed away, and with it all my money, until at last I found myself without means of support, my father refusing to make me any allowance. I then resolved to go to America, and secured a cabin on board a sailing-vessel, starting from the Thames, having with some difficulty managed to scrape together forty pounds to pay for the passage. A week before the ship was to leave I fell ill—I had to abandon the idea of going to America, and, what was worse, to forfeit the money. During this illness I experienced the *profondeur* of English hospitality, and was treated like a brother by those with whom I had the good luck to have become acquainted. I was urged to go to Paris to consult the doctors, and was taken there by one of my English friends in his travelling carriage.

"In Paris I improved in health, and made the acquaintance of the Marquis Aguado, then the director of the two theatres; the Opera and the Théâtre des Italiens. I was also intimate with the Prince Belgiojoso, with whom I used to sing duets *en amateur.* My financial circumstances, however, became so serious, that I made them known to the Prince, who insisted upon my turning my vocal abilities to account. This was at first obnoxious to me. I had looked forward to a very different career from that of an artist, which I then thought unmanly and unsuited to my tastes. But the Prince would not listen to my objections, assuring me that were it not for family considerations, he would, in spite of his social position, go himself upon the stage.

"He spoke to the Marquis Aguado on my behalf, and obtained for me an engagement for three years. The first year, which was to be passed in study, I received 14,000 francs, the second 32,000 francs, and the third year 45,000 francs.

"For the first six months I was placed under the tuition of Meyerbeer, whom I daily visited.

"No composer that ever lived took such pains with his work as Meyerbeer, and of this I had frequent opportunities of judging while studying with him.

"I made my first appearance in Paris, on December 1, 1838, in *Robert le Diable*, at the Grand Opera. I sang there two years and a-half, and played in the *Comte d'Ory*, *Le Drapier*, and other operas. In 1840 Aguado made me sing at the Italiens, where I appeared in *L'Elisire d'Amore*. I really forget whether it was in 1839 or 1840, that I came out in London, at Her Majesty's, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Giulia Grisi; but it was about that time.

"I was not considered a success at any rate, and, in fact, my career did not begin until 1842, when I sang in Dublin with Tamburini, Grisi, and Lablache, and with Benedict as conductor. After that I returned to Paris and sang the Rubini *repertoire*, in which I was most fortunate. Since then my life has passed but too rapidly in going from Paris to London every season, and meeting always with the greatest kindness everywhere. In the winter of 1849 I went for the first time to Russia, and in 1854 to America. London and Paris, however, have been the two cities of which I shall always have the most pleasant recollections, unless it be Dublin, where I first received the greatest encouragement. Strange to say, I have never sung in Italy."

Long may it be before Mario's story terminates, although we have come to the end of it so far. It is related with that modesty which is the most charming characteristic of the man himself.

At the two Italian Opera Houses disappointments were the rule, and not the exception, during the first few weeks of this season. The "prospective arrangements" in April and May were as changeable as the weather. Colds never were so prevalent among singers, if the changes and postponements that have taken place were all attributable to catarrh. Announcements have, however, been ultimately fulfilled; there are several novelties still to be produced, notably Wagner's opera, the *Flying Dutchman*, promised by the management of Drury Lane. As the most intelligible work of the composer for the future, and as one containing many beauties, it is eagerly expected. Written apparently before the ambitious intention of forming a new school of music had seized and fettered the mind of the composer, it is, perhaps, the freshest and most vigorous effort of his genius. Instances certainly occur where novel effects are attempted, in which the style subsequently adopted by Wagner is foreshadowed; but they are rare and almost forgotten in the many points of excellence to be admired. The overture—a composition of neither the form nor importance to justify the title—opens with a subject which most frequently occurs throughout the opera. This theme pervades the work, and is that with which the Dutchman in thought and presence is identified. It is very effectively introduced as the commencement of Senta's ballad in the second act, when she relates the story of the Flying Dutchman, and foretells her own destiny. Whether dramatically or musically considered, the treatment of this subject is most successful, and increases the interest of the whole work by the skilful manner in which it is made subservient to the progress of the plot. The notion may not be original, but its development evinces a knowledge of the resources of his art, which none but a thorough musician can attain. To the first act the storm and chorus of sailors on board Dalend's ship form a spirited introduction.

As the tempest temporarily subsides the tenor solo, a mariner's love song, contrasts well with the preceding and subsequent description of the elemental strife. The storm rises again (most graphically indicated by the orchestra) as the vessel of the Flying Dutchman appears. The grand scene of the Holländer "Die Frist ist um," I quote the German text, and his following duet with the bass (Dalend) are both in Weber's style and would not be unworthy of that composer's signature. The act terminates with a chorus of sailors as the ships set sail.

After a short instrumental prelude the second act begins with a melodious chorus for female voices, sung by Senta's companions while they spin. In this a striking effect is made by the women laughing in chorus, jeering Senta for her melancholy. Then follows Senta's ballad already mentioned, a composition full of character and dramatic feeling; after this there is a duet between the soprano and tenor, Senta and Erik, her betrothed, when the lover urges his suit in a most plaintive melody, not altogether new, but so harmonized and instrumented as in a great measure to disguise its Italian origin. At the conclusion of the duet, Erik departs, and Dalend (Senta's father) returns, accompanied by the Dutchman, in whom Senta recognises the object of her ideal love and destiny. It is in the treatment of this situation, the most important of the libretto, that the composer fails. The Holländer and his victim are made to stand gazing at each other for some time, while their emotions, supposed to be under various influences, are very inadequately expressed by instrumental music. The result is such as might be expected—the situation is lost. A solo for Dalend, "Mögst Du mein Kind," the duet between Senta and the Holländer, "Wie aus der Ferne," and a terzetto for the three just named, are the other *morceaux* in this act. The third and last act opens with a chorus of sailors about to leave the port; they are joined by women bringing provisions. The ship of the Holländer, lying at anchor, is hailed by the women and sailors, but no reply is given by the mysterious crew. Suddenly the wind rises, and the spectral mariners man their ship, singing the refrain with which the Holländer has been identified. A double chorus between the two ships' crews follows, and is the noisiest and least effective piece of music in the opera. Senta then appears, pursued by Erik, who endeavours to dissuade her, in an impassioned duet, *allegro agitato*, from following the Holländer. The last finale, in which Senta, Dalend, the Holländer, the choruses of sailors and women take part, is admirably contrived, and forms a capital termination to the work. It is somewhat singular that Wagner should consider the *Fliegender Holländer* as the least important of his operas; another instance that composers are not by any means the best judges of their own productions. Whether the *Flying Dutchman* be performed at Drury Lane or not, I warmly recommend a perusal of the score to those who are in search of effective compositions. The Spinning Chorus would be a delightful addition to the programmes of our choral concerts.

Weber's *Abu Hassan*, and Mozart's *L'Oca del Cairo* have not been such successful rivals as more important classical relics would have proved. The short work by Weber lost much of its intrinsic charm by the tenor part being sung by a contralto voice. Such transpositions and alterations as are thereby necessitated inevitably destroy the effects intended by the composer. Mozart's fragment, completed by some more rash than prudent French musicians, might with advantage have given place to the great master's *Idomeneo*, a work that has been allowed too lon

In any case, it is satisfactory to notice the desire that is evinced by the opera managers to produce classical music, although revivals may be keeping the works of young composers out of the field. Why, it may reasonably be asked, is no commission given to an English musician to write for the Italian stage? Balfe is the first and only one upon whom the honour has been conferred within my recollection, and he certainly did not fail in the task entrusted to him. To offer such encouragement to Sullivan, Barnett, or any other of our rising composers of undoubted talent would do honour to a director, and probably be even more advantageous as a pecuniary investment than the production of an unfinished opera by Mozart.

The two performances of *Medea* that have taken place at Covent Garden were judiciously given. Cherubini is not yet thoroughly appreciated by all classes of musical connoisseurs. The music which Beethoven reverenced and Méhul respected, will ultimately be understood, and then justice will be done to its great merit by the general public.

Cherubini is more or less an historical character; as the only musician who dared to incur the displeasure of Napoleon Bonaparte, he deserves a place in the roll of honour of times gone by. It is related by Mr. Graham, who was personally acquainted with the composer, that Bonaparte, when General, met Cherubini at an evening party. The conversation turning upon music, the soldier contradicted the musician rudely, and attempted to dogmatise on the subject.

Cherubini addressed him sternly, saying, "Citizen Bonaparte, in the art of war your knowledge may be great, but you should leave music to those who understand it."

This reproof was not forgotten by Napoleon, who, when supreme in France, could never be induced by those about him to tolerate Cherubini. The two met again in 1805, at Vienna, when the Emperor asked the maestro abruptly—

"Is there no bread in Paris, Mons. Cherubini?"

"Not for me, sire," was the reply.

At the restoration of the monarchy Cherubini returned to Paris, and composed a number of masses and motets for the Royal Chapel, all of which elicited the praise of Beethoven. Besides many operas and church music Cherubini wrote some admirable instrumental compositions. His quartets for string instruments are well worth reproducing now when chamber music is in such repute. It was in 1791 that his opera of *Lodoiska*, brought out in Paris, wrought a revolution in the French school of composition, and the original genius of the master was acknowledged. The *Elisa* and *Medea* then added to his fame.

In the prospectus of each Opera House Verdi's *Macbeth* is promised this season. That this work has not yet been heard in London is remarkable. It is one of the best of its kind, and has already been given with much success in the provinces. Madame Viardot played it in Dublin some ten years since, making a deep impression by her impersonation of Lady Macbeth. The sleep-walking scene, on the occasion of the first performance, was jeopardised by the profound silence with which Viardot's appearance was awaited being unexpectedly disturbed. The prelude to the scene is very solemn: the curtain rises, and a doctor and nurse are discovered seated at the door of Lady Macbeth's chamber. Darkness and mystery prevail. ——Presently a voice from the Gallery addressed the *medico*, calling out loudly, "Arrah, docthor dear, tell us is it a boy or a girl?" Verdi's *Macbeth* has ever since been associated, in my recollection, with the roars of laughter and confusion that followed this impertinent inquiry.

We may now leave the exotic region of Italian opera, and threading our way through the dense crowd of well-dressed women who throng the vestibule of the theatre, repair to some haunt of fashion in Belgravia. Lady Mortgage's early evening parties are this year later than ever. With that exception they are much the same as heretofore—the same people, the same music, the same difficulty of getting into the largest room, and when in, the same difficulty in getting out, as last year and years before that. If you have the honour of being in Lady Mortgage's set, you know pretty well beforehand whom you will meet *chez elle*, either at a grand reception or an early evening party, when a few chosen friends are invited to give zest and freshness to society after a stately dinner. These are generally carefully selected by the worthy hostess according to their social attributes, and rightly so, for there is nothing in life so dreary as a *société intimé*, the members of which do not assimilate properly. All the better that Herr Donnerwetter should be invited if he can contribute to the amusement of others by playing on the piano. Ask him by all means, if he will come and find *son conte* in being seen in fashionable society. He will readily accept the first two or three invites, but as time goes on and the Herr's professional occupations become more numerous, he will probably make terms for his valuable services—unless, indeed, he has been accepted as a tamed animal in the house. And the girls at an early evening party; they are its great attraction, looking so bright and gay in the spacious drawing rooms when the serious people come up from dinner. Music commences. It is almost *de rigueur*, although too often a troublesome interruption to conversation, for now in places where they sing it is considered bad taste to disturb sweet sounds by talking. Some men will do so nevertheless, and even fair companions encourage them, but they make themselves unpleasantly conspicuous and gain no advantage by their unmannerly proceedings. The *repertoire* of the musical amateur who aspires to the reputation of a society singer is not usually very extensive. Half a dozen songs do duty for a season, one of them will probably be sung in several houses in the course of an evening, for the singer has a habit of going from house to house, being asked to sing, and then, having gratified his little pride, departing for "fresh woods and pastures new,' where the delight will be repeated.

The late hours we have adopted are objectionable, but with that exception there is no society more thoroughly enjoyable than that which is to be met with in London during the season—none in which social accomplishments so generally prevail. You will meet with more amateur painters and musicians in London than in any city on the continent—people who have good practical knowledge of the arts, and when music is cultivated, whose performances are really worth hearing. Anyone of the numerous prime donne of social life, who are now in full song, would be considered a phenomenon in the circles of Paris or Vienna. Englishmen and women having felt the enjoyment to be derived from artistic culture, have, in some instances, at the sacrifice of important duties, and therefore not wisely, but selfishly, devoted themselves with enthusiasm to the cultivation of music or painting.

It is an open question whether the study of the former cannot become too general to the exclusion of other pursuits. At any rate the result is, as I have said, that at the present day we surpass all other nations in the amateur knowledge and love of art, now prevalent in every educated class of our community.

WALTER MAYNARD.

TWIN-STARS.

A WORLD with two suns! In this unisolar system of ours it is hard to realise such a conception, one pauses to inquire if such a world can be. There have been good men and true, calm and cool philosophers, who have not hesitated in accepting the doctrine of mundane plurality and ascribing to the thousands of glittering stars of the firmament the high functions of light-giving and life-sustenance, that belong to our sun. Although there may be imposing arguments against the existence of habitable worlds other than that on which we dwell, there are reasons as valid for supposing that any star that the night reveals to us is a sun surrounded by peopled globes analogous to our own. That the stars are suns, cannot be disputed; that they must be stupendous sources of heat and vital activity, is a logical consequence. The advanced research of to-day traces the sustenance of well nigh every form of terrestrial life and motion to the sun, and all but ascribes the bringing to life of the first created things to the vitalising power of the solar beams. If our sun, by physical agencies which we have as yet not quite traced home, peopled the world with organisms that developed to higher and higher states under its influence, why should not the distant suns be developing, upon spheres which possibly surround them, forms of life, first low, then higher, and reaching at length that culminating point that man occupies here?

> "The radiant orbs
> That more than deck, that animate the sky,
> Are life-infusing suns of other worlds."

To picture a remote earth like this, with its rising and setting sun, its seed-time and harvest, is no difficult matter. A higher flight of fancy is required to imagine a globe where the whole chain of solar phenomena are doubled—where one sun sets to show another rise, where the day may be nightless, and the year a perpetual summer. Again you ask, can such a world be? Such a pair of suns in many, very many, cases exists; it requires only the admission that other suns have planets to sustain to complete the assumption.

There are few sights in the firmament so pretty to the eye, and at the same time so imposing to the mind, as a pair of twin stars. A cluster of glittering points, a galaxy of little suns, such as the telescope will often reveal to us, may have more beauty as a sight;

but it has not that interest as a theme of speculative thought. And why? The stars of the cluster are at rest, the twin jewels are in motion. Movement gives us the idea of life, and calls up the conception of forces and actions that things at rest cannot engender. Imagine two stupendous suns rolling, like earth and moon, about each other. Consider the beautiful law which chains them, without material connection, together; and the opposing force that holds them, without material separation, apart. Think of the distance—billions of miles, it may be—that intervenes between them, and across which the uniting power exerts itself!

This observed motion of one star about another was a grand test of the universality of Newton's law of gravitation. Astronomers had observed "double stars"—or stars so close together that the notion of physical pairing seemed irresistible—from the early days of telescopic research; but it was reserved for Sir William Herschel to announce from his pinnacle of perception that some of these couples were really tied into systems. All over the sky are scattered pairs of stars that are not thus united: in hundreds of cases one star appears near the line of sight of another, and the two seem thus to be connected. But one may be infinitely more remote than the other; and the approximation being then only apparent, such stars are called by observers "optically double." Herschel, noting what he thought to be merely these optically double stars for one purpose, was led to scrutinise them for another, of which he had not dreamed. If two apparently close stars are really wide apart on the sight line from the earth, then, as the earth moves from one extremity of its orbit to the other, a relative shifting of the stars of such a pair ought to be perceptible; just as when we walk to and fro upon a promenade, near and distant objects alternately change right and left positions. Such a motion in the stars, if observed and measured, would, by a little calculation, give their distances from the earth. So Herschel, through his powerful telescopes, set about measuring with a micrometer the distances between the components of a vast number of these double stars. But soon he found, in some of them, motions which could not be reconciled with the hypothesis of changing position through displacement of the earth; and he was led to the interesting discovery that there are stars that revolve about each other in regular orbits, as the earth revolves about the sun. A high interest then attached to the inquiry, whether in their motions they followed the Newtonian laws. Observations were carefully made of the relative positions of the constituents of various pairs, and from time to time these were repeated: the first result of them being the showing, by a French calculator, Savary by name, that one couple, situated in the Great Bear constellation, marched around its common centre of gravity in a period of fifty-eight years and a quarter. Soon other investigators attacked other couples, and the number of known "binaries"—this was Herschel's term to distinguish the real twins from merely optical couples—steadily increased, till now it has reached over a hundred; while over fifty more are suspected as such, in our hemisphere alone.

But what, you ask, do we mean by revolving around their common centre of gravity? This simple experiment will teach you:—Take a large cork and a little cork, and thrust one point of a knitting needle into one, and the other point into the other. Find the spot on the wire where it will balance on your finger tip, and at that spot will be situated the centre of gravity of the couple. Tie a thread there, and slowly twist it, and you will have in the complicated motions of the corks a representation of the motions of a pair of stars united by their mutual gravitation and revolving about a common centre.

The periods occupied by various sidereal couples in performing the gyrations vary greatly. In the constellation Hercules there is one pair that runs its course in thirty-six years. One of the stars shines with that lustre which astrometers call the third magnitude—its companion is of what is called the sixth magnitude. The remarkable phenomenon of the hiding of one star by the other occurs in this pair. More than once it has deceived gazers by thus appearing single; but it has afterwards revealed its duplicity by showing one of the members a little on one side of the other. This is, perhaps, the quickest gyrating couple known; we say, perhaps, because there are suspicions of quicker revolvers awaiting measures to render their movements certain to our knowledge. How slowly some pairs travel their circular route, we should not like to say. The age of this branch of research is young, considering that it began only at the close of the last century; and the interval since then may be too small to manifest a measurable part of some of the more majestic orbits. There is one very famous couple that only makes a circuit in four centuries and a half; but there may be many binaries that move more slowly than this. The twins that thus imposingly march around each other are situated in the constellation *Cygnus*, or "The Swan." They are, apparently, an insignificant pair; for neither is bright enough to be readily discerned by the naked eye, both being near about the sixth magnitude, which is just at the limit of visibility without telescopic aid. But, though small, they are celebrated—far more so than many of their brighter rivals; for, in addition to this union into one system, with its vast period of revolution, a high interest attaches to them from the fact that they are among the very few fixed stars whose distances from the earth are so small, comparatively, as to permit of measurement. We might count the few on our fingers. The nearest star to us, so far as we have at present sounded the skies, is the bright one known as *Alpha Centauri*, a binary in the southern heavens, of which more presently. The pair in the Swan, called in the astronomers' catalogues 61 Cygni, is the next nearest; and its distance from our solar system is 374,320 times as great as that of the earth from the sun. Now this last distance is, according to the latest measures, ninety-two millions of miles; so that, without giving the confusing line of figures which represents the exact product of these numbers, we may say that the twin stars in question are thirty-four and a half billions of miles away. It is next to impossible to convey an adequate idea of the immensity of such an interval. Figures cannot do it; comparisons with human rates of motion are nearly powerless; for even if we say, as will be near the truth, that a railway train at ordinary speed would require some hundred million years to traverse it, we leave the mind incapable of realising such a period. Only when we come to celestial speeds do we find units that will represent such distances without long arrays of figures. Light, fleetest of messengers, quicker even than thought—for modern science has measured the rate of the brain's working—light, which in a second flashes over 184,000 miles, takes six years to reach us from this our nearest stellar neighbour but one. The positions in which we now see the moving pair are those which they really occupied in the year 1864; their present condition we shall not see till 1876.

The fact that these twin stars while yet so near to us are so small is a proof that in actual magnitude one star differeth from another. In ancient times it was conceived that the larger stars were the nearest to us and the smaller ones remote in proportion to their faintness; but since some knowledge has been gained of actual stellar distances we have learnt that there are diminutive suns near to us while some of the great ones are far beyond our power of measurement. What then must be the actual dimensions of those of the fiery spheres that although thus distant seem by their size and radiance so near?

The real mass of the two stars about which we are at present speaking has actually been ascertained. Wonderful it may seem; wonderful indeed it is, that man should be able to form even an idea of the capacity of bodies thirty billions of miles away; how much more so that he should arrive within short range of probable truth in the matter? Yet it is obvious to the physical astronomer that if two bodies, like our twin-stars, revolve about each other in a certain time and with a certain distance between them—it is obvious to the celestial calculator that the pair must have a certain mass or weight. Given the periodic time and the intervening distance, and he can tell you the pulling force which holds the couple in their orbit; and this is another term for their weight. The twins in Cygnus have thus been weighed, and jointly they are found equal to the tenth part only of our sun, or—supposing them for the moment to be of equal size—each about 18,000 times as heavy as our earth. A volume could be written on the special features of various twin-stars, for every one has a history. There is that Alpha Centauri, which is our nearest neighbour in the starry host; only nineteen billions of miles away! a fine couple, each of nearly first magnitude in appearance, each about one-fourth as large as our sun in reality, and sweeping around a long elliptical orbit in a period equal to the protracted life of a man, three score and eighteen years. Then in the Lion's constellation there is a pretty orange star of the second magnitude, with a companion of the fourth, the two circulating in such stately march that, as is estimated, they have but performed one circuit and a half since the commencement of the Christian era. Then there is the famous pair of pairs, twin-twins, or, as the system is called by telescopists, the "double-double." In this we see two couples not far apart; each, considered alone, revolving around a point between the components, one pair in about two thousand years, the other in about one thousand, while the two pairs, considered as two single stars, probably perform a grand journey round an intermediate point in some such stupendous period as a million years!

But we must pass on to consider one beautiful feature of stellar twins; that is their colour. In this respect, indeed, the twin character in many cases has no existence. Highly beautiful are the contrasts which double stars present in the tints of their light. The "male and female lights" of Milton seem to be embodied in them. Like jewels paired to harmonize their rays do many of them appear. The topaz and the sapphire, the garnet and the diamond, the emerald and the amethyst glitter side by side. Very bewildering are the causes of these contrasts: it has been suspected that the complementary tints have birth in the eye, a bright blue star causing a fainter companion to look yellow by proximity, and so forth. But there is no solid ground for this supposition; it is even negatived by experiment, for if the effects were merely those of contrast, excluding the light of one star of a pair from the eye ought to show the other with an altered colour: but it does not; the green star remains green though we hide its red neighbour. It is something in the physical condition of the contrasting bodies that causes them to emit differently coloured rays. Philosophy can easily explain why any star appears of a particular tint, but it cannot conjecture why oppositely or even differently coloured suns should fall into optical conjunction so much more frequently than chance in unequal distribution will account for. Out of six hundred pairs which the great star-gauger Struve examined, 120 were found to have components of totally different hues. This is too great a number to be ascribed to accident; there must be a determining cause yet to be discovered why the unlike should appear so frequently in conjunction.

It is not always that the opposite colours are found in twins physically connected and circulating about each other: indeed the finest contrasts are seen in stars which are doubtless only optically double; that is to say, where one component is billions of miles behind the other, and not at all connected therewith—as independent as is our sun of the stellar luminaries scattered around it. But frequently a really connected pair exhibit diverse lights: and where this is the case what a gorgeous suite of effects must be produced upon any world that we may suppose is included in the system! At our outset we invoked the imagination of a world with two suns. Extend, as you legitimately may, this conception to a world with a red sun and a green one! Picture the verdant god of day rising and painting every mundane feature with "the kind beams of all refreshing green." Conceive the other light dawning, and the other sun appearing to cast its ruddy glow upon the scene, and imagine if you can the splendid issue of the wedded rays. The diffused light produced by the commingling would, perhaps, be colourless; but the terrestrial objects receiving the one's or the other's beams alone would be lit thereby, and the scene would have its green and crimson sides. The green sun set, the red would reign supreme, and all things would wear a flaming effulgence till it in its turn sank below the horizon to prepare the world by a dark interregnum for its double morrow. Or we may change the course of events, and with equally valid grounds conjecture the existence of a world that knows no night, but is ever lit by contrasting suns. Variety endless is to be found in the heavens as upon the earth: why should we tie ourselves to the belief in worlds with days and nights that are mere copies of our own?

THE GREAT TEACHER.

MANY are the ways GOD shews us we may serve
Man, and His own good cause. These even the toils
And trappings of the fight, by virtue waged
In man's behoof against ill; the dust, shouts, sweat
Of struggling swarms attract; and these a spot
Contemplative, where study may distill
Essential thought which, like the wrestler's oil,
In grappling with the world or ghostly foes,
May loosen the adversary's grip.

Need were
Our deeds, motives to scan, and their results,
Carefully, prayerfully; every daily sum
Of duty verify by its holy rule
In GOD's celestial key, wherein, more fixed,
More true than nature's fleet forms, all acts, means
And ends contingent, through each factor traced,
Thought, feeling, interest, ignorance, circumstance
And temperament stand solved; of our moral sense
And soul's vitality sole test, prime rule;
That each one's acts and purposes comport
With other's good, not less than ours.

It is this,
Life's universal law, the code divine
Graved in all hearts, wild, cultured,—though unwrit;—
Justly to live and temperately; in peace
And charity with the world; content with fate;
To law obedient human and divine,
And to the lord of law; to all that breathe
Kind; sociable with mankind; honouring all
Life's pure relationships; to worship GOD
Sincerely, and to do men good; abet
Virtue, the right, always 'gainst vice, wrong, ill;

Truth aye to speak,—for to speak truth's to talk
In God's own tongue,—truth, middle term 'twixt earth
And heaven; to labour honestly, and rest
Holily, cheerfully,—for He who made
All things, both rest and toil hath hallowed;—us
Ones with the One Supreme in will; and rounds
With good the common nature of all life,
Which of and in Him born, Him serves and loves
With open trustfulness.

Whate'er the end,
On this sure base, that God's wide equity,
Commensurable with mercy, and than all law
Juster, all tabulated claims o'errides,
Bidden or forbidden; by principles supplants
Precept, or modifies,—rest we; secure
That even as He himself, immutable
In essence, but reflecting outward lives,
As ocean clouds, shews towards created soul
Reciprocal eternally,—as we love
Loving; condemning as we err; to all
Revering Him, resembling, boon;—so man,
To Deity linked by life immortal, feels
In his inmost being, when, heart-wrung, he forespeaks
Heaven's judgment on iniquitous deed; when wroth
At treachery's triumph, or, when uttering truth
Spiritual, inspired,—all states external lost,
Like stardust from a seraph's wing in flight
Upward,—conscious identity with God.

Such union now earth's best reality; time's
Most chief, most choice delight; the soul at peace;
Life's rolling round to Him submiss, the Spirit
Divine, of loftier ends once meant for man
Reminded, deigns to regulate. As when
In class, the pensive tutor,—his high heart
Ambitious as a bow upstretched to outshoot
All rival boughs, on vast designs intent
Inly, of human weal, truth proven, or law
Harmonic, 'tween Creator and create,—

By timid monitor summoned, shuts away
Sighing, his sacred theories, and proceeds
To lowlier needs, in earnest; bent to inform
His docile pupils how our sphere the sun
Spins round, and in what posture; blandly, at once,
The mimic globe—by puerile guilt a-wryed
From its right incline,—restores, minutely just,
To ciphers graved on the arc meridian, brazen,
Stedfast, all-circling, our true attitude
Towards Heaven thus shewn;—so GOD, by prayer allured,
Stooping to instruct the sons of men, corrects,
To His eternal and immoveable law,
Earth from her due position sin-wrenched;—He,
So much less prone to punish than to teach
Pleased, pleased to expound and rectify, nor time
On passed mischance waste, He himself for us
Gives, as best lesson; and our poor fallen orb
Bids walk again, head skyward;—man's main end,
Whate'er his first deflection, being to make
Now, best amends we may; to know, be, do,
The most we can of good; for that we know
And do, we in truth are; and thus bettered, live;—
His joy and ours combined.

For, when GOD first
Launched on its infinite course this sphere of man,
This fair humanity,—through good and ill
Contestful, whirled, as earth through gloom and sheen,—
Zoned it with laws, with broad degrees of right
Swathed, and with binding lengths of love divine,
Humane, convergent, crossed, He midst all powers
Of fate the intelligible orb enthroned;
Housed it with angels; Him their common source
Beneficent, of light, life, godship round
In graduated freedom ranged, and bade
To all the bliss thought creatural could conceive
And live, aspire.

We, thus encouraged, taught
All vital wisdom profitable to man,

In thought, word, deed, and love to Him, our being's
Fitness and joy most high; taught here to know
The virtues are Heaven's elements, as air
Fire, water, earth, the world's; and that the soul,
Simple and inseparable, conformed by their
Pure quality to like heavenly substance, lives
Thence, trans-essentiate, secretly in GOD,
As a star in day:—find, too, as by access
Of finite to the infinite, nature's end.

THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

A RECORD OF NOBLE DEEDS.

IN our hearts of hearts, where we cherish the love that is the due of martyr heroes, let us fix the memory of Frederick Grantham Vyner, who for another's sake twice met the question,—"Shall I face captivity and death, or turn towards freedom and life?" and twice answered it by the noble choice of the former alternative. The first time was when he and his fellow tourists had been two days in the durance of Greek brigands. They had been captured on the 11th of April, on the road between Athens and Marathon. They had marched over plain and mountain, dank and cold, tired and hungry, parleying with the human monsters upon their terms of ransom. A demand, exorbitant though but half the first claim, had been agreed to; and the question arose who should go to Athens to obtain the sum. Twenty-five thousand pounds was the amount; and a pardon to the banditti was to be secured into the bargain. The money was available: Lord Muncaster and Mr. Vyner guaranteed it between them. One of them must go to Athens to fetch it. Which? They cast lots; and by their fall the release from bondage offered itself to our hero. Who would not have excused him had he seized the opportunity? He had felt the anguish of the situation, the mental anxiety and the bodily suffering. Shivering, he had been forced to huddle close to a foul brigand's body to borrow its vital warmth. He had seen danger imminent when the bandits, frightened at the suspicion of pursuers, had surrounded his party in firing attitude, ready to slaughter them if any attack were made. Yet he refused his chance of escape. Turning to Lord Muncaster, he valiantly pressed the mission upon him, for his lady's sake, who, according to the brigands' rule, had been sent on her way when the capture was first made.

Thus was the question met and answered once. It had not then the moment that it gained thereafter. In electing to stay with his brother victims, poor Vyner had doubtless lightly weighed the prospects of danger of which he had had a fore-view. In the very errand he had foregone there was anchorage for hope. Upon the strength of it he may have looked forward to the interval before the arrival of the ransom as a probable period of exciting adventure, hazardous, perhaps, but not fear-inspiring. He was gay as gallant; he could toy with his gaolers; call them by their names; pull about their weapons and laugh at the clumsy construction of them. It could scarcely have been in mockery or bravado, it must have been in innocence, that he derided the pistol which he took from what, for ought we know, may have been his future murderer's belt. During the days that followed the departure of Lord Muncaster there is nothing in the note-book entries to show that danger was anticipated, and we may assume that all the captives looked without despair upon their condition. But let no one seek to deprive Vyner of the honour that is his due, because in substituting himself for Lord Muncaster he saw no immediate danger. He took all risks, and he is surely entitled to honour on account of the worst of them; small is the tribute we can pay him, let us not detract from it. In baser matters even, who would withhold the full credit due to attainments merely heightened by fortuitous circumstances?

Upon the recurrence of the question, however, it was far more momentous. Hope had been deferred, and hearts were sinking. Though the ransom money was forthcoming, the pardon could not be obtained. Messengers had gone backwards and forwards between the brigands and the Government authorities, but no terms could be arranged; upon this point both sides were inexorable. We are not concerned with the political points that have been raised, or with the officials upon whom the responsibility of the final issue rests: we are concerned only with the fine young English gentleman who jeopardized his life for another's sake, where, without the fear of shame, he might have twice set himself free. His second encounter with the life or death interrogation was when, on about the eighth day of his captivity, the courrier, Gleissner—a generous soul—visiting the captives on an errand from his master, Lord Muncaster, nobly offered himself to stay with the brigands in Vyner's stead. Many there be who would have found excuse for accepting the offer. Not so our hero. He put the thought of it beneath his manliness, and turned a deaf ear to the proposition. "No, no! don't speak of it," he said to him who made the offer: "I would not hear of it for a minute," he wrote to him on whose behalf he had remained in captivity.

His thoughts were gloomy as he penned the epistle that contains those words: in it he asked that certain letters might be received unopened, "in case anything may happen;" and he invokes Lord Muncaster's prayers. Imploring the pardon which would save his life, he yet prepares himself for Christian death, asks that a Bible may be sent to him, and "trusts to God that we may die bravely, as Englishmen should do." You know how he did die: how from error or ill-judgment the military interference with the brigands, which it was all along known would result fatally to the prisoners, was ordered or precociously undertaken; how upon the instant of attack by the soldiers the murderous band fell upon their victims, and shot, stabbed, and cruelly hacked to death Messrs. Herbert and Lloyd; how after attempting to escape with Count de Boyl and Vyner (did they in their brutality wish to keep so choice a spirit as our hero as long as possible alive?), they killed them rather than let the troops rescue them. It is a consolation, although a weak one, that the death so heroically met by Vyner was probably painless: had he been tortured we had been tortured; for who could hear without flinching the report that one so noble had died in torment? As it was, a bullet—cast by a clumsy hand, the snag left on, such a thing as Vyner would laugh at—penetrated his manly heart; and without another wound, without a pang, he died.

> "What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
> And if dissevered, thence its course is short."

Said the old playwrights, "Charity ever finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet in the receiver." This at least excuses the spectator for proclaiming an act of charity of which he is witness. By report of goodly actions generosity is stimulated, and this is a valid reason why the most should be made of handsome gifts well timed and well placed. Ten thousand pounds is a princely sum for a single benefactor to devote to a single institution, yet it was what Mr. Robert Barnes, ex-mayor of Manchester, gave towards purchasing the building at Cheadle, used as a Convalescent Hospital for his city. The donation is a year old now; but we are justified in recurring to it, for the present has lately been repeated; and such is the expansion-rate of the donor's generosity, that this year's benefaction amounts to sixteen thousand pounds. The liberal purse, like the liberal soul, must grow fat.

Not so large in amount—but we must not mete out recognitions *pro rata*—yet worthy of honourable mention, is the bequest of the late Mrs. Appold of one thousand pounds to the Institution of Civil Engineers, whereof the lady's husband was a distinguished associate. He, by the way, bequeathed a like sum to the same body, and the two legacies are alike unfettered by conditions, so that they go to the general use and benefit of the society. Mr. Appold left money to other societies as well, but he did the state more service by his free gifts of the produce of his brain. His name will ever be remembered in connection with the famous centrifugal pump, but the full value of his broad-cast sowing of inventions and suggestions of engineering character will never be estimated. His brain overflowed with devices and schemes; his house contained the embodiment of many of them, and it, through their agency, might have been taken for a haunted dwelling. Mechanical spirits pervaded it: doors opened as you approached them and closed behind you; water came unbidden into the lavatory basins; the shutters closed as the gas was lighted; the air was cooled and cleansed before it entered his apartments; the temperature of some rooms was kept constant by regulating thermometers. But we are not biographing, though in chronicling a gift one cannot help recalling the remarkable associations of the giver.

A large proportion of the courageous acts it may be our pleasure or our pain to record will be found to have been called for by acts of folly or indiscretion. In this category we may place the case of the railway station-master at Nice, who saw two persons, a woman and a child, upon the line along which a train was coming, and courageously rushed upon the rails to draw them out of danger. Poor fellow, he miscalculated the moments available for the rescue; the train overtook the trio before they could step from its track, and all three were killed. The name of the sacrificed did not appear in the brief telegram that announced this fatality.

Nice, by the way, took from the ranks of literature and journalism, on Easter Sunday, a noble soul in the person of William Jeffery Prowse. As an almost daily leader writer on what he was wont to call the "leading penny print," he must have had a very strong influence in directing the opinions of the thousands who look to the paper in question for their ideas upon current topics. He would have been a great man had health been spared him, or had it been his good fortune to have found better soil for sowing the fertile seed of his brain. His life, however, was well-nigh spent in struggling, first for position, then for health. We knew him when shillings were scarce in his pockets, though his literary abilities were higher than those of many men then gaining affluence by their pens. We saw him fight his way up the lowest rounds of the ladder, and were hoping to see him reach the topmost, when disease held him back and bounded his ascent. He was too good a husbandman for the field he worked in; but he had not the opportunity to change it for a higher. He fell in Bohemia, and died before he could rise out of it. His literary associates and his private friends—and of these last he had many, since enemies he made none—are endeavouring to provide for the erection of some monument or tablet upon which to record the esteem in which they held him.

Yet another heroic act on the part of resolute Lady Franklin, to endear her still more, if that be possible, to the hearts of British wives. Need we recount her former deeds of womanly devotion? Some of them date back so far that there is just a chance that intervening matters may have pushed them into obscure corners of our memories. Recollect then that twenty-two years ago she offered rewards of two and three thousand pounds to any travellers discovering, or making extraordinary exertions to discover or relieve the missing Arctic explorers; that a year later she moved the people of America to aid her in the search for her husband; that in 1850 she contributed 2,500*l.* from her private purse towards the branch expedition which was organized to aid the Government one of that date; and that when this came back without tidings, she raised funds again to despatch one of the vessels. Her subsequent unremitting efforts, which ceased only when McClintock brought back the death-warrant of her hopes, are well within range of recollection. And this last act? Now, in her eightieth year of life, she has undertaken a journey to Vancouver's Island, to receive a memento of her husband—a letter from or concerning him, which a resident there will deliver into no hand but hers. She was reported a few weeks back at Rio Janeiro. God speed her on the rest of her journey, and may it be no *ignis fatuus* by which she has been tempted to expose her aged and perforce tender frame to the dangers of such a voyage.

In unromantic Rotherhithe, region of masts and mud, a manly action was done by a little boy on the middle Wednesday of the past month. Two brothers went down to the Thames' side to bathe in the cool but unpellucid stream. One remained on the bank, while the other waded the murky water. With the incaution of fourteen years, the youngster wandered and wallowed beyond his depth. His brother saw his danger from the shore, and boldly jumped into the river, in hopes of rescuing him; but the waters covered both, and neither again came within reach of helping hands. Smithers was the youths' name. Their place of lavement betokens the lowness of their station; but the one touch of nature in the humane effort of the plucky brother elevates him at least to kinship with the best of us.

IT is only a few months ago since we were discussing with Mark Lemon the prospect of his contributing a new story to THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE; only a fortnight since he was writing to us hopefully of future labours; to-day he is dead! This month we simply record the sad and painful incident. In the future we hope to do justice to our brother's memory. Mark Lemon was as genial and kind, as good and true as his books. He was made for *Punch*, and *Punch* was made for him: it would have been hard to find any other man who could have conducted that periodical so successfully. One of his successor's best recommendations is that he has on many occasions been associated with Mark Lemon in his editorial duties. Shirley Brooks follows his friend as conductor of *Punch* with the prestige of success. Mark Lemon's famous publication will not suffer in his hands.

UofM

TURNING GRAY.

LIFE'S sands are running fast away,
The buoyant step of youth has gone;
The falling hair is turning gray,
And time seems now to hurry on—
More fleetly than in days of yore,
Before the heart became its prey;
Before 'twas saddened to the core,
Before the hair was turning gray.

Yes, turning gray! age comes like snow,
As still, and carves each careworn line;
Its wrinkles on the brow will grow,
The hair with silvery streaks will shine:
The eyes their brightness lose, the hand
Grow dry and tremulous and thin;
For life, alas! is quickly spanned,
And death its gates soon closes in!

Ah, turning gray! we fain would hide
This sign how long with time we've been;
These deepening wrinkles side by side,
Cut by the sorrows we have seen.
For feebler beats the heart as years
More thickly cluster on our head:
As autumn raindrops hang like tears,
On some fair flower that's nearly dead!

Like perished petals from the flower,
Our hopes and wildest joys are laid;
Born only for a day or hour,
Sweet gambols by the fancy played.
As age comes on we long for rest
As saints near shrines will long to pray;
But, ah! we loved that time the best,
Before the hair was turning gray!

S. H. **BRADBURY.**

THE HIDE OF LAND.

THE ancient division of Land into the Hide and Yard has been thus illustrated by Mr. B. Williams, F.S.A., in the *Archæologia*, xxxvii. From the Jutes, Bonnycastle derived the rule known to all schoolboys that three barley corns, "hard and round," make one inch, barley being their staple bread-corn. But Bonnycastle stopped where he might have proceeded. He did not go on to say, as the Jutes did, that four yards (of sixty-four acres each in later times) make one hide of land. "Item. Quatuor virgæ terræ faciunt hydam." The English yard is derived either from the Norwegian *jaurd*, or the Jutish *jardh*. In Ditmarsh, King Waldemar II. bought of the Abbot of Bremen, in the year 1217, *in communi placito*, and therefore with the consent of the people, "ii. hovæ et dimidium, et dimidium jarde." Also, in Ulversum, now Weldersum, "v. hovæ excepto uno jardæ." *Hova* is the same as *huba*, the Danish *hufe*, the Anglo-Saxon *hiwics*, the Icelandic *bol*, the English *hide*. It is now well understood that the hide, or rather the yard, of land in early times consisted of a house and homestead, a varying quantity of arable land in the common fields, according to the nature of the soil, subject to the invariable three-course cultivation (winter field, summer field, and fallow), with the right of the proportionate use of the commons, meadows, pastures, woods, and waters of the community. Maurer and Waitz have fully and ably explained this, and have given examples from numerous nationalities. It does not follow that each yard-land had its separate owners: as many as four families have subsisted on a yard-land in modern times, and Maurer considers that a very few acres sufficed for a family.

The system of apportioning land in the common fields annually by lot, was carried by the Romans into England, Gaul, and Spain. We have records of the use of the Roman *sors*, not only in the apportionment of land in Anglo-Saxon England, but in our judicial proceedings, as was also customary amongst the Frisians in cases of homicide in the eighth century. Two twigs of withy enveloped in wool were placed on the altar, or over relics; if a priest for the accused drew the twig with a cross, he was innocent. Permission for its continuance was reluctantly given by the Pope, on the ground of ancient custom.

U of M

The phrases "Scot and Lot," in England, and "lot, cut, or cavil," in Scotland, attest the custom.* The latter is found in King David the First's time, anno 1154; and that excellent antiquary, Sir Walter Scott, explained *cavil* as a share. Lot and kavel are identical in Sclavonian, and karval in Polish means the same.

In the *Archæologia*, vols. xxxiii. and xxxv., will be found an example of the hide and yard of land in Oxfordshire, as it existed in the year 1854, and an account of the annual division of the common meadows by lot; the Court of the Sixteens being chosen from the most influential of the yeomen. There can be little doubt that this was originally part of the old mark system. Kemble has recorded his conviction that we formerly possessed Mark Courts; adding that the territorial jurisdiction of lords of manors has usurped the place of the old Mark Mote, but has not availed entirely to destroy the old mark rights in the various commons. With us each hide of land elects its separate representative, and there can be little doubt that the number of sixteen hides was a usual Anglo-Saxon number for a community.. The student of the Anglo-Saxon charters will not have failed to remark how generally some multiple of eight occurs. In England, the established courts have deprived the sixteens of their authority; they had subordinate officers, and herdsmen and others, to attend to the gates and hedges, and each had its common bull, &c.

The mode of division of common lands and pastures by lot in the North of Europe was as follows: Runes were cut on small pieces of wood, each owner of a hide of land choosing his own. These were put into an apron, "the lap," or bag, and drawn in succession; and after the drawing a corresponding *signum*, or mark, was cut on a small piece of wood about six inches long, and driven into one of the divisions of the ground, symbolising the possession by the *hasta* (javelin). A similar mode was used in England for the common meadows, except that the mark was cut out on the turf itself.

In vol. xxxiv. of the *Archæologia*, page 3, we have distinct proof of the annual re-division of the arable lands in the Orkneys by lot in the 13th century. Remnants of this system are to be found in our own country; and the very numerous small pieces of land, averaging perhaps a third of an acre, into which the common fields of the yard-lands of Oxfordshire, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire, and no doubt in other counties, are divided, each being now a distinct property, is probably a consequence of their former annual distribution, and of the appointment of newly broken-up ground, when an increased population made it necessary. Another view is that the hide signified merely a piece of land devoted to the support of one family, varying in size, according to the richness of the soil, and the will of the superior lord. Bede has translated by "familia" the word "hide" (or *hirad*), as found in a document, a copy of which is preserved in the Red Book of the Exchequer. The hide of each family would be distinguished, in all probability, from that of its neighbour by a ridge or ditch lying between them.—(*Bookseller*, August 31, 1863.)

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* Skot is a Danish word, signifying *refugium*, *jaculum*.—Langebek Scrip. Ru. Dan. Ihre calls Skott, *collatio*, pensio quod a plurimis in publicum confertur, and with us it is as a synonym for a reckoning; but *Scotatio*, in the Danish laws of the 13th century, was the act of admission to an estate by a clod thrown into the hands of witnesses for the purchaser. See Michelsen's *Testacea Notata*. In important cases the livery and seisin of land by "turf and twig" is still customary in Schleswig, as in England.

Mr. Lower, in his curious *Dictionary of Family Names*, describes the name Hide as "a feudal portion of land of uncertain extent, according to its quality." A hide appears generally to have been so much land as "with its house and toft, right of common, and other appurtenances, was considered to be sufficient for the necessities of a family."—(*Archæologia*, vol. xxxv., p. 470.) There are specific localities called Hide, in Warwickshire, Bedfordshire, Herefordshire, and many other counties.

JOHN TIMBS.

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GALLANTRY AND THE GUILLOTINE.

THE DUC DE LAUZUN.

LAUZUN, in the school of French gallantry, was the successor of Richelieu; he pursued his avocation with such a prodigality of attention, pains, and expense, as to outdo his forerunner, and make him irresistible among the ladies of his time. The free dashing brilliancy of his manner and his art, his self-possession and power of gratifying any caprice assured to him by the possession of an enormous fortune, his reputation as a sportsman, and a master of the rapier and the sabre, made him the model and envy of all the fine gentlemen of Europe; even princes of the blood in France, like the Prince de Conti, were proud of his successes; and royalty itself was caught in the snare of his superficial graces. His fame was spread over Europe, and his aspect was known in London and in Warsaw, as well as in Paris.

Lauzun's career, however, must be divided into two distinct acts. The first act spreads over the years from 1747 to 1779. The second from 1779 to 1794. Lauzun, the gallant, may be said to have come to an end in 1779, when he began a life of severe action by taking the command of an expedition to Senegal; afterwards he served in the war of American Independence, in company with Lafayette, under M. de Rochambeau; and, finally, in the French Revolution, in whose history he is known by the name of the Duc de Biron, to which title he succeeded after that of Lauzun. He played for some time a leading part, became even plain *citizen* Biron, adopted republican manners, cried *vive la nation* as loudly as any, entered into all the spirit of the time, and acted with a perseverance and an ability and energy in the defence of the republic which one would hardly have looked for in a dissipated noble of the old *régime.*

We should know little, however, of Lauzun's earlier and somewhat scandalous career, were it not for his own "Mémoires." To do Lauzun justice, however, it must be remembered that his "Mémoires" were never intended for publication ; they were merely as a private record, as he tells us, for those " dear to him," and continued at the request, and for the gratification of his latest passion. From the original MS. sundry copies were made under the First Empire, and the possessors of such copies were thought fortunate ; they were beset with applications for a reading. Scandal has always had a powerful charm in elegant French society, and in 1809 the "Mémoires" of Lauzun were read aloud in various *salons* in Paris, and *grandes dames* of the greatest celebrity professed themselves edified by their recital. Publication thus became a question. At rumour of this, various great ladies, ancient friends of the brilliant duke, were thrown into a state of panic—the fine flower of Parisian society was agitated in no common way—for the great names of France are to be found scattered in considerable abundance in the " Mémoires " of the great vanquisher. M. de Talleyrand, an old friend of Lauzun, in behalf of his lady friends, protested formally in the *Moniteur* against the authenticity of a narrative to which he had listened in private with a mocking and diabolic satisfaction. But the protest was accepted by the public as a mere matter of form, and the " Mémoires " of Lauzun are, in fact, of incontestable authority, and their value as an historical document is not small, for as Saint Beuve has said, these pages alone justify the revolution.

There are signs enough, nevertheless, to be found in the records of Lauzun's life that in a better time he might have been a better man ; but he had the misfortune to be brought up in the most corrupt court of Europe, in a most corrupt age. The first portion of the " Mémoires," indeed, affect the reader from time to time with no slight disgust—from the levity and frivolity with which they exhibit the gay duke flying about from one conquest to another. Nevertheless, to have gained a European reputation on such matters as gallantry, play, horse-racing, and field sports, denote the possession of certain qualities not common ; even in the first portion of his life he distinguished himself in the command of his regiment of dragoons when the French overthrew Paoli in Corsica ; and if he could have, even at that period, found any serious occupation, either as a soldier or a politician, he would, in all probability, have accepted it. It is curious, also, to note among other singular *traits* in Lauzun's character that he was, with the Duc d'Orleans, one of the first to introduce into France the English taste for horse-racing ; he had his stud of horses at Newmarket and at Versailles, and, indeed, he was, late in life, after a reverse of fortune, arrested in London at the suit of an English horse-dealer. Lauzun was, as we have said, born in 1747, and his mother died in giving birth to him in her nineteenth year. His father was the Duc de Gontaut, younger brother of the Maréchal Duc de Biron, which latter title Lauzun also, as we said, subsequently inherited. The Duc de Gontaut was one of the most assiduous of the crowd of loose courtiers of Louis XV., also friend and confidant of the successive reigning mistresses of the king,—Madame de Chateauroux and Madame de Pompadour.

The little Lauzun was brought up in a manner at court; and he narrates, with some complacency, that the first years of his childhood were passed on the knees of the mistress of the king. So the little boy-duke drew his breath in an atmosphere made up of *patchouli* and Madame de Pompadour; and the result for his moral constitution was as might be expected. Visits to Versailles, dangling about Madame de Pompadour's toilette-table, and the lessons from various professors in vogue, under the inspection of a certain M. Roch, formed all his education. M. Roch, Lauzun tells us, had been lackey to his mother, but he was styled *valet-de-chambre*, to give him "consideration." The Duc de Gontaut appointed this individual tutor to his son: so the duke's notions of what education was suitable to the heir of one of the noblest families in France, who would come into the possession of a fortune of about four millions as soon as he became of age, were of a very limited character. M. Roch, however, could write well, and also read well aloud; and both these accomplishments he imparted to his pupil, with such effect that Madame de Pompadour would sometimes make him read aloud for her own entertainment, and sometimes for that of the unamusable Louis.

At twelve he was admitted into the regiment of the *Gardes Françaises*, who were, for the most part, a shameful set of scapegraces. He was a pretty boy, he tells us, at that age; and he was already sprightly and quick to reply, seeing that the education of the motherless child was so neglected. Mademoiselle Julie, the pretty *femme-de-chambre* of the Pompadour, took compassion on him, and undertook to complete it; but, before she had proceeded far, M. Roch, who seems to have had more notions of duty towards his young charge than were entertained by anybody else, interfered, and forbade all further society between the precocious boy and Mademoiselle Julie.

M. Roch was, indeed, for the court of Louis XV., a severely moral person; and he kept a lively watch, as long as he was able, over the little Lauzun; but it was not possible to keep the little scapegrace very long out of mischief amongst the very loose living of Versailles.

As he grew up, his manners and his wit assumed a dashing, dazzling form, which made him noticeable; and his father began to think of marrying him. A good marriage *might* have done something in the way of keeping the vivacious young duke steady; but good marriages were rare in France at that period—titles were married, and estates were married together, not men and women. Parents and guardians arranged all preliminaries, and bride and bridegroom were known on occasion—as on that of the marriage of M. le Comte de Stainville—to make acquaintance a few hours before the ceremony.

The Duc de Gontaut, having reviewed the ranks of French society, determined that Mademoiselle de Boufflers should be the bride elect of his son. She was the grand-daughter of the Marèchale de Luxembourg, a very great, fine lady, with a very great, bad reputation. The choice would have been a good one, had the young Lauzun been of that way of thinking; but he had never seen her. The young lady was, nevertheless, destined, as the deserted wife of the roving Lauzun, to attract no small degree of attention, and even of commiseration. She had not the brilliant qualities likely to attract the notice of a Lauzun; for, although she was pretty and elegant, she was timid, gentle, and retiring. But Horace Walpole admired her, even the spiteful Madame de Deffand found something exquisite in her graceful shyness, and the misanthrope, Jean Jacques Rousseau, speaks with something like enthusiasm of little kisses which he was allowed to give to her cheek when she was a child. Moreover—to do justice to Madame la Maréchale de Luxembourg, who was looked upon as a kind of Messalina *en retraite*—she really had brought up her grand-daughter in an exemplary manner. But, as has been said, Lauzun had never seen the young lady; and the Duc de Gontaut arranged that the young couple should meet at a ball at the house of Madame la Maréchale de Mirepoix. Young Lauzun went to the ball, to catch for the first time a glimpse of the lady to whom he was to be united for life. On entering his eye fell upon a charming person, who pleased him infinitely. That must be she. No; that turned out to be Mademoiselle de Roth, who afterwards, as the Countess Dillon, exercised a considerable influence upon Lauzun's affections, and even his fate. Another young lady was there also; she, too, was beautiful and brilliant, just such a wife as the young duke would desire. That must, then, be she? No; that was Mademoiselle de Beauvais, daughter of the Princesse de Beauvais, of whom more anon. Presently, Mademoiselle de Boufflers emerges from the apartment of the Maréchale de Mirepoix into the ball-room, and great was Lauzun's disappointment: after the two former brilliant beauties, the poor child seemed poor and insipid, and her shyness mere obstinacy and ill-temper.

Lauzun, however, did not give in to his fate without a struggle; and this the more as he met the charming young Mademoiselle de Beauvais and the princesse, her mother, at all the brilliant balls of the time, and fell more and more in love with the daughter. Her person, her manner, her intelligence, all enchanted him; and his hopes were encouraged by the princesse, if only he could obtain the consent of the intractable duke, his father; while the young lady herself seemed pleased with the attentions she had drawn, and the hopes she had excited. Lauzun spoke openly of the matter to a mutual friend, the Duchesse de Grammont, who, instructed by the other parties, encouraged him to speak to his father. The duke, however, gave him a very chilling reception, and said his word was given, and he was determined to keep it. It was in vain for Lauzun to make up his mind not to allow himself to be married against his inclinations; it was in vain that the Princesse de Beauvais, the mother of the young lady, still gave encouragement to Lauzun; and that Mademoiselle herself consented to give Lauzun hope that she would think of him sometimes in the course of a journey she was about to make. The word of the Duc de Gontaut had been given, and that was an eternal bar of separation.

The journey of the Princesse de Beauvais and her daughter was a long one, and the mother died during its progress; and Mademoiselle de Beauvais returned to Paris, and was then placed in retirement in the austere precincts of the convent of Port Royal. Lauzun, however, did not abandon his hopes. He wrote the young lady a note, which was expressed in very delicate terms, informing her that his father was determined to marry him without consulting his inclinations, and asking Mademoiselle de Beauvais to say one word to make him think that he would not displease her by resistance. The governess of Mademoiselle de Beauvais received the letter, and, as was her duty, held a preliminary examination of its contents, after which she handed it over to her charge, informing her that its nature was of such importance that she did not feel justified in concealing them from her. Mademoiselle de Beauvais read the letter, and, like a good young lady of the time, returned it without one word of comment or reply. The young De Lauzun was, as he remembered in after life, much hurt by this proceeding, and agreed to accept the marriage which his father desired, on condition that it should not take place before two years. And thus ended the only real bit of unsinful romance in Lauzun's life. Had it been successful, it might, perhaps, have altered the whole tenour of his existence.

The gay ladies of Versailles, however, now got hold of him; and a certain Madame d'Espartes—of very, very doubtful reputation—commenced his education in gallantry. Madame d'Espartes was a cousin of Madame de Pompadour, and her advances to the young De Lauzun were of the Pompadour kind. The readers of our time would not thank us for giving them very clear ideas of the revelations of De Lauzun respecting Madame d'Espartes, or for following him step by step through the interminable series of his amours. Lauzun, being young, handsome, saucy, and witty, with a certain dashing appearance of chivalrous manner, and immensely rich in the bargain —as soon as he became of age, all the gay ladies of the court of Louis XV. made—if we accept his very indelicate narrative—love to him desperately, one after the other. Among the beauties of Versailles, however, at this time, appeared an English lady—Lady Sarah Bunbury, sister of the Duke of Richmond, and wife of Sir Charles Bunbury—who made a great sensation both at Paris and at the court of Versailles. Her brilliant dark hair, her fair complexion and regular features, and her large, fine eyes, soon gained her many admirers among the French nobles. The Prince de Conti was one of these, and he presented Lauzun to her with a pretty speech: "I solicit your good graces, milady, for my Lauzun—*pour mon Lauzun.* He is very mad, very extravagant, very amiable; and will do the honours of Paris for you better than anybody." In fact, Lauzun at this time had already acquired *a reputation;* and the young nobles of the time who would be *à la mode* fashioned themselves after his model.

De Lauzun immediately began to aim at the conquest of Lady Sarah, and for that purpose was gracious and extremely civil to her husband, and very soon afterwards hazarded his first declaration by letter, which, to his surprise was returned, and a rather cutting speech administered to him at the next meeting. However, Lady Sarah did not hold out long.

Lauzun had not been to Madame de Deffand's supper-parties, he tells us, for five or six years, and he got Madame de Luxembourg to take him there one evening when he knew Lady Sarah would be there. Her manner was quite changed, and she had a little note prepared, containing the English words, "I love you," which De Lauzun, who did not yet know English, interpreted, with the aid of a dictionary. Lauzun, soon after, followed Lady Sarah to England.

His revelations respecting his adventures there in love matters are curious; but his "Mémoires" contain no general sketches of English society. Had Lauzun possessed this talent, the story of his life would have had more interest for us; but neither in England nor in America did he make use of his opportunities for any other purpose than to narrate, in a piquant manner, his own personal adventures. However, his narrative affords striking proof that the tone of morality was in those days sufficiently lax. Lady Sarah Bunbury proposed at length to Lauzun to sail away with him to Jamaica, and there to live with him—"the world forgetting, and by the world forgot"—in a sort of adulterous Elysium; but this was a sacrifice which her hero was not prepared to make, and Lady Sarah conceived for him, in consequence, a cold disdain, and would have nothing to say to him as a lover from thenceforward. As we have said, it would be tedious, unprofitable work, to attempt to follow Lauzun in his butterfly chases across Europe, and up and down every kind of staircase, in pursuit of frail or chaste beauties of every degree; but we may take a glance at one of the strangest of all De Lauzun's love adventures, one which he fell into in England with a Miss Marianne Harland, one which was countenanced admiringly by Miss Marianne's sister, who also joined her subsequently in admiration of the brilliant French Duke; while even Lady Harland, the mother of the fair sisters—in whose house Lauzun was treated, as he tells us, as *un enfant de la maison*—was so subjugated by his graces, that she condoned, *après coup*, all their impossible declarations and impracticable vows.

"Je fis demander à Lady Harland un quart d'heure d'audience. Après m'avoir bien grondé et m'avoir fait bien de reproches, elle me pardonna à la condition que le quitterois promptement l'Angleterre. *Enfin elle ne voulut pas me donner le chagrin de partir sans dire adieu à Marianne; et ce qu'il y eut de plaisant fut que cette mère terrible finit par tolérer devant elle les assurances de l'amour le plus tendre.*"

Lauzun, however, did not leave England. Yet nothing more improper than declarations and love-letters passed between the parties, though, after discovery by Lady Harland, the wits of these strange Platonic lovers were put to all sorts of devices to continue their correspondence. Marianne, indeed, seems, as well as her sister Fanny, to have been a sprightly and charming creature, if we can overlook the slight blemish that she allowed herself to be attached to a man who, although he was a Lauzun, was already married; and the impression she made on Lauzun seems to have corresponded to her attractions both in strength and durability. As soon as Lady

Harland discovered how matters stood, in spite of condonation, she removed her daughters from London; but Lauzun, either in person or by deputy, contrived to follow them, and put Lady Harland to flight from place to place. Sometimes the pair of transgressors were even driven to correspond by writing on the windows of country inns, and sometimes by all sorts of chance messengers and disguised ambassadors.

The correspondence was sometimes of an expensive character. "For M. de Lauzun, at the French Ambassador's," Marianne superscribed on one letter; "he will give five guineas to the bearer." "If," she writes naïvely, "we were not the most intelligent creatures in the world, we should be separated for ever." On another occasion, Lauzun sent his English professor, with all his family, by postchaise to Winchester on a feigned commission to Lady Harland. The note for Marianne was hidden in the apron of a little child, from which she was instructed by signs to take it while the professor was talking to Lady Harland.

During the course of their correspondence, Sir Marmaduke, a very stout and heavy Suffolk baronet (the family lived near Ipswich), put his hand and fortune at the disposition of Marianne, and she informed Lauzun of the circumstance, in a letter which is to be found in De Lauzun's "Mémoires," and gives us anything but a high opinion of the young lady's morality, though it is a sprightly piece of composition. Her dear Lauzun must think himself forgotten, but pen and ink have been denied her, and her parents do not let her out of sight; however she snatches an hour from her sleep to give him a letter, to tell him of her ridiculous position—for who could feel it like Lauzun? She has a lover, who has not committed the clumsy trick of getting married, like her Lauzun! Sir Marmaduke puts at her feet his fortune, and his immense person. He wants to be adored, nothing less—only he wants to be adored in the country, and not in the town, and she finds that really beyond her powers. Then follows a description of the Suffolk baronet. Sir Marmaduke is as big as an arm-chair—very stout: however, he is only stout enough now to be disagreeable; if he increases, he will be a curiosity. This enormous mass of flesh drinks a good deal of port wine, hunts the fox, and keeps race horses, just like you do.

"I—young, pretty, and devoted to all that is agreeable, accustomed to the homage of all that London can offer me of elegance and refinement—to be the wife of a fox-hunter, and condemned to pass my life between my husband and the old rector of the parish, and to be reduced to talk—if I want to talk—to the less drunk of the two! Remember Marianne—is it possible? My fat lover is preparing for me a *fête* worthy of him at the Ipswich races. Why should you not come to the races? No; you might kill the ugly creature. *Wait, at least, till I am his wife.* Adieu! Fanny sends you a thousand compliments, and I—I love you in a way which would be fearful for a young lady less sure of her head."

What was the *fête* which Sir Marmaduke gave Marianne at the Ipswich races? He had made a present of an enormous gold cup, to be run for at the Ipswich races, and was resolved to win it himself with his own horse, and place it at the feet of Marianne. What does Lauzun do? He had a splendid stud of horses himself at Newmarket: he sends one of his finest racers to Ipswich; has him entered for the race for Sir Marmaduke's gold cup; instructs his jockey to ride a waiting race and pass Sir Marmaduke's horse at the winning-post. All this was done; and the jockey, still carrying out his instructions, carried the gold cup to Marianne. In the cup was the note—"Sir Marmaduke having arrived a little too late, permit me to carry out his intentions and to place the cup at your feet." Marianne recognized the handwriting. "What a charming man!" she cried out! and Lady Harland herself was by no means displeased. The unhappy *hunter*, says De Lauzun, was laughed at and never reappeared.

The immediate successor of Marianne was the Princess Czartoriska, of the royal family of Poland, to whom all De Lauzun's migratory affections and adorations were devoted during the next few years. The Princess Czartoriska was, perhaps, Lauzun's strongest passion; but we have no room here to follow him in his wanderings after her from England to France, from France to Belgium and Holland, and, finally, to Poland, where Lauzun made a brilliant figure, for a time, among the ladies of Warsaw. To say the truth, Lauzun was capable of taking a good deal of trouble and of spending an enormous quantity of money in his love matters, which accounts for a good deal of his success. He thought nothing of taking horse and riding off a tremendous journey all across Europe to inquire after the health of his lady of the hour.

But of all Lauzun's love affairs—Platonic and otherwise—his relations with Marie Antoinette are the most remarkable, and give the universal lady-killer a place in history. After his return from his last visit to the Princess Czartoriska in Poland he made his appearance at the Court of Versailles, in 1775. Marie Antoinette was then twenty-one years of age; and the Princesse de Guémenée and Madame Dillon, both friends of Lauzun, were her prime favourites.

Both these ladies had spoken of Lauzun's love exploits and interminable success to the young queen, and excited her curiosity. His reception by Marie Antoinette was most favourable. In less than two months, says Lauzun, I became "a kind of favourite."

According to Lauzun's indelicate and fatuous narrative, if the queen did not fall victim to his conquering graces, it was all owing to his own reserve, generosity, and fear of the Bastille. At any rate, so much is clear, that Marie Antoinette showed a great deal more lightness and frivolity, and exhibited much more affection and emotion towards Lauzun than became a decent wife; while it appears certain, also, from Lauzun's own narrative, that matters stopped short of real culpability. "*Vous êtes un imbécile,*" she said to Lauzun, with a laugh, when he wished to leave Court to join his regiment. The favour shown by the queen towards Lauzun was soon remarked at Versailles. Enemies started up against him on all sides, and the evil tongues of the Court were very busy in exaggeration.

The most dangerous scene between Lauzun and the queen seems, indeed, to have happened immediately after the first occasion on which Lauzun heard that scandal was busy with the queen's name. He immediately sought an interview with Marie Antoinette, and asked for leave to retire from court, alleging, as his motive, that the kindness of the queen towards him was misinterpreted. Marie Antoinette was indignant at the thought of giving way before insolent gossip; and a conversation of some length ensued, ending, on the part of the queen, with the words—"*Ne m'abandonnez pas, je vous en conjure; que deviendrai-je si vous m'abandonnez?*" As she said this, Marie Antoinette's eyes filled with tears. De Lauzun three himself at her feet—"*touché au fond du cœur.*"

The queen extended her hand. Lauzun covered it with kisses. The queen bent down towards him. "*Elle était dans mes bras lorsque je me relevai. Je la serrai contre nom cœur fortement ainsi; elle rougit; mais je ne vis pas de colère dans ses yeux.*"

The conversation was then carried on. The queen still insisted on Lauzun's remaining at court. "*Puis-je à moi?*" cried Lauzun. "*N'êtes-vous pas tout pour moi? C'est vous seule que je veux servir, vous êtes mon unique souveraine! Oui, vous êtes ma reine, vous êtes la Reine de France!*" This perilous scene ended with these words of the qneen—"*Allez-vous-en; cette conversation a duré assez, et n'a peut-être été que trop remarquée.*"

Lauzun, with a profound reverence, retired to his room, and reflected seriously, he tells us, on the dangers he had just escaped. "*Et quoique ma conduite eût été fort imprudente, je me trouvai heureux qu'elle* *n'ait pas été plus mauvaise.*" In fact, he began to have lively visions of the Bastille; and this the more, as he had entertained a strange scheme, which he had laid both before the Queen of France and the Empress of Russia, for placing the international relations of the two countries in the hands of Marie Antoinette. Since Lauzun, convinced of the incapability of Louis XVI., had been projecting some method of giving the queen a share in the government, and so been tampering with matters of state.

Lauzun, thenceforward, according to his own account, made incessant efforts to get away from Court, to obtain leave to serve the Crown abroad, or even to enter the service of Prussia. All these designs, he says, were, however, frustrated by the queen, and also by the king. The famous scene of the white heron's plume, which the queen had remarked in De Lauzun's helmet, and which she requested him to give her through the Princess of Gueménée, caused immense scandal. The queen wore it at dinner, and asked Lauzun how he liked her head-dress, and said she had never been so well adorned. Later, Lauzun says, "The queen would hardly ever permit him to leave Versailles." Her indiscretion reached such a pitch that words were overheard which ought not to have come from royal lips, and which malignant tongues amplified in significant fashion. The Duc Lauzun was, we have seen, one of the French nobles who took up the English pastime of horse-racing; he ran a horse against the Duc de Chartres for a large sum. "*J'ai tant de peur que si vous perdez, je crois que je pleurerai,*" said the queen to him just as the horses were about to start. On another occasion the queen observed a fine horse, ridden by Lauzun's groom, and asked for it as a present. The duke by way of pleasantry refused. "*Puisque vous ne voulez pas me le donner, je le prends.*" On another occasion she said to him, "*Oh! monstre, vous étiez sur de gagner,*" when she had made a bet with him; all which expressions were overheard, and the talk which they occasioned gave De Lauzun successive visions of the Bastille. According to his own account, he was continually beseeching to be allowed to go on foreign service—India or elsewhere; but this the queen steadfastly opposed. However, after two years of such dangerous notoriety at Court, clouds gathered round Lauzun's hitherto sunny career. In the first place, the Countess de Polignac supplanted De Lauzun's lady friends in the queen's favour, and the Countess de Polignac was no friend of Lauzun's; in the next place, all this love-making, horse-racing, and splendid appearance at Court had cost De Lauzun enormous sums of money. He was, as he says carelessly, considerably in debt, the reality being that he had been living frightfully beyond his means. Madame de Lauzun, he says, lightly, only brought me 150,000 *livres de rentes.* I only owed, says he, 1,500,000 *livres* on a property of more than four millions. Madame de Lauzun only brought him 150,000 *livres de rentes.* Lauzun's creditors, as is usual with such creditors, were seized with a vehement desire of all being paid at once, and he had to make arrangements. Report said that the magnificent gentleman was quite ruined; but this was not true, at that time, at least. However, Lauzun had the misfortune to make an arrangement with the Prince de Gueménée, by which he sold his landed property to the latter for a large sum of money and a life annuity, and as the Prince de Gueménée, with all his enormous wealth, became, through his style of living à la Lauzun, subsequently a bankrupt—the life annuity was lost. However, the Duc de Lauzun managed, according to his own account, his money difficulties in magnificent and most satisfactory style, although his enemies went about spreading very damaging reports as to the manner in which he had robbed his deserted wife, Madame de Lauzun. Nevertheless, in spite of some generous offers on the part of the king to come to his assistance, on the ground that part of De Lauzun's fortune had been spent in his service in diplomatic and military appointments, De Lauzun made henceforward no longer the same brilliant figure at Versailles. These money difficulties of Lauzun spurred him on anew to attempt something in the way of serious action. War between France and England was imminent, for France was then meditating on the momentous step of supporting the American Colonies in their revolt. War, also, seemed equally imminent between Russia and Turkey. Lauzun was active in his support of a proposed expedition against our possessions in India, of which the chief command was to be given to M. de Bussy, and the second to himself. But, as this project hung fire, he made advances to the Empress of Russia, for a command in her army. While in this state of uncertainty, Lauzun busied himself with his "Mémoires" and with reports on the relations of France and England, which gained the attention of the king and his minister; he was a sort of unofficial ambassador in England for a time immediately before the rupture with France, which was brought about by the news of the battle of Saratoga. After the declaration of war, Lauzun was appointed to the command of an expedition against our settlements in Senegal, which he conducted with some success, and after that he served in the French expedition to America itself, in which he fought well, and gained the confidence of Washington.

His "Memoires" end with his return to France, after the peace in

1783, and the rest of his career is to be sought for under the name of Biron, in the story of the French Revolution. After residing some time in his country, and finding that his favour at Court was gone for ever, the chief sign of which was that the command of his regiment, the *Gardes Françaises*, which had been promised to him, was given to another, he joined the party of Philippe Egalité, and took part in the deliberations of the Palais Royal. Biron, as the faithful friend and confidant of the Duc d'Orleans, participated in all his intrigues. The hand and tongue of Biron were soon seen to be so active in the early part of the Revolution, that the authorities wanted to appoint him to the government of Corsica, a post for which he had formerly applied and which he now refused. As a member of the *Assemblée Nationale*, he allied himself to Mirabeau, and amid the wild rising of popular feeling was constrained soon, for his own safety, to take a very decided and prominent part in public affairs. A man of the mark he had now shown himself could not remain an idle spectator without danger. When the news arrived in Paris that a regiment stationed in the provinces, of which he had the command, had, with their colonel at their head, cried "*Vive le Roi, au diable la nation!*" Biron mounted the tribune, and demanded the most rigorous punishment of the transgressors. He was now no longer the brilliant Duc de Lauzun, or Duc de Biron, but plain *citoyen* Biron, and he displayed at this time an energy and activity which forms a striking contrast to his former Don Juan state of existence. He was invested with extraordinary powers by the Assembly for examining the condition of the provinces, and receiving the oaths of fidelity of the troops, and the reports which he rendered of his duties are full of real or simulated republican fire and vehemence. We find him again in London, joined in a diplomatic mission with Talleyrand. Then he became General-in-Chief successively of the Army of the North, of that of the Maritime Alps, and of that of La Vendée. As General of the latter army he showed considerable vigour and good sense; but he barely had time to organise his irregular troops, and to gain some first successes over the Vendean revolt before he got into difficulties at Tours with the Military Commission appointed by the Assembly to overlook his plans and movements. Ronsin, one of the Commission, having burst into the council-room one day and vociferated in a state of terror against a proposed movement of Biron's, Biron unbuckled his sabre and said, "Representants, I give up my command into your hands rather than be the general of officers and cowards of this stamp." This speech cost Biron his head—He was sent for to Paris to give account of his command, and thrown into the prison of the *Abbaye*. He was tried and condemned to be guillotined on the 1st of January, 1794. He drank and ate well on the day of his execution, and his courage and gaiety did not fail him to the last. When the executioner came to take him, he had just begun a dozen of oysters. "Citizen," he said, "permit me to finish, and drink meanwhile this glass of wine; thou must have need of a little courage in thy line of business." Biron was then forty-six.

Six months after the execution of Lauzun-Biron, his wife, too, was led to the guillotine—it was said that she was the victim of a mistake, and that she was executed under a warrant prepared for her *homme d'affaires*. Executions were so common that the executioner had no time to be critical. She had been thrown into prison as an *émigrée*, after a temporary absence from France. Lauzun, who was then commanding the Army of the North, on receiving news of her arrest, wrote an energetic letter to demand her release, in which a phrase is to be found, a phrase expressive of Lauzun's regret for his neglect of the wife he had vowed at the altar to defend and protect.

He had then been entirely separated from her for fifteen years—ever since, in fact, he had been obliged to give up the greater part of his fortune to his creditors; but even before that, though they lived under the same roof, they really dined even at the same table. Lauzun never overcame his first feelings of aversion to his marriage. Nevertheless, there was no law to compel him to consent to undertake its responsibilities. The Duchess, on her side, seems to have been guilty of no fault towards him, and to have lived a blameless life, pitied by many and respected by all. At the crisis, however, of Lauzun's money difficulties, she showed some slight asperity in arranging the terms of the separation, since she began law proceedings against her husband! But her wrongs were great. She, too, had shared the first liberal impulses of the Revolution in France, and a pleasant speech is reported as having been made by her to Lafayette. They were both sitting together in her box at the *Comédie Française*, when two oranges were thrown into it from the pit. "*M. le Marquis*," said Madame de Biron, "*voilà les premiers fruits de la Revolution.*"

Two or three years later, it was no longer oranges but heads which were the fruits of the Revolution, as Madame de Biron and her husband were destined to experience, and Lauzun's career symbolizes, or, rather, his two careers symbolize in a strange way the different character of the age in which he was born from that in which he died. His life began on the knees of Madame de Pompadour—it perished on the guillotine.

William Stigand.

THE INVESTOR.

BY A CITY AUTHORITY.

IT is scarcely to be questioned that finance, more or less, enters into the very core of our every-day transactions. Whether in relation to the employment of capital, the discount of bills, or engagements at the Stock Exchange, finance is at the base of everything. Since the memorable period of 1862, when limited liability ran riot through the land, and eventually, as was predicted, proved unlimited, ruining hundreds of thousands, finance has held great sway, and will continue to exercise influence.

Although the crisis of 1866 brought down Overend, Gurney and Co., the Imperial Mercantile Credit Association, and other limited establishments, the directors and managers of which had fostered and expanded the system beyond legitimate bounds, it will again revive, and become once more, as is almost already apparent, a very dominant power. Previously to this date it had been encouraged to such an extent that "legitimate finance," like the "legitimate drama," being neglected, every description of sensational movement was brought into vogue to stimulate and force forward the current of general enterprise. Indeed such was the metamorphosis business relations experienced, that a series of papers, "Mosaics from the Panic," might be made almost as interesting as Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," or the "Stones of Venice." Finance, as then practised, is now happily almost extinct. In its present form it is again a rising but less dangerous element, although it must be vigilantly watched in case it should make any fresh divergence from the proper path.

Among the old-fashioned, steady-going school of bankers and financiers, it has been frequently remarked, that could friend Samuel Gurney rise from his grave and witness the devastation created by the new school, and find the old house at "the corner" incorporated as a wing to another banking establishment, he would be as much surprised, as was Lord Overstone when the firm of Jones, Lloyd and Co. came to be absorbed by the London and Westminster Bank. The new order of things did not immediately follow the death of Samuel Gurney; laxity certainly occurred in discount transactions, in the neighbourhood of Lombard Street soon after his demise;

but the strong indication of a departure from regular rules was when the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway was raising its branch capital, and the Atlantic and Great Western Company commenced issuing Consolidated Bonds and Debentures. Then,—and then it was in reality that "financing" became a regular trade or profession, and solid and good business, with moderate profit, was shunted to make place for large operations with risk, that ultimately entailed heavy sacrifices.

The facilities discovered by Sir Samuel Morton Peto, through the new school, were also soon made available by Mr. James McHenry, and the floating of their securities was accompanied in other quarters by similar questionable operations, until everyone rushed into the arena with their own particular projects and schemes, which culminated in the ever-memorable "Black Friday," which paralysed credit throughout the world; and the cries of distress from which reverberated in every known capital from England to the far East. It is now generally admitted to have been a crisis never before equalled in intensity, and though we are partially recovering from its effects, the want of confidence prevailing during the last four years has been most marked and discouraging. It will be a long period before we ever again witness a wild mania for general enterprise, but there are symptoms of approaching activity, which will render it advisable that the public should be cautioned against the shoals and quicksands that may frequently beset them.

We therefore propose under this head to furnish regularly some observations with regard to the progress of finance and investment, and other points of interest that may be culled from the proceedings of public companies; not so much with the object of entering into details, as to present general remarks on the state of the funds, foreign stocks, railway shares, and miscellaneous securities. The English investing classes do not go so deeply as they used to do into Consols, Reduced or New Three per Cents.; and although they have been recently better supported through the influx of gold and the purchases for the Sinking Fund, they are avoided by persons of limited income, because they do not return a sufficient rate of interest. Metropolitan Consols—the Stock issued by the Board of Works—is gradually finding a better market, because bankers and assurance companies have lately made purchases.

The new loans recently brought out have been the Khedive (Egyptian) and the Imperial Japanese. The Khedive operation was opposed tooth and nail by interested parties; but, ultimately, it was a success here and in Paris. The old loans receded, because they were said to have been disposed of on speculative account. This has since proved to have been the case, and a rally has consequently set in. There are those who predict a 4 per cent. rise in this stock, through the influential combination formed to support it. Other Egyptian securities will follow in the same direction should there be the least tendency to advance. It must be remembered that Egyptian Stocks have been unnaturally depressed, and that it would require but a moderate amount of investment to give quite an altered character to their value. The Imperial Japanese Loan has been brought out, and it is said was subscribed to twice the amount required. But the scrip having dropped to a heavy discount, this is not evidence of satisfactory support to the transaction. It is, nevertheless, a new security; the instalments accrue rather rapidly; and, whilst they are payable, there may be a further decline. Some capitalists are buying at the present quotations, but others are waiting to get in cheaper; the arrangement of the settlement not having exercised any startling effect. This security will eventually rally; the positive character of the revenue, and the impression that the dividends will be punctually discharged, being calculated to induce purchases. New Grenada, as a cheap stock, is creeping up; and, since the dividends are gradually increasing, prices may go higher. Mexican still fluctuates, but a good opinion is entertained of the security through arrears of interest, and the notion that the country must before long become tranquillised.

Spanish continues to advance, the new operations about to be introduced by Messrs. Rothschild and Co., on the pledge of the Almaden Mines, being calculated to restore the credit of the country. Espartero will, it is expected, be king; and Prim will, there is reason to presume, be his successor. The late rise can scarcely be considered commensurate with the altered prospects of the place, now the finances will be under the *surveillance* of the great people in New Court. Portuguese was temporarily interfered with by the declaration of the Marquis Saldanha, but the resignation of the Ministry, with subsequent concessions, has placed this stock in a firmer position. Turkish, after being very strong, has once more relapsed. The five per cents. especially have been run up to a high point, the Greeks having been buyers under a *syndicate*. It is, however, doubtful if this advance can be supported, and if an unfavourable reaction should take place, it would be sudden and extensive. The stock may be locked up for a time, but immediately sales are made to realise profits, the result must at once be apparent. Other Turkish securities have not improved in proportion, and therefore we consider the 5 per cent. stand at a dangerous point. The report is that the "Bears" are to be again squeezed, and perhaps a further advance may follow. Peruvian has been rather favourably influenced by the proposed new loan for railways, because it is fully anticipated that the outstanding debts will be absorbed in the general operation. The decision of the Stock Exchange to ignore the quotations of Austrian securities, owing to the conduct of the Government in dealing with the debt, will serve as a caution to other countries not to trifle with the interests of bondholders. Russian securities of all kinds have reached a high figure, particularly the last Rothschild's loan. The Dutch are persevering buyers, and the punctual discharge of the dividends keeps them in a strong position as investments. Chilian and Argentine Stocks are better than ever; the scarcity of the former makes an impression on their value almost daily. The Stock of the St. Domingo loan will, it is thought, improve.

All railway shares are better, and likely to go higher. Traffics seem to be viewed as favourable; trade is recovering, and directors promise economy in management. Some of the companies, however, require fresh capital. We are now in the favourable season, and quotations will be supported. The only exceptions are Metropolitan and Metropolitan District, which have suffered from pressure of sales. Bank shares have improved, and it is expected that the dividends will be good this half year. Quotations are likely further to advance. Telegraph shares must be held for the present. They will, in course of time, prove a favourite investment.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

WITH hardly an exception, every change in THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE has been one of progress—an advance in influence and circulation. The removal of the Magazine from one eminent publishing house to another will, we hope, be another step onwards.

In taking leave of Whitefriars and coming Westward, the Editor acknowledges with satisfaction the hearty co-operation of the late publishers in that great change of two years ago which saw SYLVANUS URBAN modernised in dress and in manners. The extension of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE from a modest circulation of some hundreds to an established monthly sale of many thousands, is an ample guarantee of the judgment which dictated that important transformation. This great success has been largely promoted by an association with the well-known firm of Bradbury and Evans, and by the kindly and untiring assistance of a staff of eminent writers whose feeling for THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE is one of sympathy and veneration for a national literary institution.

The Editor feels assured that the labours of the last two years will influence the future of the Magazine, tending to the more complete development of a revived power. Every effort will be made to augment its literary value and general usefulness. With this object, two new features—conceived, it is hoped, in the spirit of "a clear-headed man like Dr. Johnson, and a shrewd man of business like Cave, had they lived in the present year from the building of the city of London"—will be introduced. The one is "The Investor," which will be a careful and reliable inquiry into the commercial and financial projects of the month, contributed by one who is in the foremost rank both as a writer and an authority in such matters. The other new feature is "The Roll of Honour," which will be THE GENTLEMAN'S Victoria Cross—a record of noble deeds done in the present day, a tribute to modern chivalry, a history of true nobility. The "Correspondence of SYLVANUS URBAN" will be published occasionally. Contributions in this department, as in all others, will receive every consideration.

Other arrangements have been made that will mark this beginning of another page in the history of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE as the commencement of a new lease of energetic life.

JOSEPH HATTON,
Editor of "The Gentleman's Magazine."

VICTOR HUGO has been accused of taking too great a liberty with nature in introducing into his "Toilers of the Sea" the description of the marine monster that he calls the "devil-fish." He has been charged with creating the polype in his brain to heighten the flavour of his romance. As if a novelist had not as great a licence to invent an animal as a situation! Do the naturalists want to patent all the possible sensations of the deep? If the present writer were vain, he might call himself what Captain Cuttle called Sol Gills, for if he has nothing else to claim he can declare himself a lover of scientific truth; yet he delights to see a little poetic science in its proper place, and they must be cynics who do not. But the curious point in connection with Victor Hugo's fish is that it is not a fiction after all, since it tallies closely with the description, by Mr. Lord, the naturalist, of the octopus, a mollusc of the cuttle fish tribe, in its larger state of development. The naturalist's and the novelist's word pictures are strikingly similar when we eliminate the necessary differences of diction; and as to the hero Gilliat's encounter with the hideous cephalopod, it might be read as an excusably exaggerated rendering of a struggle which a naturalist in Brazil, Lucie Hartt, recently had with a large cuttle fish, which wound its long arms around first one hand and then the other, and held fast in spite of helpless struggles, till it chose to release its embrace of the luckless student of the sea's wonders. The octopus of our seas is a dwarf, but it grows to enormous size in other waters, its arms reaching five feet in length. It is a good swimmer, and can ramble on the beach or bottom at will. Mr. Lord, whom we are quoting condensedly, opines that if the fish should wind his sucker-armed limbs around a bather, the embrace would be fatal: he feels sure that it paralyses its victim, and that if it got firm sucking hold of any object or being, it could only be removed by being chopped off piecemeal, unless it be stabbed in one vulnerable point, when the countless suckers release their grip. Anyone who will compare Victor Hugo's statement with these few lines will see how truly on the whole the novelist has been to nature; certainly he has kept within poet's range of licence.

IT will take some time for the American idea of compelling provision for escape from fire in dwelling houses to infuse itself into our legislature. Eleven hundred houses in New York have been furnished with escapes in accordance with the compulsory act lately passed. The system generally recommended by the building supervisor of the State City consists in the perforation of the party-wall between two residences, and the erection of a substantial door, conspicuously marked "Fire-escape," to be used by the inmates on either side only when the momentous demand arises. British notions of privacy might resent such an arrangement. The strength of a castle being that of its weakest part, an Englishman would naturally think himself unsafe with only an inch or two of wood to separate and protect him from his neighbour, and that obstacle removable by a key of which he has not sole possession. But there is no reason why so many people should be burnt in their bedrooms while means of escape are procurable without knocking down party walls. Many cautious householders already provide themselves with rope-ladders, which they can make fast to their window-sills when the emergency arises; but we do not recollect ever hearing of an escape by such a contrivance: apparently the provision keeps off the danger, or else the same cautionary spirit that prompts the preparation of the ladder prevents the occurrence of the necessity for using it. For a body not agile, the descent of a dangling perpendicular flight of steps would be about as easy a performance as a waltz on a tight rope. And yet the rope-ladder plan is the only feasible one for domestic fire-escaping. There is ample room for a little ingenuity to perfect something more practicable, or at least not calling for such acrobatic accomplishments in its use. Perhaps compulsory legislation might stimulate invention. If laws are made when necessities for them arise, surely it is time this matter should be taken in hand, for upon the need of action there can be no question. If legal interference did nothing else, it might prevent such cases as that lately reported of a large number of young women being lodged at night in the topmost storey of one of the loftiest warehouses in London, without the possibility of escape, and with small possibility of rescue, if fire broke out below.

IN Haussman-city they have found a grim reminder of the ultimatum of architectural glories. Digging in the Rue Monge, the excavators have come upon an amphitheatre that dates, so the archæologists say, from two centuries before Julian the Apostate dwelt in his loved Lutetia. In laying the foundations of the street years ago, the builders must have turned up load after load of the Roman debris without knowing its origin: they spoilt a segment of the circle, but luckily the rest remains. A moiety of it has been actually laid bare, and the remainder lies below a house and the garden of a convent. The form of the structure is elliptical, the exterior diameter measuring about four hundred feet. It is admirably constructed, and the arena is entirely conserved: the combatants' gate has been identified, as well as a wild beasts' cage, and various architectural details. The rake, too, has brought to light a great number of minor relics, among them a gold necklace set with turquoises. We should have our suspicions of the genuineness of these valuable exhumations: the amphitheatre had not a Pompeiian burial; it stood deserted till the rains of centuries washed over it the loose ground of the hill of St. Geneviève, upon the plains of which it was built. Is it likely to have been abandoned while jewels were hidden only beneath its surface dust? Depend upon it the relic makers of whom we spoke in January are busy in Paris just now. A part of the ground under which the circus lies belongs to an omnibus company: for this portion the Archæological Society offers 500,000 francs. It is to be hoped that the historian of Cæsar and the city itself will secure the preservation of the whole monument.

SOME day a maritime expedition may be organised to visit the most out-of-the-way shores and islands of the Globe in search of the Europeans who are scattered about them like a band of skirmishing Robinson Crusoes. It is not to be supposed that every seaman who does not come home is lost for ever. Enoch Ardens, less the poetry of their situations, exist by the hundred. From a recent cruiser in the Pacific we have intelligence of extraordinary sprinklings of white men to be found on its various islands, living either alone or on peaceful terms with the natives. Indeed, they make themselves entirely at home with the latter, accepting the protection of the chiefs to whose tribe they attach themselves, and showing their superior breed by making the inferior savages their slaves; setting them to paddle their canoes, to fish for turtle, to collect shells, and make themselves generally useful. And what wages think you the white man pays? Occasional scraps of tobacco. He has taught the Aborigine the virtues of the weed, and it has become the desire of the black man's heart: it even passes as money, for obviously coin is of no use. But it is never saved: the moment a morsel is earnt and paid it is rammed into a pipe and puffed vigorously away. This tobacco-specie is procured from any whaling and trading ships that may be hailed, and tortoise-shell, pigs, and fowls are given in return. The European resident keeps favour with his protecting chief by occasional presents, obtained from the same sources, of an adze or any other steel tool, a musket or a flask of powder; and it is said that the savage hosts are remarkably faithful to their guests. At one island, called "Ascension," but evidently not the well-known station of that name, some thirty whites have taken their abode, and there are many domiciled on New Guinea, New Ireland, the Friendly Islands, among the Figi, and in other places too numerous to mention. Some of them are Americans, some are wrecked whalers, some deserters; many of them might be worth fetching home; but a few would not be welcomed on their native soil, for they are runaway convicts. A directory of cast-aways might be a troublesome book to compile, but it would have its value, especially to the ethnologists and race-migration students of the future.

IT is a sign of the times that tramway bills, to the number of a dozen and a half, were brought up for second reading in Parliament on a single evening. Is the railway system dying, and are we henceforth to travel on high roads only? Are we to have a tramway king, a tramway Stephenson. a tramway fever, and a tramway panic within the next half-score years? Are we now on the right travelling track and have we been persisting in error all the while our money has been melting into cuttings or piling into viaducts, or flowing into heavy rolling stock? George Francis Train must rejoice when he reads how his long neglected child is suddenly growing into gianthood; and he must be bitter too, against the men who accepted his invitations to those splendid turtle lunches, and flattered him in five-minute speeches, and then laughed and cried down the eet defence, Sophie asked the superior to excuse her, and left the room.

Sophie went up stairs to weep in secret, and to tell the tale of her deception and humiliation to the sympathetic Thérèse.

But Thérèse, on hearing how poor Sophie had welcomed and embraced the wrong man, and how *le faux cousin*, instead of warning her off, had taken her to his heart and kissed her as though he had been dying of love for her, burst out laughing.

"You look upon it as only a jest, do you?" said Sophie.

"No," answered Thérèse, "but it is laughable all the same, that a young girl should mistake an utter stranger for her future husband, and throw her arms round his neck, and still more amusing that he should enter so fully into the spirit of the error."

"You are an unfeeling girl," said Sophie.

"No," replied Thérèse, "I am really very sorry for you; but the circumstances, I repeat, are droll. You mustn't be annoyed with me, Sophie, and for your own sake you really ought not to take so serious a view of the affair."

"What a villain (*scélérat*) he must be!" said Sophie; who could not help taking a serious view of the affair.

"No, not a villain," remonstrated Thérèse. "I dare say most other men would have done the same if they had been in the same position. You looked very charming, you were bursting with affection, and then your demonstration took him by surprise. No, all things considered, I should have had a worse opinion of him if he had repelled you. Oh, my poor Sophie, to throw away the first fruits of your youthful love at random in this manner! What an original girl you are!"

Sophie had now become a little more composed.

"I shall never see him again," she said, "that is one thing."

"On the contrary, you are sure to see him again, if he is your cousin's intimate friend. Besides, he must make his excuses to you."

"I don't need his excuses. His conduct is inexcusable."

"He may not think so. But I don't know what the code of politeness would say in the matter. Such a case as this can scarcely have been foreseen—— However, you have not told me what he is like, or what he had to say to you about your cousin. I should like to know, *par exemple*, what he will say to your cousin about *you*, or is this terrible though accidental embrace to be looked upon as a secret between you for ever?"

"He has not told me anything about my cousin. He has some

London societies, on some appropriate plan and in an accessible locality. This one thing needful is not supplied by the Kensington hippodrome in the slightest degree. We believe no word was spoken with reference to it at the gathering we are alluding to, so utterly useless is it in the eyes of men of science. It is prostituting the name of science to use it in connection with an edifice of such unscientific capabilities. What do our professors, doctors, and students want with an arena to hold 8,000 people, an orchestra to seat 1,000 fiddlers, a steam-blown organ, amphitheatre, boxes, and all the appointments of a concert-room? A row of six-roomed houses for offices and an Ebenezer chapel for a meeting room would be a far more satisfactory provision for them. The sham intentions of the Albert Hall are proclaimed by the fact that while it is rearing its emptiness, seventeen scientific bodies meet to cry out for shelter.

HIPPOPHAGY is gaining favour in France, at all events. The enthusiastic horse-eaters of that country have announced, delightingly, the amounts of their consumption since the first dishes of *viande de cheval* furnished their uninviting tables. It was only on the 9th of July, 1866, that the Paris Prefect of Police, after consulting the Minister of Agriculture, and taking the advice of the Emperor, authorised the establishment of horse butcheries: and before the next *jour de l'an* the Parisians had devoured 902 animals! The amount of flesh which French cookery can render into edible meat is about 200 kilogrammes or 420 pounds from each beast; so that in that short six months there were consumed nearly 400,000 pounds of horse-beef. During the next year, 1867, 2,152 equine carcases were cut up and sold within the city; and in 1868 the number rose to 2,421. These represented just about one million pounds of solid meat, not counting the giblets, which, as may be supposed, are not wasted. Remember that Paris is *not* France in the matter which these figures represent. For the whole country, data are not procurable; but they who can best judge set down the consumption for 1868 at two million kilogs, or over four million pounds weight. So elated are the hippophagists, that they ask the Minister of Agriculture to help spread the taste for the meat of their adoption by ordaining that horses for alimentation be killed in the same *abbatoirs*, and sold in the same shops with beef, mutton, and veal, also by providing for inspection of the horseflesh exposed for sale, and by ordering the traffic therein to be unfettered by *octroi* dues. The prices of the flesh is generally about half that of beef for corresponding joints.

IT happens too frequently that scientific investigations and discoveries of the highest class meet with the least share of public appreciation, and correlatively, that the greatest discoverers get fewer honours than those whose lesser achievements fall within the scope of popular comprehension. The state of things is regretable, but it is inevitable; for we cannot expect the populace always to honour what they cannot understand; though they will do so sometimes. One of these out-of-reach discoveries has recently been consummated by Dr. Andrews, of Queen's College, Belfast. The researches that led up to it have occupied the doctor's attention for some years, but the fruit only came forth in the last Bakerian lecture—an annual discourse, delivered to the Royal Society in accordance with a bequest from one Henry Baker, who died ninety-six years ago. The subject refers to the continuity of the gaseous and liquid states of matter, and the fact now fully proven is, that these two diverse forms are only distant stages of the same condition of material, and are capable of passing into one another by a series of gradations so gentle that the passage shall nowhere present any interruption or break of continuity. This conclusion has been drawn especially from experiments upon carbonic acid, which from a tenuous gas, confined in fine tubes of glass and subjected to enormous pressure—something like three-quarters of a ton to the square inch—was found to pass gradually and steadily into a limpid fluid. Important as is this discovery, regarded merely as the establishment of a purely scientific fact, it is still more interesting as a step towards the realisation of the alchemical dream—the solidification of gases. Its bearing upon future researches, who shall predict? There is no foreseeing how far it may shed light into the processes of nature: to even the cosmologist it may be a key to knowledge, for there are gaseous nebulæ and solid stars in the sky, and he wonders whether the one has not been formed from the other.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY, 1870.

MALVINA.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

CHAPTER I.

A COUSIN FROM INDIA.

"HE has come, Mademoiselle! Your cousin from India has arrived. He awaits you downstairs," cried Marie, one of the servants at the convent of the Augustines, near St. Ouen, as she thrust her head into the room occupied by Mademoiselle Sophie—better known in her own country by the name of Sophia.

"*Enfin tu le verras,*" said Thérèse, Sophie's fellow-pupil and confidante.

Sophie rose, looked at herself in the glass, to see whether her face presented any very evident signs of emotion, smoothed her hair almost mechanically, pressed Thérèse by the hand, and turned towards the door.

"You look charming, only calm yourself," said Thérèse, as Sophie left her to hurry down stairs.

In the parlour, where visitors were received, stood a tall dark complexioned young man, who, but for the effect of the Indian sun, would have been fair.

Pale and trembling with emotion, Sophie opened the door, rushed towards him, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him, as she had never kissed anyone before.

The young man was far too well bred not to return the embrace of the affectionate young girl who clung so tenderly to his lips. He kissed her without affectation; naturally, sincerely, and, above all, passionately. The kiss that Mario gives and receives from Patti at the end of the garden scene in *Faust.*

"How long it is since I have had a letter from you, George! I knew your regiment was coming home, but why did you not write?" said Sophie at last, sighing and smiling at the same time.

"You will never forgive me!" exclaimed the young man in a tone of despair. He took her by the hand, looked into her face, and saw, what had already struck him when she first entered the room, how very pretty she was.

"There is nothing to forgive," Sophie replied, advancing towards him, and resting her head on his shoulder.

The young man kissed her again, but this time only for a moment, and on the forehead.

"How frightened you look!" said Sophie, raising her eyes to his; "and how much—how very much!—you are changed."

The young man blushed red—Indian red—through his bronzed skin, but said nothing.

Sophie gave a start.

"For heaven's sake tell me who you are!" she called out—— "Oh, what have I done! This is not George at all."

She sat down on the sofa, hid her face in her hands, and began to sob. Then suddenly rising, and without condescending to take any further notice of the malefactor who had dared to gather honey from lips that did not belong to him, she walked towards the door.

The malefactor, however, followed her.

"Listen to me one moment," he exclaimed; "I implore you not to leave me without hearing what I have to say."

"Say," she replied, in a broken voice; "what words can ever ——excuse such infamous——such atrocious conduct?"

Just then Madame Eugénie, the superior of the convent, made her appearance.

"Thank heaven, madame, you have come!" said Sophie. "A dreadful thing has happened. This is not my cousin! This is some impostor!"

She again began to sob.

"Sophie, my dear child," said Madame Eugénie, monsieur may not be your cousin, but that does not make him an impostor. The world no doubt contains numbers of impostors, but it would scarcely be fair to apply the term to everyone who does not happen to be

. To whom, monsieur, have I the honour of speaking?"

"My name is Leighton," said the young man, in poor but respectable French. He gave the superior a card, on which she read, "Mr. Alfred Leighton."

"Though I have not the honour to be mademoiselle's cousin," he continued, "yet, as you were kind enough to suggest, madame, I am no impostor. I have had the misfortune to incur mademoiselle's displeasure, and I regret it with all my heart. I regret it much more deeply than she will ever believe. But I came here with no deceitful intention. I did not send my card in, because my name was unknown both to you, madame, and to mademoiselle; and I spoke the exact truth when I said I came from mademoiselle's cousin, Captain Thornton."

Sophie looked wildly at the offender, but did not utter a syllable.

"After all there is no harm done," said the superior. "We heard yesterday from the doorkeeper, who, as you must have perceived, has not made a vow of silence, that an English gentleman had been here who had just arrived from India, and who brought news of Mademoiselle Sophie's cousin. Sophie, like myself, came to the conclusion that the Englishman from India, who had come specially to St. Ouen with news of her cousin—she had not seen him for, oh, I don't know how many years—was, without doubt, the cousin himself. Otherwise, monsieur, if we had not mistaken you for Captain Thornton, you would not have been admitted. As it was, but for the natural eagerness of Sophie to see her relation, it is I, not she, who would in the first instance have received you."

"I find that I have undertaken a most difficult task," said Capt. Thornton's emissary. "I have letters to give to mademoiselle which I was requested to place in her hands alone."

"I decline to receive them," interrupted Sophie.

"That is what I was afraid of," said Alfred Leighton. "Capt. Thornton, however, begged me to deliver them to you, and I should be very glad if you would allow me to execute his commission."

"You can give them to madame," suggested Sophie, looking straight before her, and not in the direction of Leighton.

"Pardon me; I was desired to give them to you alone."

"To me alone!" she exclaimed sarcastically. "My cousin might at least have chosen a more discreet messenger."

"You seem to have formed a very unfavourable opinion of me," said Leighton.

Sophie remained silent.

"I hope some day you will see reason to change it!"

Without paying the least attention to this little speech in s defence, Sophie asked the superior to excuse her, and left the room.

Sophie went up stairs to weep in secret, and to tell the tale of her deception and humiliation to the sympathetic Thérèse.

But Thérèse, on hearing how poor Sophie had welcomed and embraced the wrong man, and how *le faux cousin*, instead of warning her off, had taken her to his heart and kissed her as though he had been dying of love for her, burst out laughing.

"You look upon it as only a jest, do you?" said Sophie.

"No," answered Thérèse, "but it is laughable all the same, that a young girl should mistake an utter stranger for her future husband, and throw her arms round his neck, and still more amusing that he should enter so fully into the spirit of the error."

"You are an unfeeling girl," said Sophie.

"No," replied Thérèse, "I am really very sorry for you; but the circumstances, I repeat, are droll. You mustn't be annoyed with me, Sophie, and for your own sake you really ought not to take so serious a view of the affair."

"What a villain (*scélérat*) he must be!" said Sophie; who could not help taking a serious view of the affair.

"No, not a villain," remonstrated Thérèse. "I dare say most other men would have done the same if they had been in the same position. You looked very charming, you were bursting with affection, and then your demonstration took him by surprise. No, all things considered, I should have had a worse opinion of him if he had repelled you. Oh, my poor Sophie, to throw away the first fruits of your youthful love at random in this manner! What an original girl you are!"

Sophie had now become a little more composed.

"I shall never see him again," she said, "that is one thing."

"On the contrary, you are sure to see him again, if he is your cousin's intimate friend. Besides, he must make his excuses to you."

"I don't need his excuses. His conduct is inexcusable."

"He may not think so. But I don't know what the code of politeness would say in the matter. Such a case as this can scarcely have been foreseen—— However, you have not told me what he is like, or what he had to say to you about your cousin. I should like to know, *par exemple*, what he will say to your cousin about *you*, or is this terrible though accidental embrace to be looked upon as a secret between you for ever?"

"He has not told me anything about my cousin. He has some letters from him, I believe, but I would not take them. I suppose he will give them to Madame Eugénie."

"Ah, you turned upon him as soon as he released you. I see!"

"That is to say, as soon as I discovered that he was not my cousin."

"And how did you find that out?"

"He looked confused, and I questioned him. Otherwise I don't think he is so very unlike George, and anyone could see that he had just arrived from India."

"If you mean to receive every young man who returns from India in that style——"

"On the contrary, if George himself were to come now, I don't know how I should receive him."

"Before giving way to your feelings, you would require positive proofs of his identity, I suppose? That would be rather chilling for him. But the kisses of a young English girl, so sentimental and so full of *naïveté*, must not be delivered at another time at the wrong address. You have already learnt prudence, but the lesson was indeed a severe one."

"I shall never forget it," said Sophie, with a sigh.

"*Naïveté*, again!" replied Thérèse. "He also will remember it, and thus you and this Indian will have one memorable and striking *souvenir* in common, and belonging to you two alone—for, on consideration, I am sure your cousin will never know anything about it. You would not like to tell him, nor would he like to hear it."

"I shall never mention it again to any living being."

"As for the Indian, he will be a monster if he does not keep the secret."

"I don't think he is a bad man," said Sophie.

"You called him a villain just this moment?"

"Yes, but I don't think he would behave like a villain coolly and deliberately. I cannot help being in a rage with him; but there is nothing mean about his appearance. I can never forgive him, nor myself either, but he was very sorry afterwards, and I don't think he would do such a thing again."

"I should not be too sure of that if you gave him the chance, and as for regretting it, though he is bound to apologize to you in the most humble manner possible, depend upon it he regrets nothing except that you can never mistake him for your cousin a second time. When I think of that I almost pity him, I do indeed."

"One of my dearest illusions is destroyed for ever," said Sophie.

"What dream was that?" asked Thérèse.

"It was the simplest thing possible. I had always said to myself that no man in the world but one should ever kiss me—always excepting of course my father."

"Ah! but accidents don't count; and after all what may happen to you any day if you play at forfeits?"

"I never played at forfeits. And if at forfeits you throw your arms round gentlemen's necks and kiss them as"—

"As you kissed the Indian," interrupted Thérèse—

"Then forfeits are a very strange game, in which I shall never take part. . . . Don't you remember the German tale of the young girl who vowed that no man should ever see her leg unless he married her?"

"That must have been before the invention of crinoline?"

"I believe it was. However, this young girl, who was so discreet—though not more discreet, perhaps, than other young girls—met with an accident one day. She fell, and the leg which she had sworn no one but her husband should ever behold, was exposed to the view of a mere passer by."

"How very terrible, and did she make him marry her?"

"She made him marry her; but that is not the point. I was only thinking how shocked the young girl must have been when the accident happened. She must have felt much as I did when I found that I had thrown myself into the arms of this stranger."

Just then Marie entered the room to say that Madame la Supérieure wished to see Mademoiselle Sophie downstairs.

CHAPTER II.

AN APOLOGY.

"WHY what can have passed between you and Mr. Leighton?" asked Madame Eugénie. "What did you say to the young man to frighten him so?"

"I frighten him!" exclaimed Sophie.

"Well, he seemed very much alarmed. I felt sure," continued the Superior, "like yourself, that he was your cousin. But don't you think it was a strange thing to attack him and to treat him with positive incivility because he happened to be some one else. Mr. Leighton is a very well brought up man (*un homme très bien élevé*) and he feels deeply the impoliteness of which you have been guilty towards him."

"Oh, indeed! I shall have to apologize to him now for having kissed him, I suppose!" said Sophie to herself.

"Why did you refuse to receive his letters? He had come from London, or at least from Paris, all the way to St. Ouen to deliver them himself. He had been recommended to call personally by your father. There is nothing to reproach him with, except indeed, that he asked for you instead of inquiring in the first instance for me. But he is an Englishman and does not know our rules. Nor would that have made any difference if the *tourière* and that other chatterer Marie had not taken upon themselves to say absolutely, when he called to-day, that he was your cousin."

Sophie was obliged to listen to this lecture in silence.

"What, now, will you say to your father when you are requested to explain your behaviour to Mr. Leighton?"

"Mr. Leighton will not make any complaint on the subject, I am sure."

"And if he should have enough delicacy to abstain from doing so, is not that an additional reason why you should regret having wounded him? Wounded him too for what? Because after rushing down stairs—I could hear at what pace you were descending the staircase—to welcome your cousin, you unfortunately found no cousin to welcome! A little more restraint would have been becoming. I can understand your disappointment; but that Mr. Leighton should be made the victim of it was certainly not just."

"How warmly she takes his part!" thought Sophie. But she was still condemned to silence.

"What he must think of you I can scarcely allow myself to consider. He knows—indeed every one seems to know—of your childish engagement to your cousin."

"Childish, madame? Why childish?" asked Sophie.

"At least it was made when you were quite a child. And because your cousin, whom you choose to regard as your future husband——"

"Choose to regard!" said Sophie; "but we have papa's consent!"

"Pray do not interrupt me. Because your cousin, whom it pleases you to regard as your future husband, is announced, you go into transports of delight; and when the visitor turns out to be, not your cousin, but some one who brings news of him, then, instead of thanking him for the trouble he has taken, you insult him! Yes, I may almost say that you insulted him.

"I am very sorry, I am sure," replied Sophie, at last, "if I said anything wrong, but how can it be remedied now?"

"It can very easily be remedied," said Madame Eugénie. "Mr. Leighton is still here."

Sophie gave a little start.

"I begged him to wait until you became a little more reasonable, and he kindly consented to do so."

Sophie saw what was coming, and had a great mind to tell Madame Eugénie precisely what had taken place. But she knew that she had only herself, and her own precipitancy, to blame, and dreaded the Superior's displeasure.

"What do you wish me to do, Madame?" she asked.

"What I desire you to do, above all, is to receive the letters which Mr. Leighton brings you. One was to me, from your papa, who authorises you to read those sent to you by your cousin, without submitting them to me previously."

"I have no objection to your reading all of them," said Sophie, "indeed, I should be much obliged to you, Madame, if you would."

"That is not necessary. But I was about to say, that after receiving the letters, which Mr. Leighton has been kind enough to bring you, it would be becoming on your part to express, or at least to hint at, the regret which you really ought to feel for your conduct towards him just now."

"Certainly I will receive the letters from him, Madame," replied Sophie, "since you order me to do so; but pray do not subject me to the humiliation of making excuses to him."

"On this point I do not insist at all. It is not absolutely your duty, but it would at least be graceful on the part of a young lady to act as I have suggested."

"But how can I apologise to him for——" she stopped abruptly.

"In this matter, do as you please; but we must not keep Mr. Leighton waiting any longer."

The Superior opened the door of the *parloir*, and went into the ante-room adjoining it, where the ambassador from India was waiting. In the meanwhile, Sophie, finding herself caught in a trap, made a sudden and rather malicious resolution.

"I am most distressed," said Alfred Leighton, in English, as he returned to the *parloir*, "that you should have been caused so much trouble, Miss Arnold, on my account; but it will be very kind of you if you will let me give you up my letters. Here is one from your father; he has gone to see a friend at some distance, or he would have accompanied me here himself; and here is rather a large packet from Captain Thornton."

Sophie took the letters, and, after a little hesitation, said—not knowing what to say—"I hope Captain Thornton was quite well when you last saw him?"

"Yes; he has now quite recovered."

"I did not even know that he had been ill; but that accounts for his not writing."

"Oh, he was dangerously ill some months ago; if you were to see him now you would scarcely know him. I beg your pardon," he added, seeing that this last remark had made Sophie blush. "Will you excuse me," he continued immediately afterwards, "if I ask you how long it is since you have seen your cousin?"

"I saw him the day before he left England to join his regiment—now about six years ago."

"You must have been very young, Miss Arnold?"

"I was about thirteen," said Sophie, "or scarcely so old."

"I am astonished," said Leighton, "when I think of it, that I should ever have been so rash as to undertake to bring you these letters."

"Do you know what they enclose, then?" asked Sophie.

"But Thornton," he continued, without answering her question, "is my greatest friend, and I thought I was bound to take charge of them, when he asked me to do so. I have need of the greatest indulgence from you, and——and——I am afraid I am not likely to obtain it."

"Speak French," said Sophie, looking with an almost imperceptible glance towards the Superior.

"I have only now to add, Mademoiselle," he continued, "that I regret, or rather that I am bound to apologize for, my importunity in asking to see you, instead of leaving my letters at the gate; but you will understand the position in which I was placed, and that I had given a positive promise to deliver them to you, personally."

"I am sure," intervened the Superior, "that Mademoiselle Arnold is only too much obliged to you for your kindness in calling yourself."—She at the same time gave Sophie a look, which was at once understood.

"If I received you," began Sophie, nerving herself for the effort, "in a very extraordinary manner, believe me that I regret it most deeply, and far more than I can ever express."

"Ah, Mademoiselle!" interrupted Leighton, who understood the true meaning of the pretended apology.

"I wish I could efface it from my recollection, and from yours," continued Sophie, "and I can assure you that I can never forgive myself for my hastiness and want of thought."

"*Assez ma petite*," whispered Madame Eugénie, who thought Sophie was excusing herself rather too fully.

"I am exceedingly grieved," said Alfred Leighton, on his side, "that you should think it necessary to speak to me in this manner. I shall never forget the happiness I experienced in meeting you."

Sophie blushed, and this time to the ears; while Leighton bowed to her and to the Superior and left the convent.

Marie was waiting in the passage outside the *parloir* to see the Indian cousin as he went out of the house, and Jacqueline, the *tourière*, inspected him carefully as he passed through the outer gate.

CHAPTER III.

A PACKET OF LETTERS.

"WILL you read the letters?" said Sophie to the Superior, remembering the convent rule on the subject.

"Not unless you wish to show them to me," replied Madame Eugénie, "They all come as it were from your father, but if there is anything in them that you may wish to consult me about afterwards, do not hesitate to confide in me."

Alfred Leighton had already given Madame Eugénie to understand what the contents of Captain Thornton's letter must be.

"You behaved charmingly at last," said the Superior, "I knew you were a good, obedient girl, but you went further than I intended."

"I did my best," said Sophie.

"So you did," replied Madame Eugénie. She kissed her and told her to go and read the letters by herself.

The letters which Sophie carried upstairs to devour hastily and to digest at leisure, were from three different persons.

To begin with, there was a letter from Sophie's father, which was of course not the first to be opened.

Secondly, there was a letter from her cousin, which she had torn open before she had reached her room.

Thirdly there was a packet of letters in her own handwriting.

"What a correspondence!" said Thérèse, who had been anxiously awaiting Sophie's return; "which do you begin with?"

Sophie had already opened the letter from her cousin, she changed colour, gave the letter to Thérèse, and hiding her face in her hands, began to sob.

"Tears again? What a day this is to be," said Thérèse, "what can have happened now, Sophie?"

The letter which had caused Sophie so much grief was as follows:—

"*Madras, March* 15*th*, 186—

"My very dear Sophie,

"It is now a long time since I wrote to you. But I never was a good correspondent, and I have been so wretchedly ill for the last few months that to write has been out of the question. All sorts of things have happened to me of late. I often think of the pleasant time we passed together when you were a very little girl and I was scarcely more than a boy. It is easy to form delightful projects at that age, but not so easy to carry them out afterwards. I wonder whether you would even recognize me, if you were to see me now."

("Always this question of recognition," thought Sophie.)

"Instead of going home with the 22nd Hussars, I have made a very advantageous exchange into an infantry regiment which has just come out. If I remain in India six years longer" ("Six years longer!" said Sophie to herself with a pang), "I am sure you will not know me at all.

"I have now an important piece of news to communicate, which I make a point of sending to you before any one else. I am in sober reality going to be married, and before you receive this letter shall have led the future Mrs. Arnold to what is poetically called the hymeneal altar. How impossible this would have seemed six years ago! But '*l'homme propose et Dieu dispose.*'

"What changes take place in this world. But the grief of leaving you was my first sorrow, and I can assure you, my charming Sophie, that when at some distant day I return to England, the greatest pleasure I shall look forward to will be that of seeing you again.

"I would have given anything to have been able to keep your letters, which have afforded me so much pleasure. But on consideration I think it best to return them. I do not like to trust them to the post. Besides, fancy sending sixty-six letters, all in a lump, by post" ("I sent them to *him* by post, nevertheless," repeated Sophie). "They will be given to you by an intimate friend of mine, named Leighton. He is not in the 22nd, but he is a very good fellow all the same; and I have made him promise to deliver this and the other letters either to yourself personally or to your father. I have written, however, to my uncle at length on the same subject.

"Trusting, my ever dear Sophie, that you will not forget me, and that when I return to England, dried up and peppery as a capsicum, you will still be able to recognise in me something of the schoolboy who loved you so much, and to whom you were so kind as a little girl,

"I remain, yours always most affectionately,
"GEORGE THORNTON."

"Of the two I prefer the *faux cousin*," said Thérèse, when she had finished reading the letter, "but you have had a fortunate escape. It is better that you should be deceived by him now than that he should have betrayed you afterwards."

"Fortunately I have one resource left," exclaimed Sophie, still weeping, "I can take the veil."

"A Protestant take the veil?" inquired Thérèse.

"I can become a Catholic," answered Sophie.

"And your father?" asked Thérèse.

"He little cares what I do. You have not seen the letter he sent me by Mr. Leighton? Look at it."

Thérèse took the letter which Sophie held out to her, and read as follows:—

"*Chateau Thierry, St. Ouen, May 15th,* 186—

"MY DEAREST SOPHIE,

"Mr. Leighton, the bearer of this note, brings news from George. I dare say Madame Eugénie will receive him if you ask her to do so. From what Mr. Leighton tells me I can guess the contents of George's letter to you. Do not blame *me* in the matter. You know what I said from the beginning. If you are really distressed confide in the Superior, who has been a true mother to you. But you are too sensible a girl and have too much character to let this little trouble prey upon you. You will no doubt consider George a very heartless young man. All I think of him is that he is a young man. They are all the same. If you have anything to say to me you can send word by Mr. Leighton, who is going to stay with me for a few days. Good bye, I shall see you soon.

"Your affectionate papa,
"RICHARD REDGREAVE ARNOLD."

"Your father is quite right," said Thérèse, "you ought not to allow yourself to be affected by what such a cousin as that writes to you. A man you have not seen for six years, and who has, no doubt, grown worse every year, as you every year have grown better."

"I cannot help caring for him," replied Sophie; "I cannot help caring for him, even now. Every day for the last six years I have thought of him, prayed for him; and, oh, how I have longed to see him! How *could* he forget me, when I wrote to him so constantly, and told him all I thought, all I felt, all I hoped for! Only look, Thérèse," she continued, taking up the packet of returned letters, and exhibiting them as so many material proofs of her constancy and affection. She gazed at them for a few moments, and then suddenly threw them into the fire.

"There's a good girl," said Thérèse, "forget him; he little knows what a treasure he has lost."

"Give me his, also," and the faithless cousin's letter was consumed in company with her own.

"I knew you had plenty of courage," said Thérèse; "all I wish now is, that the writer of the letter were here, and that the fire were bigger."

"Ah, for shame!" cried Sophie.

"Yes, my darling, I would burn him also for the pain he has caused you."

"It is sad to think of," said poor Sophie, sighing, and wiping her eyes for the last time; "but I am afraid that if every man who broke his promise to a young girl were to be burned——"

"There would be a great many bonfires," interrupted Thérèse, who did not wish to be too serious, "and the price of wood would go up. Yes, I am afraid that is true."

"It need never happen more than once, after all," said Sophie, mournfully; "it is like death in that respect."

"*Allons ma petite Sophie*, I thought you were not going to give way to melancholy?" remonstrated Thérèse.

"What am I to do?" asked the unhappy girl.

"Well, in the first place, you are not to break your heart for an absurd Indian, who cannot appreciate you, and whom you have not seen since you were thirteen. *Par exemple*, do English girls of thirteen really give and accept promises of marriage? They are precocious!"

"They are deceived, like girls at all ages," replied Sophie, who thought the world ought to come to an end because her cousin had forgotten the vows he had made six years before to a little schoolgirl.

"Shall you tell Madame?" asked Thérèse.

"I shall tell no one."

"Well, I cannot leave you here, my poor child, to pine by yourself," said Thérèse, at last, "and the classes will begin directly. Let us go down stairs."

CHAPTER IV.

LA CARITA.

At the Augustines, as at other convent schools, young girls are prepared in a very elaborate manner for the world, by nuns who have renounced the world for ever. How pious women, who have deliberately given up all thought of matrimony, and have chosen for themselves what, if not absolutely the better, is very probably the safer life, can reconcile it to their consciences to educate young ladies, as if for the express purpose of catching husbands, I do not know; but so it is. The spiritual welfare of the pupil is, doubtless, cared for; but it is equally certain that those accomplishments which are thought so well calculated to secure the advantageous "settlement" of a young lady in this world are not forgotten.

Drawing, singing, instrumental music of various kinds, were cultivated with particular care at the Augustines, and Sophie was already an excellent pianist, and played the harp like a young St. Cecilia. As for the convent choir, in which the nuns and their pupils sang together, it was celebrated for miles round, and the Abbé Poiret had often complained that the strangers who attended service in the convent chapel seemed much more impressed by the singing of the Sisters and their young charges than by his sermons.

This was the afternoon for practising choral singing, and Thérèse justly thought that this, or any other occupation, would have a good effect in diverting Sophie's attention from Indian subjects.

They went down stairs, passed through the *roberie*, where four nuns, detached for this particular service, were occupied all day long in making clothes for the rest of the inmates; through the *lingerie*, where the linen of the convent was kept in large presses, and at last reached the schoolroom.

The Superior was already there. She smiled on seeing Sophie enter, went up to her, and said, "I am so glad you are not late; I was afraid your letters might have detained you, and our choir would have suffered.—That is not your place, Thérèse, the contraltos are on the right."

Madame Eugénie took her seat at the harmonium, struck a chord, and the convent choir was about to commence *La Carita*, Rossini's beautiful hymn for female voices, when the convent parrot—the inevitable parrot—uttered a note of most unmusical quality. Although this interruption was by no means unexpected, and, in fact, was looked for as a matter of course, it caused a general titter among the assembly.

"Tie up the parrot's beak," said Madame Eugénie; an order which one of the nuns proceeded to execute. The offending bird was kept chained to a perch in a room called the infirmary, where its presence served to amuse the convalescents and patients, none of whom at this time were seriously ill.

The parrot's beak having been carefully tied up with a thread of green silk, the fair young choristers began their chant anew; and Sophie found in the sweet music a temporary consolation, which no words could have given her.

Her clear soprano voice, though not loud, was of penetrating quality, and had a *timbre* of its own, so that it could be distinguished from the mass of other voices.

Alfred Leighton, who had lingered near the convent, was attracted by the singing, of which, however, only a faint sound reached him. He approached the side of the building from which it seemed to proceed, and found a group of listeners collected at one of the outer doors. Alfred wondered whether, by some chance, it happened to be the custom of this convent to admit amateurs at a stated hour to hear the performances of the choir.

The amateurs were not of a very distinguished kind, and Alfred observed that each one was armed with a pot or pan of some description, and wielded a large wooden spoon.

The amateurs looked with a jealous eye at Alfred, "*Qu'est ce donc qu'il vient faire ici, celui là?*" said one of them. "Has he not enough to eat at home?"

"If he comes near me," said another, "I shall drop my iron pot on his toes."

"*Des bêtises!*" said a third. "He wears a coat worth fifty francs. If he is hungry it is not for Madame Eugénie's soup, but for the eyes of one of the *pensionnaires.*"

La Carita was repeated a second and a third time.

Alfred listened and tried to distinguish, and fancied he could distinguish Sophie's voice from the others. When the lovely melody had been sung a third time, Madame Eugénie was apparently satisfied with the execution, and the concert came to an end. The atmosphere was still full of harmonious sounds when the doors were suddenly opened and the troop of beggars with their pots, pans, and wooden spoons pressed in.

"*Et cet autre, il ne vient pas?*" cried the servant who had opened the door and, who was no other than Marie. It was now dusk; but she saw, as soon as she had spoken, what a mistake she had made.

"*Pardon, Monsieur, mille pardons!*" she exclaimed, as she recognised Alfred, who, on his side, seeing what a mistake *he* had made, said nothing, but, with a slight inclination of the head, turned away.

CHAPTER V.

DESPAIR!

AT the meal, corresponding to what in England is called "tea," and which at English schools is called "tea" all the same, even though no tea be drunk thereat, the Superior asked Sophie whether she had received any good news from India.

Sophie had the audacity to reply that she *had;* upon which Madame Eugénie opened her eyes a little, but made no remark.

"Excellent news," added Sophie; "there will now be no obstacle, Madame, to my remaining here for ever."

"Ah, my poor Sophie, you are too impulsive," said the Superior. "You wish now to throw yourself into a convent, as a little while ago you threw yourself into the room where there was a stranger whom you mistook for a dear friend. You must make no mistake as to the true character of a convent, and of that, as yet, you know nothing. But you do not look at all well, my poor child."

"No, I do not feel well;" answered Sophie, and it would have been vain for her to have maintained the contrary.

"You are dressed too lightly," remarked the Superior. "You are wearing your muslin already, although it is now only spring, and as cold as winter."

In winter the pupils at the Augustines' Convent wore dark green dresses with bonnets to match, so that seen from a distance, when they were out walking, they looked like a company of riflemen. In summer, however, the prescribed attire was a white muslin dress with a green sash (bonnet of straw trimmed with green—gloves at discretion); and Sophie, for reasons of her own, had received her visitor from India in summer costume.

Green is seldom found a becoming colour—though what colour is unbecoming worn by a really pretty girl? But the Superior of the Augustines' could not undertake to disfigure her pupils, all she could do was to give them a toilette as little calculated as possible to encourage vanity.

Nevertheless, there are many ways of tying a green sash, and a plain white dress is always so becoming to a young girl, that Sophie, on the occasion of Alfred's visit, looked as charming as though she had been created for that special and sole purpose.

"I am glad you wore the grasshopper's dress," said Thérèse. "I like you better as a grasshopper than as a beetle."

It was an accepted fact, or rather an accepted joke, based upon something resembling a fact, that the pupils of the Augustines' looked like grasshoppers in their white dresses with sashes of green, gauzy silk, and like beetles in their dresses of dark green cloth.

"It matters very little now," answered Sophie, "what I wear."

"For a grasshopper you are not very lively."

"Lively? No, indeed . . . . But good night. You are very kind, but my head aches, and I must go to bed."

"Poor girl! . . . . Good night," said Thérèse.

Sophie kissed her, blushing as though she were ashamed of what she was doing, and retired to her bedroom.

CHAPTER VI.

IL BACIO.

WHEN Aboulhassan and Schemselnihar met at the door of the Palace of Continual Pleasures they embraced with so much transport that they both fainted on the spot, and would have fallen to the ground if the female attendants who had followed Schemselnihar had not supported them. Nor was it until "stimulants had been applied," in accordance, no doubt, with the directions of some Humane Society of the period, that the lovers returned to consciousness.*

When la Petite Fadette gave her "fadet" a kiss of love, the youth lost his head and all but swooned.†

When the ecstatic Louis Lambert kissed for the first time the lips of his divine Pauline, he fell into a fit of meditation and passed gradually into a state of catalepsy.‡

But these young persons were violently in love with one another before, whereas Alfred had never seen Sophie, nor Sophie Alfred, until they fell into one another's arms at their first meeting in the *parloir* of the Augustines' Convent.

It was awkward, especially for Sophie!

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* Arabian Nights' Entertainment.

† "La Petite Fadette," by Georges Sand.

‡ "Louis Lambert," by H. de Balzac.

As for Alfred, if, after what had passed he had not been desperately in love with Sophie, he would have deserved nothing less than death—on the principle which made the Spartans put to death ill-conditioned, incapable children, from whom nothing manly could be expected. He had seen her for three minutes; he had seen her above all in a moment of expansion; he knew as much of her as Romeo, at the period of the balcony scene, knew of Juliet; Fate had thrown her into his arms, and he felt in the still living pressure of her lips the seal of Fortune. There was nothing, he thought, so angelic in the way of costume as a white dress, and Sophie's green sash had twined itself round his heart.

These details may appear trivial and even absurd to those who never were in love, or who forget what their habitual state of mind was until the fever left them. But Alfred loved Sophie so completely that her defects (for she had defects) charmed him as much as her beauties. Thus, one of her lower teeth was a little crooked, the effect of which was analogous to that of a *mouche* on a beautifully fair skin. It drew attention to her teeth in general, which were as white as milk, as brilliant as ivory, and as delicate as mother of pearl.

From that time forward it seemed to him that there was something insipid in the beauty of a woman who had perfectly straight teeth.

This was not merely love at first sight; it was love at first sight, love at the first touch of the hand, love at the first pressure of the lips, all in one, with perfect confusion of cause and consequence, consequence and cause.

Independently of the striking and suggestive circumstances of their first meeting, which could only have been lost upon a man devoid of all imagination, Alfred had a number of reasons for loving Sophie. He loved her for her soft brown hair, for her rosebud complexion, for the calmness and purity of her forehead, for the Mediterranean blueness of her eyes, for the delicacy and sensitiveness of her nose, mouth and chin, for the gracefulness of the head which had leant so confidingly upon his breast, for the slenderness of the waist that he had encircled, for the eloquence of the hand that he had pressed, for the sweetness of the lips that he had kissed, and for the tenderness of the heart which for a few brief moments he had felt beating against his own.

He hated his friend Thornton for the doubtful rights he had once possessed over this source of all delight, and was half annoyed to think that he had voluntarily resigned them.

He was perfectly free; but if he had been formally engaged to be married, he felt that he should have cared as much for that as for an open engagement to take tea with his grandmother. If his bride had actually been waiting for him at the altar, he would have let her wait, now that he had seen and embraced this soul-entrancing Sophie.

He of course could not tell whether Sophie returned his love, but it seemed impossible to him that she should inspire him with such an all-pervading passion and feel nothing of it herself. It seemed impossible that his every wish should be for her, and that she should in no way feel the force of his desire.

However that might be, he loved her for two; and if she did not love him, he was determined at least that she should love no one else. Even if she hated him, that could not prevent his loving her, as a painter loves the finest pictures, a poet the most beautiful poetry, a musician the most divine music.

Alfred's first impulse after leaving the convent was to go back to it, ask to see Sophie, on no matter what pretence, and tell her that he would live or that he would die for her and her only; and that she should neither live nor die for anyone but him.

But this, on consideration, was out of the question. Then, still haunted by a sense of her beauty as by the recollection of a lovely melody, he wandered round and round the convent, until at last he heard the opening strains of *La Carita*, and fancied that among the voices he could recognize the incomparable one of Sophie.

How he posted himself at the back entrance of the convent, how he was looked upon by the beggars who had assembled there, and how he was in the first instance mistaken for a beggar by Marie, the convent servant, has already been told.

But long after the beggars had departed, and after Marie had closed the gates for the night, Alfred still remained watching the convent windows, until at last he noticed one particular window which was lighted up, and at which, to his intense joy, he saw Sophie appear.

Her beloved head was only visible for a moment as she pulled the window curtains to. But Alfred knew where her room was. This would seem to be of about as much advantage to him in the prosecution of his suit as to know the position of the planet Venus. It was interesting, however, and Alfred watched and watched, but saw Sophie no more, until at last the convent clock struck nine.

The windows of the convent bedrooms, which a few minutes before had been full of light, now once more became dark—with the exception always of Sophie's. The poor girl was sitting up. Something had agitated her. Was it the reception she had accorded to him? Or—hateful thought! was it the contents of the letters he had given to her?

Alfred still watched, and the light still shone in Sophie's window.

CHAPTER VII.

IL BACIO *(continued).*

THE most popular scene in the popular opera of *Fra Diavolo* is that in which the heroine, Zerlina, is exhibited to the audience engaged at her night toilette. How neatly she arranges her hair, and how tenderly she prays for the lover to whom she is to be united the next morning, is well known to those who have seen the graceful, elegiac Bosio, or the graceful, but by no means elegiac, Lucca, in this interesting part.

Let the popular scene in *Fra Diavolo* stand for what it is worth. My heroine, however, is not a servant at a village inn, and it is impossible to take such a liberty with her, as to break in upon her in the silence and solitude of her bedchamber.

Or if we *must* enter, let us at least apologize beforehand. But Sophie's lips were on fire, and there can be no harm in telling how earnestly she tried to cool them—bathing them with water, and rubbing them with her handkerchief, as though they needed not only to be cooled, but also purified.

This, of course, produced the very contrary effect to what she had intended. Her lips burned more and more, as she tried more and more to efface the seemingly ineffaceable stamp of Alfred's kiss. She had wept to an absurd extent in the course of the day, and was annoyed with herself for having done so; but now she lay down on the bed and, for the first time, cried with rage.

Sophie felt as Nyssia must have felt when she found that she had unconsciously, and through her husband's amorous pride, been made to expose her beauty to the gaze of the admiring Gyges. The Abbé Poiret did not teach his pupils to read Herodotus, and Sophie knew as little as other girls of the story of Gyges and Candaules. But she hated her cousin for having caused her to lend herself to the embrace of Alfred, and she felt disgraced and insulted by his kiss. *She*, above all, who had sworn to herself that she would accept this demonstration of love from no man but her husband, present or future.

She also felt like Lady Macbeth, with the imaginary drop of blood on her hand, and, innocent as she was, experienced all the torments of remorse.

But her situation was above all that of poor Nyssia, and she blushed more from indignation than from shame, as she said to herself that Alfred would no doubt write to George and tell him how she had thrown herself into his arms, and how he had kissed her, and how lovingly she had returned his embrace.

And George, who was to have been her husband, and who had sworn to marry no one but her, on hearing this would laugh! Men were *so* bad! They were capable of anything!

Who knew but that at this moment Alfred was not telling some friend, some chance travelling acquaintance, what a droll adventure he had had, and how amusing it was to be received by a school-girl who, without giving you time to speak, ran up to you, half sighing, half sobbing, and threw her arms round your neck?

Oh, men! how wicked they were, and how much better it was to pass one's life in the peacefulness and retirement of a convent, than to trust to a man even for a moment! That her cousin, whose image she had cherished so long, should have forgotten her and deceived her, was dreadful enough. But to take another person, and that person a young man, into his confidence; to tell him everything, as George, no doubt, had done; to send him to take her by surprise, and to lay for her such a snare as that into which she had fallen, and from the effects of which she felt that she never could recover: this was infamous, cowardly, and beyond forgiveness!

The reader need scarcely be reminded that all Sophie's cousin had done, in regard to the unpardonable crime charged against him, was to entrust some letters of importance to a friend, who he was sure would deliver them safely; but the idea which haunted Sophie, which she could not, and did not, try to dispel, was that she had been made an exhibition of, that her holiest feelings had been trifled with, that her lips, sacred to true love, had been profaned in mere wantonness; and this through the baseness and perfidy of one who had sworn always to cherish and protect her.

Then once more she blamed herself and her own folly, and bit her offending lips, savagely, as though she would have destroyed them for the part they had played.

Lying down in the bed, without taking her clothes off, and covering her flushed face with her hands, she tried to go to sleep.

But what if sleep will not come? Here the oft-quoted case of Mahomet and the mountain does not apply. You cannot go to sleep, if sleep will not come to you; and poor Sophie, weary, but at the same time feverish and excited, closed her eyes in vain. She saw

Indian monsters in the darkness, and her lips became hotter and hotter.

At last she rose, and, in her restlessness, began to walk up and down the room like a young antelope confined in a cage. Her lips seemed to be on fire. She poured water into the washhand basin, and dipped her mouth into it.

Just then Thérèse entered the room, as quietly as possible, and, astonished to see Sophie with her face under water, called out, "Mon Dieu, que fais tu? Are you so very thirsty, or are you actually drowning yourself?"

Sophie, caught in such a ridiculous position, could scarcely keep from laughing.

"Yes; you may laugh," said Thérèse, "but you must tell me why you were dipping your face in the water, all the same."

"I was simply very hot, Thérèse, and I wished to make myself cool, that was all."

"Shall I throw a jug of water over you?"

"No, thank you."

"I will then, if you don't go to bed.——Come, go at once."

"I am going."

"Be quick, then. The notion of keeping me up till nearly eleven o'clock!"

"I did not wish to keep you up."

"No; but I could not go to sleep while you were walking about like a wild thing in the next room.——Go to bed, now, like a good girl."

"I will."

"That is a promise, mind——now, good night! I won't kiss you with your wet face. Your hair is wet also. Mind you dry it before you go to bed. Ah, Sophie, you are a strange girl!"

Sophie, thus admonished, retired to rest, and cried herself to sleep, like a little child.

CHAPTER VIII.

M. DE VILLEBOIS.

It was nearly ten o'clock; but for the moon it would have been quite dark; and Alfred was still pacing one of the fields, which adjoined the convent garden, and watching the light in Sophie's window, as a shepherd on the banks of the Nile might have watched some favourite star. He sat down on the grass, still gazing, and wondered when and how he should see Sophie again.

Just then a dog came bounding into the field, followed by another dog, who was followed by a man carrying a gun. The dogs started on seeing Alfred, and were proceeding to reconnoitre him in the usual manner, when they were called off by the man.

Fancy being caught at ten o'clock at night lying down in a field!

Alfred felt himself in rather a stupid position, but he had enough presence of mind not to get up. He said, "Good evening," to the master of the dogs, and remained just as he was.

"Who is it? It is not Pierre?" asked the sportsman.

"No, my name is not Pierre," answered Alfred.

"I thought, perhaps, it was the *garde de chasse.* You see it is rather late. Monsieur is apparently a stranger?"

"Yes, I am a stranger. If Monsieur belongs to the police, I shall have much pleasure in showing him my passport."

"You are too polite, sir, I do *not* belong to the police."

"I congratulate you upon it."

"It is I, perhaps, who ought to congratulate you; but you need be under no apprehension, I will leave you to the enjoyment of your repose."

"I had no intention of annoying you," said Alfred, "and I have still less intention of passing the night in this field. Perhaps, you could direct me to my destination, for in the dark I am not at all sure that I could find my way."

"People who have favours to ask should be civil," observed the sportsman.

"Will Monsieur have the extreme kindness," said Alfred, getting up, taking his hat off, and addressing his interlocutor with mock politeness, "to tell me the road to a château somewhere near here where an Englishman, M. Arnold, resides?"

"Sir, I am going there at this moment," was the answer.

"In that case, perhaps, you will allow me the honour of accompanying you?"

"I shall be only too happy."

The sportsman was a man whom men of thirty would have considered old and men of sixty, young. He had seen some fifty autumns, and had passed about forty of them shooting partridges. When there were no partridges to shoot, or when the season for shooting them was over, he had no objection to shoot anything else; and he had got into the curious habit, with which some people in the country are afflicted, of carrying a gun on his shoulder wherever he went, and taking a shot from time to time whenever anything shootable presented itself. He was known for miles in every direction round St. Ouen, as *l'ami des oiseaux*, and had certainly earned the right to bear that burlesque *sobriquet*.

Count de Villebois, to give the sportsman his true name, was long and lank, and brown ("as is the ribbed sea-sand"), and had generally a smoke-dried appearance; so that when it was said of him, as it often was, that he was "well preserved," one could not help fancying that he had not only been preserved, but also cured.

As Alfred did not ask to whom he had the honour of speaking (like many other Englishmen, he had no taste for what he considered the "beastly politeness" of the French and other foreigners); the Count did not tell him, nor did the Count, on his side, make any similar inquiry of Alfred.

With just enough then of the oil of politeness to lubricate the few brief phrases which they interchanged, Mr. Arnold's intending visitors walked together towards that gentleman's residence. At the door M. de Villebois insisted on Alfred, as a stranger, going in before him. They entered, and were shown into a room where the table was laid for supper, and where Mr. Arnold was busily engaged doing something or other to some portion of a gun.

"Well, Mr. Leighton—ah! you've brought the Count with you," he added, in French, "so much the better: good evening, Count.—I was going to say that you must be rather hungry, unless they gave you dinner at the convent. But they don't give dinners to young men at convents, do they, Count?"

"I can't say, my dear friend; but they don't to old ones, I will answer for that. Monsieur, then, has been to the convent?" he enquired.

"I owe you a million apologies," interrupted Alfred; "I cannot understand how the time passed so quickly; it must now be nearly ten. I executed my commission, and after wandering about from one place to another, lost my way; indeed, if it had not been for Monsieur—Monsieur le Comte, that is to say——"

"Don't you know one another?" asked Mr. Arnold—"Monsieur le Comte de Villebois, Monsieur Leighton."

"If it had not been for the kindness of Monsieur le Comte," continued Alfred, "I don't know how I should have found my way back at all."

"You had not wandered very far," said the Count, rather bluntly, "you were not fifty yards from the convent when I met you."

"That was the worst of it," replied Alfred, "I had come back to my original starting place; I had been walking round and round, in a sort of vicious circle."

"Come, Mr. Leighton, you must not speak of a convent as the centre of a vicious circle. It is a good thing the Abbé Poiret is not here, is it not Count?"

"I am very glad, in any case," said Alfred, "that you are kind enough to excuse my want of punctuality."

"Want of punctuality is good," observed Mr. Arnold, with a smile. "I expected you back at half-past six, or at latest seven, and it is now ten. However the *pot au feu* will be all right, and I have very little else to offer you. I believe my *pot au feu* has been kept boiling for the last six years. Its foundations were laid with a piece of beef, a bunch of vegetables, and an old fowl, the day I came into the house, and I really think it has been bubbling away ever since."

"It is like the fire of the vestal virgins," suggested Alfred.

"Yes; or like the never-failing cruise of oil, for I suppose my fire does go out occasionally. But there is always something in the saucepan, you may depend upon that. I am sure Pauline would rather steal—I am sure she would a great deal rather steal—than allow the *pot au feu* to come to an end, if only for five minutes. But would you like to go to your room? You must not be long; for dinner, or supper, or whatever you choose to call it, will be on the table in a minute."

While Alfred was away the Count told Mr. Arnold how he had found him in one of the fields adjoining the convent garden, "lying coolly down on the grass, as if it were not at all damp, and as if he had made up his mind to pass the night there."

"Lying down on the grass," exclaimed Mr. Arnold; "and I was waiting dinner all the time!"

"Where had he been?"

"He had been to call on my daughter."

"On Mademoiselle Sophie?"

"Yes. He has just come from India. He brought letters from my nephew, of whom you have heard me speak."

"What, from the cousin? the cousin who was engaged to Mademoiselle Sophie?"

"The same. And I have something to tell you. He is engaged to her no longer."

"Can it be true?" exclaimed the Count joyfully.

"It is so true, that he is not only engaged, but by this time must actually be married to some one else.

"Ah! there is still some hope then," said the Count, with a not very hopeful sigh.

But now on one side entered a servant, having a tureen full of the celebrated *pot au feu*, and on the other, Alfred Leighton, quite prepared to meet it.

"I have nothing for you but an *entrée* and a roast fowl," said Mr. Arnold.

"It is a great deal more than I deserve," answered Alfred.

"I can also give you some good Bordeaux. I did not grow it myself, but I bottled it, and I know where it comes from."

"My appetite will prove my gratitude."

"Jacques! Pour Monsieur out some Bordeaux. As for you, Villebois, you are less to be pitied. You take your meals at regular hours, and have already dined."

"Yes; at five o'clock my stomach cries out, and will take no refusal."

"What a thing it is to be five-and-twenty! It does not matter then, whether one dines or not, does it Mr. Leighton?"

"The appetite is rather elastic at that age, that is all; at least it is with me, and I am eight-and-twenty. You will see that I shall make up for lost time."

Mr. Arnold had, as he had remarked, nothing but an *entrée* and a roast fowl for his guests. But he had some very choice *hors d'œuvres* to put on the table between the soup and the *entrée;* the fowl was accompanied by an excellent salad of Mr. Arnold's own dressing; and the dessert was not forgotten.

At the end of the repast Alfred, as he sipped his coffee, felt happy. He was in love, but he had taken the complaint in a healthy manner. He had not only not lost his spirits; he had not even—until nearly the end of dinner—lost his appetite.

M. de Villebois, on the other hand, was bilious with unrequited affection. To him the soup seemed fat, the fowl tough, and he once ventured to remark that there was too much vinegar in the salad.

"That certainly is an original observation," replied Mr. Arnold, a little piqued; "a very original observation to address to me, who scarcely allow vinegar to come near it. Don't I put the oil in first? And when every leaf in the salad is covered with oil, then if you emptied the whole contents of the vinegar cruet, which Heaven forbid!—into the salad, you would scarcely taste the vinegar."

"It is very good, I only thought there was just a trifle too much acid," said the Count.

"Not the least in the world!" rejoined Mr. Arnold, in the tone in which Mozart might have replied to the Emperor Leopold's suggestion that the *Marriage of Figaro* contained too many notes, "Precisely the right number!"

The poor Count's momentary joy on hearing that the cousin to whom Miss Arnold was engaged to be married had married elsewhere, had given place to a well-founded reflection, that after all Miss Arnold would never consent to marry *him*, and to a suspicion that Alfred Leighton might already have made a favourable impression upon her.

He smoked half a cigar in silence, and then, having absolutely nothing to say, said he would go home. Mr. Arnold did not press him very much to remain, and M. de Villebois, accompanied by his dogs, and bearing his inseparable gun, took his departure.

CHAPTER IX.

SOPHIE'S PAPA.

ALFRED felt rather awkward, when he found himself left alone with Sophie's father, but Sophie's father did not feel in the slightest degree awkward at being left alone with Alfred. Sophie's father was very much pleased indeed with the latest news from India. Little as he saw of his daughter, he had very good reasons indeed for not wishing her to get married; and it seemed to him tolerably certain now that she would remain single for some considerable time to come.

"How did you leave George?" asked Mr. Arnold.

"Perfectly well!" answered Alfred.

"So he means to remain in India?"

"Yes, he has exchanged into a regiment that is just going out."

"The best thing he could do," said Mr. Arnold, rather thoughtlessly.

"The best thing?" exclaimed Alfred, rather amazed.

"Well, it is the best thing for *him*. That's what I meant, and I suppose that is all he thinks of. It seems that his wife has a good deal of money. But you must be tired after your journey; if so, don't let me keep you up."

Alfred desired nothing better than to be at liberty to retire to his own room. He had a thousand things, all turning round one centre, to think of. Above all he had a letter to write, and he had resolved to write it that night before going to bed.

On wishing Mr. Arnold good night it struck him that that gentleman bore up against what to another father would have been painful news with admirable equanimity.

It was indeed heartless on the part of Mr. Arnold to feel no sympathy for his daughter in her troubles. But what would you do if, left a widower with an only daughter, you found that your income consisted of the interest on a sum of twenty thousand pounds settled upon this daughter, and which on her marriage would belong to her absolutely, while in case of her death, it would revert absolutely to her mother's family?

You might in a pecuniary sense, secure yourself against the misfortune of the young lady's death by insuring her life. But how would you prevent her getting married, and could you conscientiously, as a man and a father, seek to debar her from trying her luck in that much abused but always tempting lottery in which everyone expects to draw a prize?

If there are few men, who in such a case as I have submitted would deliberately resolve to exclude their daughter from all chance of matrimonial bliss, there are numbers who would not feel themselves called upon to take any very energetic steps in the way of inducing her to renounce the careless joys of single blessedness.

There are some, too, who would say, "I will not lose by her death, for I will insure her life, and I will not lose by her marriage, for I will not allow her to get married."

Such was the twofold determination adopted by Mr. Arnold as soon as he had quite realised to himself the position in which he was left by the death of his wife and his own imprudence. For if he had not for some years past lived far beyond his means he would still have been in the enjoyment of a fortune which he had himself inherited and which ought to have been amply sufficient for his wants.

Mr. Arnold had not only exceeded his income. He had also drawn rather too freely on his sanitary resources. But everything has to be paid for in some shape or other, and nature, like an indignant creditor, insisted on the satisfaction of her irresistible claims.

Touched in health, broken in fortune, Mr. Arnold asked himself to what quiet place on the Continent he should retire to undergo the necessary repairs, and at last selected St. Ouen, where he took a house a little way out of town ("château" the French called it) for himself, and placed his daughter Sophie at the Augustines' Convent.

For some time Mr. Arnold thought it rather a good thing that a half engagement existed between Sophie and George Thornton. He did not look upon it as the sort of tie which was at all likely to be tightened into a matrimonial knot, and in the meanwhile it kept Sophie from thinking of other more likely men at home.

Nevertheless the correspondence had continued so long, and Sophie took so very serious a view of her cousin's promise, expressed or implied, that at last Mr. Arnold began to think that something after all might come of it. Accordingly the news of his nephew's marriage gave him considerable satisfaction.

Now it seemed to him, Sophie must either remain in the convent, or, if she preferred it, marry the Count de Villebois, who was quite devoted to her, and who, as has been before observed, was a dry, well preserved man, of fifty.

Mr. Arnold was nearly as old as the Count. But whereas M. de Villebois had finally renounced the young man, with all his vanities, Mr. Arnold still cultivated a youthful appearance and had a sort of youthful look, which, by a casual observer, might have been mistaken for the real thing.

He was a fair smooth-faced man, a little wrinkled at the edges, but on the whole in a very presentable condition. His eyes had not grown dim; he had not lost many of his teeth, nor much of his hair. Still it would have been difficult to say precisely where his forehead ended and his cranium began. It was owing, perhaps, to his intense selfishness, which in a happy temperament like Mr. Arnold's took the form of self-complacency, and what is called "good nature," that his imperturbable face had suffered so little from the ravages of time.

The Count de Villebois was a better man than Mr. Arnold, but time seemed to hate him, and to have taken pleasure in drawing furrows on his brow. It is true that he was of a melancholy disposition, and owing to his passion for shooting, had been a great deal exposed to hard weather. It is also true that he had been three times in love and always with the wrong person.

The Count was rich, well born, well connected, but he was also sufficiently high-minded enough to address himself to women who did not consider that these advantages compensated for the absence of all others. Numbers of moderately pretty, clever, nicely dressed girls saw him and wondered how he could have been refused six times running (for so the story ran); and it certainly was the Count's own fault, if fault there was, that he was still single.

Sophie was the Count's fourth passion. He had seen her one morning at her father's house, and had said to himself that if *she* would accept him, he should consider himself only too fortunate in having been rejected three times before; once when he was only twenty-five; a second time when he was thirty; and a third when he had reached the mature age of forty.

On being refused for the third time, the Count had made up his mind to die a bachelor; but his resolution melted away in presence of Sophie's beauty, and he determined to make one more proposal before resigning himself to his fate.

Ten thousand girls would have leaped from their seats at the mere hint of an offer from the Count de Villebois; but Sophie was not of the number.

The Count de Villebois was a formalist, as it becomes a marrying man of fifty to be, and did not even endeavour to make himself agreeable until he had asked Mr. Arnold whether it would be agreeable that he should do so. Mr. Arnold said it would; so the Count de Villebois went to work.

M. de Villebois had the misfortune to be romantic. He had been romantic at the age of twenty, and he was still more romantic now that he was fifty. He not only wished to be loved, which was very romantic, but he moreover wished to be loved for his own sake, which, on the part of a man who, as the Abbé Poiret would have said, "numbered ten lustres," was very unreasonable.

Now, apart from his title and his fortune, M. de Villebois, however, loving himself, was not, taking him as he stood in his shooting coat and gaiters, by any means likely to be the cause of love in others. His attempts to render himself agreeable to Sophie were not at all successful. He addressed compliments to her of which she found it a great trouble to have to acknowledge the receipt. He overwhelmed her with little attentions which seriously oppressed her. One day when he assured her that he was her devoted slave, she wished very much to give him his liberty in the widest sense.

Sophie told him more than once that she had a great respect for him—which is about as far as a girl of good feeling likes to go. But he had already been greatly respected by other young ladies, and was used to it.

At last Sophie desired her father to explain to the Count that she was engaged to be married to her cousin. Mr. Arnold told his daughter that M. de Villebois already knew of the existence of some species of engagement between her and George. But as he did not appear to have spoken candidly to M. de Villebois on the subject, Sophie determined to assure him herself that her hand was promised to another, and to beg him, therefore, to discontinue his attentions.

It cost the poor girl a great deal to execute this resolution; but the Count relieved her as much as possible of her embarrassment. He understood her only too well, and asked pardon for his importunities, before Sophie had finished the little speech in which she accused him, by implication, of importuning her.

The Count now constituted himself into a sort of reserve, on which Sophie could, if she thought fit, fall back in case of her accepted lover failing her. In the eyes of Mr. Arnold, M. de Villebois was a most eligible *parti*, for he had plainly said, not only that he would ask for no dowry with Sophie, but that he would not even accept one.

Mr. Arnold always thought of his own happiness before that of any one else; but, to do him justice, it seemed impossible to him that his daughter should not be happy as the wife of the Count de Villebois. M. de Villebois was a gentleman, a man of family, a man of title, a man of large landed property—what more could she possibly want?

Between a marriage with the rich Count de Villebois, and a marriage with George Thornton, who had only two or three hundred a year in addition to his captain's pay, it seemed absurd that Sophie should choose the latter. And it was more than absurd, it was alarming, when Mr. Arnold reflected that George, if he had married Sophie, would have wanted every farthing of her twenty thousand pounds.

Accordingly, Mr. Arnold was very pleased indeed to find that his daughter's marriage with his nephew was finally and irrevocably broken off. She might now marry de Villebois, or not get married at all—about that she could please herself; though he had no doubt that she would have sense enough, and would be obedient enough, to marry the Count.

Of his daughter's grief Mr. Arnold had no thought whatever. He had no conception even of her being grieved; while the thought of his continued enjoyment of the interest of twenty thousand pounds, gave him considerable satisfaction. But he could not be altogether happy, for his income, precarious as it was, by no means sufficed for his ordinary wants, even now when he flattered himself that he had reduced his expenditure to the lowest possible point.

Mr. Arnold, like many other English residents at St. Ouen, lived a life of ignoble idleness. He had no artistic, nor scientific, nor literary, nor speculative tastes to gratify. He was always in want of money, but required it neither for noble nor even for useful purposes, but only for feebly extravagant, mildly riotous living; for the dearly-bought pleasures of inferior quality, which give a faded charm to the struggling semi-luxurious existence of an impoverished *viveur.*

He had not, it is true, the slightest reverence for the golden calf looked upon as an image; but he had an unholy passion for it considered in detail as so much veal, and would pay, or promise to pay, anything to get it hot and hot just as he wanted it. Like many other spendthrifts, Mr. Arnold was not without a certain casuistry, and he had made himself a theory by which to justify his mode of life. He "planted himself," in Emersonian language, "upon his instincts," and easily persuaded himself that these instincts— such as an instinct for good breeds in horses or for good growths in wine—were given to him by nature in order to be gratified; for which reason he, to the best of his ability, gratified them.

Besides he was a gentleman and determined to live like one. "A man," he would say, "owes something to himself and also something to society." Mr. Arnold paid his debts to himself and to society as nearly as possible in full.

Moreover it would never do to let people believe that he was in want of money; for which reason, and in order that he might always have a certain amount in hand, he borrowed from money-lenders, and abstained from paying his tradespeople. However he was well supplied with clothes, his house was decently furnished, he had plenty of excellent wine and super-excellent cigars, he had three good horses, bought cheap as colts and broken in by himself; and that with his present limited means was all he aspired to.

"A man can't live more economically than I do," he would say. "I am not like Bolton, who used to hunt the South Mudland district, and who when he went to Rome to retrench, took a pack of foxhounds with him. But then he had six thousand a year that they couldn't touch, and I have not one thousand, no, scarcely more than seven or eight hundred when I have paid Sophie's schooling and the insurance money." He had insured Sophie's life a dozen years before, for the sum of £15,000.

"However I only keep a groom," so ran on the course of his reflections; "a cook and a housemaid. My horses bring me in more than they cost. I bottle my own wine, and I limit myself to five cigars a day. Even then I can't make both ends meet."

That, of course, was the fault of the ends, and not of Mr. Arnold.

It was true, however, that he lived with a certain regard to economy. As for bottling his wine, he did that simply because he liked it. He also made his own salad, and if the days of varnish had not happily passed away, would have varnished his own boots.

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLAND UNDER THE MERRY MONARCH.

FROM FOREIGN PHOTOGRAPHS.

"WENT five or six miles towards Brentford, where the Prince of Tuscany, who comes into England only to spend money and see our country, comes into the town to-day, and is much expected; and we met him, but the coach passing by apace, we could not see much of him, but he seems a very jolly and good comely man." So wrote Pepys in his Diary on the 5th of April, 1669; but on one point his information was less accurate than usual, for this "comely, black, fat man," who, "for avoiding trouble to the king and himself, and expense also to both," maintained an *incognito*, had been sent on his travels by his father, Cosmo II., in order to estrange him from a termagant wife, Margaret of Lorraine, of whom he was fonder than she deserved, and whose misconduct and vagaries were doomed to cause him long years of mortification and annoyance. The prince was accompanied by Count Lorenzo Magalotti, who wrote a detailed account of the tour, which an artist who was one of the *suite* illustrated by sketches. The chief, however, though he "took notes," did not "prent 'em," and the manuscript lies to this day in the Royal Library at Florence. Some fifty years ago that portion of it which relates to this country (for Cosmo visited most of the European Courts) was translated and published; but, though Macaulay borrowed from it several touches for his well-known picture of the state of England at the accession of James II., it attracted less attention than might have been expected, and there is no copy of it in the British Museum. When supplemented by the descriptions of Sorbière, Monconnys, and other tourists, it gives us a vivid impression of "Merrie England" as seen through foreign spectacles.

It is sometimes said of our Irish fellow-subjects, that those who are good are *very* good, and those bad *very* bad. England, two hundred years ago, was in like manner the country of extremes. The nobility and gentry were as the finest flour, the common people as the coarsest bran. The latter cherished an intense dislike of foreigners.

Ignorantly or contemptuously regarded as Frenchmen, no matter what their nationality, the urchins of Dover greeted them with the derisive cry of "a Mounseer, a Mounseer;" grown-up people politely styled them "French dogs;" innkeepers and livery-stable keepers charged them exorbitantly; and Londoners often refused to let them lodgings on any terms. When the illustrious Sully, commissioned to congratulate James I.* on his accession, arrived at Gravesend, the inhabitants had effaced the marks by which the king's messengers had indicated the houses set apart for him; and he had great difficulty in London in procuring the requisite accommodation for his *suite.* The English, it appeared to him, thoroughly hated the French, and were more insolent and haughty than any people in Europe, fancying that they had a monopoly of understanding and common sense. Even the Irish and Scotch, though fellow-subjects, were disliked; and it was an affront to call anybody a Welshman. Perhaps the turf expression, "welcher," is a remnant of this prejudice. The Englishman of that day was proud, phlegmatic, patient; never hurrying workmen, but allowing them to proceed at their own pace. Deliberating long before coming to a decision, their determination, once formed, was inflexible. They were tolerably tractable, provided one filled their bellies, allowed them freedom of speech, and did not bear too hardly on their lazy temper.

For, according to Sorbière, who, however, formed his estimate of the English too exclusively from the Londoners, idleness was their chief characteristic. Indeed they gloried in their sloth, holding that to "take it easy" was the *savoir vivre.* Their very language was adapted to this disposition, since it spared them the trouble of opening their lips; a remark reminding one of Voltaire's calculation that by swallowing half their syllables the English saved two hours a day, compared with the French. England, not Germany, was then the country, *par excellence*, for smoking. Half the day, in fact, was devoted to it, political grumbling going on meanwhile, and odious comparisons being drawn between Charles's government and that of the Protector, with its powerful fleet and great reputation. The tradesman went to the public-house every evening to smoke with his friends, no matter how urgent his business, and frequently returning home late and half-seas-over, had no inclination for early rising, so that he did not open his shop, even in summer, till 7 A.M.

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* One is disgusted to find James's courtiers disparaging Elizabeth, and James himself boasting that without her knowledge he had made her Ministers his creatures.

—quite early enough, according to modern notions. The French residents, being more attentive to business and content with smaller profits, made fortunes easily, but the English would fain have made as much money with less work. Smoking, if we may credit Jorevin de Rochefort, was common also among women, especially after supper, it being thought to dissipate the evil humours of the brain; for doctors and pundits were eloquent on "humours" in those days, a craze to which we owe the term "good humour." Nay, even boys indulged in the weed; for Rochefort met a farmer at Worcester who assured him it was the custom for lads to carry a pipe of tobacco to school in their satchels as a substitute for breakfast. At the appointed hour, all laid aside their books and lit their pipes, the master smoking with them, and teaching them how to hold the pipe and puff away! Mr. Carlyle has made us familiar with a Prussian monarch's tobacco parliament, but this is the first time we have heard of a tobacco school, and it offers a capital subject for an artist. "The same gentleman," naïvely adds Rochefort, "told me a hundred diverting stories on different subjects," perhaps all equally veracious. *Ex uno disce omnes.* There is less difficulty in believing that English beer, esteemed the best in the world, was an indispensable element in the transaction of business, and that to invite a man to a tavern was a sure way of ensuring his friendship. When Rochefort was taken for a spy at Stowmarket in Suffolk, and had to give an account of himself before a conclave of the principal inhabitants, presided over by the rector—their suspiciousness they excused on the ground that the French were believed to have caused the fire of London—it was necessary to drink two or three pots of beer during the parley, which came, therefore, to an amicable conclusion. In drinking healths, the pledger drank half the cup, and then filling it up, presented it to the pledgee.

England was the paradise of women, as Spain and Italy were their purgatory. Nearly all with dark eyes and a profusion of light hair (*chignons* were happily undreamt of), their neatness was extreme, but their teeth were not in general very white,—a failing noticed a century earlier in Queen Elizabeth and the ladies of her court, and sometimes attributed to a fondness for sugar. They were handsome, and unfortunately knew it. Sitting at the upper end of the table, they helped the guests, entertaining them meanwhile with pleasant conceits or agreeable stories. *Au fait* on theological questions, they were wont to take notes of sermons, of which they availed themselves in their discussions on religious subjects. As to fare, the English were not accustomed to the delicacy and variety of French dishes, but ate surprising quantities of meat. Their pastry was coarse and ill-baked, their stewed fruits and confectionery uneatable. They scarcely ever made use of forks (which in Germany were at first condemned on the ground that it was an insult to Providence not to touch meat with one's fingers, just as Scotch divines thundered against threshing machines as raising the devil's wind), but occasionally put their hands into a basin of water, which served for all the company, or at the conclusion of dinner dipped the corner of a napkin into a beaker set before each guest, and with this wiped their teeth and hands. More plentiful dinners and little or no supper had become the fashion, buttered ale being an evening beverage. The king dined in public thrice a week. He had abandoned the warlike proclivities with which (*teste* d'Estrades, French ambassador in 1661) he ascended the throne, was suspected of Romish hankerings, and was not so much beloved as, in Magalotti's opinion, he deserved to be. The Duke of Monmouth is mentioned as "a gentleman possessed of many rare and singular qualities, and on this and other accounts"—mark the courtly reticence—"in great esteem and favour with his majesty." The Lord Mayor kept open table all the year round, his inaugural banquet being as famous then as now, but it sometimes preceded the show, and commenced at so much earlier an hour, that the guests could afterwards take a walk into Moorfields by daylight.

Whether London, with an estimated population of 450,000, was larger than Paris, was still a debatable question. Sorbière, who found that to traverse the city from east to west required two hours, and from north to south three quarters of an hour, held that the English capital had the advantage in size, but the French in numbers, each house in the former being mostly occupied by a single family, whereas in Paris the houses were more commodious for letting lodgings. He paid five shillings a week for first floor rooms near Salisbury House. Rich merchants occupied the houses on London Bridge, where, as well as on the top of Westminster Hall, there was a ghastly display of the heads of the regicides. Southwark consisted of only a few streets, inhabited by the lower orders, and persons found some difficulty in passing London Bridge on account of the throng of vehicles. The citizens at night fixed lanterns against their doors, and link-boys could be hired at every step. The streets were tolerably clean, the rubbish being collected from the houses by carts, instead of, as at Paris, being thrown into the road; but the city was so long, and the pavement so bad, that it was almost impossible to go through it on foot. Hence the Thames was the favourite thoroughfare. All the way between the Fleet and Windsor there were numbers of small boats, and it was calculated that 6000 persons slept every night on the river. The watermen were as much addicted to "chaff" as the omnibus cads of our day, and on one occasion even put the king out of countenance by hailing him as the chimney-sweep, in token of their displeasure at the imposition, in 1662, of a hearth-tax. Rochefort lamented the absence of a quay, which indeed had been proposed, but had been thwarted by the owners of houses and gardens overlooking the Thames, Dukes of Buccleuch being more powerful at that day than now. Cheapside was the finest street, but Covent Garden the most fashionable quarter, and the Strand abounded in smart shops and pretty shopwomen. Bloomsbury Square was deemed one of the wonders of England. Barristers sauntered in the Temple Gardens, where clients went to consult them, and their avenue at Gray's Inn afforded as fine a view of the country as one could wish to see. Moorfields, the most distant part of the city in one direction, consisted of two squares planted with mulberry trees. Horse sales were held there, and jugglers and merryandrews frequented it, the country beyond being marvellously fine. Lambeth was a little village, as also was Stratford, which Monconnys visited in a hackney coach, the fare being 1*s*. 6*d*. for the first, and 1*s*. for every subsequent hour. St. James's Park, which had been lately thrown open to the public, but the greater part of which still consisted of a wood, contained all kinds of deer, and the canal abounded with water-fowl, which Cromwell had domesticated there, while the Mall on the north, with its rows of fine elms, was a summer promenade, infinitely pleasant and agreeable. Reviews of cavalry were occasionally held in Hyde Park, and there in the evening the upper ten thousand took the air in their coaches, but Cromwell had greatly diminished its attractiveness by cutting down avenues of limes for strategic reasons. There was "great store of company" in it on the 29th of May, when Cosmo gave a display of fireworks in honour of Charles's birthday.

In the view of London accompanying Magalotti's narrative, St. Paul's is, of course, conspicuous by its absence; and he was told there was no hope of its re-erection. Sorbière, five years earlier, found the old cathedral as smoky as if it had been set on fire, owing to the consumption of coal in private houses and breweries, the smoke darkening the air and soiling people's clothes. "Imagine," says Evelyn, "a solid *tentorium*, or canopy, over London, what a mass of smoke would then stick to it. This fuliginous crust now comes down every night on the streets, on our houses, on the water, and is taken into our bodies. On the water it leaves a thin web, or pellicle, of dust, dancing upon the surface of it, as those who bathe in the Thames discern and bring home on their bodies." The Florentines, however, were acquainted with much more noxious exhalations; and Magalotti is careful to explain that the "thick atmosphere" did not arise from corrupt vapours, but from the use of mineral coal "from Scotland." He must have been favoured by a genial spring, for he speaks of the "salubrity of the air, which is almost always clear," as the chief cause of the agreeable complexion of the people. The other causes were the temperature, the nature of their food, and the use of beer, rather than wine.

The beefeaters at the Tower are still famous for drawing the long bow, but those who saw the lions of the metropolis two hundred years ago listened with open mouth to much more marvellous stories. Rochefort was shown in Westminster Abbey the pillow on which Jacob's head rested during his dream, a legend attaching to the stone of Scone as early as the fourteenth century. Absurd as the story is, there is some reason to think that St. Columba laid his dying head on the stone in the Abbey of Iona. St. George's Fields, he was informed, were the scene of the memorable combat between our patron saint and the Dragon. London stone, according to some, was planted by the Conqueror as the boundary of his Conquests (!); according to others, it had grown there spontaneously. Vehicles striking against it had much diminished it; but he who had not seen it was thought not to have seen London. At Whitehall were shown, on a window-sill, drops of Charles I.'s blood, "so deeply imprinted that they have not been able to obliterate them from the spot, though they have frequently washed it in the hope of doing so." When did this pious fraud disappear? The banqueting-hall, now the chapel, being built of Irish timber, was fatal to spiders; and the roof of Westminster Hall enjoyed a like immunity.

Magalotti paid a visit to the cockpit, the common amusement of the English, who, even in the streets, delighted in seeing such sports, and made considerable bets upon them. He went also to Newmarket, and spent a day with the king's harriers. He was not there at the time of the races, but was told that the horses were dieted on a beverage composed of soaked bread and fresh eggs; and he mentions the existence of another racecourse (Epsom, of course), where there was always a numerous assemblage, and where much betting went on. At Newmarket he saw Charles touch for scrofula. A prayer-book being placed on a cushion, two clergymen read prayers; after which the king seated himself, and, "certain invocations in the English language taken from the Prayer-book" having been pronounced by one of the ministers, he touched the patients with both hands, subsequently putting round their necks a blue riband, suspended from which was a gold medal stamped with his effigy. Monconnys was assured by Sir Kenelm Digby that the loss of the medal would cause a relapse; and, seeming rather sceptical on the subject, was told that a sufferer being refused access to Charles I. when in captivity, and being exhorted by the king to pray that the will might be as efficacious as the deed, was cured accordingly.

Of the country foreign visitors do not tell us so much as we should wish. Mansions were mostly situated in the valleys, so as to be protected from the wind, and their owners prided themselves on having rookeries in the neighbourhood; rooks, contrary to the belief on the Continent, being regarded as auspicious, and the killing of them being severely punished. The verdure of the grass, and the smoothness of the lawns, could not fail to be remarked. Bowls were the chief rural recreation. Farmers rode to market as if riding for a benefice, a pace the more surprising considering the sluggishness which otherwise characterised them. The district between Brentford and London was truly delicious, from the abundance of well-built villas and country seats. The country between Oxford and Cambridge was, for the most part, uncultivated, and abounded in weeds. Cosmo went from one university to the other, but could not understand the Latin orations addressed to him by reason of the insular accent. An honorary degree was probably conferred upon him without his knowledge. At Northampton he was welcomed by the ringing of bells, which, "being well-tuned, the sound of them was very agreeable; but the ringing being continued a great part of the night, they proved a great interruption to sleep." Sorbière complains of the incivility he experienced at the inns; but Cosmo found them excellent. Militiamen had to escort him from Dorchester, for fear of highwaymen. Rochefort seems to have taken the turnpikes for a protection against these gentry, for he describes the road between Canterbury and London as planted, at intervals of a mile, with poles and little kettles at the top containing lighted fires, to give notice of danger or robbers, a hut being attached to each for the people who attended to the lighting.

The freedom of speech, the absence of extreme poverty, the increasing power of the House of Commons, the excellence of the coinage, the good acting at the theatres, are other points which struck the attention of foreigners two hundred years ago. That a looker-on sometimes sees most of the game is exemplified in

Sorbière's remark that the sovereign power resided in the people, a *dictum* for which he was rudely rebuked by the contemptible Bishop Sprat, who had the effrontery, or the ignorance, to declare that the doctrine was a heresy, unknown before 1648, and extirpated in 1660; and that Sorbière's discourse on the privileges of the House of Commons was a wild whimsy of his own brain. One of the omissions of these foreign visitors is very significant. "Paradise Lost" was published in the very year that Magalotti came over; but though a man of letters, neither he nor any of his tribe make the slightest mention of Milton. This is a venial fault, however, when we remember that Pepys and Evelyn are equally remiss. To courtiers the blind poet was a nonentity. Hobbes, on the other hand, being a favourite with Charles II., who was wont to compare him to a bear baited by dogs (the clergy), was well known to Sorbière, who, however, censures our literature as rhapsodical and badly put together.

WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH.

REMINISCENCES OF MARK LEMON.

No. I.—BEFORE THE PLAY AND AFTER.

A FEW sad words, by way of preface, to some pleasant reminiscences of one of the most genial, kindly, and noble-hearted of God's creatures. Mark Lemon had all the qualities of true greatness; he was modest, unaffected, sympathetic, generous, manly. He never under-estimated any work so much as his own; he was a good husband, an affectionate father, a true friend. He believed in one God, in one woman, in one publication. Simple in his tastes, his ambition was the ambition of every honest man, to be useful to his country and a blessing to his home. In the conduct of *Punch* he soared above the satirist, he repudiated the mere cap and bells; he had almost a romantic faith in the power which he directed. In this enthusiasm and devotion may be found the secret of his success as an editor. Years hence, it may almost seem beyond belief, that the founder of *Punch* died without deserving the enmity of any man, beloved by all who had laboured with him, respected by men of all creeds and parties; being, nevertheless, one who had never sacrificed the independence of his paper, regarding it always as an estate of the realm, a power that belonged to the country, a national institution.

With a sad yet tender interest I have been looking over a drawer full of Mark Lemon's letters. Amongst his last written words to me I find an assurance of affection which had been borne in upon me many a time and oft during the last few years. "I wish we lived nearer to each other, for I love you and yours .... God bless you all!" I reciprocated to the full all his love, and I take it as a patent of good character to have had the esteem and regard of such a man. Amongst his letters I find my notes of a tour with him in the North, the first chapter already transcribed for the press. They were intended to be published during his life-time, dealing, however, rather more with the general incidents of the tour than with individual details. I recast them now, with a more serious purpose in view than simply to amuse. At the same time, I shall endeavour to retain in them some of the buoyancy of the time, even at the risk of the local colour seeming too powerful in the deep shadow of the sad event which adds to their interest.

Glancing over my notes at this present writing, it is hard to realise the melancholy fact that Mark Lemon is no more; difficult to understand the certainty of the darkness that has gathered about the well-known form and shut it out from us for ever. It did not fall to my lot to be present at his funeral; but the quiet home in the pretty Sussex county rises up before me as I write. I see the solemn procession, the sympathising villagers, the old friends and fellow-workers gathering in the gloom of the funeral pall. I see the country churchyard. I stand by a newly-opened grave. I look down through my tears, and note the words, "Mark Lemon, Editor of *Punch*," half covered with flowers strewn by friendly hands amongst the earthy emblems of mortality, that made a sad accompaniment to the parson's parting words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Yet memory clings fondly to the living man, and dismisses, as quickly as sensibility will permit, this last sad scene of all. I shall make an effort to get back into the past, though I do not intend to take you far away from the day when our dear friend rested from his labours. The fact that my first chapter was written several months ago, is a great assistance to me. It carries me at once into the happy holiday-time. There is a pleasant smile in the opening paragraphs which I could never have put there with that last tender message of the dead lying before me: "I love you and yours; God bless you all."

We called it a show. When I say we, I mean the younger members of the company. Being amateurs, the rakish *abandon* of the term suited our holiday humour. The grave and reverend chief, sweet Jack Falstaff, rare Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, smiled benignantly upon our frolicsome notions, and gave himself up to all our whims and fancies. It seemed as if he were trying to be young again. For that matter, he was young; he had a rich unctuous voice, and a merry catching laugh. We chose to call ourselves strollers. I was the showman, the manager, the governor, except when the leading man, in mock solemnity, dubbed me the amateur impresario. We had no caravan, but we had a large quantity of luggage; more particularly, we had something that looked like scenery. Our porter called this his "bag of tricks." The company usually spoke of it as

"The Show." It was labelled "Falstaff." The effect of that inscription was magical everywhere. Railway inspectors, guards, porters, regarded it almost with veneration. Whenever some experienced and wide-awake passenger indicated the portly form of Mark Lemon as the Editor of *Punch*, it was sure to result in sundry kind enquiries from the officials with a view to increasing the amateur actor's comforts while travelling.

My duties commenced very suddenly. The Show had arrived at Edinburgh before I was really summoned, as a friend, to take the management in the absence of the impresario proper, who was detained in London. "It will be a holiday for you, there will not be much work, and I want a pleasant companion." Falstaff had entered upon his Scottish tour, and was really waiting to be duly, if not professionally, chaperoned through the "land o' cakes."

I started on a cold morning in 1869 (January 25) from King's Cross station. It was ten o'clock when the guard blew his whistle, and the train moved off on its long, steady, calm, plodding journey. Thanks to the fact that well-printed books in large type become second-hand "sooner or later," I was enabled to carry away with me as my own property, at something less than a guinea, the novel of that name, and I needed no *Times*, nor *Standard*, nor *Telegraph*, nor any other paper to help the time along between London and Edinburgh. When we were once fairly free of the big city, the train stopped no more until we arrived at Mugby Junction; and then, sirs, not until we were at Crewe; and then, ladies and gentlemen, not until we came to Preston, where the welcome announcement was made of "twenty minutes allowed for dinner." Travelling from Paris to Vienna, you order your dinner, *en route*, from a carte which the guard brings to you; and at the station where you stop for dinner you find it ready and waiting your arrival, the guard having telegraphed your wishes an hour or so previously. We shall probably never arrive at so high a state of civilisation as this in England; but we travel rapidly and smoothly, and we get fresh foot-warmers and civility on the way, and a real dinner to boot, which is an advance on ten years ago. The Caledonian Railway is not an interesting line, so far as scenery is concerned. Looking up from my book, the chief things I remember are certain highly-illuminated wayside references to "The Daily Telegraph — Largest Circulation in the World.' "Standard — Largest Paper." "Coleman's Mustard." "Families Removing." "Tidman's Sea Salt." What enormous sums this thorough system of advertising represents! Writing home, the next day, to a paper, in which I had an interest, I said, "Advertise, advertise; newspapers ought to advertise, if only as an example to their clients." We had a hasty dinner at Preston, and I thought 2*s.* 6*d.* for the same exceedingly reasonable. An old Indian officer who travelled with me grumbled at it; but he was rich, and he grumbled at everything. He was rich, and had the gout. His blood was rich, like Bardolph's nose, and it blazed out all over his face. "Lord Derby has the gout," he said, "worse than I have." That seemed to comfort him immensely. He told me a lion story. All Indians tell lion stories; it is the thing. When I come home from India, I shall no doubt have slain as many lions as other people. My Indian friend was a real hero, nevertheless. I have no doubt about it. He growled out some sanguinary incidents of the mutiny, tending to show how fiercely the British soldier can take his revenge. That home blow of "Ernest to Magdalen" had just been struck in "Sooner or Later," and my friend the Indian had just blown twenty Sepoys from twenty guns, when the train ran into the railway station at Edinburgh, having done the journey, including stoppages and twenty minutes for dinner, in eleven hours.

Within a quarter of an hour after my arrival I was behind the scenes in the northern city, and in time to hear the best modern representative of the fat knight declare, amidst a roar of laughter, that he was accursed to rob in that thief's company. "The manager," said my friend Bardolph, whispering Prince Hal; "the new manager!" A "super" overheard the remark, and I was duly installed. I peeped through a hole in the curtain, saw that there was a good house, went round to the front and announced myself to a member of the enterprising committee which had farmed the show, took a survey of the place, came back, shook hands with Falstaff in his armour, and went to the Waterloo, pleased with myself and everybody else.

At night, when all was over, we had an actors' supper. Our company at the Waterloo consisted of Falstaff, Bardolph, Shallow, and Dame Quickly. The Prince, Poins, and the others had apartments elsewhere. They were the professional members of the company. We of the Waterloo were the amateurs, save and except Madame Quickly, who was professional and to the manner born—a clever actress and an excellent hostess, mark you. It was a rare evening. Having fought the battle of the day over again, we lapsed quietly into toddy and anecdote. Falstaff was himself—bright, genial, and witty, full of stories that belong to literary history. He had been amused with two incidents which had occurred on the other side of the border. The gentleman who was playing Chief Justice Shallow, for his own pleasure as well as the public's, hated Jews. It was in truth his favourite hobby to dislike "the chosen people." For my own part, let me confess it at once, I admire the race. Jews are amongst our most intellectual citizens. However, Shallow hated them. A few evenings prior to our chat at the Waterloo, he was in Birmingham playing at billiards. There was present a gentleman of undoubted Israelitish extraction, who very rudely offered opinions on the game. "Excuse me," he said, noticing one of Shallow's strokes, "you should have played for the cannon with the left side on your ball." "Thank you," said Shallow; "that may be the style in Judea, but I assure you we play differently in Birmingham." On another occasion Shallow had distinguished himself by a still smarter and more profane *jeu d'esprit*. It was at King's Cross, I think. A great number of Jews were going on a holiday excursion. They were excited about their tickets and places. Some of them were pushing their way rather roughly to the platform. Shallow was amongst the Gentiles, cynical and savage. "Where are you pushing to?" at last he exclaimed, resenting a dig in the side from a Jewish elbow. "What's the matter? One would think you had got another crucifixion in hand." It was very hard, very bitter; there was a Jerroldic ring in the taunt. Falstaff shook his fist solemnly at Shallow, and threatened to forswear his company; but there was a kindly twinkle in his eye which was the signal for unfettered talk. It was always a great relief when the acting was over, and the supper came, with its after-chat round the fire. There were times when Mark Lemon enjoyed the performance as much as his audience did. He entered heart and soul into the vagaries of Falstaff, and on this occasion the play had gone well in every respect.

Mark Lemon had a large sense of humour; and his humour was kindly, it rarely stung—it was satire with a little sugar. On this first evening we all talked "shop"—the new shop. We were at the footlights. It was easy to see that Mark was full of sympathy for actors of all degrees. He was fond of talking about the early days of his dramatic writings. He was by no means a bad mimic. In the scene where Falstaff acts the part of Prince Hal, Mark Lemon had been on this occasion particularly successful in imitating the Prince's manner. "I'll tickle you for a young prince," was the opening of this bit of Mark Lemon's humour. He imitated the prince's flourish of his cane and his jerky manner to perfection. I don't think the happy prince ever detected the fun, though it amused everybody else. All this was done without any unkindly feeling for the handsome but somewhat inefficient actor, whom Mark Lemon treated with the greatest kindness and consideration; which is more than can be said of Bardolph's (upon this occasion Harry Lemon) treatment of another member of the company. "So and so says I am a promising actor." "Yes," was Bardolph's reply, "you are a *promising* actor, but you never *perform*."

"You did not say that, Harry?" said the father, interrogatively.

"I did," was the response; "and thought it clever."

"So it was," said Falstaff, smiling; "our prince would do very well if he were not so good looking. It is his firm conviction that some night a coach and six will be waiting outside the stage-door ready to carry him off to be married to an heiress who has been dying for him all through the performance. But for this he would not be a bad actor. It is pleasant to be young and handsome."

Mark Lemon was a handsome man himself, young and old. Latterly he had worn a beard, which well became the part of "Falstaff"—a fine massive beard. His white silvery hair added to the picturesqueness of his make up, more especially in the scene where the fat knight is cast off by the prince, before whom he bends his bared head. Mark Lemon played the part in his own hair and beard. He padded very slightly for it. Beyond this and a little rouge, he was, in appearance, Falstaff behind the scenes as well as before the footlights.

Mark Lemon's notion of Falstaff developed a far more considerate feeling for the fat knight's frailties than is generally entertained. He was ever ready to discuss Shakspeare's intentions with regard to this particular character.

"Shakspeare is not to blame for making Falstaff use language which we feel called upon to exclude from our drawing-room version. It was the language of the time. Look in any other playwright's works, and see what others did. They give you indecency for indecency's sake, lewdness without wit, filth without humour."

"Is not that the modern fashion?" asked Shallow. "I was talking with a countryman of mine who seemed to wonder that you could make Falstaff respectable."

"Falstaff respectable! He was a gentleman, Shallow; and would thou wert as well furnished with brains."

"Thank you," said Shallow, "I know not how I may improve, unless you lend me your doublet, Sir John, and stuff me out with straw."

"Ha! ha!" laughs Bardolph, "if that be *apropos* or witty I'm a shotten herring."

"I'll anoint thy face and call thee horse, an thou callest me anything but an honest man," says Shallow.

These two members of the Falstaff company hardly ever conversed except in the language of the little book, price sixpence, being Mark Lemon's version of Falstaff, in which the fat knight was purified and made wholesome.

"Falstaff was a gentleman," says Mark Lemon, "fallen away, in the general degeneracy of the times, from the path of rectitude; but, nevertheless, a gentleman. He was not a buffoon. Poor old —— (mentioning an actor of considerable reputation) was quite outraged because I would not go down on my face and grovel in the robbery scene."

"That is the recognized legitimate business," I remark.

"Granted! It is not the only business to which I object on principle. Like Falstaff, I am fat and growing old, heaven help the wicked! and I might have as great a difficulty in getting up again, being down, as poor Jack had. He was no buffoon."

"An awful liar, though," says Bardolph.

"A cowardly knave," says Mistress Quickly, who had been invited to sup with us, having played the Dame to perfection.

"A spendthrift, and one who did not pay his just debts—that five hundred, to wit," says Shallow.

"His lies were for the most part white lies," replies the editor of *Punch;* "mostly white lies, my masters."

"The buckram men, for example," suggests Bardolph.

"Yes, the men in buckram suits," sayeth our leader. "He saw almost immediately that the Prince knew all: he exaggerated his first fib that he might make the affair the more ridiculous, piling up the fun until that grand climax, 'By the Lord I knew ye!' And mark how he chaffed the Lord Chief Justice. There is no part of the play that sparkles more with Shakspeare's genius than Falstaff's interview with the Chief Justice in the second scene of the first act. 'To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.'"

"But he was a hard man; he behaved cruelly to Mistress Quickly," remarks the lady.

"Yes, Dame, he was; but not harder than others. The times were out of joint. He was a gentleman of the period; had he lived in these days he would have been a different man. And then he was so very hard up! But Mistress Quickly loved the rogue for all that. There is nothing to my mind more affecting than her description of Falstaff's death. 'He parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide; I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends; he babbled of green fields.'"

The thought of this glimpse of Falstaff's mind at last wandering back to his days of innocency always seemed to impress Mark Lemon with the correctness of his liberal judgment of Falstaff's character.

On this particular evening, the contemplation of the poor knight's death evidently set the critic thinking of others who had gone out with the tide; for when Bardolph and the rest were abed, and the waiter had received a kindly shake of the head in response to the enquiry if we wanted anything else, the editor and actor began to talk of Hood and Jerrold and Leech.

"Poor Hood," he said; "when he sent me his 'Song of the Shirt,' he accompanied it with a few lines in which he expressed a fear that it was hardly suitable for *Punch*, leaving it between my discretion and the waste-basket."

"It created a profound sensation," I suggested.

"Yes; we received letters from all parts of the country. The sale of the number was enormous, I believe."

"Yet, to be fully appreciated he had to do one thing, as Douglas Jerrold puts it in his preface to 'Cakes and Ale:" that one thing was—to die."

"It is generally so," he replied; "though, for that matter, Leech and Thackeray were appreciated during their lives; and Dickens, there is success for you! I am glad Dickens sent me that kind note and message the other day."

There had been an estrangement between Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, which the great master of fiction had brought to an end by some kindly message when the Editor of *Punch* was announced as Falstaff. In early life, Mark Lemon and Dickens were intimate friends and neighbours. They were both members of that amateur company which played, years ago, for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art. The Editor of *Punch* had walked with Dickens more than once to scenes selected by the novelist for delineation in his works. Mark Lemon had the greatest admiration for his old friend's genius.

"I hope you have really made memoranda of the history of *Punch*," I said.

"I have made a few notes," he replied; "I shall tell the story of *Punch*, I hope, and I shall do it without wounding any one."

"It is due to literature, to the profession, to your family, that you should write that history. The other day I saw a lecture announced professing to be the true story of *Punch* and its contributors."

"No one can tell that but myself. *Punch* was started in a very humble way. It was kept alive on two occasions by the success of two little plays of mine, the money for which went to pay the printer; one play was called *Punch*, the other *The Silver Thimble*. This was, of course, before we took it to Bradbury and Evans."

I think there were three of the staff who waited upon the old firm of Bradbury and Evans to offer them the copyright of *Punch*. One was Mark Lemon; another Douglas Jerrold. I do not remember the name of the third. Mark Lemon did the editing for a ridiculously small honorarium. The publication was in debt to the publishers nearly £8000 before it paid a penny.

"It was our first Christmas Number that made the fortune of *Punch;* and, when it was once prosperous, we never looked back again."

By this time Falstaff had just finished his last pipe, and we bade each other good night.

"By the way," he said, "I know you like reading before you go to bed, here's a penance for you. Read this, and tell me what you think of it in the morning. Let us be up betimes; we will have a carriage, and see Edinburgh. Good night—God bless you!"

The MS. he gave me was a chapter of a new novel not yet published. It was to be called "The Taffeta Petticoat." The manuscript has been in the hands of the printer for some months. I read the chapter; it was the description of a Fair, and admirably done. Mark Lemon's best novel is "Faulkner Lyle;" his best play, "Hearts are Trumps;" his best song, "Old Time and I," the first copy of which I had brought that very day from London. There was an old piano in the hotel, and I tried Walter Maynard's music over for him. I venture to reprint the words:—

Old Time and I the other night
  Had a carouse together;
The wine was golden, warm, and bright,—
  Aye! just like summer weather.
Quoth I, "Here's Christmas come again,
  And I no farthing richer;"
Time answered, "Ah, the old, old strain!—
  I prithee pass the pitcher."

"Why measure all your good in gold?
  No rope of sand is weaker;
'Tis hard to get, 'tis hard to hold—
  Come, lad, fill up your beaker."
"Hast thou not found true friends more true,
  And loving ones more loving?"
I could but say, "A few, a few!
  So keep the liquor moving."

"Hast thou not seen the prosp'rous knave
Come down a precious thumper?
His cheats disclosed," "I have, I have!"
"Well, surely that's a bumper!"
"Nay, hold awhile, I've seen the just
Find all their hopes grow dimmer."
"They will hope on, and strive, and trust,
And conquer!" "That's a brimmer."

"'Tis not because to-day is dark,
No brighter day's before 'em;
There's rest for every storm-tossed bark;"
"So be it! Pass the jorum!"
"Yet I must own, I should not mind
To be a little richer."
"Labour and wait, and you may find——"
"Halloah! an empty pitcher."

There is undeniable poetic fancy and philosophy in this effective ballad, as there is in many of the songs, too little known, from the same pen.

JOSEPH HATTON.*

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* In these loose notes the reader will find no attempt to tell the story of Mark Lemon's life. There is a memoir, I believe, in preparation. Carefully written, such a work will be of great interest; it will, to a large extent, be a history of letters and journalism for the last thirty years. If these papers of mine should in any way assist the memory of Mark Lemon's biographer, or throw any light upon the latter days of an eventful life, I shall feel that my notes will have rendered the State some service.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHANNEL PASSAGE.

AT a time like the present, when the desire to facilitate international communication is so influential, when the Suez Canal has become an accomplished fact, and the Mont Cenis tunnel is rapidly approaching completion, when the Darien Canal seems on the eve of commencement, and one hears of "round voyages" in steam-ships which are to circumnavigate the globe—at such a time it is natural to expect a revival of interest in the subject of the Channel Passage. Every one agrees that the present condition of things is a disgrace to the two leading nations of Europe. For years past—for half a century—inventors and engineers have been busy with the subject, and scheme after scheme has been recommended to the public notice. Hitherto, however, no steps have been taken which promise practical results, if we except those to which reference will be made more particularly in this article. Hundreds of thousands continue to cross each year; by far the greater number continue to suffer in a manner that beggars description. Probably there is no other piece of travelling in civilized countries, where, within equal times, so much suffering is endured; certainly it would be hard to find another voyage of equal length which is so much feared. We have it on official authority, that only one day out of four is calm, on the average; while about three days in every eight are made dreadful to passengers by heavy weather. What wonder that, under such circumstances, patriotism often fails to survive; and that if any wish is felt in Mid-channel it is that, after all, England was not an island.

Through railway communication has become a *sine qua non* of late. To the present generation it seems but natural that, without change of carriage, one should be able to proceed from London to any large town in Great Britain; and railway companies find it their interest to meet the demand. When the traveller turns his face towards the Continent he finds no such convenience. He may glide smoothly down to Dover or Folkestone, but there he is confronted by the inevitable sea voyage, and must prepare for the worst. The steamers he has to cross in are, perhaps, as good as can be devised for service in the present harbours, but they are too small to be thoroughly good sea-boats or to afford sufficient shelter, and they make the passage longer than it ought to be. In fact, these twenty-five miles of sea are, from this point of view, an unmitigated evil; although they have, in the past, been so great a defence to our country. The fear of invasion has now become almost non-existent; and the very causes which rendered entrance difficult in the past, are now thought of mainly as hindrances to easy exit, and comfortable communication.

Within the last ten years the feeling has been steadily gaining ground that by some means or other the evils of the passage should be either mitigated or removed, and that continuous railway communication should be established. During that period the public have been favoured with numerous plans for accomplishing these objects. We have heard of tunnels deep down under the bed of the sea; of other tunnels, or tubular passages, constructed upon the bed of the Channel; of marine viaducts, high in mid-air; and of the so-called railway ferry-boats. The tunnels and bridges proposed would afford means of communication resembling those already existing on all our railways; but the ferry scheme is based upon an entirely different idea—viz.: to place the trains on board large steamers, and thus to convey them across. Authorities on the subject are very generally agreed that the tunnel schemes are feasible, provided that the enormous outlay which they would entail could be met. With respect to the bridges, opinions are more divided, but there appears little doubt that the majority of English engineers regard them with disfavour. Even if practicable, however, they could only be carried out at prodigious expense, one gentleman having himself estimated that the cost of his bridge would be thirty millions sterling. We need scarcely say that such an outlay entirely precludes all prospect of the work being undertaken, apart from the merits or demerits of the design as a whole. Both bridges and tunnels would, of course, require long periods for their construction. The ferry scheme, on the contrary, has this great recommendation, that it can be carried out at, what may be termed, the *moderate* cost of two millions; and, what is no less important, can be completed, it is said, in three years from the date of its commencement. In fact, it promises to be a success commercially, while no other feasible scheme does; and although it may be inferior to the tunnel in some respects, it does not present anything like the same difficulties in its accomplishment. We may add that in May last a Select Committee of the House of Commons passed the preamble of a Bill introduced by the promoters of the ferry scheme, and there seems, therefore, some prospect of its practical application before long, in spite of the opposition of some parties having an interest in the present means of communication. Under these circumstances, and in view of the general interest taken by everyone in the subject of the Channel Passage, it may be well to sketch briefly the principal features of the scheme, and to notice the advantages claimed for it, as well as the objections urged against it.

The principle upon which the scheme is based is not at all a new one; the only novelty consists in the application of the principle to a sea-passage of great severity. In many cases—in America, on the Continent, and elsewhere—where it would be inconvenient or difficult to throw a bridge across a lake, or river, railway ferries have been established and have worked most successfully. One such ferry was devised by Mr. Robert Stephenson many years ago, in connection with the Egyptian railways, where the line crossed the Nile. Another has quite recently been set to work across the Lake of Constance by Mr. Scott Russell, and represents, on a small scale, what is now proposed for the Channel.

The Channel steamers, proposed by the engineer at the head of the scheme, Mr. Fowler, are really very large vessels. They are nearly twice as long as the present packets, and are intended to draw nearly twice as much water. They will consequently be much steadier and swifter, besides affording ample accommodation and shelter for 1500 or 2000 passengers, and carrying both passenger and luggage trains. In tonnage, these vessels will be superior to any existing ships except the *Great Eastern;* their length being no less than 450 feet and their breadth a little less than 60 feet. They are to be very beautifully modelled and well adapted for the speed intended, viz.: 20 knots, or 23 miles, per hour—a speed which would enable the passage to be made in a little more than an hour. At present, the time occupied in crossing is usually little under two hours, although we have again and again been promised "eighty-minute passages;" and the saving in time would consequently be comparatively great, apart from the greater comfort of the larger vessels.

Perhaps a few details of the proposed arrangements of the ferry boats may render the contrast with the present steamers still greater. These boats are best described as floating railway stations consisting of two storeys or flats. In the lower storey the luggage train will be secured; in the upper storey the passenger train, of ten or twelve carriages, will be placed on rails, and between platforms very similar to those seen on land stations; these platforms being lined with offices and cabins of the usual character. To quote Mr. Fowler's words:—"Accommodation will be provided for passengers (who will generally alight from their carriages, as they would at any railway station where a stoppage is made for refreshment), and they will find well lighted, well warmed saloons, with means of reading, writing, &c., which will make the sea-voyage the most agreable part of the journey. Private cabins will also be provided . . . . and large rooms for the officials of the Custom Houses of the two countries, so that all luggage may be examined, and the weary delay from that cause at the end of the journey entirely avoided." The small boats now in use scarcely afford space—much less comfortable accommodation—for the numbers often embarked by them; and, in the excursion season, the scenes witnessed on board are describable only by the well-worn reference to "the middle passage." In winter the number of passengers is much reduced, doubtless, in a great measure, on account of the want of proper accommodation; and then the evil of smallness is less felt, although it leads to unsatisfactory behaviour in the ship herself. Had we larger, steadier, and better steamers, there would, probably, be more passengers in winter than there now are; for, as Captain Tyler remarks, "there would naturally be a very large augmentation if better arrangements were made for crossing the Channel." In his admirable report on the subject, from which these words are quoted, Captain Tyler brings out another point of great interest, showing how persons desirous of crossing choose their time so as to be less subject to the risk of heavy weather in the present small boats. In January, 1868, less than 13,000 persons crossed; in August no less than 46,000. This difference he assigns mainly to the fact that in August calm passages are frequent, whereas in January they are very rare. Surely, the steamers employed on such a service ought to be practically independent of the weather, and they will never be so until made much larger than the present boats, whether the trains be carried or not.

It is well known that the want of proper harbour accommodation on the French side of the Channel has been the chief cause of retaining these small steamers in use. Calais harbour seems filling up with sand, and it is not readily accessible to vessels drawing more than six or seven feet of water. Boulogne harbour is not much better; the steamers running to it from Folkestone not being of more than seven feet draught. On our side we have far better accommodation at Dover, where about £700,000 has been spent in improvements, and where ships drawing ten or twelve feet of water can always find access. It is natural that we should attach greater importance than our neighbours to this matter, for, as was forcibly said in a recent discussion of the question in Parliament, "From the

French point of view the passage across the Channel was simply the road to one of the out-of-the-way islands of Europe; to a foggy land, which Frenchmen told us, but few of their countrymen visited except from matters of duty or business . . . . From an English point of view the passage across the Channel was an entirely different matter. It was our sole road to France, to Europe, to Africa and the Mediterranean, and to our Indian dominions; and, therefore, it was of the first importance to us that the ports on both sides of the Channel should be rendered as convenient as possible."

While this is true, however, it is not to be supposed that our neighbours are altogether averse to expenditure on improvements in their harbours. They have already done something towards maintaining the ports of Calais and Boulogne at least in their present state of efficiency—which is by no means an easy task; and, quite recently, there have been strong indications of a desire, either to improve these harbours considerably, or to construct a new one midway between them. The latter scheme is that which finds favour with Mr. Fowler and his colleagues, who have selected Andreselles as the place best adapted for the purpose, on account of the facts that there the deepest water on the coast is to be found, while the harbour would be sheltered by Cape Grisnez, and would make the sea-passage from Dover the shortest possible. For their purpose, deep water harbours, capable of accommodating the ferry-boats at all tides, are indispensable on both sides; and this makes the consent and co-operation of the French Government essential. The necessary works at Dover the promoters of the ferry scheme undertake to perform at an estimated cost of about £700,000; they are also prepared to spend about £120,000 on each steamer built; what they want to ensure is the sanction of the Emperor and his advisers for the prosecution of the works on the French coast. Mr. Ward Hunt, M.P., who is the Chairman of the association of promoters, stated in his evidence before the Select Committee that, in an interview he had recently, the Emperor had expressed himself favourably towards the project, so that there are reasonable hopes of success. A statement made by Mr. Shaw Lefevre in the House of Commons a few weeks ago also tends to support this view, as it gave official authority to the reports previously received respecting the favourable preliminary examination of the scheme, and its further careful investigation. In concluding his remarks on that occasion the honourable gentleman said, "The House would, therefore, see that the French Government had taken up the subject . . . . There appeared to be no difficulty in the way as regards money, because

This cannot be attempted now; but from the brief sketch of its principal features which has been given, it will, we think, appear that the ferry scheme promises to prove successful if it can be carried out. Its cost would not be excessive, especially as compared with that of rival schemes; the time occupied in its accomplishment would be comparatively brief, and, without interfering with the navigation of the Channel, it would be practically bridged across. Nearly all our readers will, doubtless, wish that before long it may cease to be a project, and become a completed system of communication.

* * *

consideration have, in fact, been urged against the transit of the passenger carriages at least, most writers on the subject being agreed in the opinion that luggage trains should, if possible, be conveyed across, in order to avoid the necessity at present existing for unpacking on one side of the Channel what has to be re-packed on the other side—or in technical language, "breaking bulk" before the articles packed in the waggons have reached their destination. There is, however, one objection, the belief in which was formerly widespread, which, if true, would have rendered useless all attempts of the kind—we refer to the supposed differences in the gauges of French and English railways. Had such a difference existed, neither carriages nor waggons built for one gauge could have run upon the other, and it would consequently have been folly to devise means for transporting them. No difference does exist, however, and as a practical proof of this, the fact has been mentioned by Mr. Fowler, that engines constructed at the Creuzot Works, some time ago, for our railways, ran along the French lines to the port of embarkation.

Taking it for granted, therefore, that as soon as larger steamers can be employed, they will be adapted to carry luggage trains, the question still remains open whether or not the passenger trains shall be carried also. Many high authorities think, with Captain Tyler, that it will be scarcely worth while to do so, seeing that if ample cabin accommodation is provided, very few passengers would remain in the carriages even if they were put on board. The advocates of the opposite opinion fully admit this, and propose to provide all the accommodation required; but they contend that, in spite of this, it is advantageous to place passenger trains on board, because, by doing so, the general desire for *through* carriages will be met, and a great saving of time will be effected at both the ports of arrival and departure. Remark on the first reason assigned is needless; we can travel to Penzance or Inverness without change of carriage, and we naturally wish for the same facility when we cross the Channel. Passengers will alight, no doubt, when on board the boats, but they will do so, as Mr. Fowler remarks, just "as they would at any railway station where a stoppage is made for refreshment," and having once chosen their seats, will be able to retain them until Paris was reached. In fact, there are some gentlemen of standing who are sanguine enough to believe that, before many years have passed, this system of "through" carriages will have become so widely extended as to enable the traveller to proceed from London direct to any of the chief Continental cities; and if the ferry be established, no engineering difficulty will remain to prevent this consummation.

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A HELPER OF MEN.

HOW is it that we so rarely associate the idea of warmth with philanthropy? Does a life given up to *man* naturally unfit for close personal affection towards *men?* Savonarola, Howard, and Fry, command our admiration, but hardly win our love. They seemed raised to some lofty pinnacle of duty above our toiling, sorrowing aspirations, and we seem to have no more sympathy with them than if they belonged to the angelic world, and shared our experiences by observation only. By some strange paradox of nature, the very fact that their lives are devoted to the service of humanity, seems to render them, in some sense, non-human. When, however, we meet with a bright exception to this law, we welcome to our hearts a man whose inner life is passed in a region of ideal goodness, yet whose sympathies with this world of stumblings and falls, are as warm, and warmer, than those of the most imperfect amongst us.

Such a philanthropist was the late Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham. He was born on the 2nd of August, 1793, at the Manor House, near Elberton, in Gloucestershire. His family had been established in that neighbourhood, for many generations, as farmers and graziers, and were probably among the earliest converts of George Fox.

No one doubts the transmission of physical features from parent to child, and there seems no reason why mental and spiritual peculiarities may not descend in like manner. Joseph Sturge's Quaker ancestry seems to have had a decided influence on his character. In childhood there was perceptible in him a singular repugnance to the ordinary fighting instincts of a schoolboy, combined with a most characteristic hatred of all injustice and wrong. He was sent to a boarding-school at Sidcot, in Somersetshire, and here, though he refused altogether to fight, his very name became a tower of defence to the younger boys, and it was to Sturge that they gathered for help and redress, though they knew his victories were moral ones, and, therefore, not always very plain to schoolboy eyes. The key-note to this man's character could be struck very early in his life: oppression and cruelty, whether in high places or low, roused in him a passionate opposition, all the more powerful because his Quaker training had taught him to repress the vehement expression of feeling, to guard

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His first start in life was as a farmer, for which his active, and essentially human, temperament does not appear to have fitted him, so that when he accepted an offer made to him to enter into business as a cornfactor, he passed at once into a more congenial sphere.

No charge is more commonly brought against philanthropists than that they are never good business men; it seems to be taken for granted that those whose hearts are fixed above take little heed of things below. There is a certain amount of truth in this accusation, and it proves a source of abundant consolation to stony-hearted selfishness, and helps to stifle many a twinge of conscience; but it is not universally true, and Mr. Sturge's career affords a direct denial to the theory. His business talents were of a very high order, and there are many living who will remember the instinctive rapidity and unerring accuracy with which he made business calculations; and when he was enabled to devote the whole of his time to philanthropy, these gifts rendered him an invaluable colleague, and were in a great degree the causes of success.

He settled down steadily to business for eight years, removing from Bewdley, where he was first established, to Birmingham, and there is no doubt he might have become enormously rich had he chosen to give his whole mind to money-making. But not the least uncommon trait in his character was his positive dread of great wealth. Again and again would he dwell on the hardness of heart which so often accompanies the acquisition of riches, and when the time came that his brother Charles could almost take the sole superintendence of the business, leaving him free to attend to his labours of love, he never cast a regretful look behind him at the life of luxury and ease he might have enjoyed. It was a most fortunate circumstance, both for Joseph Sturge himself and for the world at large, that the brother, who was his partner in the Birmingham firm, was an ardent sympathizer in all his undertakings. Charles Sturge willingly took more and more of the office work into his hands, in order that Joseph, whom he so loved and venerated, might not be hampered by business cares, and never hesitated to sanction the application of their joint funds whenever an extensive scheme called for a large outlay. Many of the world's greatest workers have lacked home happiness. Some have thrown themselves more completely into public work because they utterly failed in securing private sympathy, and prophets are not generally most honoured in their father's houses. Here again Mr. Sturge's character proves an exception to the general law, for his nearest relatives were also his dearest, and his zeal never grew cold for lack of their steady helpful enthusiasm and untiring endeavours to smooth his path and cheer his spirit.

Few men have been so blessed as he was in his family relations. We have seen the nobly-appreciative and self-denying line taken by his brother Charles, and his sister Sophia, who lived with him for many years, was a most valuable and high-souled woman, always ready to share his sorrows and enhance his joys. His first wife, Miss Cropper, of Liverpool, died at the end of the first year of their married life, and it was not till after the death of his sister Sophia that he married again. Miss Dickenson, of Coalbrookdale, was his second wife, and in both the women of his choice he had the rare happiness of meeting true helpmates.

Probably few public men have deserved home blessings as he did, for no press of public engagements ever made him careless of domestic claims, and every member of his family acknowledged that though they had a great and natural pride in him as a philanthropist of world-wide fame, it was to him, as a brother, a husband, and a father, that they clung with tenderest love. All through his life he was much interested in politics, taking a decided part in the great questions of reform and free trade. He offered himself three times as member of Parliament, but was defeated on each occasion. There is little doubt that he was able to be of more use to the causes he had at heart out of Parliament than in it, and his want of success on these occasions never seems to have cost him a pang.

Although an ardent politician, we know Joseph Sturge best on the other ground. Wherever the cry of the wretched or the sighing of the prisoner was heard he came to the rescue with clear brain, with open hand, and with tender heart. No matter how Quixotic, how Utopian the cause might appear to other men, for him there was but one point of view, but one possibility. He never asked, *Can this be done?* but, *Ought this to be done?* And having once put his hand to the plough, he never looked back. He never measured the chances of success; to him principle was Alpha and Omega.

It has often been remarked that special men are born for special times, and never was there a more striking instance than the one before us.

Cruelty and oppression were rampant during Sturge's life, and every day he felt more strongly an irresistible impulse to devote himself to the aid of their victims. The anti-slavery question aroused his keenest sympathy, and it is no exaggeration of his services in this matter to say that though he was not one of the men whose names rise first on our lips when we speak of that great struggle—his labours were essential to the success of his party. He was never a showy worker, his speech was not eloquent, nor his pen that of a ready writer, but his energy was unweariable and the sincerity with which he embraced each cause he took up never failed to impress his hearers more lastingly than do some of the finest orations.

Sturge's great effort as an anti-slavery man was directed against the apprenticeship system. This was an arrangement entered into on the part of our Government, as a compromise with the West India planters, for the alleged purpose of making the abolition of slavery a gradual process. Like all compromises with things essentially evil, it was found to be a failure. Under the name of apprentices the unhappy slaves were delivered over, bound hand and foot, to their masters, and the idea of emancipation became a delusion and a mockery. Mr. Sturge, who had never put faith in this hollow truce, left no stone unturned for the establishment of a more solid freedom. After appealing to the public in every way, he felt convinced no testimony would prove as effective as that of an eye-witness. With him to be convinced that a thing was right, and to do it, were identical, and accordingly, accompanied by one friend, he left England for the West India Islands, in the month of November, 1836.

During the last thirty years society has become so imbued with the spirit of locomotion, and travelling has become a matter of such ease and even luxury, that the dangers and difficulties which formerly attended it have no existence for us, and a journey across the Atlantic seems hardly more important than a trip to Paris or Boulogne. But it was not so in the days when steamers and railroads were in their infancy; and no motive less strong than duty would have taken Mr. Sturge away from home and friends to a country which, though charming to the naturalist, offered no attraction to the ordinary traveller; abounding, on the contrary, in objects of repulsion. This journey was undertaken under most depressing circumstances. Public opinion, both in the West Indies and in England, was almost universally opposed to the small party Mr. Sturge represented. Even the original Anti-slavery Society, which
nbered amongst its ranks many true friends of liberty, believed
. Sturge to be too sanguine in his hopes of immediate emanci-
h h by asking too much he would risk all.
ion he found the most violent opposition
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sympathy at home, he was undaunted by hostility abroad, and made his way from island to island, finding in the tales of wickedness and woe, which he everywhere met and verified for himself, abundant justification for the doctrine he preached. Gaols, workhouses, plantations, were all visited, and, strange to say, he was everywhere received (though his errand was perfectly well-known) with respect.

To his remarkable firmness and clear insight he united such tenderness of soul, so much of the dove with so much of the serpent, that he nowhere gave offence, and succeeded in extracting the truth from sources which want of tact or want of gentleness would have sealed altogether.

In 1837 he returned to England, bringing with him all necessary facts. Then came the hardest task of all, the stirring up of that mighty but often inert force—public opinion. It was an unusually difficult matter to do at this moment; for the English people believed that the Act of 1834, by which they had voted twenty millions as compensation to the West India planters for the loss of their slaves, had effectually stamped out slavery, and accordingly they had allowed the matter to fade from their minds as a thing gone by. Now they were to be told that owing to the conditions they had foolishly allowed the planters to annex to the noble gift offered by Britain, slavery was still in full force, and unless the mother country would rouse herself, and compel her colonies to perform their share of the bargain, the Act of 1834 would be completely stultified.

There are few things so hard to do as to relight the fire of an extinct popular feeling, and nothing short of Sturge's intense, passionate perseverance would have availed him now. He immediately set about using the facts he had collected. He organised meetings, wrote letters, headed deputations, raised funds, commanded, entreated, exhorted; and at the end of a year's incessant agitation came the 1st of August, 1838, when the planters, being forced to do their duty, slavery in the West Indies was really abolished. Thus in the freedom of a despised and enslaved race did Joseph Sturge reap the reward he had sown in unflinching courage and unflagging zeal.

We do not for a moment forget what was due to his fellow-labourers, but how large a portion of this work was done by Mr. Sturge was brought out in Lord Brougham's characteristic comment on the abolition of the apprentice system—"Joseph Sturge won this game off his own bat."

It is very noteworthy that upon this occasion, when all his fellow-workers burst forth into very natural, if premature, exultation over their great victory, from Joseph Sturge, the foremost knight of the band, was heard a word of emphatic warning. Grateful for the success already achieved, but not triumphant, he earnestly begged his hearers to remember that "they were yet on the threshold of freedom." Failure never depressed this man, success never intoxicated him. There was in his nature a certain dignity and greatness of soul which prevented any accidental circumstance swaying him this way or that, and made him supremely indifferent to the breath of fame.

Even then he was looking with longing, eager, yet patient eyes, to the advent of universal freedom, and soon afterwards undertook another mission in its interests. This time he went out to the United States, hoping, vainly as it turned out, to convince the Southerners of the utter iniquity of their "domestic institution," and to rouse the Northerners to a sense of their sin as accomplices in the matter. Were he living now he would rejoice that the negro in America is no longer a chattel to be bought and sold, but he would to the utmost of his powers have deprecated the fratricidal war through which that freedom came.

In his boyhood he had adopted peace principles, and to these he adhered with fervour all his life. No cause lay nearer his heart than that of national peace, and he worked untiringly to advance the principle of non-intervention amongst nations. He took a prominent part in the great peace congresses held at Brussels, at Paris, at Frankfort, and at London, and to the last day of his life retained an unabated interest in this question.

Much ridicule has been poured upon him for the missions he undertook to the courts of Denmark and St. Petersburgh; but unless it be true that the intrinsic merits of actions are to be estimated by their success, such ridicule is unjust. Non-resistance views were dear as life to Mr. Sturge; and when in 1846 and 1854 the clouds of war were gathering thickly over Europe, he could not conscientiously have failed to lift up his voice in calm appeal to the Christianity all European nations profess in common. "Vain," "arrogant," "self-opinionated," were some of the epithets lavished on him by the press of the day. He was none of these; but when he saw what he conceived to be a duty clearly before him, he went straight on to its fulfilment, unmindful of cheers or hisses.

Everyone knows that Mr. Sturge's visit of remonstrance to the Emperor Nicholas on the Crimean war was unavailing, and everyone is conversant with the sad tale of the sufferings which befel our troops during the campaign of 1856. All may not be equally aware of the unmerited destruction inflicted by a portion of the British navy on the unoffending Finlanders.

These poor people, who lived on the shores of the Baltic, were Russian subjects with strong English prepossessions. The trade of the country consisted in the export of timber and pitch; and this, with a few fishing nets, and in the interior some heads of stunted cattle, was the sum total of their wealth. Poor enough this when compared with England's commerce and England's riches, but to the Finns it was everything—their own and their all. Some time before the Crimean war these simple traders had been greatly surprised and pleased by the gratuitous distribution amongst them by the English Bible Society of copies of the Scriptures translated into the Finnish dialect. Believing that England was indeed a great and generous nation, doing good and "hoping for nothing again," they raised her to the highest place in their esteem and love. As soon as the war broke out, the ports of Finland were strictly blockaded by our men of war. The inhabitants, however, having no contraband stores, and being filled with admiration for their invaders, sent in a flag of truce, trusting confidently to the honour of the land whence they had received a precious gift. How was their trust requited? By almost incredible treachery. For no offence, without pity or justice, some of the officers in charge let loose upon them the forces at their command. In one day ships, warehouses, private dwellings, were all set on fire; and as if to leave the work of ruin complete, for miles round all the fishermen's nets were seized, and the cattle belonging to the small farmers were carried off by conquerors as remorseless as they were contemptible.

But though for these lawless deeds the British Government offered no compensation, the tears of the oppressed did not fall in vain. Joseph Sturge, whose benevolent, if futile, scheme for the reconciliation of the two nations at war, had been so ridiculed by the powers of that day, was on the watch to take a noble and a Christian revenge.

He knew that many of the horrors of war are irremediable, but he refused to believe that the relief of this case was impossible. Without waiting to discuss the matter, he set off at once for Finland, accompanied once more by Mr. Harvey, the sharer of his West Indian expedition. He went over the forlorn and devastated country, heard from the lips of the people what their losses and sufferings had been, and saw at once with those clear-sighted, charitable eyes, how best to repair them. On his return to England he worked indefatigably to rouse the public mind as to the justice of his cause; and at length, in 1857, he raised a subscription of 9000*l.*, which he and his brother had headed by the large sum of 1000*l.* With this were bought corn for immediate use, seed for future harvests, fishing nets, clothing; all, in fact, that was most needed. A ship was chartered to take out the precious cargo,

> "And so to Finland's sorrow
> The sweet amend was made,
> As if the healing hand of Christ
> Upon her wounds was laid."

The enthusiasm called forth in the Finlanders by this noble deed was great. Their early prejudices in favour of England had given way under the wanton destruction inflicted by her servants, but it remained for Joseph Sturge to gain that hardest of victories, the winning back of a brother offended.

The mission to Finland was the last carried out by Mr. Sturge, though he contemplated undertaking one to India, for the purpose of inquiring into the sufferings caused by the Indian mutiny of 1857. This intention was, however, given up, and he devoted himself with ever-increasing energy to philanthropic schemes in his own land. It never could be urged against him that the claims of the heathen abroad came nearer to his heart than those of the heathen at home. All suffering, every kind of sorrow, appealed to him on equal ground, and never called in vain. He was the life and soul of Birmingham philanthropy as truly as he was that of the anti-slavery cause and the Peace Society. The reformatory for boys that he established at Stoke, the Sunday school he set on foot in Birmingham, and the public playground adjoining his own residence, which he presented to the children of his poorer townsfolk, speak with a voiceless eloquence of his care for those around him. And great as he was in any cause where he worked with others and influenced masses of men, his character becomes still more attractive when we see the tenderness with which he listened to the complaints that entered no ear save his own, and that he alone comforted and stilled. Many whom he thus benefited have followed him to their rest, but there are many yet on earth who can tell of the generous delicacy which gave without offending, and which only esteemed wealth for the power it conferred of helping others. No one knew better than Mr. Sturge "the worth and the worthlessness of money," and he never lost an opportunity of rating at its due value any pecuniary contribution he offered whilst others were taking the active part of the work in hand.

Three years had passed since the mission to Finland; years marked by failure of health, but not of spirit. May came round, bringing with it to the Quaker mind its own special associations of yearly meetings. Amongst those held by that body in spring was that of his favourite Peace Society, at which Mr. Sturge fully intended being present. He rose on the morning of the 14th of May, 1859, but soon afterwards a severe fit of coughing attacked him, then came a short interval of rest, an agony of pain, and death.

The few events in this life here touched upon—and many similar have been left untold—will fully justify to the reader the title of this paper. Most truly was Joseph Sturge a helper of men. He was a *preux chevalier*, like Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, though the foes he fought with were not men clad in armour, but want and misery and ignorance. His was one of those bright, genial souls which carry with them their own atmosphere, wherein, as in some blest climate, all weak things grow stronger, all crooked things grow straighter, all crushed things expand. No matter whether it was a downtrodden, despised race, a class of men deprived of privileges due to them as men, or a case of individual suffering, Joseph Sturge was ever ready to spend and be spent in the cause of freedom or of love. He was a man of no genius, not even one of commanding talent; but when he worked alone, the work he undertook was sure to be performed with perfect fidelity, and when he worked with others, his organising and persuasive powers made the whole complete.

Had we more philanthropists like Joseph Sturge, we should not have so sad a story to tell of national miseries, of national sins; and though such men arise but seldom to bless and help this weary world, let us at least pay them the tribute of grateful and loving recognition when heaven sends them in our way, and let us cherish their memory when it takes them home.

C. MILLER.

THE SEASON: 1870.

II.—PAINTING.

THE first Monday in May—a feast day in the calendar of the painting world. Then it is that the High Priests of Art throw their temple open, and the mysteries concerning the rejected and accepted are revealed. Crowds eagerly rush in, and make obeisance before the shrines indicated by familiar tokens or large letters in the catalogue. For the multitude is blind, even in its devotion to painting, and does homage to those it has been taught to reverence, undoubtingly. The High Priests, nevertheless, are not infallible, albeit invulnerable in their offices. They have their faults in common with the veriest neophytes. And it is by their faults that you shall know them more easily every succeeding year.

Their characteristics too frequently degenerate into mannerism—a tendency certainly objectionable; unless, indeed, the mannerism be of the highest order, and constitute a special school of art. With a slight experience of the different English styles, it is not difficult to imagine how any subject would be treated by many of the artists popular at the present day.

The names of Ansdell, Grant, Cooper, Lee, Leighton, and others, immediately suggest the composition and colouring of their respective pictures intended for the Royal Academy Exhibition. And the suggestions are not to be traced to any very praiseworthy attributes of the painters so much as to a pedantry of style which characterises their different works. This monotony of treatment, or, in other words, this peculiarity of handling every subject in a special manner, is not indicative of inspiration nor of genius, but rather of a habit acquired by laborious industry not always wisely directed. It would be an invidious task to point out the errors of those who have achieved success in spite of their shortcomings. One glaring fault of many figure painters, now in the zenith of their reputation, is the defective drawing of their backgrounds. It is but necessary to observe the numerous portraits in this year's exhibition to be convinced of this fact. In the greater number, the ground on which the figures are placed is up-hill; so steep in many instances as to render foothold practically impossible. The defect can only be accounted for by carelessness or ignorance of the laws of perspective. Indifference to correct drawing in any part of a design is reprehensible, and all the more so when excellence has been attained in the principal outlines. Negligence in this respect is a failing prevalent among some of our eminent painters, whose doings will probably occasion hereafter as much surprise as that which is excited by the efforts of Chinese or Egyptian draughtsmen.

That an inferior may be justly sacrificed for the attainment of a superior merit, is a principle of criticism which few will be inclined to dispute; but in the application of this principle it is assuredly incumbent upon us to shew that the greater merit could not possibly be effected but at the expense of the smaller. Correctness of drawing and the just relation of parts are necessary conditions of art; the absence of which, in the smallest details, implies want of skill or a proper appreciation of their importance.

The Academy Exhibition this season is one of promise if not of average excellence. Fashionable painters are well, if not too well, represented. Members of the Royal Family in some instances are compromised, in the matter of taste, by having their portraits exposed upon the walls—the portraits, as works of art, being positively degrading. Popular painters contribute many specimens which call forth the admiration of those who take delight in the faithful reproduction of common objects upon canvass. The historical pictures are few and not very meritorious; one glaring example, the most conspicuous of the class exhibited, affording but little consolation for the sad deficiency in number. It is to be regretted that the High-Church party does not encourage the pictorial art to the same extent as it does other means of making religious services impressive. The impetus that would be thus given to historical painting would be unquestionably beneficial. As it is, there is hardly any encouragement extended to this branch of art, and it languishes accordingly: a state of things which has already been ably discussed by an eloquent writer in these pages.

The most interesting contrast in the figure pictures of the year is that afforded by the specimens of Millais and Watts, which hang almost side by side in Gallery No. 3. Whatever objection may be made to the "Knight-Errant" by Millais, it must be conceded that the drawing and tone of the female figure are admirable. Of Watts's "Fata Morgana" it may be said that the outline of the flesh is too conspicuous. Indeed, Sir Martin Archer Shee's observations upon

Raphael's "Transfiguration" apply most appropriately to the case in point when he remarks that in the celebrated picture this imperfection is seen in a very striking degree; a line is plainly discoverable round most of the figures, and is particularly conspicuous in the boy and the female kneeling in the front of the group. Giulio Romano, who worked upon these two figures, is reported to have been, out of respect to his master, most scrupulously tenacious in preserving the outline—a desire evidently uppermost in Watts's mind when at work upon the principal figure in his "Fata Morgana."

That the Exhibition of the Academy this year is one of promise, is proved by the many capital works sent in by those who are not distinguished by any titles or large letters in the official catalogue. Among these, F. Walker, Moore, Brett, and others, luckily very numerous, are prominent; as well as two ladies, Louise Romer and Miss Starr, whose contributions evince artistic qualifications which must, in due time, make their fortunate possessors celebrated.

If, as a body, the Royal Academicians have not, perhaps, with some few exceptions, been so successful this season as heretofore, they are more energetic than ever in the cause of art.

The Schools of the Institution are in active operation during the Exhibition—an impossibility formerly in Trafalgar Square. Academicians and Associates give instruction gratuitously in the Antique, Life, and Painting Departments.

The officers of the Academy are but poorly paid for their services —the Keeper not receiving more than 250*l.* a year, while the President's fees do not exceed 300*l.* per annum. To promote the interests of the Fine Arts is a labour of love with all members of the institution, who, however much they may be censured by outsiders, pursue their course of self-imposed duty conscientiously and unflinchingly.

Apart from those enjoyments which the perfection of artistic culture brings with it, the great prizes within an artist's grasp are few. No painter in our time has probably received larger sums for his works than W. P. Frith, R.A. It has been his good fortune to see a picture he painted in his youth for 100*l.* sold at Christie's auction rooms at a premium of 1000*l.*

I have heard him relate the history of his most popular paintings, and the amounts that have been paid for them. He hesitated before adopting a style which, although not academically historical, has been made to serve the most important purposes of social history. In 1854 a commission was given by one Starkey for the picture known as "Ramsgate Sands." This was subsequently sold to a picture dealer—

Starkey having repudiated the commission—for 1000*l.*, for which price it was bought by Her Majesty, with the condition that it should be lent to the Art Union for three years, by which stipulation the dealer made his profit.

"The Derby Day," which was fifteen months in hand, then followed, and is alluded to with pride by Frith as being the first picture since Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo," round which it was necessary to place a rail to protect it from the crowds of spectators, during exhibition at the Royal Academy. This painting was ordered by Jacob Bell for the sum of 1500*l.*, a further sum of 1500*l.* was given by Gambart for the right of engraving and exhibition. It was sent to Australia by the enterprising publisher, and earnest inquiries as to its safety were made in the House of Commons, when on the death of Jacob Bell it had become the property of the nation. "The Derby Day" is now upon the walls of the Kensington Museum. About the amount paid for his next large painting to Frith many reports have been circulated. The facts, however, are as follows. For the picture, sketch, and copyright of "The Railway Station," 4500*l.* was given, and in addition 750*l.* for a replica, and 750*l.* for the right to exhibit—6000*l.* in all. The subscriptions to the engraving of this picture amounted to 30,000*l.*, and 800 persons daily paid to see it when it was on view for some time in the Haymarket, so that the speculator in the undertaking realised a very handsome sum by his first investment. The "Marriage of the Prince of Wales" followed, and for that a commission was given by Her Majesty, the terms agreed upon being 3000*l.* Two years were occupied in completing this picture. The architectural part was entrusted to assistants, who were employed by night while Frith filled in the canvass with portraits of his sitters by day. The costumes, worn on the occasion of the marriage, were lent to the artist by some of their noble owners under strange conditions. The Duchess of Brabant, now Queen of the Belgians, for instance, stipulated that her robes should not be placed in any room where smoking or beer drinking was permitted. Some dresses, on being asked for, had been taken to pieces the day after the ceremony, and Her Majesty had to interfere to get them remade and lent for the purpose of copying. Of all the sitters whose assistance was necessary to complete the picture in question, the Queen herself was the readiest and best, Her Majesty receiving the painter at Windsor on six or seven occasions.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were greatly interested in the progress of the work, and the Princess Mary took much pains in bringing the Princess when all the sittings were at an end, to enable Frith to improve the likeness of Her Royal Highness by retouching her portrait. It was necessary to protect this picture by a rail at the Academy, and also that of "Charles the Second's Last Sunday," which was subsequently painted for Gambart for the sum of 3000*l.* Notwithstanding the great demand for copies of the previous subjects, it was not considered worth while to engrave this picture; the experience of the publishers showing that historical pictures do not pay the expense of reproduction in black and white. A subject of domestic interest it appears is indispensable to ensure the popularity of an engraving.

According to the sums which have been paid for Frith's pictures, painting is apparently a most remunerative pursuit. But remuneration is unequally distributed in every profession. Millais, one of the most successful of modern painters, financially as well as deservedly, is said to have recognised an old fellow-student one day in the streets. His former friend was shabbily dressed, and evidently in needy circumstances. Mutual recognition having taken place, Millais inquired what his friend was doing. "Teaching and painting portraits," was the reply. "And you?" he continued, observing the contrast between Millais' appearance and his own, "*You* seem to be doing something that pays better than Art." The speaker had been leading the life of a recluse, and, after the fashion of many misanthropes, obstinately ignoring the progress of his contemporaries.

The high prices pictures by native painters can command, must console those protectionists who complain of the money made in this country by foreign tenors and sopranos. Not that I do so, or would encourage any of my readers to support principles that interfere in the slightest degree with free trade in art. On the contrary, I believe an Annual International Exhibition of paintings by living artists would be advantageous: an exhibition to which all the best men of every country should contribute, not sparingly as is now the case, but in such a manner as to represent the true state of art as it exists throughout Europe.

The small collection of French and Flemish pictures in Pall Mall, and the few specimens by Continental artists, sent in to the Royal Academy, hardly accomplish the purpose such a representative exhibition as that proposed would serve, although the admission of foreign pictures, within the veil of our art temple, has undoubtedly, to a certain extent, been useful. For who can deny the advantage to be derived by students from the contemplation of works by Gerome, Daubigny, and others of the French school? Without discussing their individual merits, they must be instructive from their very suggestiveness.

Artists by nature, or rather by the nature of their pursuits, are prone to contract habits of thought which cramp the mind. To counteract such a tendency by any legitimate means is always desirable. Moreover, it is not sufficient that study should be stubbornly restricted to the antique and doings of old masters.

Living painters can teach each other invaluable lessons by comparing their experiences, especially if they have practised in different schools.

Considering the difficulties, which rightly or wrongly, seem to be inseparable from the simple task of annually exhibiting any pictures in the Metropolis, such an undertaking as that suggested may be too onerous to establish. Any trouble it might involve would, nevertheless, be amply rewarded by its result.

The authorities of our Royal Academy appear to acknowledge the necessity of affording this means of study and comparison by having incepted, as it were, an International Exhibition. They possess every facility of developing such a very desirable object, which it is to be hoped will ere long be fully and successfully carried out under their auspices.

Pictorial art gives pleasure in proportion to its intellectuality and the appreciative faculty of the spectator. The Platonic doctrine concerning matter is applicable, for it may be said that art is not beautiful in itself only so far as it is the expression of mind. According as this intrinsic quality exists, and is recognised by the beholder, will the pleasure conveyed and experienced be permanent and refined. It is, so to speak, an occult light, not visible to every eye, which shines brilliantly and for ever where once apparent. To the vulgar, a collection of pictures is but an exhibition of fancy colours and subjects, more or less interesting as they are intelligible or otherwise.

The critic, whose duty it is to instruct the multitude, dissects the works displayed as with a knife, exposing their deficiencies, and often discovering merits the existence of which was never suspected by the artists themselves.

Useful as may be the clever disquisitions upon art which invariably follow the opening of every exhibition, it would be better were the duty of explaining the intention of pictures undertaken by those who paint them.

Short analytical notices, such as are given in the catalogues of national collections, would enable the most inexperienced visitor to understand and appreciate the new pictures at the Royal Academy.

Mere titles appear sadly insufficient, although it would certainly not be advisable to allow the contributors to call attention to their individual excellencies and wonderful attributes. A catalogue containing more information than does that which is now issued at Burlington House, might be the means of instructing the masses as well as of enhancing the interest of the exhibition. It would at any rate prevent many mistakes, and perhaps, to some extent, put an end to the jargon of pseudo connoisseurs.

WALTER MAYNARD.

THE CHRISTIAN VAGABOND.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEGGAR'S PARADISE.

"I HAD long intended to direct my course towards an ancient province of Europe—swept by a stormy sea, and bound by a rocky, treacherous coast, where 'the eminent dignity of the poor' was manifested in customs of charity remarkable as to their character as well as to their liberality."

The Christian Vagabond was now in the refectory of the Sisters; and they had ceased the rustling of their feet among the rushes that served for carpet, to listen to him.

"A country of stark and beggarly aspect, had I penetrated. Loose, dry, stony soil, with abrupt rocks jutting out here and there in the midst of the sparse crops. The trees stunted, and inclining all, with a shiver, from the east wind. Straight, dusty, poplar-fringed roads. The cottages, raw white, or crude blue, with apple-green, or downright red shutters. Heavy men, and heavier women, for ever shambling to, or from, market; dull-eyed lads with shins like goose-quills stuck into prodigious wooden shoes, with straw for padding, tending lean cows grazing along the grass borders by the roadside ditches. Nothing half so picturesque as a hedge. The poppy and the corn-flower rampant amid the crops; little fields and rude implements; but no mud huts almost sunk into the soil. An even, heavy, laborious life spread over the villages. Every man's hand to his cap when the curé passed, and general greeting to the stranger.

"I was led towards this ancient province, where the peasant owners harrow with a bundle of dead branches weighted with boulders; by the desire that had never ceased to burn within me since I left Felix fastening my castle gates behind me. The beggar, whose blood my father's arm had drawn, beckoned to me.

"In this province there was the good as well as the bad of the old time. Men smiled at the ox that drew the brambles over the peasant's narrow patch of ground. Such a plough was there as might have been worked in Bayeux tapestry. Proud eyes disdained the people's dress, which was as ancient and unchanged as the Bearnais cap. Yet I breathed freely, plentifully, lustily, as I strode over the stony flat, and raised clouds along the dusty roads, or sank deep in the muddy ruts. There was not the faintest murmur of a city. The few townships—Roman sites given up to little dealings in eggs and butter, and poultry, with a trinket and lean cattle fair once a year—were noiseless almost as the sheep walks and the abrupt granite hills where the wind whined through the firs. All the life was dreamy and even: and men knew the months only as the Saxons of old counted them. May was the month of the three milkings; January, the wolf month; June, the meadow month; September, the grist month; and October, the rich wine month—last, before the windy November and the wintry end of the year. The oaks were of stunted growth, but there were truffles under them, which was comforting to the cottages near which they grew. At intervals, amid the flinty wastes, came broad sweeps of fat and delicate pasturage; and when the air became bracing where the sea-wind reached the meadows, in the forks that were almost islands, flocks of famous breed were grazing—fattening not far out of the spray of the angry coast.

"But it was a poor country, I should make you remember; that is, poor to the outer world, in the opinions of money-making men. Yet it was the paradise of beggars. But, you know, it is not among the rich that they who have no garment against the frost and east wind, chiefly find a blanket and a mess of warm food. I had noted this for many years, in many climates, and among many races. I have seen the best of charity thrusting a morsel, with a rude thumb, into a ravenous gullet, under a hedge; the next-to-naked, mending the patches of the naked: the lame, lifting the palsied. At these times the blow my father struck at our gates, most smote upon my heart.

"I mused; in the paradise of the beggars: in that poor rock-begirt, stony province, where there is scarce a tree ample enough to give the shepherd shade, I shall, it may be, light upon the old man with a scar upon the cheek. I should know its jagged line again. I should cast my arms about the wearer, and have the luxury of doing penance for a father's thoughtless sin.

"My staff rang musically upon the granite road; I dallied with the stones; I made light of the heat—for surely here should I come upon him who had a weightier claim than I could bear to own, upon my services. In this strange land of poverty, where only alms were plentiful, moreover, might I not hope to meet with lessons to be transmitted to my brave Felix, my Goodman Felix? It was while my mind was basking in the sun of this dream, that music stole from a cluster of thatches guarded by grey poplars and pollards, far away in front of me.

"A drum gave a steady pulse to the strange harmony. The cadences brightened, and took absolute shape as I advanced; and frequent gun-shots crackled, while the deep tones of men, and the shrill voices of women and children, grew out of the confusion of festive sound.

"The instruments were as old as the tools in the field, and as the garments upon the backs of the guests. An orchard of knotted apple-trees and matted grass: a rough-hewn stand for the musicians: a tent of home-make in a corner among the nettles—and by the hedges long tables and benches. Against the hedges, sticks and crutches, and ragged hats, and tattered baskets and wallets were planted, piled, and hung, in astonishing array. A host of curs, of every outrageous shape and expression, were whelping, and jumping in the bustle. The people, who were in holiday dress, were busy with stoups of cyder—pyramids of platters, and crates of bread and cakes—serving the guests.

"As I stood; discovered, in the gateway (upon the top-bar of the gate a prodigious nosegay of peasant-garden flowers had been tied)—a young man and a young woman, followed by three or four elderly people, advanced smiling and bowing to meet me. It was long ago, when none of you were in the world, my Sisters, that all this befel me; and yet the young woman and the young man greeted me with—'Venerable stranger, you are right welcome.' It was the third day after the marriage of my host and hostess; who led me, each taking a hand, and without a question, into the orchard. They bade me eat; they gave me the seat of honour; they drank from the cup which I had raised to my lips; I was eased of the wallet at my back; my staff was laid upon the buttercups behind my chair, which had propped up the age of generation upon generation of their kindred. I could see, in those days, as with a hawk's eye.

"What company was I in?

"The bridegroom stood dutifully behind me, and would take no refusal when I said 'enough.' I questioned him as to the marvellous congregation of human waifs and strays, propped in the places of honour, and waited upon by their betters—among whom I appeared to be unwittingly presiding as waif-in-chief, or supreme outcast.

"'It is the third day of our wedded life. Our own feasting is at

[redacted]

an end; and we now make the poor, the dear poor, our guests. They have come to us from many, many leagues round, and by many strange contrivances. I have carried over twenty to table in my arms. One or two were tough jobs. I nearly fell with the round old man you see laughing at the end of the south table.'

"He was a plump beggar in truth, of merry eye and moist lip.

"'He sings well,' the bridegroom continued, 'and we are always pleased to hear his voice at our gates. He knows everything of the outer world, and is a faithful messenger to our villages. ~~He has~~ a score of songs to his back, that we sang when we were children. It is he who will open the dance with the bride; for, fat as he is, he will stand up for an instant when it begins, with supporters at his elbows.'

"While the bridegroom talked, my eye travelled anxiously along the lines of the beggar-guests; and I asked if there were not some very old men of the party: 'an old, old man,' I said, 'with a scar across the cheek-bone—a little man; bow-legged.'

"The bridegroom smiled, and answered, 'Why, venerable guest, your description fits a hundred of the dear poor of our villages.' 'My man,' I explained, 'must be almost a century old.'

"'The dear poor live very long; we don't let them starve in our villages,' was the bridegroom's proud retort. 'We have guests here to-day who feasted at my father's baptism, and who prayed to God when my grandfather died. Then again, for your dear poor man: why most of them, come to that age, have scars.'

"Seeing a cloud pass over my face as I thought how little hope was left after so many years, I should see again the man whose blood sprinkled my feet when I was a boy;—the bridegroom, whose bride had stolen to his side to draw him back to his hospitable duties, added—

"'You see how much white hair lights our little festivity.'

"'The beautiful white hair!' the bride sang between her teeth.

"'You see none like him you are seeking, under all this silver?' the bridegroom asked.

"'Many are like, but he is not here,' was my sad reply; 'but you shall not remember me as having thrown a shadow upon your holy festival, which your transmitted simplicity has preserved from far before the day of Charlemagne—from the time of Christ.'

"'They pray for us, and for our fathers, and for our children; they are the bearers of our neighbourly messages; they carry our offerings to church; they sing to us when we are weary in the fields. They seal our bargains with a prayer. Between us and the good God above us, have not our fathers taught us that the dear poor are our safest mediators?"

"'Come,' said the bride gently, taking her husband by the hand, and leading him to where there was meat to be distributed, and where there were hungry eyes upon it.

"While I lay that night in the barn, gazing at the chinks and gapings in the roof through which more than one star had room to twinkle upon me and other sleepers near me; I thought over the strange day I had passed. The guests of the bride and bridegroom, full of their feasting, were sleeping heavily in every nook and corner—no pleasant crew for bed-fellows that night. But there is use in all company of our fellow-men, if we will but seek for it.

"'Was all this feasting of idle creatures good for them?' I asked myself as I lay amid the crew snoring after rivers of cyder. They sell their benedictions for alms at every peasant's gate in the province; and they are prodigal of curses upon him who keeps his purse-strings tight. Nought do they do from the cradle to the grave, except lard themselves with the honest labour of their frank and free-handed entertainers. Hence, this ragged, soft-handed battalion will creep and hobble to lay the bounty of another village under contribution. For a groat, they will bless or pray, or carry an offering. They lay taxes on the font in the church; and speculate on the tears of the widow, the parent, the orphan. To this the table of the poor has come after ages! I have about me the lineal descendants of those whom Charlemagne called his masters. I heard their muttered oaths before they went to sleep: I saw their hastening gluttony while the sun was setting, fearful of every morsel that might be gathered back into the baskets. And the simple, truthful peasants giving out their substance—never doubting of their duty, and content that God was looking down with a smile upon them, and blessing the marriage-bed.

"I could recognise many of the rascals I had seen lounging in the outskirts of a neighbouring fair—and some at fairs many leagues off. They were waiting for God's farthing—after the bargains in the market-place. Of the givers of the farthing there could be no doubt: for they had been taught to grace every act of their lives with charity. Morning, noon, and night they were mindful of the poor. But what could I think of the hardened faces, and the supplicating looks as fixed as though they were cast in metal? What could I understand of hereditary birds of prey upon the bounty of the valiant tillers of the soil, who had sown the corn, and reaped the crop, and ground the grain that had been lavishly given to-day? Could I see, my Sisters, that it was just and holy, to fill these tumbled heaps of sots in rags, who were tossing and grunting around me in the barn; and to leave them to rid themselves of the fumes of their debauch, under the roof of charity—in order to prepare them for to-morrow's descent upon another scene of daily work? They can work: when the belly speaks vociferously to them, and there is no peasant's gate to knock at—no prayer to sell, nor God's farthing to filch. They do work, from hand to mouth, but with an eye fixed on every chance of escape to idleness through beggary. The scene on that afternoon in the orchard was a happy one: with the families and friends of bride and bridegroom cooking and uncorking for the poor—their 'dear poor.' But the guests, in the main, were very rascals, as I found: and as I knew afterwards when I met them one by one, on my road to the granite-bound sea-coast.

"While I was ruminating in my corner, and watching the fleecy clouds pass over the chinks in the roof, I heard a sleeper stir near me. He crawled towards me, and whispered, 'You don't sleep, master.' I was not inclined to conversation however, and answered testily—'But I am trying—pray be silent.' With a grunt, the man crept back, and settled himself in his rags, much as a dog twists himself in his straw.

"I could not sleep, for thinking over the day, and my companions, and the peasants who had been feasting the beggars in good faith. What account of it should I send my Goodman Felix? It has been thus between the farmers and the beggars in this iron-bound corner of the continent for very many centuries: and the beggars have not been benefited. The brats who were crawling in the hedges, robbing bird's nests, or picking hazel nuts, while their parents were eating of the substance of the new-formed home of which patient industry was the corner-stone; were the great-great grandchildren of beggars—and would be the fathers of beggars who would prey upon the children of this bride and bridegroom, whose guest I was! In Clotilda we had poor—very poor people: rudest tillers of the soil: eaters of black bread, and beans, and sorrel; but we had no mendicant race, eager to run away from work, and spread their palms for the fruit of other men's hands. What should I say of this curious day to Felix?

"I tossed upon my sweet, straw-bed, and could not rest. The sky paled over head; and the grey, ghostly light, to which the human eye is unaccustomed, crept gradually over the barn—breaking at every minute upon new groups of sleepers whom I had not before noticed. I saw that the eyes of the man who had sidled to me, and whom I had repulsed, were fixed upon my face; and that he had a communication to make to me. From that man I was to learn something in relation to my mission. A mysterious chain of circumstances winding over many outlandish places and through tumultuous years, had, at length, drawn us face to face. He was not to be put aside by the impatient waving of a hand. He had crawled back into his rags, only to wait. When he saw that my attention was drawn to him, he bowed, got silently to his feet, and came and sat near me. We, alone, were awake in the barn.

"'You asked our host yesterday,' he said, with an insolent familiarity, as taking me to be one of his fraternity, but of the higher grade of it—'you asked about an old man: a beggar who had travelled in many lands: and had a scar upon his cheek.'

"'I did,' was my anxious answer—'can you give me any news of him?'

'Can I?' This with a low, savage laugh, or chuckle, in the throat. 'Can I give any news of him? Can Red Reuben give any news of Michael the Professor?'

"'But your fraternity are not seldom scarred,' I said severely, holding the man at a distance, for I liked him little. He crept close however, wholly regardless of my repugnance.

"'Yes—scarred, because cuffed and kicked. A beggar's flesh is carving ground for the rich man's rapier—a cushion for his staff. He may lay on, just to keep his arm in—at his will—or he might. You understand me.'

"'Not altogether,' I answered. 'I fully grant that we—that is that the rich, have often been brutal to the poor.'

"'Always,' growled Red Reuben, tightening the knots in the thong of his whip, 'always!'

"'Nay: not always,' was my firm answer, spoken resolutely, if gently.

"Red Reuben scanned me in the grey light that was now rippling apace into the barn—as though he were measuring my strength against his own.

"'I say always,' he hissed into my ear.

"'And I repeat, not always.'

"He gripped my arm, and I threw him off with an ease that perplexed and angered him, as he rolled over the bundles of straw near us, and almost fell upon a group of sleepers. But he returned stealthily and proceeded, under his breath—

"'Nearly always—will that do?'

"I made no reply: but waited to hear more from him.

"'Scarred they are. Look here!' and he pointed to the marks of nails in his throat: 'and here!' and he bared some sword cuts upon his brawny arm. He ducked his head, and seized my hand, and raised it to a bump across his skull. 'A rich man's gift,' he said. 'We have never wanted for these.'

"'But there are many who are infinitely charitable,' I expostulated. 'Only yesterday you were feasting; and at this moment you are a welcome guest.'

"'True: but not of the rich. They would see our bones bleaching under their cedars, if they had their way. But Michael had his revenge.'

"'Who, and what is Michael: and why do you surmise that he is the man I am seeking?'

"'You are no reader of men—no student of faces—no traveller over that devil's mask, your poets call the human face divine. I knew I was right when I heard you talking to the bridegroom in the orchard. I felt I had to do with you, when you stood by the gate and cast your eyes for the first time along the tables. Cann't you understand me? or, I see, you will not. But you shall.'

"I stood—not choosing to be for a moment at the disadvantage in height with Red Reuben, who looked a most comely, shapely, lithe and adroit rascal, as he threw his fiery glances upon me.

"'Come out of this,' I said to him, 'We shall wake these——'

"'Tatterdemalions, eh?' Reuben said with a leer.

"'These poor men, each of whom I suppose has to carve out his to-morrow from the base.'

"'They are sound sleepers: and the morning is cold: and I am windily clad. Behind the corn we shall be alone.'

"We passed behind the mounds of unbeaten corn waiting for the flail.

"Red Reuben prepared a pipe, and as he rammed the tobacco in with his thumb, he emphasised his words.

"'I knew we had business together. I tell you the man with the scar, whom you have been following up; was Michael, the Professor."

"Now, I should observe to you, my Sisters, who have dwelt away from the beaten paths of the world; that Michael the Professor was a renowned man in his day. He was one of those influences—unseen by the governors of men—that shape national thought and prepare convulsions in states. Michael was a man of brains: of strong, but misdirected sympathies. He admitted a hatred to burn in his heart: and he fed it, till it moved him with the strength of a perpetual fire—and he went forth travelling day and night with messages of vengeance. He spread through broad provinces, in the jargon of his class—in song and satire and *argot*—the new philosophy of his time. He stirred the hedger and the cowherd. His constituents were the charcoal burners in the forests, and the shrimpers of desolate shores. He dropped the sparks in a thousand places, and presently, at the centre of his prodigious circle, self-sufficient great men wondered there was a general conflagration, that melted coronets and crowns, and burst open the coffers of kings, and emptied St. Denis into a lime pit! Did I know Michael the Professor? Aye indeed I did: I had marked the signs of his passing, in the fiery, passionate hearts of a hundred villages. Was he the man whose scar I had hoped to kiss?

"'And I say, the men of your fraternity are, mostly scarred.'

"Whereupon Red Reuben drew, with a mighty breath, at his pipe and covered us in a cloud of smoke—answering—'You will not believe. I can reach into men's hearts as easily as I can dip into a neighbour's hen-roost. Shall I tell you how it came about, with Michael—once the gentlest of men—afterwards the firebrand?'

"I bowed my head and listened: in all humility, my Sisters, I speak this. You will see how far the sting of a blow may penetrate. Red Reuben's fiery breath played upon me while he spoke—

"'Tell me: is he not the man? I say to you, at the outset, he was a loving, peaceful fellow. Where we beggars massed for a feast, he had the place of honour, for he was the soul of song. We have not lost this tradition of the roadside yet. You put your deft rascals in the van. Michael was first when he appeared. Sweeter man there never was among the 'dear poor'—as we are called, by those who are good to us. He envied no neighbour: capped to his betters with the grace native to the traveller who has the true ring in him. And so adjusted—a creature entirely harmonious—he left us. I speak by hearsay: for, mark this, I was sprawling upon a heather bed and playing in the tadpole brooks, then.

"'He was at the top of the hill—the very top: but bound for a long journey down to the black hole at the bottom. His voice was mellow: there was not a flaw in his laugh.'

"Red Reuben stopped here, and plugged his pipe anew. His fingers shook over the bowl; and he wasted the tobacco upon the granary floor with a curse at his own awkwardness. I remained silent, and downcast, as before a master.

"'He came back to us—I was older then—a wreck: and with a scar slanting from the right eye to the right ear. Am I right?' The iron hand of Red Reuben numbed my arm, he held me so tightly; and his eyes were two fires under mine.

"'Am I right? Is this the man you want? And who are you, that want him?'

"'Where is he: let me see him?' I begged. 'He has been deeply——'

"'Spare yourself many words,' Red Reuben interrupted, deepening his voice. 'He is dead!'

"I fell upon my knees, and begged heaven to hear me while I prayed for him. Red Reuben would not have it: but scoffed, and threatened to call the beggars to see the hypocrite, and to wreak their vengeance upon me, for the blow that crushed all the good out of Michael the Professor.

"'Dead! But he had his vengeance. The hand that smote him where he stood, white-haired, and still with a song upon his lip, at the great baron's castle gate; fell soon after. And soon after that the coward's order bit the dust from north to south, and from east to west. The beggar's blood cried from the earth under every gipsy's tent, in every hamlet, in every gaol, whither the Strong had basely thrust the Weak. Michael never sang more: but he thundered in anger, and from the valleys the shock wrung the foundations of the keeps and castles; and rattled in the plate chests; and made the brilliants flash their last, over the harlotry you had put to sneer over our virtuous mothers. *You*—I say: for you are no gipsy—no true beggar—no born man of the road.'

"'And he is dead?' was my question, through the wrathful chatter of Red Reuben.

"'Dead. The yew, which grows slowly as forgiveness in our race, is nearly spread over his bed. Dead! The butcher is asking news of the flock!'

"'The blow was not dealt by me,' I said hereupon, taking an erect posture. 'So hold your passion. It has stung me as it stung Michael. I have travelled far, to heal the wound.'

"'You are late,' Red Reuben said, with a cruel chuckle. 'It is healed. The cold steel of the people's headsman has closed it long ago: and, I tell you, Michael has been cold for many a year. Go home. But, perhaps, at home, you would have to work. The fools who work!'

"'And the knaves who don't,' was my rejoinder. I met Red Reuben's eye while I spoke; and he quailed. He turned back the leaf of his passion, and wrought himself up for a final thrust at me.

"'And now you have Michael's story:—yours!' He dashed his pipe to the straw, and interlaced his bony hands, and set his teeth before me, while his raven hair hung in thongs over his brow.

"'I have been on a pilgrimage to amend a grievous wrong. I have been teaching myself, by slow degrees, the art of helping my fellow men. This day I learn that the wrong is past amendment, so far as the sufferer is concerned. He who struck the blow, he who received it, are dust alike. I am humiliated to the earth, while you tell me all the woe and crime that one hand helped to bring upon the earth.'

"'The coward who gave it is dead. His compeers are scattered, and bite the dust, and beg crusts in exile. We have had a fair harvest of vengeance. Our sheaves are heavy, but we are still gleaning: do you hear?'

"'And who are you, that speak for all? There were soft-voiced men in the orchard yesterday: and smiling faces, and kindly natures.'

"'Who were ignorant of the quality of the stranger,' said Red Reuben.

"'As I am ignorant of yours: of your relation to all these sleepers—or, to Michael.'

"'Would you know?' said the savage man, twisting his fingers as though he would tear them from their sockets. 'You are curious—are you? My relation with the beggar who wore the scar from right eye to right ear? Well, I think I have a trifling right to speak for him: and I intend to do it at any rate. I have my mission too—but not quite so high sounding a one as yours. I shall mix my beggar's blood with a little blue before I've done—mark me. I propose to feed my ferrets out of a coronet. Do you understand now, who I am?'

"'I will make no guesses: speak!' I said.

"The fire of passion lit a demon in the face of Red Reuben, and the blood pressed through the brown of his skin, as he smote me with his answer.

"'Reuben, they call Red, is the son of Michael, the scarred man whom they called the Professor. And now, be quick—who are you?'

"I dropped my head, while I answered slowly—'The sorrowing son of the baron who, at his own gates, struck——'

"At this word I fell to the earth, stunned by a blow.

"It was with a harvest-rake at hand, Red Reuben took his vengeance.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BEGGARS.

"The bride was sitting knitting at my bedside, when the world opened again upon me. She divined my thoughts and said:—

"'Red Reuben is gone and will never be seen more in our villages. The man who struck our guest within our gates shall never pass them again: this my husband and all the men round about, say. Lie still, and you will soon be well.'

"Red Reuben fled leaving me, it appeared to him, lying with my death-blow in the granary. He gave a few hurried words of explanation to the awakened sleepers—and dashed away. That part of the country should see him no more. The beggars who remained behind cursed Reuben for a poltroon who had struck an aged man. You must remember, my Sisters, I told you I looked an old man half a century ago.'

"'They are good people mostly,' the bride said to me, when she beguiled the slow hours of my convalescence, with her simple talk. 'They are much abused; but there is no harm in them. They have tried to take them from us; but we wouldn't have it. They are not fit for a settled life. All kinds of plans have been tried with them, and they have all failed. You know, we cannot tame the cuckoo. The mayors came to us, and told us to divide the beggars among us: and we did. But they were very bad workers, very troublesome people; and, they know no better you see—so fond of stealing. I remember at my father's farm at home, they were the most useless creatures on earth. We got rid of them by degrees; and they were as glad to go as we were to part with them. The old and the very young were, at this time, I should tell you, taken care of by the mayors: we had only the hearty and strong men and women on the farms. No, no: it wasn't to be. The man of the roadside will never take to the plough. Somehow he will get back from the bedroom with curtains as white as snow, to the stifling tent, and the rags which their parents have left them—as we have farm-stock from father to son. Those who do work now and then, delight in every opportunity of escape from it; and will leave the best job to go to a marriage-feast for the poor ten leagues off. They are like the birds of the air, the wild things of the woods.'

"'No care for the morrow,' I suggested: 'no labour of lusty yesterday put away against rainy to-morrow.'

"'The bride,' my hostess said, dallying with her wimple to hide her soft confusion, 'the bride among them, has not even knitted herself a pair of stockings, very often. When there are children they nurse them till they can run; and then they go wild, just as wild as the rabbits that plague us so much. They haunt the roadside to beg, when travellers pass: they rob the orchards; and they know every door where there is hope of a crust or a drink of milk. They leave their life to the grace of God: and they are our dear poor. Even those who work on our farms, join the ranks of the beggars directly they get old or sick.'

"'And you see the system, and encourage it?' I asked the peasant woman. She stared at me.

"'Encourage it: no. But Our Saviour taught us charity, and, in our humble way we practise it: and we choose to do so without the directions or interference of the mayor or the prefect—or whatever you may call the law. We love our poor, though they do cheat us very often.'

"I was struck by the goodness of the woman's heart, shown in this reasoning.

"'They are so ignorant,' she pleaded. 'Have I not told you that they never think of to-morrow? They will beg the money for the marriage feast; while I and my husband worked many lagging years for ours. You blame them, venerable master: but we are taught to pity them—for they are so ignorant. The vices they have, they inherited from their parents—as certainly as I inherited the old oak bedstead upon which you are lying.'

"'Are you sure,' I said, 'that it is not you who perpetuate these vices, and are accountable for this shocking sloth and ignorance?'

"My hostess rounded her great brown eyes; and, I am convinced, wondered whether I had quite recovered my senses.

"'Quite sure,' she answered me severely. And soon afterwards she left the room. Later, her husband told me that I had mortified his wife; and begged me very earnestly not to open the subject to her again.'

"'Remember,' he said, 'we live quite out of the world where there are such very learned reasons for everything. You prove one another wrong fifty times in a year. We were to have our ancient ways of comforting the poor amended when I was a boy. They tried: and how they failed! We are clumsy, to your idea, who have travelled in many lands—but our poor do not die at our gates. When the hail clatters at our windows on wintry nights, we know that every being in the village is under shelter. There are mendicants, whose ancestors have begged their bread since the time when the castle that now frowns upon us, with the empty sockets in its walls, was paramount over us and our wives and children. But we have seen no means yet of making farmers—nor steady, saving farm-valets of the urchins who are let loose over the villages directly they can run. God has told us to be mindful of the poor: they are poor: we are mindful of them—and I think, speaking for myself and my neighbours, right heartily!' There was pride in the manner of the bridegroom; who was still at the sweet work of adapting his rustic homestead exactly to the whims and tastes of its new mistress.

"The garden gate hung upon osier hinges fantastically twisted; and the bride had noticed that the housewife at the next farm had mounted wrought-iron ones. Therefore should she have brass, if it could be got: and the bridegroom had promised to try his utmost next market-day.

"'Yes, somebody will get God's farthings* over this,' said he.

"While he spoke two dark eyes twinkled, and a hand was held out.

"'And you and yours will walk in happiness through the new gate,' an old woman mumbled. 'God's farthing will not be for poor me. I cannot trudge so far as the market now. Be pitiful.'

"'Pass in,' was the bridegroom's gentle answer.

"'God's blessing upon the house that knows the poor,' the old woman said as she shuffled to the well-known window where the bride was busy with her cakes: and there she had a welcome—the first smoking cake and a mug of milk.

"'What useless, foolish lives,' I mused, as I contemplated the ancient beggar-woman.

"'That you may say,' was the bridegroom's response. 'It is a round from gate to gate, and from kitchen to kitchen. Even for the grave-clothes, the round is made, as it was paced for her swaddling linen. But who can help it? You learned people, I tell you, have tried, and have only made matters worse. This gate has swung upon osier bands under the hand of generations of my people: and now must I have a wrought metal thing of art, whereon the expertest handicraftsman of the market town has spent his utmost cunning: and yet I doubt whether the gate will swing with the old ease, in the old simple manner.'

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* A countryman will never sell a cow, a pair of oxen, a horse, &c., without stipulating for the *denier à Dieu*. The buyer undertakes to give alms to the first beggar he meets; and if he were to fail, he would fear misfortune. This explains the crowds of beggars along the roads at markets and fairs. "De la Mendicité en Bretagne," by Peyron, President of the Mutual Benefit Society of Quimperle.

" 'At best these ragged tramps are your carry-tales, and testy enough in this capacity. They are waste humanity.'

" 'I tell you, venerable master,' said the bridegroom, still playing affectionately with the osier-hinges, 'we have tried many things—with the mayor, and the advocate, the doctor, and other busy-bodies to help us. The poor were all to be landowners and millers in a trice: and every man was to bake bread from his own windmill. The church was to be packed with marble monuments—for every parishioner was to be provided with one out of his own purse. The priest was to be eloquent over every bier, and to proclaim another victory, each day, over the publican. Ask the dame who is coming this way, after her breakfast—what the end was of the talk of the mayor, the advocate, the doctor, and the priest.'

"The bridegroom asked her for me—speaking to her as an affectionate friend, and not from a height.

" 'Dear, dear me: it isn't the rich who understand the poor,' the crone answered—'How should they? They meant well: but they didn't understand us. They must take it out of the children first. You must cage your birds young. Doesn't every brat know that much?'

"The bridegroom closed the gate gently upon his beggar-friend, and we went in.

"My wound healed quickly: but you, see, my Sisters, the scar is here upon my right temple. I journeyed away, without adventure, through, and out of, the chosen land of the beggars.

"I never saw Red Reuben again: even to tell him how, from the bottom of my heart, I forgave him. The tables of his life are clean, if they record no darker act than that which laid me bleeding, in the granary."

(To be continued.)

SIMON THE PIPING CROW.

[An inscription for a case containing a Piping Crow that used to whistle "The Girl I left behind me."]

THIS is Simon the Piping Crow:
These are his feathers, this is his toe,
This is his beak so sharp and strong;
But where, alas! ah where is his song?
A strange, mysterious bird was he,—
The songs he sang in his native tree
He never sang in slavery;
But he solaced himself with a captive strain,
"The sweeter for a taste of pain."
It told of a girl he left behind,
Rocked by the rude Australian wind,
He learnt it of a bold Jack tar,
Who had also left his girl afar,—
A man in his way a bit of a trim beau,
Who used to stand with his arms a-kimbo,
And looking up at the young May moon,
Whistle his love in that plaintive tune;
And Simon caught, not merely the lay,
But Jack's identical nautical way,
And kimboed his wings, and lifted his beak
As if he was shouting his strange *musique*
To a messmate, mast-headed above,
Purely for liking and for love.

This is Simon the Piping Crow:
He died—as possibly you know,
Or he wouldn't be sitting mumchance so—
He died; but we didn't "lay him low,"
As the common phrases of epitaphs go;
But had him stuffed with wool and tow,
And made him a kind of a sort of a show
To make you cry—"I never!"—"Oh!"
Why he died we never could tell;
never complained of feeling unwell.

One doleful day we took to his house
A dish he was partial to—a mouse—
And at it he went with his mighty beak;
And then we heard a terrible shriek,
Such as we never heard before,
And it thrilled our hearts to the very core,
And before we could speak he was on the floor,
And we plainly saw that all was o'er.
Never did Simon whistle more.

Down he fell; to the mind recalling
At Pompey's foot proud Cæsar falling;
For dying he held his lordly will,
And mantled his wings about his bill:*
In death Australian Simon still.

And since Australian Simon died,
A bold Jack tar I never have spied
With arms a-kimbo and legs astride,
And his head upraised and a little aside,
And never I hear the warlike fife
Pipe farewell to maid or wife,
But my heart will with the music go,
In memory of Simon the Piping Crow.

G. J. De Wilde.

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* . . . . Then burst his mighty heart,
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

Julius Cæsar.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

A RECORD OF NOBLE DEEDS.

THERE can be no dispute upon the distinction which belongs to life-saving acts of courage or gallantry. Can there be any question upon his claim to honourable mention who virtually saves a fellow creature's life, by converting a frame bereft of its life-supporting organs into an useful working body? Hear the story, and judge for yourself whether we are right in putting this extraordinary case of human aid in nature's need upon our roll of meritorious deeds:—A young Scotchwoman, twenty-three years old, shortly after the birth of her first child, in March last year, began to suffer from mortification of her extremities. At first the gangrene affected her ears and nose, but, by-and-by, it appeared in her hands and feet, and so badly, that these members, and the parts of the limbs contiguous to them, had to be amputated. Both arms were severed near the elbow, both legs near the knee. The poor young creature was reduced to a helpless trunk, without one power of motion. It may be remembered that a talented member of our House of Commons suffers from a like absence of organs of locomotion and prehension; but his case is, we believe, one of congenital malformity, and, as is usual with compensatory nature in such instances, the remaining organs have adapted themselves to the defective condition, and the deformity has never been felt. The young woman's case was different; she had lost what she had enjoyed as parts of her very self; and she must have sank into a state of abject dependence, but for the skilful and extraordinary efforts made by a London orthopraxist, Mr. Heather Bigg, to supply the members of which she had been bereft. To restore the feet in form, to give the false pediments the adjustment necessary to preserve the body's equilibrium during motion, to form artificial hands with fingers that could be made to move by muscular action on the part of the remaining portion of the arm to which each manual was attached—these were the problems for the artificer to solve. The difficulties appeared insuperable, but persevering ingenuity overcame them all. The stumps were enclosed in steel cylinders, and, for the lower members, artificial knee-joints were contrived, ball and socket movements adapted to the false ankles, and catgut tendons made to actuate the inanimate feet. The whole mechanisms were concealed in a pair of well-shaped limbs, which were externally composed of flesh-coloured enamel. But the worst task was with the hands, to restore the flexible wrists and the nimble fingers. This was effected by an adaptation of indiarubber springs which connected the composition fingers and thumb of each hand into a sympathetic system, moved by the aid of a lever, which was worked by a slight bending motion of the elbow-joint which remained, through the medium of an artificial catgut muscle. The multitudinous niceties, and intricate contrivances, that were necessary before all parts were brought to such perfection as could be hoped for, may be well imagined; but when the combinations were finally adjusted upon the poor torso, the young woman first stood, then walked, then stooped; and in a few days, such was the adaptability of her new members, she was able to feed herself, to write, even to pick up a pin and thread a needle. Best of all acquirements, she has at length come to perform profitable labour with the crochet needle. Mr. Bigg's achievement, presumptuous though it may seem to say so, is a triumph of art over the failings of nature. Well may the editor of the *Scientific Review* reflect, that "knighthoods and baronetcies have been conferred upon inventors who have displayed far less inventive ingenuity, and whose noble efforts have been productive of far less benefit to their fellow creatures."

M. Lesseps has begun to receive the honours that he may not unreasonably expect will be poured thick upon him, for the achievement of the stupendous work to which he has devoted no insignificant proportion of a working life. For it must be remembered that he first opened his project for piercing the Isthmus of Suez as far back as 1854, and that he never tired of enforcing its practicability against all obstacles of discouragement till he saw the work in hand. The Society of Arts has been the first body in England to recognize his high claim to scientific distinction. Its committee has awarded him the Gold Medal which bears Prince Albert's name, and which was founded for the purpose of rewarding distinguished merit in promoting arts, manufactures, and commerce. Previous recipients have been Faraday, Cook and Wheatstone, Sir Rowland Hill, the Emperor of the French, Sir Joseph Whitworth, and Baron Liebig (who, we are sorry to say, is at the time of our writing so ill that he himself does not expect to recover). This medal has always been well awarded, but never more judiciously than on the present occasion.

The country at large owes its gratitude to Mr. John Meeson Parsons, formerly resident at Angley Park, in Kent, and lately of Russell Square, London, for his magnificent addition to our National Picture Gallery. One hundred paintings from his private collection have been placed by bequest at the disposal of the trustees of that institution; and these gentlemen are given the right to choose what they deem most worthy of the country's preservation. Gifts like these are all too rare, as the frequent picture sales with their high biddings testify. Too often are fancy prices paid for works of art for the sake of keeping them out of the hands of rival collectors; and too often are they bought as mere investments. By the same testament the British Museum, and the Museum of Science and Art, acquire many articles of value and merit.

Freemasonry and church-building are historically connected. Without committing ourselves to the fanciful notion that the Craft, as we now find it, had its origin with the builders of Solomon's Temple, we must acknowledge our indebtedness to the wandering masons who called themselves *free*, for very many of the architectural monuments that exist in our land. It is pretty clear, too, that the Church was the patron of the united craftsmen, and that ecclesiastics were numerous as members of the order, and skilful in the arts it was its aim to cherish. Notwithstanding the spread of masonry, and the numbers of the "accepted" at the present day, we doubt whether all the existing Grand Masters and Past Grands could, by their united energies, design and build the most modest of churches; a cathedral erected solely by existing Freemasons, compelled themselves to wield the chisel and mall, the square and trowel, would be a sorry-looking edifice. But if modern masons cannot rear churches by their hands, they have shown themselves willing to raise them by their purses. Witness the case that calls forth our comments. Mr. Albert H. Royds, P.G.M. of Worcester, and Deputy P.G.M. of East Lancashire, has undertaken to defray the whole cost of erecting a new church at Falinge, near Rochdale. Ten thousand pounds is the estimated expense of the edifice. Its corner-stone was laid with the honours befitting a masonic structure; and in order to identify the Craft with the building, the familiar symbols of the former will be worked into the decorations, internal and external, of the latter.

Cleanliness next to godliness. After the record of a church gift, that of a public bathing temple comes appositely. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Platt, of Dunham Hall, the good people of Stalybridge have now a building where they can take "the fresh luxurious bath" as often as they please; where the young may learn the art that is indispensable to dwellers on a little island, who cannot go far from their homes without getting into the sea, and where those who enjoy the balneatory extremes of the imported Hamaum, may glow and shiver to their skins' content. For the Stalybridge establishment is so complete, that it includes the appointments of the Turkish bath. The cost amounted to 6000*l.*, and this the generous donors wholly defrayed.

We see generosity taking a Pierian turn in the gifts of Miss Brackenbury, of Brighton, who, while sending the round thousand pounds to the Manchester Grammar School for the purpose of completing its new buildings, makes over four thousands to Balliol College, Oxford, for the foundation of three exhibitions or scholarships, to be held for three years by the best scholar of the year in classics, mathematics, or physical science.

Here is a triplet of donations that puzzles us a little, while it pleases us much. An anonymous benefactor, "C. D. T.," sends a contribution of 1000*l.* to the British Home for Incurables: an anonymous benefactor, "V. S. T.," sends 1000*l.* to the British Hospital for Diseases of the Skin: an anonymous benefactor, "E. G. T.," sends 1000*l.* to the Alexandra Institution for the Blind. Three initials represent the donor in each case, and the final one is the same in all. Were there three distinct donors whose charitable intentions ran in kindred directions, and whose initials accidentally approach coincidence? Or have three members of a happy family concerted their generous plans? Or has there been but one donor, who has suffered trisection at the hands of the printers who have announced the gifts in various newspapers?

And here are two analogous bequests that are geographically connected. The welcome thousand pounds is the sum that each of them conveys, and in each case a hospital is the institution benefited. The Bradford Infirmary has been enriched by the round sum, through the generosity of George Turner, whose will was proven at Wakefield; and the Hull General Infirmary has received its enrichment at the will of Richard Sykes.

Last on this month's roll of munificent gifts comes one that is nobler in amount than all. To the measure of their prosperity have the donors been liberal. Those who are out of Dublin may have forgotten the somewhat substantial and not ungraceful building which was erected half a dozen years ago to accommodate the International Exhibition held there in 1865. This building has shared a better fate than its ugly London predecessor, for it has been kept standing, and has now become the property of the citizens of Dublin, for whom Sir Arthur and Mr. Cecil Guinness have purchased it, at a cost of 53,000*l.* More than this, in order to complete the structure as a place of resort and amusement, the purchasers intend devoting a further sum of 10,000*l.* No fount of type at our printer's command contains a note of admiration large enough to do justice to this announcement.

There are deeds of quiet heroism which poets have not yet sung, nor painters depicted. Such an one was done months ago, when a husband opened his veins in order that, by means of the beautiful surgical process of *transfusion*, his life's blood might be imparted to his wife, whose heart had well nigh stayed its beatings. Such an one has again been done by a French surgeon, Dr. Launessau, who, called in to restore a young woman, weary of breath, who had cast herself into the Seine from the Quai Bercy, found it necessary or deemed it desirable to vitalize the inanimate lungs by himself breathing into them. The treatment proved successful, and the physician zealously breathed on; every inspiration giving new life to his patient. But what he gave he lost; in strengthening another, he was weakening himself. Still he laboured, until, too generous with the breath that in common he gained so easily, his lungs began to fail at their work, and by-and-by he fell exhausted, and died. The woman lived. It was a life for a life: perhaps a good for a bad one! Did no bystander try to revive the physician in turn by a loan of lung-power? It seems not, if the story be the whole truth.

Let us add our verbal commendation to the medallic honours recently conferred by the Royal Humane Society of England upon two English soldiers, who last year rescued a drunken French workman, Louis Cousin, from a watery grave in Boulogne harbour. The "blouse" jumped into the sea with the foolish idea of swimming to the opposite side of the basin. Half way across his strength failed him, and he had been drowned but for the prompt action of

Mr. Baker, late of the 66th regiment, who plunged in to the rescue. But the Frenchman was frantic; he plunged and struggled dangerously, jeopardizing not his own life only, but that of his helper also. Then, from the highest landing stage of the jetty, down plunged Lieut. Reginald C. Hart, of the Royal Engineers, striking in his dive some hidden rock or pile: bravely he grappled with the sinking couple, and, with his own head wounded and bleeding, brought them safely to land. A thundering cheer was the immediate reward of this act of bravery: but hearts far and wide were touched at the echoing applause, and a medal from the municipal authorities of Boulogne, promptly given to the saver of the double life, was followed by a noble testimonial from the Humane Society of France. The kindred body in our own country, slower to act, but wider in its recognition, has bestowed upon Mr. Baker its bronze medal, and upon Mr. Hart the counterpart in silver. May each have long health to wear these high insignia: the profession of soldiery can scarce afford opportunities for gaining decorations more honourable.

The 9th of June, 1870, will be a black-letter day in the literary calendar. The father shall tell the son how on that cruel Thursday Death stayed the hand of the greatest novelist England till then had produced. The old man shall show the young an unfinished "Mystery," closing a long series of honoured, treasured, well-read volumes, and shall tell him how their author dwelt in the hearts of all who lived in his day and formed a part of the self of every man or woman who could read his language. He shall point to the books as to a cenotaph, and bid the youth read; and reading, the youth shall revere. The old man shall tell how a nation was stricken when the death-blow came, and how inwardly it grieved when the mortal part of the great and gentle author was laid in manner unhonourable in an honourable resting-place: but the young man shall reply that Death came at Fame's bidding, that the world should see no waning light—that the soul, which was of heaven, was to be reverenced; that the body, which was of earth, it had been unholy to worship. Dickens the man is dead: Dickens the spirit can never die.

CHARLES DICKENS.

In Memoriam.

I WAS passing in review masses of correspondence, betimes, on the 10th of June, clearing the weeds from the flowers, and tying up the precious papers of a life passed in the thick of the literary activities of my time; when I received a letter. "I should have written to you earlier to-day but from the smart blow of this sudden illness of our dear Charles Dickens, who had engaged to meet me this very afternoon (June 9) at 3 o'clock, little dreaming of what was to put aside the appointment." I rang for the morning papers.

Charles Dickens had passed away from us! Lay before me his letter in which he told me how on a certain June day, travelling from Gad's Hill to London, a bluff City man had piped over the edge of his morning paper, "Do you see this? Douglas Jerrold is dead!" Dickens was inexpressibly shocked, for he had seen into the heart of his friend: and they had parted only a few days before, with the intention of spending a few happy hours in the house by Rochester. "Few of his friends"—I have the words before me in a blurred writing not often written by that firm and willing hand—"I think, can have had more favourable opportunities of knowing him, in his gentlest and most affectionate aspect, than I have had. He was one of the gentlest and most affectionate of men."

So of Dickens. Who knew him best and closest, saw how little he would ever produce to the outer world of the bright, chivalrous, engaging, and deep and tender heart that beat within his bosom. The well of kindness was open to mankind, and from it generations will drink: but it was never fathomed. Charles Dickens, as all writers about him have testified, was so graciously as well as lavishly endowed by Nature that every utterance was sunny, every sentiment pure, every emotional opinion instinctively right—like a woman's. The head that governed the richly-stored heart was wise, prompt, and alert, at the same time. He communicated to all he did the delightful sense of ease with power. Prodigal as he was, he seemed ever to reserve more love and tenderness than he gave. His vigour was sustained, as well as brilliant and daring. His mind, so marked in its self-respect and equal poise, was never weak on great occasions, as the judicial mind so often is. There was something feminine in the quality that led him to the right verdict, the appropriate word, the core of the heart of the question in hand. The air about him vibrated with his activity, and his surprising vitality. In a difficulty men felt safe, merely because he was present. Most easily, among all thinkers it has been my fortune to know, was he master of every situation in which he placed himself. Not only because of the latent, conscious power that was in him, and the knightly cheerfulness which became the pure-minded servant of humanity who had used himself to victory; but because he adopted always the old plain advice, and deliberated well before he acted with the vigour which was inseparable from any activity of his.

The art with which Charles Dickens managed men and women was nearly all emotional. As in his books, he drew at will upon the tears of his readers: in his life he helped men with a spontaneous grace and sweetness which are indescribable. The deep, rich, cheery voice; the brave and noble countenance; the hand that had the fire of friendship in its grip—all played their part in comforting in a moment, the creature who had come to Charles Dickens for advice, for help, for sympathy. When he took a cause in hand, or a friend under his wing, people who knew him breathed in a placid sense of security. He had not only the cordial will to be of use wherever his services could be advantageously enlisted; but he could see at a glance the exact thing he might do; and beyond the range of his conviction as to his own power, or the limit of proper asking or advancing, no power on earth could move him the breadth of a hair.

Slow to adopt a cause, Charles Dickens was the first in the battle for it when he had espoused it. He had the qualities of the perfect trooper as well as the far-seeing captain. I have a letter of his about Italy, dated 1844, in which, amid hearty gossip, he turns to a cause that was dear to him at the time. "Come and see me in Italy," he says to my father. "Let us smoke a pipe among the vines. I have taken a little house surrounded by them; and no man in the world should be more welcome to it than you." And from the midst of the vines, he turns to the Sanatorium in the New Road, nearly opposite the Devonshire Place, in which so many wisely happy evenings have been passed. "Is your modesty really a confirmed habit, or could you prevail upon yourself, if you are moderately well, to let me call you up for a word or two at the Sanatorium dinner? There are some men (excellent men) connected with that institution who would take the very strongest interest in your doing so; and *do* advis these days, that if I can do it well and unaffectedly, I may." had steadfastness, endurance, thoroughness—in all he und he invited a friend to his house, and it was at a distance, write the most minute directions—a way-bill, and enliven stone with a point of humour, or a happy suggestion of come out of the excursion. "Think it over"—this from Sw a dear friend in London. "I could send you the minutest of the journey. It's nearly all railroad and steamboat, and in the world." I have another letter of invitation to Par some three and twenty years ago. Amid exquisite humour, and in the glow of his friendship, lie details of th kind—beginning: "The fifteenth of March is on a Mon you can't cross to Boulogne on a Sunday, unless in summer-t The railroad from Abbeville hither, finished some time, is to open on the 1st of March." There are directions, in th the railroad being open, and in the event of its remainin and an offer to secure the proper seat in the *malle poste* at The coming, the visit, the return, the hour of arrival in L all mapped out, winding up with—"in London on Saturday 27th. *Voilà tout*—as *we* say."

In more serious matters he was a man of order, and doing indeed. Cant is so well aired about the world, have come to take a spice of it so much for granted in ev man who holds the cause of his brethren to heart; th hardly conceive of the noblest servant, that he had no infinitesimal particle of it. Writing from the South, wh about to travel to London with the MS. of "The Christ (more than a quarter of a century ago) to read it to a fe Mr. John Forster's chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields; he the book, "I have tried to strike a blow upon that part countenance of wicked Cant, where such compliment is so at this time. And I trust that the result of my training is exhibition of a strong desire to make it a staggerer. If think at the end of the four rounds (there are no more) t Cant, in the language of *Bell's Life* 'comes up piping,' I much the better for it." Dickens abhorred a sham with soul. When he published his "Child's History of En mass took it for granted that the chapters which were a the columns of "Household Words," were so much copy the writing of it for his own children was only a common world, warrantable artistic fiction. Such fiction was not the greatest fiction writer of our century. I have his words before me, on this history: and the ink is yellowing fast.

"I am writing a little history of England for my boy, which I will send you when it is printed for him, though your boys are too old to profit by it. It is curious that I have tried to impress upon him (writing, I dare say, at the same moment with you) the exact spirit of your paper.* For I don't know what I should do if he were to get hold of any Conservative or High-Church notions; and the best way of guarding against such horrible result is, I take it, to wring the parrot's neck in his very cradle. Oh Heaven, if you could have been with me at a hospital dinner last Monday! There were men there—your city aristocracy—who made such speeches, and expressed such sentiments, as any moderately intelligent dustman would have blushed through his cindery bloom to have thought of. Sleek, slobbering, bon-paunched, overfed, apoplectic, snorting cattle—and the auditory leaping up in their delight! I never saw such an illustration of the power of purse, or felt so degraded and debased by its contemplation, since I have had eyes and ears. The absurdity of the thing was too horrible to laugh at. It was perfectly overwhelming. But if I could have partaken it with anybody who would have felt it as you would have done, it would have had quite another aspect; or would at least, like a 'classical' mask, have had one funny side to relieve its dismal features.

"Supposing fifty families were to emigrate into the wilds of North America—yours, mine, and forty-eight others: picked for their concurrence of opinion on all important subjects, and for their resolution to found a colony of common sense. How soon would that devil, Cant, present itself among them in one shape or other—the day they landed, do you say—or the day after?

"That is a great mistake (almost the only one I know) in the 'Arabian Nights,' where the Princess restores people to their original beauty by sprinkling them with the Golden Water. It is quite clear that she must have made monsters of them by such a christening as that."

There is a manuscript the world knows nothing about this day; and yet which has been for many years in existence, and in circulation among those who were native to the author's hearth. The Life of our Saviour was written by Charles Dickens to guide the hearts of his children: and if ever a labour of love was done by that most affectionate nature, this was pre-eminently it. By the eloquent pages that now will shortly be put within the reach of every English and American household, the children of Charles Dickens were taught their first lessons of Christian love and Christian chivalry. With what patience and thoroughness he wrought out his creed in his home can be known only to the happy few who were privileged to live his life; and to study the splendid and unbroken harmonies which dwelt in the life within as well as in the life without. How far the ripples of his home-spirit rounded into the outer world will, I hope for the sake of that world, be drawn by the hand to which the solemn duties of biographer shall be presently confided. The circles broadened into far off places from that vehement central vibration of love—and strangers stretched out their arms to Dickens, and weary men unknown, sought his cheery and valiant temperament as balm and comfort.

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* The Preacher Parrot.

When Ada, Lady Lovelace, was dying, and suffering the tortures of a slow internal disease; she expressed a craving to see Charles Dickens, and talk with him. He went to her, and found a mourning house. The lady was stretched upon a couch, heroically enduring her agony. The appearance of Dickens's earnest, sympathetic face was immediate relief. She asked him whether the attendant had left a basin of ice, and a spoon. *She had.* "Then give me some now and then, and don't notice me when I crush it between my teeth: it soothes my pain: and we can talk."

The womanly tenderness—the wholeness—with which Dickens would enter into the delicacies of such a situation—will rise instantly to the mind of all who knew him. That he was at the same moment the most careful of nurses, and the most sympathetic and sustaining of comforters, who can doubt?

"Do you ever pray?" the poor lady asked.

"Every morning and every evening," was Dickens's answer, in that rich sonorous voice which crowds happily can remember: but of which they can best understand all the eloquence, who knew how simple and devout he was when he spoke of sacred things: of suffering, of wrong, or of misfortune. His engaging manner when he came suddenly in contact with a sick friend, defies description: but from his own narrative of his walk with my father, which he told me made his heart heavy, and was a gloomy task; it is easy for friends to understand the patience, solicitude, and kindly counsel, and designed humour with which he went through with it. My father was very ill; but under Dickens's thoughtful care he had rallied before they reached the Temple. "We strolled through the Temple," Dickens wrote me, "on our way to a boat, and I have a lively recollection of him stamping about Elm Tree Court, with his hat in one hand, and the other pushing his hair back, laughing in his heartiest manner at a ridiculous remembrance we had in common, which I had presented in some exaggerated light, to divert him." Then again—of the same day—"The dinner party was a large one, and I did not sit near him at table. But he and I arranged before we went in to dinner that he was only to eat some simple dish that we agreed upon, and was only to drink sherry and water." Then: "We exchanged, 'God bless you,' and shook hands." And they never met again.

But how full of wise consideration is all this day spent with the invalid friend, in the midst of merriment; even to the ridiculous remembrance "presented in some exaggerated light, to divert him." Another friend records how he met Dickens a few weeks ago, and was observed, at a glance, by that most masterly and piercing observer to be in low spirits and feeble. Whereupon, Dickens, who had ample and momentous business of his own on hand, put it aside, sketched a pleasant day together: a *tête-à-tête* dinner and a walk. In short, to watch the many sides of his unselfishness, and the fund of resources for the good of other people he had at his command was to be astonished at his extraordinary vitality. How good he was to all who had the slighest claim on him, who shall tell? But that which Hepworth Dixon said over my father's dust, may be assuredly repeated by the narrow bed near Macaulay, Sheridan, and Handel. If every one who has received a favour at the hands of Dickens should cast a flower upon his grave, a mountain of roses will lie upon the great man's breast.

To plaster a few of the ills which obtrude themselves unpleasantly upon the attention with cheques handed to resounding cheers, is a kind of charity that is strongly spiced with selfishness. The sham of charity dinner speakers and donors Dickens abhorred, as I have shown. And in like manner and with like vehemence he detested slip-shod assistance: careless, unreflecting giving. The last time I sate with him on a business occasion was at a Council meeting of the Guild of Literature and Art. There had been an application from the wife of a literary brother. The wrecked man of letters was suffering from that which would never relax its hold upon him, But it could not be said that his misconduct had not brought on the blow. The firmness and delicacy with which Dickens sketched the case to the Council; passing wholly over the cause, to get at once at the imploring fact upon which our hearts could not be closed, left in my mind a delightful sense of his abounding goodness. He spoke of the wife, and her heroic self-abandonment to her husband, through years which would have tried beyond endurance very many wives;—he begged that the utmost might be done; and at the same time, he remained firmly just. What were the objects of the Fund as laid down in the rules? Did the case come strictly within the limits of our mission? Friendship, sympathy apart, was it a proper and deserving case? The points were argued with the greatest care; and all the time an acute anxiety was upon the face of the chairman. When at length we saw our way to afford the help desired; Dickens's face brightened as he became busy with his minutes and his books, and his secretary who was at hand; and he remarked cheerily how glad he was we had seen our way to do something.

Another occasion thrusts itself through a crowd of recollections. A very dear friend of mine, and of many others to whom literature is a staff, had died. To say that his family had claims on Charles Dickens, is to say that they were promptly acknowledged, and satisfied with the grace and heartiness which double the gift, sweeten the bread, and warm the wine. I asked a connection of our dead friend whether he had seen the poor wife and children.

"Seen them!" he answered, "I was there to-day. They are removed into a charming cottage: they have everything about them: and, just think of this, when I burst into one of the parlours, in my eager survey of the new home, I saw a man in his shirt-sleeves, up some steps, hammering away lustily. He turned: it was Charles Dickens, and he was hanging the pictures for the widow."

Dickens was the soul of truth, and manliness, as well as kindness; so that such a service as this came as naturally to him, as help from his purse. His friend Paul Féval has said over his grave—"Nothing in him was false, not even his modesty."

There was that boy-element in Charles Dickens which has been so often remarked in men of genius, as to appear as almost inseparable from the highest gifts of nature. "Why, we played a game of knock'em down only a week or two ago," a friend has remarked to me, with brimming eyes. "And he showed all the old, astonishing energy and delight, in taking aim at Aunt Sally."

My own earliest recollections of Charles Dickens are of his gayest moods; when the boy in him was exuberant, and leap-frog or rounders were not sports too young for the player who had written "Pickwick" twenty years before. To watch him through an afternoon, by turns light and grave; gracious, and loving and familiar to the young; apt and vigorous in council with the old; ready for a frolic upon the lawn, as ready for a committee meeting in the library; and then to catch his cheery good-night, and feel the hand stamping about Elm Tree Court, with his hat in one hand, and the other pushing his hair back, laughing in his heartiest manner at a ridiculous remembrance we had in common, which I had presented in some exaggerated light, to divert him." Then again—of the same day—"The dinner party was a large one, and I did not sit near him at table. But he and I arranged before we went in to dinner that he was only to eat some simple dish that we agreed upon, and was only to drink sherry and water." Then: "We exchanged, 'God bless you,' and shook hands." And they never met again.

But how full of wise consideration is all this day spent with the invalid friend, in the midst of merriment; even to the ridiculous remembrance "presented in some exaggerated light, to divert him." Another friend records how he met Dickens a few weeks ago, and was observed, at a glance, by that most masterly and piercing observer to be in low spirits and feeble. Whereupon, Dickens, who had ample and momentous business of his own on hand, put it aside, sketched a pleasant day together: a *tête-à-tête* dinner and a walk. In short, to watch the many sides of his unselfishness, and the fund of resources for the good of other people he had at his command was to be astonished at his extraordinary vitality. How good he was to all who had the slighest claim on him, who shall tell? But that which Hepworth Dixon said over my father's dust, may be assuredly repeated by the narrow bed near Macaulay, Sheridan, and Handel. If every one who has received a favour at the hands of Dickens should cast a flower upon his grave, a mountain of roses will lie upon the great man's breast.

To plaster a few of the ills which obtrude themselves unpleasantly upon the attention with cheques handed to resounding cheers, is a kind of charity that is strongly spiced with selfishness. The sham of charity dinner speakers and donors Dickens abhorred, as I have shown. And in like manner and with like vehemence he detested slip-shod assistance: careless, unreflecting giving. The last time I sate with him on a business occasion was at a Council meeting of the Guild of Literature and Art. There had been an application from the wife of a literary brother. The wrecked man of letters was suffering from that which would never relax its hold upon him, But it could not be said that his misconduct had not brought on the blow. The firmness and delicacy with which Dickens sketched the case to the Council; passing wholly over the cause, to get at once at the imploring fact upon which our hearts could not be closed, left in my mind a delightful sense of his abounding goodness. He spoke of the wife, and her heroic self-abandonment to her husband, through what he saw, and delighted to find strong elements of that goodness which he loved so passionately, and worshipped so devoutly, in all his rambles and prospectings in the unlikeliest places. That he drew with an impartial hand is witnessed not only by the hold his creations at once got of the public mind, but by the whole tenour of his life and work, away from his desk. The conventional gentleman and lady had no picturesque side to attract him; and they could seldom be got into the frame of his subject. He was an artist, and he consequently preferred a green lane and a gipsy camp, any and every day, to the Ladies' Mile, and a lounge in his club. If you want to make your most conventional gentleman look noble in marble to all posterity, you strip the figure Poole has made in his inspired moment, and shake out a toga, and think about sandals. Now the poor and lowly come to the artist's hand, ready-made pictures. Besides, the observer's sense of justice is gratified, when he finds himself enabled out of the fund of his own discoveries among the neglected of his fellow-creatures, to rehabilitate the humble and despised. While the tendency of modern party warfare has been grievously to quicken and heat class animosities, the writings of Charles Dickens, which have been spread over every level of society, have been powerful counter-agents, teaching all classes the truth that is the best bond and the safest—viz., that, in the words of the *Times*, the gentleman is to be found "under the smockfrock of the ploughboy as well as beneath the mantle of an earl."

Only Charles Dickens wrought this out many years ago, by patient travels in the midst of the smockfrocks; and by obtaining proof positive that there was, occasionally, a gentle heart under the corduroy of a costermonger. Dickens's triumph lay in this, that he convinced mankind of the truth and completeness of his diagnosis. None of the genteel classes are on intimate terms of daily intercourse with ostlers; and yet who has not accepted Sam Weller as a part of the breathing population of the Empire? Dickens's men and women ought to be included in the census.*

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* The *British Medical Journal* declares:—"How true to nature, even to their most trivial details, almost every character and every incident in the works of the great novelist whose dust has just been laid to rest, really were, is best known to those whose tastes or whose duties led them to frequent the paths of life from which Dickens delighted to draw. But none, except medical men, can judge of the rare fidelity with which he followed the great Mother through the devious paths of disease and death. In reading 'Oliver Twist' and 'Dombey and Son,' or 'The Chimes,' or even 'No Thoroughfare,' the physician often felt tempted to say, 'What a gain it would have been to physic if one so keen to observe and so facile

By this admirable stand-point for his observation of humanity which he had adopted, Dickens had come to regard all men and women so thoroughly and exclusively on account of their moral, intellectual, and spiritual worth; that he was at home with all kinds of society, in the highest and in the humblest walks. So that it is easy to picture him standing in a drawing-room at Windsor Castle, one arm just resting upon the sofa, and talking in his quiet, earnest manner to the first lady in the land. There would not be the least shadow of nervousness in him : so great was the command which his trained brain and heart had given him, in the presence of humanity of every degree, under every conceivable circumstance,* by the throne, or facing thousands of his countrymen who loved him, one and all, so well.

> The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer ;
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit ;
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

The "soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit," how often has Dickens painted : the Christian gentleman, if not Poole's : the modest, high-souled gentlewoman—a lady, if not Worth's ? He inclined to the Biblia Pauperum, and was delighted to catch heavy thumbs turning over the holy pictures. But he turned no sour face upon the well-to-do. Of the foibles and pretences of these he was an unsparing critic : but he was as unsparing when he had the vices of the ignorant and poor to deal with. He was pre-Raphaelite in his allegiance and constancy to Nature : but his eye loved the beautiful,

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to describe had devoted his powers to the medical art.' It must not be forgotten that his description of hectic (in 'Oliver Twist') has found its way into more than one standard work in both medicine and surgery." The *Law Journal* bears testimony to his truth and force, as a painter of lawyers :—"He has left us a whole gallery of legal caricatures. We have the wonderful trial of 'Bardell *v.* Pickwick,' introducing the fussy Buzfuz, and that rare phenomenon, a modest junior. In the same book we have the smart Dodson and Fogg, the excellent Mr. Perker, and the solicitor to the Wellers. In 'Bleak House' we have the great chancery suit of 'Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce,' with graphic descriptions of the court, of the lawyers engaged in the suit, of the shrewd solicitor of the Dedlock family, and of the poor law-writer. In the 'Old Curiosity Shop' we have Sampson Brass, the masculine Sally Brass, and the mirth-provoking Dick Swiveller. In 'Great Expectations' we have that wonderful character, Wemmick, and his well-conceived employer, the Old Bailey attorney. We need not add to the list."

* Her Majesty gave Dickens, with a charming modesty "to so great an author," a copy of her Highland book, inscribed in her beautiful handwriting, "Charles Dickens, Esq., from Victoria R." Dickens had hardly offered the Queen his favourite library edition of his works, to which Her Majesty at once gave a place of honour, when he died.

CHARLES DICKENS.

In Memoriam.

I WAS passing in review masses of correspondence, betimes, on the 10th of June, clearing the weeds from the flowers, and tying up the precious papers of a life passed in the thick of the literary activities of my time; when I received a letter. "I should have written to you earlier to-day but from the smart blow of this sudden illness of our dear Charles Dickens, who had engaged to meet me this very afternoon (June 9) at 3 o'clock, little dreaming of what was to put aside the appointment." I rang for the morning papers.

Charles Dickens had passed away from us! Lay before me his letter in which he told me how on a certain June day, travelling from Gad's Hill to London, a bluff City man had piped over the edge of his morning paper, "Do you see this? Douglas Jerrold is dead!" Dickens was inexpressibly shocked, for he had seen into the heart of his friend: and they had parted only a few days before, with the intention of spending a few happy hours in the house by Rochester. "Few of his friends"—I have the words before me in a blurred writing not often written by that firm and willing hand—"I think, can have had more favourable opportunities of knowing him, in his gentlest and most affectionate aspect, than I have had. He was one of the gentlest and most affectionate of men."

So of Dickens. Who knew him best and closest, saw how little he would ever produce to the outer world of the bright, chivalrous, engaging, and deep and tender heart that beat within his bosom. The well of kindness was open to mankind, and from it generations will drink: but it was never fathomed. Charles Dickens, as all writers about him have testified, was so graciously as well as lavishly endowed by Nature that every utterance was sunny, every sentiment pure, every emotional opinion instinctively right—like a woman's. The head that governed the richly-stored heart was wise, prompt, and alert, at the same time. He communicated to all he did the delightful sense of ease with power. Prodigal as he was, he seemed ever to reserve more love and tenderness than he gave. His vigour was sustained, as well as brilliant and daring. His mind, so marked in people who hang on their skirts to consider him. One who redresses grievances is not, therefore, an overthrower of thrones. The life and work of Dickens expressed a living protest against Disorder—no matter what the Order."

And in another place Mr. Chorley bears witness to that love of completeness as well as order, I have touched upon. "Those who were admitted to know Charles Dickens in the intimacy of his own home cannot—without such emotion as almost incapacitates the heart and hand—recall the charm of his bounteous and genial hospitality. Nothing can be conceived more perfect in tact, more freely equal, whatever the rank of his guests, than was his warm welcome. The frank grasp of his hand—the bright smile on his manly face—the cheery greeting—are things not to be forgotten while life and reason last by those who were privileged to share them. Thus, his exquisite knowledge and punctuality gave him time even when most busily at work for himself and others—to care for and to consider the pleasure of all whom he harboured beneath his roof."

Signs of the end, and that he knew the end was at hand, are multiplied day by day: and they are so many marks of the love of order, that was a ruling passion in Dickens from beginning to end. Death could not catch Charles Dickens unprepared, in any sense. That he had misgivings, warnings, we cannot doubt; and these led him to prepare for the change. Only a few days before his death he transferred the property of "All the Year Round" to his eldest son, and formally resigned its editorship. On the very day on which he died, he was to have met his staunch and affectionate friend and fellow-worker, W. H. Wills, to make a final settlement of accounts. He wrote to his "ever affectionately" Charles Kent:—"To-morrow is a very bad day for me to make a call, as in addition to my usual office business, I have a mass of accounts to settle. But I hope to be with you at three o'clock. If I can't be—why, then I shan't be." The letter was written an hour or two before he lay, insensible—his light for ever quenched, in the dining-room of Gad's Hill Place. "You must really get rid of those opal enjoyments. They are too overpowering:

"These violent delights have violent ends.

"I think it was a father of your Church who made the wise remark to a young gentleman who got up early (or stayed out late) at Verona?"

The "opal enjoyments" refer to the early sky, and the whole is pleasant banter on the vehement devotion of his friend (the distinguished poet) to his work as editor of *The Sun*.

I had met him about the middle of May, at Charing Cross, and had remarked that he had aged very much in appearance. The thought-lines of his face had deepened, and the hair had whitened. Indeed, as he approached me I thought for a moment I was mistaken, and that it could not be Dickens: for that was not the vigorous, rapid walk, with the stick lightly held in the alert hand, which had always belonged to him. It was he, however: but with a certain solemnity of expression in the face, and a deeper earnestness in the dark eyes. However, when he saw me and shook my hand, the delightful brightness and sunshine swept over the gloom and sadness; and he spoke cheerily, in the old kind way—not in the least about himself—but about my doings, about Doré, about London as a subject (and who ever knew it half so well as he, in all its highways and byeways?)—about all that could interest me, that occurred to him at the moment. And he wrung my hand again, as we parted, and the cast of serious thought settled again upon the handsome face, as he turned, wearily I thought for him, towards the Abbey.

That within a month he would be resting there for ever, buried under flowers cast by loving hands, and that the whole civilized world would be lamenting the loss of the great and good Englishman; I never, for one moment, dreamed.* But I thought sadly of him, I remember, after we had parted. Nor was I alone, in this. He was walking with a dear friend of his a few weeks ago, when this one said, speaking of Edwin Drood—

"Well, you, or we, are approaching the mystery—"

Dickens, who had been, and was at the moment—all vivacity—extinguished his gaiety, and fell into a long and silent reverie, from which he never broke during the remainder of the walk. Was he pondering another, and a deeper mystery, than any his brain could unravel, facile as its mastery was over the hearts and brains of his brethren?

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* Nothing better in its simple strength has been written on the sad subject than this in the *Moniteur des Arts* by my friend Ernest Fillonneau, who deplores a relation as well as an illustrious companion in letters:—"Charles Dickens n'est plus! Tout ce qui tient une plume, un pinceau, un crayon ou un ébauchoir, tout ce qui pense, tout ce qui lit, a tressailli de douleur et de surprise en apprenant samedi cette fin si prématurée et si imprévue. Tous ses lecteurs, quels qu'ils soient (et il en a dans le monde entier), s'étaient accoutumés à voir l'écrivain à travers le livre, et à aimer profondément l'homme qui leur donnait tant de jouissances si vives, si charmantes et si variées. Il semble déjà que chacun d'eux ait perdu un ami. Je ne raconterai pas aujourd'hui cette noble carrière, car ma plume tremble entre mes doigts à la pensée de tout ce que nous,—sa famille—venons de perdre en Charles Dickens. Il n'y a de place en ce moment que pour le deuil et la consternation. D'homme meilleur, de cœur plus généreux, de caractère plus loyal, d'esprit plus droit et d'ami plus sûr, il n'y en eut jamais. La vie de Dickens a été pure comme sa gloire, et les rayons bienfaisants de l'une et de l'autre forment désormais l'auréole qui éclaire et protége sa mémoire!"

We can never know.

It is certain, however, that the railway accident on the 9th of June, 1865, in which Dickens so nearly lost his life, made an ineradicable impression on him: and that when he referred to it, he would get up and describe it with extraordinary energy. He closed his last completed work with a reference to it. "I remember with devout thankfulness that I can never be much nearer parting company with my readers for ever than I was then, until there shall be written against my life the two words with which I have this day closed this book—THE END."

Too soon, for the country that loved him and was so proud of him, are those two words written. And they were written on the 9th of June!

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

THE INVESTOR.

BY A CITY AUTHORITY.

WE are in the midst of a dry season, a rise of five francs has taken place in Paris in the price of corn, and the money market may be temporarily affected by the prospects of the harvest. Still the future of the departments connected with stocks and shares it is thought must be favourable, looking at the enormous totals of bullion in the Banks of England and France, and the gradual recovery in the general condition of trade. During the past three years there has been a steady accumulation of savings, which remained dormant, owing to the existing universal want of confidence. Now this state of things is slowly but surely passing away, and giving place to a decidedly more encouraging feeling, and the public are manifesting a great desire to select investments, and are taking those descriptions which yield a rate of interest varying from 4 to 5 per cent. Consols and the other English funds are, therefore, neglected, and Exchequer Bills and Indian Bonds are even scarcely looked at, except for banking transactions of the very safest character. At the heel of every half-monthly account there will be strong fluctuations, through the preponderance of operations for the rise or fall; but these will have little or nothing to do with the real current of the markets, which will eventually establish an improvement in the soundest and best of securities. The testimony of the leading brokers, both in the foreign and railway markets, is quite conclusive; large amounts of stock, particularly foreign and railway preference and debentures, are certain to be "taken up' in London and throughout the provinces.

The question raised with regard to Turkish Five per Cents., and the great rise that has taken place in them, is still actively discussed at the Baltic and other places associated with Eastern trade. There seems to be no doubt of the principal orders for purchase being received from Constantinople, and Stock being withdrawn on foreign account. The tendency is to "squeeze" the "Bears," and this again is prominently evident in relation to the recent settlement. There are two rumours explaining the cause of the upward movement—one, that purchases are being made preparatory to the introduction of a new loan; the other, that large parcels are taken to secure a profit, the Stock to be hereafter once more thrown on the market. The operation is said to be thus arranged: Parties draw from Constantinople on London and Paris, and the bills are backed by the security of the Stock, with a full margin. Two-thirds of the amount is obtained in the shape of an advance, which allows every account of an additional amount being taken away.

Several Greek houses here and at Constantinople are mixed up with the speculation, and they are in a position at present to "support the market." The easiness of money, and the prospects of a further rise in the majority of Foreign Stocks, will aid the scheme. But the day of reckoning must come. Towards the autumn the rates of discount will probably advance, and then some morning the reaction will commence; and the Five per Cents. will then as rapidly recede as they previously improved. At first the point at which the rise was to stop was placed at 50; now 60 is asserted to be the limit.

The Spanish Quicksilver Loan has proved a great success. For the sum of 2,300,000*l.* there were applications for at least 9,000,000*l.* to 10,000,000*l.*, and that after the lists of subscription had been open only two or three hours. Since the Russian 12,000,000*l.* Loan, previously placed by Messrs. Rothschild and Sons, there has not been such a rapid accumulation of applications. The distribution has taken place, and the public have not found themselves burdened with the Stock to the extent they would have desired. The proportion divided varied from about an eighth to a tenth—a fair amount considering the "special claims" to be considered on such an occasion. The premium on the scrip has been as high as 4⅛ and as low as 2¼. The value will now, there is every reason to believe, steadily improve. Despite, every now and then, the sombre aspect of Spanish politics, the vexed question of the monarchy, and the Carlist movements, this Stock must further rise. In the first place, the amount is so small that it will be readily absorbed; in the second, the Rothschild interest will keep it in the ascendant, based as it is on the security of Almaden Mines; while, in the third place, it will be largely taken by Dutch and German investors. Objection has been raised to the heavy character of the instalments; this is nothing, when they at once carry interest, and the sooner the amount of Stock is paid up the better. Among the most experienced of the Exchange worthies it is viewed as one of the soundest securities extant, and likely to exhibit a permanent and continuous advance.

The subscription to the New Peruvian Loan of 11,900,000*l.*, was, including Paris, Frankfort, Hamburg, and Amsterdam, about 52,000,000*l.* to 53,000,000*l.* An unprecedented result, seeing that the lists of application were only open from two to three days. The operation itself will be carried out in its entirety, and the distribution among the public, both here and abroad, was tolerably limited. The capital is to be employed in the development of railways which traverse rich agricultural and mineral districts; and will, when thoroughly opened, largely augment the export trade of the country. The premium on the scrip has varied from 1¾ to 2¼, and back to ½. When the allotments came out, the quotation again recovered, reaching 1¼ to 1½ prem. It was, however, subsequently discovered that sales on the Paris Bourse were effected for large amounts, first at par, then ¼ dis.; and finally at ½ dis. In sympathy there was necessarily a reaction, and the average quotation (the 16th June) is about par. From the extensive amount of the transaction, a further decline may yet take place, but the Stock in time will be paid upon, and command a respectable value. Two contingencies may be kept in view with reference to the prices of Old and New Peruvian. It is only within the last two months that the Government had paid off under discount a portion of the existing debt. What is then to prevent the authorities, with ample funds at command, from redeeming the remainder, and thus limiting their financial indebtedness to the 11,900,000*l.* just negotiated. If such a course of proceeding should be followed, and it is not improbable, the immediate consequence would be a rise in the one, and the most ready step of consolidating the other. When the smaller amount was withdrawn, the other would steadily make upward progress, being the single engagement afloat. The credit of Peru ever since the old conversion, out of which George Peabody realized a large sum through his intimacy with Senor Osma, has always been well maintained, and the resources of that country are ample for the punctual discharge of dividends.

The great thing in favour of a further rise in foreign stocks at the present juncture is the approaching distribution of the dividends and the operation of the various sinking funds. It has latterly been found during the recent prevailing low rates of money that about the time of the payment of dividends the principal of these securities recover, after being quoted ex-dividend, to the extent of the amount paid. This has been particularly the case in connection with Egyptian, Turkish, Peruvian, Chilian, and Argentine, and it will now in all probability be the same as regards Spanish. The scrip of the last Russian loan should be purchased, because it is cheaper than the majority of the others, and a dividend will be shortly due. The Dutch are adopting it freely and take it away every account day. Mexican has exhibited the rise it was said would take place, and being a cheap stock the speculators secure moderate parcels and lock them up. About 25 is the price it is alleged it will go to when some fresh financial operations, comtemplated between English and American capitalists, are carried out. A healthy symptom in support of this prediction is the character of the late buying for Dutch and Hebrew capitalists. The Stocks of Honduras and San Domingo are still gradually improving: New Grenada and Portuguese remain steady without great variation.

Among new loans, which will possibly be brought forward within the next few weeks, are a supplemental one for Honduras; a new Monte Video loan; and a small financial transaction for Buenos Ayres. The rumours of a fresh large loan for Russia are known to be premature.

Good traffic, seasonable weather, and economical management should exercise a beneficial influence upon railway property. It has in reality assumed a very altered appearance within the last three or four months. The rise in most descriptions has been important, through large speculative transactions, favoured by the facilities of advances from the London and provincial Banks. George Hudson, the ex-railway king, at a private party the other evening expressed an opinion that railway securities will again attain a strong ascendancy; and he stated that the policy now pursued by the Midland and the North Eastern was the one he had chalked out years ago, and which, if then persevered in, would have long before placed them in the proud position they at present stand. Railway theories and railway prospects are still the themes of the great ex-potentate, and at seventy years of age he is as clear and as bright as a star, and could be made very useful if his services could be secured. All the Northern lines, with improved trade and the exercise of a strict economy, must take the lead. The Southern lines being principally dependant upon passenger traffic, are not so sure of being well maintained. The approaching dividends are expected to be satisfactory, and a favourable harvest would do a great deal to assist the country in making additional investments towards the end of the year. The reported arrangements of the Caledonian with the North British have given both these Stocks a better position. North Eastern, Midland, Lancashire and Yorkshire and London and North Western, exhibit great strength. Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Shares continue to recede, and the predictions against both classes are of the most discouraging kind. The rejection of the bills by Parliament, and the commencement of Chancery proceedings by the Corporation against the Metropolitan proper for the recovery of the purchase-money of certain lands, and the desire of the shareholders to sell, have caused a marked decline in each description. Metropolitan will, it is believed, see a much lower price than that now current, and Metropolitan District must also follow in the same direction.

There is no feature to notice in Bank Shares. Good dividends are anticipated from the ready employment of money throughout the past six months. When the rate for capital in the open market is about 3 per cent., it may be fairly estimated that the Joint Stock Banks are virtually making 4 to 5 per cent., if not more, on a large proportion of their business. They have also latterly encountered little risk, the operations generally having proved on the safe side. The quotations of these shares will remain supported till the autumn, when an advance will ensue, should the rates for discount improve, and an increased amount of accommodation be required.

Telegraph Shares, in the majority of cases, stand at a discount. Competition and adverse speculation have produced a serious depreciation; and yet it is asserted that we are to have another Atlantic cable. It seems absurd to endeavour to increase the already existing rivalry. The public, we should, however, think, will scarcely subscribe a shilling towards any fresh scheme, till the market is in a more settled state, and the revenues from the existing routes shall have considerably increased. Telegraph Construction will rally as the opening of the yet incomplete lines takes place. Hooper's should go better, because it is believed new contracts are looming in the future. Silver's India Rubber Works are to make a sensation shortly with a new description of light cable.

Among many cheap securities that may be looked after are Venezuela Bonds, Mexican Railway Shares, Great Indian Peninsula, the last issue, Antwerp and Rotterdam, and Lombardo-Venetian. Colonial securities have been over done; the issues have been extremely numerous, and the various quotations are at a comparatively high point. If ever a reaction sets in among these classes, it will be of a rather serious nature.

As we are concluding this notice (the 17th June) an agreeable change has been experienced in the weather; sharp genial showers have descended, a thunderstorm has cleared the atmosphere, and everything confirms the views generally expressed in the preceding observations.

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NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

THE Steam Man has appeared upon earth; but he is a wretched individual. It would need a higher than Mrs. Shelley's genius to dress the Frankensteinian monster in the garb of interest. He is an ugly lump of machinery, with a rotary steam engine in his chest and a boiler in his abdomen, with a pair of iron rods for legs, heels as long as his toes, and plates splaying from the sides of his feet to keep him from losing his perpendicular sideways. A hole in his shoulder receives nutriment in the shape of petroleum, a tap in his side sets him in motion, and then, grumbling inwardly as with a fearful gastralgia, and snorting steam through the crown of his hat, he lifts and thrusts straight forwards first one leg and then another, after the manner of a walking doll. In fact he is nothing more than an enlarged edition of this now familiar children's automaton, minus a great deal of its grace. He can drag his weary length along at the rate of about forty feet a minute, which is contemptibly slow for anything connected with the name of steam; and he has not the weakest power of guidance, but goes straight in the direction upon which he is started, and stops only when he meets an obstacle, or has his steam shut off. Altogether, he is a very low type of animal—a Barnumite creation. He is at home in New York.

MR. CHORLEY, by his long career as a musical critic, has no doubt become thoroughly case-hardened and utterly callous to the complaints and sneers of too-aspiring composers. They who were wont to look for his outspoken and sometimes acerbitous remarks in the *Athenæum*, upon current musical topics and productions, will not be surprised at any sweeping stricture that may come from him now that his strength, no longer finding weekly vent, is bottled till it reaches the point of spontaneous explosion. An outburst that few would have expected occurred in a place where still fewer would look for it. Who would go for musical criticism to the Anthropologians? Yet it was at a meeting of these learned and inharmonious gentlemen—inharmonious, because terribly disputational on their theories—that Mr. Chorley sent forth a tirade against female composers. In effect, his charge was that lady writers of music are not composers at all in the accepted sense of the word; for whereas we consider invention or origination of musical combinations as essential to composition, the veteran critic denies that woman possesses any musical inventive genius whatever. He looks upon the absence of it as a phenomenon, curious and inexplicable. Admitting the distinction achieved by "the sex" in all the other arts, and their surpassing power of *interpreting* music, he asserts that not a solitary female composer of originality, or even of repute, is known to the historical or critical observer. This is a bold if not a gallant charge; but it is made by a strong man armed, who will not fear if an army of amazonian Claribels, Lindsays, Gabriels, and Nortons set their hands against him. There are few in a position to refute such an authority, and any who are wounded by the attack must seek consolation in the knowledge that their musical barrenness is their fate and not their fault—that they are plagiarists by nature and not by choice. Original or not, our female song-writers have given us many tuneful and touching melodies that are far more pleasant to hear than those compositions which betray strained efforts at originality. What matters it if the skeleton of a ballad be traceable in resemblance to a lost musical something that only a highly-retentive ear can recall? Novelty is hard to be secured in any art; even Mr. Chorley says that "original melody is far less common than is generally supposed," so there is every excuse for the weaker composers taking a little life from the stronger. The sexual peculiarity, by the way, was put forth as a rider to a paper on music in relation to race and nationality: this accounts for its anthropological association.

WE wish success to the little knot of gentlemen who are making endeavours to establish a society for the encouragement of amateur mechanics and the instruction of gentlemen in the arts of manufacture. Would that a little practical workshop instruction could be infused into our system of youthful education. There is no estimating the benefits that would arise from it: the workman's method and accuracy would react beneficially upon the mental and business training: the well-taught mind might at times advance mechanical means and devices by its far-sightedness. Few there are who do not at times feel sorely the want of ability to use the simple tools of trade, not only for action in case of emergency, but as an occasional means of recreation. No one who has not experienced it can appreciate the enjoyment of mechanical pursuits undertaken for pastime. They are all pleasure and much profit. The mind is absorbed by them in working out the score of little problems that the simplest "job" involves; the body is kept in healthy exercise during the work; mind and body work together in harmony; and in the end there is something to show. There need be no false fear of doing that which is undignified. Who need blush for hands dirtied at the turning lathe, or face begrimed with sawdust? We have seen an artist, tired at the easel, lay down his palette, and carrying to his well-appointed workshop a broken candlestick or a leaky kettle, fall to the repairing task heart and hand. And we have known a busy surgeon, weary of his daily work, find relaxation in turning drawer-handles and making cabinets. Nor can it be said that this amateur work robs the artisan of his employment: what is done in this way would not otherwise be done at all. Another ground upon which we would advocate the stimulation of amateur handicraft is that of its tendency to advance excellence of workmanship where there is scope, and to preserve high excellence where this has already been reached. There is great fear of retrogression in the matter of mechanical art: the machine-tools of the age have interrupted the teaching of certain branches of manufacture; but worse than this, there is, as a great employer of labour lately informed us, a growing disinclination on the part of workmen to do good work for its own sake. Scamping is the order of the day: the least work, with the greatest show, for the most money. No harm can come, much good may, from the repetition upon an extended scale of such an exhibition as that modest one which was held some weeks back, when the members of the Amateur Mechanical Society met and showed each other their specimens of work, some of which were beautifully executed. May this body prosper, and may that common workshop for its members, which the secretary hopes to see established, not be hoped for in vain.

WHAT is the difference between a poet and a dreamer? Only that the former dreams awake, and the latter poetises in his sleep. One can hardly deny that the restless individual who gives us in the morning a long roll of stories and incidents that his or her mind has created in the moments 'twixt sleeping and waking is the possessor of the poetic faculty. The heaps of airy nothings that are habitated and named in dreams are poems: they are results of the free working of minds unfettered by impressions of mundane surroundings. The poet can distract himself from these at any time; the more solidly-minded man never attempts to do so; but nature enforces her power in him at those particular moments when his brain is in receipt of no sensations from the divers organs communicating with it: and these are the dreaming moments. In this view we see how widely the poetic power is diffused, and how rarely it is developed. The dullest simpleton will sometimes tell us of a dream that proves the depth of his mind, and recount to us a chain of images and fancies called up in his sleep that he would never have conceived with his eyes open. We ought by dreams to be able to gauge mental capacities. An individual's brain is the same awake as asleep; what it can do in the one state it ought to be able to perform in the other. When, then, we hear a highly fanciful dream related, we must credit the relator with the imaginative faculty to the degree to which his dream is unreal; and if he cannot, when awake, work out a fancy as completely as when nearly asleep, it is no proof that his brain has not the creative or connective power, but rather that he cannot sufficiently isolate himself from external objects making impressions upon it.

AN iron land is Ireland. In Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Connaught there have been mines in days gone by, whence the truly precious metal was extracted and worked in large quantities; we may generously suppose by native hands, although an acute but prejudiced writer of two centuries ago asserted that the English were the workers, adding that "the Irish themselves, as being one of the most barbarous nations of the whole earth, none of them all, great or small, at any time hath applied himself to the business, or in the least manner furthered it." Fie, fie! Gerard Boate, Doctor of Physik to the State of Ireland. The ancient Irish made implements of iron, and named localities after it, and worshipped a goddess, Brighit, that guarded smiths—and poets. In Elizabeth's time great was the trade in the metal; but a century ago the last furnace was extinguished, and the country knew the commerce no more. While there was timber there was fuel, and the ore was smelted: when the last forest was cleared, there was nothing to make fire, and the ore was left in the earth. Will a second Dudley arise and find a way to regenerate the furnaces by perfecting a method of cutting, drying, and compressing peat till it will stand in the stead of the charcoal of old? A blessing it would be if one such were to come. Poor Ireland! even Nature has dealt hardly with her—given her half a bounty; the iron without the coal. Her rocks are carboniferous, yet she has not one mine of black diamonds that can be called productive. The true philanthropists of the Green Isle must pray for the inspiration of some inventor with the idea of making peat into furnace-fuel: meanwhile let them thank Mr. Kinahan, of the Royal Irish Academy, who has just now called attention to this highly important subject.

WITHIN a few days of our reading the report of the vandalish statue-burnings of the Oxford undergrads, we met with the announcement of a wholesale destruction of idols by the natives of Madagascar. A correspondent of a colonial paper, a resident at Tamatave, had received a visit from a chief of the Hova tribe, who called to give information of the burning of the five principal idols of the capital; and a day or two after, a further demolition of six images was reported to the same official. The names of the no longer worshipped gods and goddesses were Kelimalazo, Imahavalay, Infantaka, Tsimahalahy, Rabehaza, Manjaibola, Vatamena, Faroratra Tsimandafikia, Vodolona, and Andriamaitso. These names may not interest everyone, but if they should meet the eye of any student of Malagash literature, he may not think we have quoted in vain. The effigies destroyed were not quite so valuable in our eyes as those annihilated at Oxford, for some of the former were mere rag dolls of wood and leather. There was a little difference, too, between the motives, known and inferred, that prompted the destructions. The Hova barbarians burnt their images to exemplify their rise out of idolatry into Christianity; the Oxford Christians could only have shattered theirs to signify their descent into heathenism.

"THE Modern Practical Angler," by H. Cholmondeley-Pennell, is certainly the best modern guide to fishing which has come under our notice. Written by an angler of long and varied experience, the work is full of practical information. Indeed the reader who carefully studies it may soon find himself as good a fisherman as his preceptor, who has "graduated in every branch of fish-catching, from stickleback to salmon." Mr. Pennell's opening remarks are a tribute to the progress of the times. He is evidently influenced by the firm belief that "the march of intellect" has descended to the fish. "Owing, doubtless, to the rapidly increasing popularity of fishing of late years, there are but few waters on which the shadow of the rod or the glittering of the bait is not more or less familiar, and as a consequence fish are everywhere becoming more wary and more difficult to catch." To keep pace with this "fish intelligence," the author urges the necessity of improving and refining every part of our fishing tackle. Is this not an argument against the writer's philosophy concerning the absence of pain in fishes? Here we trespass upon other ground. We shall treat this question in a future number of THE GENTLEMAN'S. Meanwhile, we feel that we are doing anglers a service by commending to their attention the new fishing guide.

MESSRS. TUXFORD have recently issued the last work of "The Druid," whom our readers will remember as "H. H. D." "Saddle and Sirloin" is the title of the book, which is nothing more nor less than the late Mr. Dixon's reminiscences of "English Farm and Sporting Worthies." Readers of this writer's papers in the last four volumes of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE will find many of the facts and much of the ana which made those articles so attractive reproduced in "Saddle and Sirloin," but accompanied by new matter of equal interest. There was no man who had so large a store of this special sporting and farming history as Mr. Dixon, who had also the faculty of communicating his knowledge to others—the work before us for example. We find at the heading of one of the chapters a quotation from a bucolic poem in *Punch.* We hope it is no breach of confidence to say that Mr. Dixon was quoting himself. We believe he wrote several "short-horn" poems for the London Charivari.

HONOURS that deserve to be recorded have recently been conferred upon an English composer. *The Bohemian Girl* having been successfully produced in Paris, M. W. Balfe has been made a Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur by the French Emperor, and a Commander of the Order of Carlos III. by the Regent of Spain. No such royal favours have been bestowed upon the composer in his own country. Nevertheless, Balfe is assuredly the most gifted of English musicians. It may be said that all the music of the present day bears the stamp he gave it, partaking more or less of that style so essentially his own invention. Four immensely popular operas seem to be the landmarks in Balfe's career—*The Siege of Rochelle*, in which the composer sang and acted the baritone part with consummate skill, produced in October, 1835; *The Maid of Artois*, written for Malibran, and including the immortal "Light of other days;" *The Bohemian Girl*, and *The Rose of Castille*. These are the works by which the composer's name will be perpetuated, although there are others from the same prolific source which are perhaps superior in intrinsic merit. Balfe has written twenty-nine operas in all—five Italian operas, three French, and twenty-one English. They are without exception remarkable for melody and dramatic fire. Some necessarily have been more successful than the rest; and, strange as it may appear, the opera which, as a theatrical speculation, proved the greatest failure, contains many songs and duets which have become permanent favourites. *Catherine Grey* was performed only a few nights; but "Look forth, my fairest," "I would be a soldier still," "O'er shepherd pipe," and other incidental pieces, are still in demand and constantly sung, proving the irrepressible popularity of the composer's music, even when associated with a faulty libretto. While melody is its chief characteristic, it is also remarkable for appropriately expressing the meaning of the text. As instances of this, Balfe's settings of Longfellow's words may be cited. These detached compositions are all original in construction, and distinguished by a fitness of form that cannot be surpassed. As the composer of much that has now become the national music of our time, Balfe has claim to some recognition of the services he has rendered Art, and the example set by the French Emperor should not be ignored by those whose privilege it is to patronise native genius.

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MALVINA.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

CHAPTER X.

THE ART OF WRITING LOVE LETTERS.

THERE are probably few things in the art of writing more difficult than the composition of a love-letter. I once knew a professor of versification who taught that in a poem the subject of the poem should never be introduced by name, and that *Nonne vides* and *Aspice qua* were convenient beginnings for Latin hexameters. When he was asked how it happened that such words as *Troja* and *Æneas* occurred in the "Æneid," he said that there were exceptions to every rule—which, as a rule (and allowing for exceptions), is more or less true.

If the worthy pedant had said that the word "love" was of rare occurrence in love-letters there would have been some truth in the observation. In France, where the same word is used to express devotion to a young lady and a taste for jam-tarts—the verb *aimer* is a great deal conjugated, no doubt. But in England it is scarcely good taste to make use of such a strong crude word as "love," when by resorting to a periphrasis it may so easily be avoided. In verse, "I love you," "Do you love me?" "She loves me," are received expressions, and are tolerated everywhere. Indeed there is scarcely anything that a man may not say to a woman if he will only take the trouble to say it in verse. But in well-written prose, for private consumption, the word "love" is but rarely employed. Neither is it in ordinary conversation. Without descending to slang (which is rich in synonyms for loving as in synonyms for dying, drinking, and performing operations of all kinds in which money is concerned), a man may say that he admires a woman, that he is greatly struck by her, or even that he has formed an attachment for her, but not that he loves her.

However, Alfred did really love Sophie, and he wished to impress that fact upon her. She had thrown him into a fever which, on the homœopathic principle, could only be cured by its own cause. He was perfectly devoted to her, and wished to marry her; and though it may or may not be a foolish thing to marry a woman only because she is beautiful, to love her for her beauty is perfectly natural, lawful, and right. Who but a brute would not love a breathing picture, a live poem, a melody made flesh? Beauty may mislead, no doubt. It is only a promise; but what a charming promise! Ugliness, on the other hand, is a menace; and if beauty sometimes proves deceptive, ugliness very often does not. At all events, young and generous natures are impressed by beauty, as they are by genius, and believe all things in favour of it. Alfred had not only been thrown by Sophie into a state of mental and moral intoxication; he also felt seriously, as a man of honour, that he owed some reparation to the young girl, who for a moment had fancied that she was in love with him, and whom he had allowed to demonstrate her affection accordingly. He had been guilty of an abuse of confidence, and if he had loved her much less intensely than he actually did, he still would have considered himself bound to make very ample amends to her for the species of deception to which he had so willingly lent himself. Love, like self-love, of which perhaps it is only a higher form, is very ingenious; and Alfred easily persuaded himself that it was his absolute duty to throw himself at Sophie's feet, giving her the option either to leave him in that position, or to raise him to a condition of perfect happiness.

How was he to set about his task?

He would have preferred meeting his charming enemy at close quarters, at the risk of being utterly discomfited and trodden under foot. He felt that it was weak-minded to attack a woman from a distance with the musketry of love-letters; but what pretext had he for going to the convent again? and if he did present himself, what chance was there of his being received?

He *must* write, if only to ask for an interview. But when he had written his letter, how was he to send it? If he forwarded it by a messenger or through the post, the Superior would either open it or request Sophie to open it in her presence. It seemed impossible to convey it to her secretly.

However, the first thing to do was evidently to write the letter. And here he was stopped at the very outset, by inability to decide how he should begin it. How, indeed, ought a man to write to a young lady with whom he has only the very slightest acquaintance, and whom, as in the affair of Alfred *versus* Sophie, he wishes to treat with the most marked respect?

To say "Madam" to a young girl is inaccurate and ridiculous.

"Miss" is simply impossible.

"Dear Miss so-and-so," borders upon familiarity. As for "presenting compliments," a man can scarcely begin with that and end by offering his heart and hand.

After indulging in these reflections Alfred was no nearer the commencement of his letter than when he first entered his room. He wished, however, to make his declaration as brief and as burning as possible. The more he thought on the matter, the more ardent he became. Before taking this great step he wrote—as if to force himself to take it—the following letter to George Thornton, which he proposed to send to the post the first thing in the morning, though the Indian mail did not go out until a week afterwards.

"MY DEAR THORNTON,

"*Veni, vidi, victus sum!* I am at St. Ouen. I have seen your cousin. I am quite captivated by her. Whether she cares for me I do not know; but I have good reason for supposing that she does not. I intend all the same making her an offer, and she will have received it, and will no doubt have refused me, long before this letter reaches you. If Miss Arnold *does* refuse me, I shall propose again. If she refuses me a second time I shall propose a third, and so on *ad infinitum*. I am entirely devoted to her, and whether she accepts me this time or not, I don't feel as if I could allow any other man to marry her. Neither your uncle nor your cousin herself can have any suspicion of my intentions; but they are very serious indeed. I wish to proclaim them aloud, and to cut myself off from all possibility of retreat. Hence this letter.

"Take care of your health. Give my kind regards to your wife, and believe me

"Your affectionate cousin in the future,

"ALFRED LEIGHTON."

He then applied himself seriously to the real business before him—the business of his life, as he felt it to be.

The result was the following short epistle :—

"MY DEAR MISS ARNOLD,

"I should feel very grateful if you would give me the opportunity of speaking to you for a few minutes alone. I wish to tell you how deeply grieved I am at having offended you, that I am devoted to you, heart and soul, that I implore your pardon, and that my life is at your service. Your father does not know that I have written to you. But if you wish that I should tell him, you have only to signify it, to be obeyed in this as in everything else. In offering myself and what belongs to me, I know that I offer very little. I am afraid to ask you to answer this letter; still, I must beg you to reply.

"Believe me, my dear Miss Arnold,
"Yours most devotedly,
"ALFRED LEIGHTON."

After reading the letter over several times, and altering it without improving it, Alfred put it in an envelope, addressed it, and went to bed. The next morning, thinking it best to trust to Fortune, who had hitherto treated him so well, Alfred took the simple course of putting the letter in the post; and a few hours afterwards it was delivered without inquiry and without inspection into Sophie's hands. She was in the habit of receiving letters from her father, and it never occurred to the Superior that anyone else was likely to write to her.

CHAPTER XI.

R. S. V. P.

IT must often be very interesting to a clever woman of the world when a man falls in love with her for whom she does not care one atom in the way of affection, but who is not personally offensive to her, and in whom she can recognise certain mental and moral points worth studying. Love, like indignation, "makes verses"—and very bad ones generally. But, however that may be, a man under the influence of love, or of any other strong emotion, reveals himself; and it is then alone his real character is to be seen.

To Sophie, however, it afforded no satisfaction; it was rather a cause of grief, that Alfred Leighton had fallen, or—so she preferred to put it—fancied he had fallen in love with her. Sophie had had very little experience of men, and that little was not at all to their advantage. She had been taught that the world was full of snares, many of which were deliberately laid by men for women; indeed, had she not fallen into one of them head first—literally head first—only the day before? Into this trap she had been precipitated, through her fidelity and devotion to her first love; and in such a dangerous matter as love, it seemed to her that one unsuccessful experiment was enough.

First of all she determined to tear up Leighton's letter, and leave it unanswered. Then she thought, that before taking the decisive step, she would consult Thérèse. In such an affair as this she was not very likely to leave Thérèse unconsulted.

Thérèse entertained no extreme views on the subject of men and marriage. She would not have kept up a rather one-sided correspondence with a cousin in India as Sophie had done; but the fact of that correspondence having come to a bad end, did not seem to her a reason why no correspondence of a similar kind should ever be entered into again. Thérèse was a very nice girl, but what marriage chiefly represented to her was the right of reading novels, and of talking to her partners at balls. She tried, then, to persuade her romantic young friend that it did not at all follow, because George had deceived her, that she would be similarly deceived by Alfred; that on the whole it was good to be married; and that, good or bad, it was the sort of thing most girls had to expect, with Sophie among the number. That the form and manner of Alfred's offer was strange she quite admitted; but she advised Sophie to refer him to her father, and not by any means to let him go.

"But why should I trust him?" argued Sophie, "I have no love for him. I shall never love again, and I am glad of it; for I shall never be deceived. No, such humiliation shall never befal me a second time."

"Do you not think he is sincere?" asked Thérèse.

"Oh, I think all sorts of things. But how can he care for me, when he has never seen me but once, and then only for a few minutes?"

"Ah! but what took place during the few minutes?"

"That again I was thinking of; I am afraid he imagines that he is bound to marry me, or at least to make me an offer, and I don't want to be married from pity."

"But at present, for the moment, shall you answer his letter?"

"Certainly not," said Sophie. "How am I to keep a correspondence, a secret correspondence, with a man I know nothing of—or indeed with any man?"

"It is uncivil not to answer letters."

"It is uncivil to write them," answered Sophie, "when they are of this kind." She pointed to the one she had received from Leighton.

"Ah, but this is not a question of civility or incivility. It is a question of passion and devotion."

"I am afraid of passion and devotion, Thérèse," said Sophie, with a sigh.

"But will you not send him a line?"

"Not one."

"Shall I do so for you?"

"Certainly not."

"Will you call at your father's while he is staying there?"

"That least of all."

"My poor Sophie, you are very obstinate, and perhaps not very wise," remonstrated Thérèse. "Don't you see that this young man was sent to you by Providence?"

"I don't know; I am afraid not."

"Well, if he cares for you very much he will write again. If you were sure that he cared for you very much indeed, do you think you should still discourage him very much indeed, and for ever?"

"You ask too much," said Sophie.

Nevertheless Alfred's first letter remained without reply or acknowledgment of any kind.

CHAPTER XII.

DR. ROWDEN.

After posting his letter, Alfred went out for a walk, returning every half hour or so to see whether an answer had arrived. He began this absurd course of action before his letter could possibly have reached its destination, and continued it until long after Sophie had resolved not to reply to it.

Three days passed, and still Alfred had received no response.

If by the following morning no answer had reached him, he resolved to write again. But the following morning brought him no letter from Sophie, and he did not write again.

In the meantime, while Alfred had been agitated so much by love, Mr. Arnold had, as usual, been plagued by money considerations. He had invested his last thousand francs in a Norman colt, which was worth nearly half as much again, and whose value, enhanced by Mr. Arnold's training, would have been trebled if he could have afforded to keep him for a year.

He had sold him, however, for sixty pounds immediately after purchasing him. *Only* he had not received the money. This, to a man in Mr. Arnold's position, and of Mr. Arnold's views, was a very serious thing indeed. For to Mr. Arnold selling was indeed one thing, buying another; and he felt indignant, and more than indignant, when the man who had agreed to purchase his colt, proposed either to pay him there and then with a bill, or to send him over the sum in cash from London.

The man, a certain Dr. Rowden, did not, of course, wish to take the horse away without paying for it, and at least that was not his proposition. But Mr. Arnold was afraid that if he once let the purchaser go he would escape from his bargain altogether. As for taking a bill, that was not to be thought of.

In the meanwhile, as the Doctor was a man of education and intelligence, and had plenty of good stories to tell, Mr. Arnold invited him to stay with him two or three days, so that he, the Doctor, might have time to get his money over from England. Mr. Arnold did not imagine that Dr. Rowden would dream of accepting his hospitality and afterwards fail to execute his part of the bargain; but he had reckoned without his guest.

Dr. Rowden did not possess sixty pounds in the world. He had not even sixty francs.

Nevertheless, Mr. Arnold, after he had found that his visitor was all but penniless, still pressed him to remain; and Dr. Rowden, who required but little pressing in these cases, remained. He was, in many respects, a remarkable person; and his life is, perhaps, sufficiently curious to be worth relating.

Dr. Rowden began life as a medical man—naturally, then, as a medical man without practice. The first patient was so long coming, that the doctor had often a great mind to go out and look for him. But his presence, wherever he went, seemed to act as a talisman against accidents and ailments.

At last, in his despair, he resolved to give advice gratis, and occasionally indigent patients would ask him not only for advice, but also for medicine, which he did not like to refuse. This was not profitable.

One fortunate day he got the appointment of honorary physician to a bankrupt infirmary supported by involuntary contributions, which the governors had the greatest difficulty in extorting from their friends.

This led to an engagement as medical officer to an insurance company, which yielded him about half enough to pay the rent of his first floor in Sackville Street. He sent articles to the *Lancet*, but the *Lancet* had plenty of contributors already, and did not wish to increase its staff. He wrote a book on stomach-ache (Rowden on the Stomach), paid Messrs. Churchill fifty pounds for publishing it, spent fifty pounds more in advertising himself as its author, and a month afterwards found himself still without patients, and getting gradually, but rapidly, very hard up.

The atmosphere in which he lived now began to rain bills. The walls of penury closed in upon him; he had to undergo the unpleasant operation known as being "pressed for payment," and his poverty, from being merely a theoretical, arithmetical poverty, became a poverty that could be felt.

Some of his creditors complained that he had not answered their letters, otherwise they would not have minded waiting.

Some were indignant because, after writing and fixing a day for payment, he had allowed the day to go by without paying.

Some wanted their money because it had been owing so long.

Some insisted on having it because Dr. Rowden had only just begun to deal with them.

Altogether, Dr. Rowden was considerably bothered. Under these circumstances he invented a dinner pill, and a remedy for baldness. There are so many drugs that promote appetite, and it is so impossible to cure baldness, that both these inventions, like everything which appeals to the sensuality or the vanity of man, would have succeeded if their author had only had money enough to advertise them. But that fatal want of capital, to which the failure of so many admirable projects is to be attributed, caused this one also to collapse; and it soon became a question with Dr. Rowden, not how he should make his dinner pills, but where he should get his dinner.

One day at the Insurance Office Rowden had to examine a man who had been insured for many years, and who finally had been unable to pay his premium until late on the very last day for receiving it. He called to hand in the money on a Saturday at three o'clock, and the office closed at two. The porter said he could do nothing in the matter, and that the money should have been tendered during office hours. *He* said that the period for making payments due on a particular day lasted until four o'clock, and that it was not his fault if the office closed two hours earlier.

The tardy insurer threatened to bring an action, and at last it was settled that he should undergo a fresh medical examination, and that if his life were approved of, his policy should be renewed on the original terms.

Rowden was requested to make the examination, after the case had been fully explained to him, and found his subject all that could be desired—except in an insurance office point of view.

He was asked to make another examination, and found him righter than ever.

This was not what the directors had expected of him. They wanted him to abuse the poor man's liver and lungs, say he hadn't a year to live, and give them some pretext for refusing to have anything more to do with him. They let him see what they meant, and he told them that he did see it.

The end was a quarrel, and resignation on the part of Rowden, who left the office neither a wiser nor a better man. He had tried an experiment in honest dealing and had found it fail.

After so many unsuccessful attempts in England, the land of peace and plenty, Dr. Rowden thought he would change his scene of action, and see whether it were not possible to turn the disturbed state of other less fortunate countries to some profitable account. He accordingly entered upon all sorts of hazardous adventures and questionable speculations by sea and by land, through which he at one time seemed to be in a fair way of becoming a rich man. Suddenly, however, in the spring of 1859, he found himself ruined by the seizure of a cargo of arms and ammunition which he and some associates had endeavoured to smuggle into Messina under a contract with the leading Italian revolutionists. He tried on all sides to raise a little more money, for he knew that a regular campaign was coming off, and was convinced that if he had only a hundred pounds to invest in lint and quinine, he should be able to dispose of it very advantageously either to the French, the Austrians, or the Italians. But the money-market was everywhere "tight," and refused to loosen itself even to Rowden.

Dr. Rowden now returned to England, where he had a friend, a medical man like himself, who, after a long course of insuccess in the pursuit of his profession, had ended by devoting to the canine species those talents which he had at one time hoped to apply to the solace of humanity. He became a dog-doctor, and found it pay.

Rowden was so terribly hard up that he was obliged to go to his friend, the dog-doctor, and beg to be introduced to a sick spaniel. Tomlins, the friend in question, took him to Lady Lavinia Pettit, who had a small collection of sick spaniels, and placed one of her over-fat, over-fed animals under Dr. Rowden's care.

Dr. Rowden examined the little beast, said something about it, received a guinea fee, and said he would call to see it again the next day.

The next day he called again very punctually, asked what the spaniel was fed upon, was told that stewed pigeons and port wine had of late formed its fare, shook his head, and recommended a substitution, for the present at least, of boiled fowl and sherry.

As Rowden had said, so it was done. He took the dog home with him that he might watch the effect of the new diet; and a fowl and a bottle of Amontillado were sent that afternoon to his lodgings.

Rowden ate the fowl, drank the sherry, kept the spaniel for twenty-four hours on bread and water, and when Lady Lavinia on the following day sent her brougham for the little darling, accompanied it to its mistress's residence, and pointed with pride to its improved condition.

He declared that nothing but change of air was now wanted to restore the dear little creature (who was still somewhat wheezy from fat on the chest) to a state of perfect health. Lady Lavinia gave him another fee (cheque for five) and suggested Paris.

Rowden would never have dared to hint at Paris as a desirable place for a sick spaniel to visit. But he took care to make no objection to the proposal, received a good sum for expenses, and started that night by the mail train for the capital of Europe.

Very little did the sick spaniel see of the twenty pounds which Dr. Rowden had drawn on that animal's account! Rowden gave the little beast a run in the Champs Elysées, and kept the money for himself.

However, low diet and severe exercise between the Place de la Concorde and the Bois de Boulogue did wonders for the dog; and if he had not unfortunately been run over just as Rowden was thinking of taking him home to England he might have made the Doctor's fortune.

As it was, Rowden felt that, in regard to Lady Lavinia and the world of dogs, he was a lost medical man. He sent to the bereaved mistress a *lettre de faire part*, excused himself as best he could to Tomlins (who never spoke to him again), went on spending his twenty pounds, and when he had nearly finished that not very difficult operation, took his ticket for London.

Rowden was returning from Paris rather crest-fallen, when, getting out of the train close to St. Ouen, he thought he might as well spend a day or two there, for he was in no hurry to get back to England.

The morning after his arrival, he took a stroll out of the town in the direction of the horse-market, where he recognised the voice of an unmistakeable Englishman, who was calling out: "*Avvy vous un bong chevall?*" to which a dozen dealers replied, *Oui, milord! un cheval magnifique!*"

The proprietor of the English voice was Mr. Arnold, who was so well known to the dealers that they scarcely even tried to cheat him: they had made the attempt so often, and always in vain.

"*En voici un, au moins qui n'est pas un* SCREW," said a man, who was holding a spirited young Norman colt by the halter, and who now took him out into the road to give him a run. Rowden, on hearing the Frenchman assure the Englishman that his horse was not "*un* SCREW," could not help laughing; which, somehow, made him look as though he wanted to join in the conversation. He, therefore, thought it best to address Mr. Arnold openly, and said:

"I knew they borrowed some mechanical terms from us, but this is the first time I ever heard a Frenchman speak of a horse as '*un* SCREW.'"

"Oh, they have learnt it from me," said Mr. Arnold; "I have bought lots of horses here, and I always tell them it's no use offering me a screw, and now they understand me. Are you going to buy anything?"

"I don't know," said Rowden.

He walked towards the Norman horse, and affected to examine its points. The dealer had now mounted him, and was putting him through his paces amid the jeers of his rivals, who declared that the animal had no legs, no wind, no anything that he ought to have.

"He is actually lame. *Voyez un peu comme il boite,*" cried one of them.

"*Oui, il boit et mange,*" said the rider, making what is generally recognised in French horse-markets as an appropriate reply to such an accusation.

The dealer could not be got to say what he would take for the colt until he had exhibited him in every possible point of view, and sounded his praises in every possible key. At last he asked fifteen hundred francs; Mr. Arnold offered eight hundred (amid the laughter and ironical cheers of the market generally); and, ultimately, a bargain was struck for a thousand.

Rowden now walked up to Mr. Arnold, and congratulated him on his acquisition. Anybody in England, he said, would give sixty or seventy pounds for the horse. He wouldn't mind giving sixty for it himself.

Mr. Arnold looked upon the spirited young horse, fresh from the Norman pastures, and who, to use a Spanish expression, had still his "meadow coat" upon him, as a rough diamond which, with a little preparing and polishing, would be worth at least twice, if not three times, as much as he had given for it. Sixty pounds paid at once for a forty pounds purchase was not to be refused; and Mr. Arnold, after exchanging cards with Dr. Rowden, asked him to call in the afternoon and see the horse in the stable after the groom had rubbed him down.

Dr. Rowden saw the horse, but, as has been already explained, Mr. Arnold did not see Dr. Rowden's money.

In fact, Rowden had no more intention of buying the Norman horse than he had of buying the Great Eastern, and sending it out full of arms and ammunition with his compliments to General Garibaldi. But he wanted to make Mr. Arnold's acquaintance, without quite knowing what it would lead to, and in that he had succeeded.

As for Mr. Arnold, he was much impressed with Rowden's versatility and resources the first time that he had the opportunity of talking with him at any length.

In fact, Rowden, if he possessed nothing else, had at least plenty of ideas; and in the course of a conversation, which began in Mr. Arnold's stable and ended in Mr. Arnold's dining-room, he declared that he knew half a dozen ways of making a comparatively large fortune out of next to nothing.

This was just the sort of secret which, in Mr. Arnold's opinion, was eminently worth knowing.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LIFE INSURANCE.

Dr. Rowden stopped several days at Mr. Arnold's house, during which time a great deal was said about pecuniary schemes of various kinds, but nothing whatever on either side about the purchase of the Norman horse.

Each felt that he had to deal with a master, and with a master moreover who, as a plain matter of fact, had no money. Mr. Arnold could only sell the horse for ready cash, and Rowden could only purchase it on credit; accordingly no business was done.

One afternoon, when the restless Alfred had gone out for a ride (in the course of which he had occasion to pass the convent four times and did not once succeed in getting a glimpse of Sophie), the Doctor and Mr. Arnold sat together smoking and conversing on the favourite subject—or rather on the subject to which their circumstances condemned them. The rich are often accused of troubling themselves too much about money; but they think less of it than the very poor. The Doctor and Mr. Arnold had been exhausting their ingenuity in devising all sorts of plans for making money—except, of course, the old-fashioned one of working for it—Rowden, taking his cigar out of his mouth, said to his host:—"Did you ever have a go in at the insurance offices?"

"I never got any money out of them, if that's what you mean," answered Mr. Arnold.

"You're wrong. There is a great deal to be done with insurance offices—I mean, of course, for those who know how to do it. Insure your life, kill yourself, send in an application for the insurance-money, come to life again—that is all you have to do, and really nothing is easier."

"It is very easy to talk about."

"It is very easy to do it. A friend of mine, an Irishman—he's dead in earnest now, poor fellow!—used to say that if you insured your life in a black coat and went to the office some time afterwards in a blue coat and brass buttons to claim the money payable on your own death, the cash would be handed over to you without a murmur."

"He didn't know what he was talking about."

"Well!——I rather think he did. He was a great friend of the gentleman in the dressing gown."

"Who was *he?*"

"What! did you never hear of the gentleman in the dressing gown? He used to be a great character at some fashionable watering-place in Ireland. He was passionately fond of bathing, and every morning before he took his swim you might see him walking up and down the beach, accompanied by his three sons, and always attired in his celebrated dressing gown, which was as well, or better known, than the man himself. One day he took a swim out, leaving his dressing gown, as usual, on the beach, and didn't come back again. The sons were very much distressed, and when everything that could be thought of had been done to find the old gentleman's body, it was touching to see them carrying home the vacant dressing gown. Every one knew that the former proprietor of it was dead; but his life was insured, and some time after the insurance money had been paid, he turned up in Paris with his three sons—but without the dressing gown."

"That trick having once been done, could not be repeated—even if there were no other objections!"

"Even if there were no other objections!" repeated Rowden sarcastically. "But that is not the only trick. Did you ever hear of the man—an Irishman again—who found his own body in the Liffey?"

"Never."

"You didn't? Well, he was crossing the Liffey in a boat with some of his friends—Jim Malony we will suppose his name to have been—when a corpse was observed floating in the water. 'Why, God bless me, if this isn't poor Jim Malony!' he called out. His friends thought at first that he had gone mad; but he continued to bewail Jim Malony until they understood at last what he meant. The report was spread that Jim Malony had been drowned. The body fished out of the Liffey was described as that of Jim Malony at the inquest, and as the real Jim Malony's life was insured in a respectable London office, you can understand that he made a good thing of it. Oh, in Ireland they do a roaring business in life insurance. There a man will insure his life, boast that he is going into a consumption, and sell his policy, if it is a small affair, for a ten pound note, a new hat and a bottle of whisky. Or he will follow his own funeral with nothing but a big stone in the coffin, and pocket a good sum by the transaction. In that blessed land any one may insure any one else's life without any questions being asked. If a bricklayer falls off a scaffold and breaks his ribs, there are at once a hundred candidates for the honour of insuring his life—only, of course, they don't send the poor fellow himself to London. It would be cruel in his delicate state of health, so they find some one to replace him—some healthy man who will be sure to stand the medical examination in a satisfactory manner."

"You seem to have given a good deal of study to this subject," said Mr. Arnold.

"I should think I had," said Rowden. "I was medical officer to an insurance office for some time, and knew every move connected with the business."

"I have often heard," observed Mr. Arnold, "of insurance offices being cheated, but did not know that they ever cheated on their side."

"There are offices and offices," replied Rowden. "Some deal fairly and some don't. Mine didn't, but I was a fool to leave it all the same."

"You could not have remained with any dignity."

"No, not with dignity, but with considerable profit. When a man knows an important secret he ought to take advantage of it."

"Well, there's something in that, perhaps," said Mr. Arnold, with an air which seemed to say that he did not give his full assent to the proposition.

"Insurance," continued Rowden, "is a very fine thing in its way, but somehow or other there have been a great many more fires since the practice of fire insurance became general than there ever were before, and I fancy it is the same with lives. There are men, of course, who wouldn't mind burning their furniture for money, but who would hesitate to sacrifice human life; and on the other hand there are men who wouldn't—that is to say, they wouldn't, if the sacrifice could be made easily, and it seemed quite sure that it would never be found out. Receiving the insurance money is pleasanter work than paying the premiums. People soon discover that."

"There you're right," remarked Mr. Arnold, with an *experto crede* sort of air. "But do you really mean to say that murders are committed for the sake of insurance money?"

"Yes, only the murderer does not kill his victim with a pistol or a knife and fork, or anything of that kind. The victim may somehow get drowned, or the victim may be poisoned—gin, for that purpose will do as well as anything else, and rather better. It seems so natural to some people to drink gin; and if one man keeps another well supplied with drink it looks hard to accuse him, for that, of an intent to murder."

"I thought they refused to grant insurances on the lives of intemperate persons?"

"Yes, but the intemperate persons are prepared specially for the occasion. To insure the life of a confirmed drunkard is always a good speculation for his friends—provided, of course, that no positive misrepresentation be made which can afterwards be proved to be such. The drunkard has to be caught, kept sober for a week, and then primed with a glass of sherry just before he is sent, cleanly washed and neatly dressed, into the presence of the medical officer."

"And can't the medical officer find that out?"

"Well, I used to sometimes. If for instance the applicant's breath smelt of wine, I told him so, and observed whether he seemed to mind it. Or I left him a deuce of a time by himself, to see whether he got nervous when the effect of the stimulant had worn off. If it is a very bad case, indeed—if the man has had *delirium tremens*, for instance—you can tell that easily enough when he puts his tongue out. He can't keep it perfectly still. There is always a little tremulous movement that betrays him."

"Do they ever try to bribe the medical officer?"

"Often."

Mr. Arnold did not like to ask whether Rowden had ever taken a bribe, nor would Rowden have told him if he had.

"Besides cases of murder, or as good as murder," continued Rowden, who had warmed to his subject, "I have known cases of suicide. Death by suicide invalidates the policy, as you are, no doubt, aware. But a man may fall down a precipice or get run over by a railway train, and no one can tell whether he has come by his death through his own intentional act or not."

"Suicide, perhaps. But do you mean to say that you ever met with cases of deliberate murder, done for the sake of the insurance money?"

"Undoubtedly. Or if not wilful murder, at least very remarkable imitations of it. The insurance office is to the rich what the burial club is to the poor, and we know what some of the effects of burial clubs have been. I will tell you of one rather curious insurance case, that came within my own knowledge—a case too in which the money was paid, and in which no accusation was made against any one. A man came to the office one day with a proposal to insure his wife's life. There was nothing odd in that, for she possessed a good deal of property which did not go to the husband at her death. He said frankly that he believed she had a very delicate constitution, though after we had examined her most carefully we could not find that there was anything the matter with her. Her heart and lungs were as sound as possible, and in spite of her husband's anxiety about her, she had never had a serious illness. Well, he insured her life for 5,000*l.*, saying at the time that he intended to live for the next few years in the United States, where he had already resided, and where he had some business or other to attend to. He went to New York with his wife and a young child, and soon after his arrival found that affairs of importance required his presence in New Orleans. The wife asked whether it would not be dangerous to take the child there, to which he replied that it decidedly would, and that the child had better be left with the nursery-maid at a boarding house in New York. As for herself he did not think she had anything to fear, and it was certain that *he* hadn't, as he had lived at New Orleans before for a considerable time, and had become thoroughly acclimatised. At last the husband and wife *did* go to New Orleans."

"What happened?"

"Just what might have been expected. The wife died of fever, and the husband came to London to claim the insurance money. Everything had been done in proper form, except that the insurer had rather exaggerated the amount of his wife's income, and had never mentioned his intention of visiting New Orleans. He had a very good case against us, but we had also a slight case against him; and the end of it was that we gave him two thousand pounds and let him go about his business."

"So you actually make compromises at insurance offices with men whom you believe to be murderers?"

"We don't like litigation, it gives us a bad name, and then it is not our business to prosecute. But insurance offices are not moral institutions in all respects. They are convenient. They enable a man to live up to his income or even a little beyond it; but they destroy saving habits. A man never saves money now unless he is in trade, and not always then. To what extent they encourage crime I will not consider. It is so difficult to get full information on the subject. But that they do encourage it to some extent is not to be doubted. Old Finch of the Dragon office——"

"Oh, do you know old Finch?"

"Of course, I do. Well, old Finch, I was going to say, looks upon every fire, if the house happens to be insured, as a case of arson, and every death, if the life has been insured, as a case of murder."

"He would like to restrict the business of an insurance office to receiving premiums. It would be very profitable. My daughter's life is insured in the Dragon."

"Miss Arnold's life insured! Then you can get money easily?"

"What, by killing my daughter?"

"Yes, in the insurance office sense of the word. That is to say, by placing her in such a position that they will be obliged to pay up on her policy. You might take her off to America and kill her there. It is no use trying on anything of that kind in France. There every dead person must be visited by a medical officer appointed specially for the purpose—'The doctor of the Dead.' 'Le Médecin des Morts,' as he is quaintly, and perhaps somewhat ironically, styled by the French people. In England we have too much liberty for any forced inspection of that kind to be tolerated. But how was it that they accepted her life?"

"Well, I suppose they did not think it very likely that a father would kill his own daughter."

"No, but there are certain fixed rules. In England it is absolutely necessary to show that you have a greater interest in the life than in the death of the person whose life you insure. This law does not apply to Ireland. It was passed in England before the act of union, and the Irish, as I was telling you before, speculate in human life in the most free and easy manner, without the least restraint."

"The matter is very simple," explained Mr. Arnold. "I live on the interest of my daughter's fortune. If she were to die it would all return to her mother's family, and I should be left without a farthing."

"No wonder then that they granted you a policy. How much is it for? I ask you frankly, because I want to see whether I can be of any real use to you in getting a little money. Of course, I was only joking just this moment, but you might borrow money on the policy."

"Yes, with good securities. But with good securities I might borrow money independently of the policy."

"Well, if you had a few thousands now, you could secure tens of thousands in six months."

"That is to say *you* could," suggested Mr. Arnold.

"Well, I could show you how it is to be done," replied Rowden. "What, by-the-by, is Miss Arnold's life insured for?"

"Fifteen thousand pounds," said the father.

"Fifteen thousand pounds," observed Dr. Rowden, "is a sum worth speculating with. I should put it in five different ventures, and I could lay my life that four of them would succeed."

"And then the money could be paid back to the insurance office?"

"Of course it could, and Miss Arnold could come to life again, and you could go on drawing the interest of her money. But here comes Mr. Leighton. He looks very dusty. What a long ride he must have had. We will talk about other matters; another time, if it interests you."

"It interests me very much indeed," said Mr. Arnold.

"What," continued Rowden, "becomes of the money if Miss Arnold gets married? I see he has gone round to the stables."

"It is settled on her absolutely, but, of course, I should have nothing more to do with it."

"Of course not! Then the position is this. As long as Miss Arnold lives and does not get married, you draw the interest on twenty thousand pounds. If—which heaven forbid!—she should die, you receive fifteen thousand pounds from the insurance office."

"Exactly so."

"If she marries you get nothing from any one—I should certainly not let her get married. But here comes Mr. Leighton."

Mr. Arnold did not think it worth while to explain to Rowden that if his daughter married the Count de Villebois, that disinterested nobleman was willing to leave her dowry untouched, or to place an equal sum at her father's disposal.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOCIETY AT ST. OUEN.

THE day after this long conversation, on the subject of life insurance, Mr. Arnold had a great deal to do. He had to attend a steeplechase in the neighbourhood of St. Ouen, on which he had laid a little money, and for which he had even entered a couple of horses ("Bataclan," by "Feu d'Enfer," out of "Poppet," and "Flick et Flock," by "Mossoo," out of "Mademoiselle Maupin"); he proposed to call upon his daughter at the convent; and in the evening Alfred Leighton, Dr. Rowden, and M. de Villebois were to dine with him.

At the first day's meeting "Bataclan" lost his race, Mr. Arnold lost his bets, and there was a dark shade on that gentleman's countenance as he walked from the stand to the stables, and proceeded to abuse his groom. The groom, who was groom, trainer, and several other things all in one, declared that it was not *his* fault, and attributed "Bataclan's" failure to some defect in the animal's character. He had been tried at everything. At hunting, at flat racing, and now at steeplechasing, and could be trained to nothing, argued the groom. "Hosses have so much to learn," he concluded, "and when they knows it, it's time to die!"

This melancholy view of equine existence did not seem to be shared by Mr. Arnold, who sold "Bataclan" that very afternoon to the Count de Villebois for two thousand five hundred francs, being one thousand five hundred more than he had given for him a year and a half before.

This sum was not sufficient to enable Mr. Arnold to pay the bets he owed to a variety of captains, and colonels, and knights at arms, by whom St. Ouen is infested during the season, and who at that watering place of ill fame make frantic and sometimes disastrous endeavours to live largely upon small means.

However, there was to be another race the day following; and if he made nothing by that, Mr. Arnold resolved to sell his second steeplechaser ("Flick et Flock") to young Leighton, who had already shown himself well disposed towards the animal. There had even been some talk of Leighton's riding him—a proceeding to which Mr. Arnold, who had laid against the horse, saw no objection; for he knew that Leighton was far from being an experienced jockey, and thought it unlikely that he would be a match even for such inferior riders as were to be found at the races of St. Ouen.

"A man who has horses to sell, and a rich and pretty daughter to marry, ought to be able to get on," reflected Rowden, when he saw the use to which Mr. Arnold was turning his two-sided position. "If I were only a soft-hearted man and had a little money, that Norman colt would be planted on me, beyond a doubt."

He, at the same time, blamed Mr. Arnold for occupying himself with such trifles, and resolved to speak to him seriously, at the first opportunity, about the insurance office.

To do Mr. Arnold strict justice, he was not quite conscious—he would not allow himself to become conscious of the part he was playing in connection with his daughter, and towards his daughter's admirers. In fact, Alfred Leighton had not yet declared himself in that character, while, as for the Count, because he had proposed for Sophie and had not been accepted, was that any reason why Mr. Arnold should not sell him a horse—and a horse that was something like a horse too, and worth very nearly all that Mr. Arnold had asked for it?

"Your horse ran admirably," said the good-natured Count, after he had agreed to purchase it. "If the prize had been not for mere swiftness, but for grace and beauty, 'Bataclan' would certainly have carried it away."

This unsportsmanlike observation, which might have been intended as a sarcasm, but was, in fact, uttered in all sincerity, caused Mr. Arnold to stare, Alfred Leighton to smile, and Dr. Rowden to laugh outright.

"It appears that I have uttered an amusing remark, without knowing it," said M. de Villebois.

Rowden thereupon apologised, blaming himself, and the English nation generally, for taking so purely practical a view of the qualities of a horse.

"I am going for a short walk with Mr. Leighton," called out Mr. Arnold. "If I don't see you before, we shall meet at dinner."

Mr. Arnold and his young friend commenced their promenade by going to the stables to have a look at "Flick et Flock," and were indulging in learned discourse respecting that eminent steeplechaser's points and paces, when Captain Fludyer lounged in, with a large riding whip in his hand, and an enormous cigar between his teeth.

"How d'ye do, Arnold?" began the Captain. "So you have sold , Bataclan' to the Count? He will win a lot of money with him!"

"He doesn't want to win a lot of money with him," replied Arnold. "He wants the horse for his own riding."

"Well, I hope he'll like him," continued the Captain. "And what are you going to do with 'Flick et Flock,' the illustrious offspring of 'Mossoo' and 'Mademoiselle de Maupin?' Who was 'Mossoo,' Arnold? I know who 'Mademoiselle de Maupin' was, for I sold her to you myself. But the famous 'Mossoo'? Is there anything about him in the 'Stud Book'?"

"Quite as much as there is about you in the 'Army List,'" replied Mr. Arnold.

"Oh, no; you'll find the date of my commision in the 'Army List.'"

"The only commission you ever had," insisted Mr. Arnold, "was so much per cent. on selling horses."

"No, I was in the service, but I couldn't stand the discipline. I am like 'Bataclan.' Regular training does not suit me."

"It suits 'Flick et Flock.' I never saw a horse in better condition."

"Yes, the son of 'Mossoo' looks well," acknowledged Captain Fludyer. "But he won't win! Not the ghost of a chance! Are you backing him yourself? No, you old rascal! You know better."

"I have put all the money on him I can afford, and a little more," answered Mr. Arnold; "and my friend here, Mr. Leighton—let me introduce you; Mr. Leighton, Captain Fludyer—is going to back him on my recommendation."

"I think he has a very good chance," said Leighton. "At least he might have, only Mr. Arnold has suggested that I should ride him."

"Have you insured your life for its full value, and made the policy over to our friend?" asked Captain Fludyer.

"Oh, the horse can carry me well enough!" answered Alfred; "I am a light-weight, and the jumps are not very formidable. I have done worse things in India. Were you ever in India?"

"No," replied Fludyer, "I served chiefly in Spain. You have ridden steeplechases before then, have you?"

"No, I have not. But I don't think there is much mystery in the art."

"Not on our courses at all events. Everything is straight and simple enough. Ride as if you had a pretty girl in front and a bailiff behind, and you will come in all right. You can't bet against yourself, or I would back you."

"I will back myself if you like, for a trifle. Five pounds against fifteen?"

"Done," said Captain Fludyer, who forthwith booked the bet.

"He will never pay you," said Mr. Arnold, as they walked on.

"Hullo, Arnold," said a cool, collected, rather surly-looking Englishman, with curly whiskers and a wall-eye, whom they next met. "What's up? Are you going to wash your mouth out?"

"Not just now," answered Mr. Arnold.

"Will you smoke, then?"

"No, not at present."

"I never saw such a fellow," exclaimed the new comer (he was an ex-gentleman of sporting propensities, known as Captain Thorpe). "Won't smoke and won't drink! How you must swear!"

"Here is one of the glories of the French turf," said Mr. Arnold, as a French Marquis, in the disguise of an English groom, came towards them. "*Eh, bien, Marquis? comment ça va?*"

"*Ca va mal! Je viens du* paddock," answered the Marquis, "*je cherche partout mon* jockey; *les* lads *ne savent pas où ce sacré* Bill *est parti! Il doit être sur le* loose. *Il sera* drunk *comme un* lord, *et moi je serai* nowhere, *c'est un* dam fool."

"Our horses carry the English language with them wherever they go," said Mr. Arnold.

"Yes," replied Leighton, "at least enough to swear by. Who are these two men?"

"The one in undress uniform is an African officer, Major Raccroc, of the *chasseurs indigènes*, who is going to ride in one of the steeple-chases; his companion, the Englishman, is Bill Bingham, a returned convict, who, before he came over here—he can't show at Tattersall's now—used to bet on commission for some of the first men on the Turf. The French officer—who, by the way, rides like a mountebank, and will rupture himself at the water-jump if he does not fall off before—is under the impression that he is conversing with one of the untitled nobility of England, and is astonished at the coarseness of his manners and the colour of his nails."

"Who are the yellow-haired ladies in the open carriage, laughing and drinking champagne?"

"You must particularise."

"The fourth carriage on the left. The horsey marquis has just passed it. The officer and the returned convict have now stopped to speak to them."

"Oh, they are queer. Shall I introduce you?"

"No, thank you."

"They are Englishwomen—wives whose husbands have gone astray."

"And who think they cannot do better than follow their example! I suppose there is not much society here? Miss Arnold must sometimes find it dull."

"I daresay she would find it very dull," replied the father, "if she were not at school. But she seems to like it. I don't see her very often, but she does pay me a visit now and then. Perhaps she will to-day."

Alfred betrayed no emotion, but replied with studied calmness that he should be delighted to meet Miss Arnold again.

And Sophie on her side? he asked himself. Sophie who had not answered him, who had perhaps taken offence at his writing to her at all. Even if she said nothing to her father about the letter, which, on reflection, Alfred considered more than probable, she must, he thought, feel some sort of resentment against him, or she would at least have sent him a word of reply.

Alfred's meditations were broken in upon by Mr. Arnold's calling his attention to the fact that the bilious-looking man in the white choker who was coming towards them was the Rev. Japhet Stickney, a Low Church clergyman, who claimed the spiritual direction of the English colony at St. Ouen."

"Has he not a black eye?" asked Alfred.

"He has two black eyes, or ought to have," answered Mr. Arnold. "He had last week, and they looked then as if they would last him some time. The Rev. Luckthorpe Roydon, our High Church clergyman, dropped into him. But he must have had them painted; they scarcely show at all to-day."

"Two clergymen fighting!" exclaimed Alfred. "What was the dispute about?"

"Oh, they're always fighting over here! This time Stickney, who has set up a chapel of his own without the sanction of the Bishop, accused Roydon in a sermon of having been thirty years absent from his living, where he gets all his duty done for forty pounds a year by a curate. Roydon, without answering the charge, preached a sermon on the text, 'My enemies are as the hairs of my head'—in ironical allusion to Stickney, who is bald. Stickney then took for his text, 'The drunkards made songs about me'—Roydon drinks; and I think it was Roydon after that who delivered a discourse on the subject of the particular kind of sinners who are specially excluded from all hope of entering the kingdom of heaven. That referred to certain goings on with Miss Priscilla Foljambe—Pussy Foljambe, as they call her, late of the Strand Theatre. She has four hundred a-year allowed her by Lord Glenlivat's wife's family, to live quietly over here; and, to tell the truth, has been seen about with both the reverend gentlemen."

"They hold, no doubt, that their office is sacred," remarked Alfred, "whatever they themselves may be. That is a doctrine on which they ought to lay very particular stress."

"And their example after all cannot do much harm; they have gone too far for that."

Yes, thought Alfred, but a clergyman ought to be something more than uninjurious, and it is not sufficient even that he should serve the possibly useful purpose of a frightful warning.

"You know this road?" said Mr. Arnold to Leighton, when they had walked together some little distance in silence.

"Not exactly."

"Well, you know that building. Where did you go the other day?"

"Oh, the Convent of the Augustines. I could scarcely see it through the trees. You mean to call there?"

"Yes, if you don't mind the walk."

"Thank you, you are very kind," said Alfred, absently. . . . I mean that it is no great distance, and that I shall be most happy," he suddenly added.

"*A la bonne heure!*" exclaimed Mr. Arnold, good humouredly.

Alfred Leighton did not prove himself a brilliant conversationalist during the next few minutes. In fact he scarcely spoke until they reached the convent gates.

(To be continued.)

A Man of the Crowd to Charles Dickens.

I AM but one of many; never saw
Thy face, or heard the voice that now is stilled.
My spirit is but little apt to awe
Of lofty-perched mortality; and yet
My heart is heavy with a keen regret,
Mine eyes with unaccustomed tears are filled.

We of the throng lead little lives, apart
From all the genial stir and glow of art,
The comradeship of genius, and the breath
Of that large life to which our low-pulsed life is death.
Slow-footed, bowed, we toil through narrow ways,
And linger out our dull and unrecorded days.
But thou!—thou had'st an eye to mark
The feeble light that burned within our dark;
A sympathy as wide as heaven's free air;
A glance as bright
As heaven's own light,
That, pure amid pollution, pierceth everywhere.
Not beggary's rags, not squalor's grime,
The crust of ignorance, the stain of crime,
Could hide from thee the naked human soul.
Thou had'st our Shakespeare's ken, and Howard's heart;
Not puppets we, God's poor, to play our part
On thy mimetic stage, mere foils grotesque,
Apt adjuncts of thine art's bright picturesque.
Our loves, our hates, our hopes and fears,
Our sins and sorrows, smiles and tears,
To thee were real as to us, who knew
That thou would'st limn them with a hand as true
And tender in its touch, as though it drew
The finer traits and passions of thy peers.
That sense so sure, that wit so strong,
Did battle on our side against the oppressor's wrong,

Because thine honest heart did burn with scorn
Of high-perched insolence everywhere;
And knightly, though unknighted, thou did'st dare
To champion the feeble and forlorn.
Though not in fairy forest, leaguered tower,
By haunted lake, or startled Beauty's bower,
Did'st *thou* go seeking them; but in foul lairs
Not else remembered even in good men's prayers.
In hidden haunts of cruelty, where no light,
Save of thy sympathy, pierced the night.
Thence, though the source might all unlovely seem,
Unfit for painter's touch or poet's dream;
Thou, painter-poet as thou wert, did'st draw
The hidden beauty meaner eyes ne'er saw;
But which, set forth upon thy living page,
Drew all the eyes and hearts of an unthinking age.
All inarticulate we; thou wert our voice;
Thou in our poor rejoicing didst rejoice,
Smile gently with our pitiful mirth, and grieve
When Pain, our chill familiar, plucked each ragged sleeve.
Therefore we loved thee, better than we knew,
Old friend and true.
Thy silent passing to an honoured tomb
Has filled a people's heart with more than fleeting gloom.

Moreover, thou did'st bring us of thy best,
Thou, with the great an honoured guest,
And treasured by the chiefs of birth and brain,
To simple and unlearnèd souls wert plain.
The common heart on thine enchantment hung,
While genius, stooping from her heights,
Lent to the lowest her delights,
And spake to each in his own mother tongue.
Who now like thee shall lighten human care?
By words where mirth with pathos meets,
By most delectable conceits,
Thou gav'st us laughter that our babes might share;
And jollity, that had no touch of shame.
No satyr's brand besmirches thy fair fame.
Thy meteor fancy, by its quickening sleight,
Peopled our world with creatures of delight.
Not phantoms they, but very friends they seem,

Dear and familiar as are few
Of those around us; all too true
And quick for shadows of Romance's dream.
Most human-hearted they, or grave or gay,
But touched with that unspeakable impress
Of genius, airy wit, rare tenderness,
That marks them as thine own (e'en so a ray
Of sunset glory magnifies
Familiar beauties to our eyes)—
So touched, they in our memories live for aye,
Unaged by time and sacred from decay.
The friends we cherish pass, the foes we hate;
All living things towards Death's portal move;
Not even *thee* a nation's pride and love
Could keep from that dark gate.
But these, thy creatures, cannot die:
Companions of all generations, they
Shall keep thy mem'ry from decay
More surely than that glorious grave where thou dost lie.
Therefore, let critic carp or bigot prate,
Sniff fault or folly here or there,
Contemn thy creed, or thee declare
Not wholly wise, or something less than great.
Thou hast the people's heart, that few may gain;
Not yielded to mere strenuous might of brain,
Prowess of arm, or force of will,
But to the strong and true and tender soul,
The human *in excelsis*, that can thrill
Through all humanity's pulses, till the whole
Great scattered brotherhood again is one.
No chill star-radiance thine; thou art a sun
Of central warmth; lord of our smiles and tears,
An uncrowned king of men through all the years.

E. J. Milliken.

WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH.

REMINISCENCES OF MARK LEMON.

No. II.—A RAMBLE ON WHEELS.

"I LIKE the chapter much," I said the next morning, handing my friend the MS. which he had placed in my hands over night.

"Is it too long?"

"No."

"I don't pretend to be a descriptive writer. I hope this may be my last effort."

"I am not sure that I like your title."

"'The Taffeta Petticoat?' I thought it rather novel. The story all turns upon the colour and character of that particular article of dress."

"Of all the titles of your works, I like more than any other that of *Hearts are Trumps*."

"Did I ever tell you how the story suggested itself to me?"

"Yes; but I have an imperfect recollection of the incident. You shall give me a second edition of it, if you will."

"By-and-by, when we are reposing comfortably in our chariot."

Here we are interrupted by Bardolph and Shallow, who come in to breakfast, with the daily papers (containing notices of the performance of the previous night), and letters for "Falstaff." These latter are of far deeper interest to Sir John than the papers, which Bardolph and Shallow eagerly devour, extolling this editor in mock heroics, and damning with faint praise the other. Shallow pretends to be very bitter against the press for the ignominious way in which he is overlooked. We have a smart discussion upon the equivocal compliments which Bardolph receives for the "make-up of his nose."

"That nose of thine," remarks Shallow, "seems to get into the editorial head."

"[illegible] would it were in the editorial stomach."

"[illegible] hen [illegible] ld the press be heart-burned," responds [illegible] "S[illegible] ff, a word with you."

"Ah, Shallow, give you good time of day," says Mark Lemon, looking up from his letters. "Shall we to breakfast? Give me a cup of coffee."

Thus breakfast commences, accompanied by a rattle of harmless fun and apt Falstaffian quotation. The end of the morning meal brings the carriage ordered over night. Bardolph and Shallow leave us, to explore Edinburgh on foot. Falstaff and the amateur impresario are of a lazier habit of body. The holiday feeling has taken too firm a hold upon them for anything but an idle, lolling, easy, dreamy indulgence on wheels.

We were fortunate in obtaining the services of a particularly intelligent driver, who was evidently proud of his fare.

"Tell us all you know," said Mark Lemon, as he got into the conveyance; "tell us all you know, and stop at any place of special interest. When you have driven us where you please, then we will direct you. We have a call to make."

The coachman obeyed these instructions with great tact and judgment. Whether he told us all he knew, or more, is neither here nor there. He was an excellent showman, and the little present of "Falstaff," with some kindly words of remembrance written therein, and signed "Mark Lemon," which he carried home that day, will now, alas! more than ever be a cherished memorial of Mark Lemon's visit to Scotland.

Sandy pointed to the unfinished monument on Calton Hill, as "the national disgrace." At the Castle he gave us an example of his reading and intelligence by a shrewd reference to the stratagem by which Sir William Douglas recovered possession of the place in 1341. A party of Sir William's men, dressed as sailors, arrived early in the morning at the Castle gate with a cartload of wine, which they said had just arrived by land at Leith. They upset the cart in the middle of the gate. This prevented the portcullis from being lowered. A number of men, who had been placed in ambuscade during the night, rushing in to the assistance of the sailors, the garrison was put to the sword, and possession of the Castle regained.

It is a grand historical romance, the history of Edinburgh Castle. The past and present are characteristically united on the Castle Hill by a monumental cross to the officers of the 78th Highlanders who fell in the Crimea. There are some curious old buildings here. A cannon ball still sticks in the side of a house which originally belonged to the Marquis of Huntly. This suggestive memorial of former days no doubt found its present resting-place during that stormy time when the Castle was held for the King by General

Grant, and the town and Holyrood were in possession of Prince Charles.

From Castle Hill you get a fine view of the Grass Market, the site of public executions in the old days. Captain John Porteous was hanged here to a dyer's pole. His crime was that of intercepting an attempt at rescue during the execution of a smuggler. He fired upon the mob without warning. He was pardoned by the king, but the people seized the officer and hanged him. The incident is graphically narrated in the "Heart of Midlothian." There is still a cross on the pavement where the gallows stood.

A topographical or historic notice of the district is quite outside the pale of this paper; but there are a few incidents of general interest which I venture to print in this place, some of which Sandy told us, some of which we marked in our "Murray's Guide." Formerly butter and provisions were weighed before they were allowed to come into the city. The weigh-house was at the top of West Bow, but in 1822 it was removed to make room for the public entry of George IV. Lord Ruthven lived in the West Bow. The street was the head-quarters of the Covenanter party, and at the same time was occupied chiefly by smiths and pewterers. It was from this association that the Covenanters got the name of the Bow-head saints. In James Court was the house of David Hume, and afterwards that of James Boswell, who entertained Johnson there in 1773. The house was burnt down in 1859. In the Covenanter's Close was situated a tavern much frequented by lawyers in the days of Sir Walter Scott. It was here that the Solemn League and Covenant was placed for signature in 1840.

Finding my companion, Sir John, suddenly raising his hat in the street, and seeing no response from the window to which his eyes were directed, I found that he was doing homage to a quaint old gabled house, projecting into a narrow street. It was John Knox's house, upon which is inscribed, "Lofe God abofe al things, and yi neighbours as yiself." At the corner there is a figure of the reformer preaching to the people. Knox narrowly escaped assassination in this house from a shot fired at him through the window. He died here in 1572. The respect which the Scotch show for their great men is in striking contrast to the disregard of the English for houses and places which should be sacred to the memories of men who have made themselves and their country famous throughout the world. The poet Gay lived in Edwin Street during the latter part of his life, in the capacity of secretary to the Duchess of Queensbury. He resided at Queensbury House, which was then a beautiful building. It was dismantled in 1801, and is now used as a house of refuge.

At Holyrood we found a guide as clever and intelligent as our cabman. We had not stood within the shadow of the abbey many minutes before the discreet and appreciative Scot in charge asked if he had not the honour of speaking to Falstaff.

"You have," said Mark Lemon, bowing to the guide, and addressing him in his blandest manner.

No fat man ("a gross fat man, fat as butter," Mark Lemon has written himself down in sundry albums) ever carried himself more gracefully than my companion. The wave of his hand in a friendly adieu was quite regal. His manner was charmingly sympathetic, and more especially with young people. Children and dogs were always his friends. It was indeed a characteristic of the old *Punch* men, their love of children, and the youthful fashion of their amusements. Leap-frog and rounders were popular games with Jerrold and Dickens.

"I am proud and delighted to see you, Sir," said the keeper of the abbey, "you have afforded me many an hour's pleasure through your famous publication. If you will allow me, Sir, to present you with a photograph of the abbey my happiness will be increased."

"Your words gratify me much," said Mark Lemon; "permit me to offer you a card in return."

"Thank you, Sir; you may rely on it I shall come and see you to-night and bring my family."

Further compliments were exchanged, and we had a fund of information from the attendant concerning Holyrood. As, however, there is nothing more to be said about the place than has been said before, I venture to leave it in the hands of my readers, who can easily get up the history for themselves. Mark Lemon was particularly interested in the Rizzio incident, and we planned out the tragedy in detail, as hundreds had done before us, and without quite satisfying ourselves upon all the historical particulars of the murder. We certainly did not believe in that sanguinary-looking stain on the stairs, though we were deeply impressed by the industry of the single artist whose single brush had done so much in the portrait decorations of the picture gallery.

"Hepworth Dixon should tell the story of Holyrood," I remarked.

"It is worth doing," said Mark Lemon; "but what we want, in sketches of a place like this, in addition to the mere written history of the past, are the recollections of some old and observant man who has lived near it all his life. Just imagine what I could tell in my short time about London. The changes which have taken place within my memory are marvellous. It would make an interesting volume; and be additionally attractive, done in a sort of Rip Van Winkle style. Let a man go to sleep in his own house, say fifty years ago, under mysterious circumstances that could be worked out; let him be awakened now, send him forth, and let him recount by the light of half a century ago the changes that have gone on during his trance."

It had always been one of Mark Lemon's fondest hopes, that before he died he would have time to write his personal recollections of London. He made an important step in this direction when he prepared and delivered his lectures on London, which afterwards appeared in *London Society*, and were finally made up into a pleasant book (which has gone through one large edition), called "Up and Down the London Streets." I call to mind a notable Sunday which I spent with the author in Bedford Street, and some curious topographical incidents, which I hope to reproduce in my next chapter.

Meanwhile we rattle down the streets of Edinburgh, and alight for luncheon at the "Waterloo," where we find half-a-dozen albums with polite requests for autographs. Amongst these is an interesting book from the guide who had been so attentive to Falstaff at Holyrood. There are several cards upon our table, one of them has been left by Mr. Russell, the editor of *The Scotsman*, a distinguished journalist, who a few years ago received at the hands of his fellow citizens a splendid testimonial of their esteem. Mr. Russell is a remarkable man, his journal is in the foremost rank of newspapers. An account of the management of *The Scotsman* would form a particularly interesting chapter in the history of journalism. Through a special telegraph wire the paper is supplied by its own staff in London with a daily report of Parliament. An excellent summary of the debate of each night may be found on the Edinburgh breakfast tables the next morning. There is no more noteworthy evidence of the enterprise and ability which characterise the management of the provincial press in these days, than the striking equality of the information contained in a London paper and a journal published several hundred miles away from the metropolis. *The Scotsman* sometimes even anticipates London with a piece of important news. *The Irish Times* is frequently in advance of its London namesake. *The Newcastle Daily Chronicle* had a special train from London to convey its reporters from a recent boat-race on the Thames. During the visit of the British Association, the proprietors engaged a whole staff of London press men, essayists, and shorthand writers, that the fullest justice might be done to the wise men and their sayings. I might mention a dozen other newspapers equally deserving, and I should do so if this were a treatise on provincial journalism, which it is not. The country press wants an historian; he would have an entertaining and instructive story to tell. The oldest-established newspapers are in the provinces, and some of them have had famous men as editors. De Quincey, I believe, conducted a paper in Cumberland. Many of our best men in London made their first appearances in country newspapers. Mark Lemon wrote his first paragraph for *The Stamford Mercury*. He spent some years of his early life in Lincolnshire.

After luncheon we received a visit from Mr. Peter Fraser, who is well known in the literary circles of Edinburgh. In his agreeable society we returned a call from Mr. Edmonston, of the well-known publishing firm. Mr. Fraser thought it a coincidence worth mentioning, that having recently been appointed a justice of the peace, his first official act was to assist in granting a licence for the performance of Falstaff by his old friend Mark Lemon. Mr. Fraser talked of former days when Mark Lemon visited Scotland for the first time. It was during the appearance of the amateur actors who played for the Guild of Literature and Art, under the auspices of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. The justice called to mind a red-letter evening at Liverpool, during that famous tour, when Dickens was particularly bright, and genial, and humorous. The author of "Pickwick" in those days was a lithe, active man, full of nervous energy and physical power. On this red-letter evening he gave his friends a never-to-be-forgotten instance of his athletic skill, by jumping over the broad back of his brother player, Mark Lemon. Sir John Falstaff remembered the incident, and laughed heartily, as other memories of those happy days came back to him.

"It was hard work, though," he remarked, shaking his head, "harder than Falstaff; I often had to rush off to town by a mail train, starting immediately after the performances, and get back again to play the next night."

Mark Lemon wished to see the literary sanctuary of "Old Ebony." Mr. Fraser and Mr. Edmonston thereupon accompanied us to the office of *Blackwood's Magazine*. The room, the table and chairs, used by Christopher North, Wilson, Lockhart, Hogg, and the famous band of Scotch authors, are still preserved. The editor of *Punch*, with unaffected reverence, sat in the editorial chair, surrounded by portraits of the great men who had taken sweet counsel together in the past. The founder of *Punch* in "Old Ebony's" private room might furnish a suggestive text for a ready writer possessing a well-stored memory of the literary history of the past half century.

"You cannot wonder at the Scotch being a proud race, vain of their country, and of Edinburgh in particular," said Falstaff, when he and I were once more alone and had taken up our shrewd cabman again for another short drive before going to the scene of the evening's performance, "What a grand city it is! What rare citizens!"

"Full of literary feeling," I said.

"None more so," he replied; "what tributes to literature are their monuments of Scott and Burns."

"This is Sir Walter Scott's house," said the driver, pulling up opposite a substantial unobtrusive residence.

"Thanks, my man," said Falstaff, quietly raising his hat to the house; "the greatest genius of this century, sir!"

"As a poet?" I asked.

"Both as poet and romance writer."

"It is a question whether his stories in verse would not have been better done in prose."

"A matter of opinion," said Falstaff; "I do not hold it. There is a fashion in depreciating Scott's poetry. 'The Lady of the Lake' and 'Marmion' are fine specimens, nevertheless."

An incident of Canongate made a great impression upon my friend. Some few years ago a block of houses fell here, killing thirty-six people. When the workmen had almost despaired of rescuing a boy who was still almost miraculously alive beneath a weight of bricks and timber, a little voice suddenly urged them on to fresh exertions: "Heave away, chaps, I'm no deed yet," said the little voice, quite cheerily. In rebuilding the houses the lad has been immortalised. The principal doorway is adorned with his bust. His own brave words are written beneath it. The Scotch never held up to the world a more striking example of their courage and patience.

"I have seen nothing in all Edinburgh that has touched me more than that bust in Canongate," said the amateur actor when we reached the hotel.

Before we went to the Hall Mark Lemon repeated to me his story of the origin of *Hearts are Trumps*, a drama which was very successful in its day, and might be brought back to the stage with advantage just now. I am not quite clear as to the exact details, but if my memory serves me, Mark Lemon's words were to the following purpose:—

"One day I went to see an old friend of mine, —— the actor (mentioning the name of a popular and deservedly-respected comedian).

In a corner of the room sat a gentleman, rather dilapidated in the matter of dress, yet in his way a presentable, respectable-looking person, not over fifty. What struck me more particularly about the man was his white hair. He was not an old man, but his hair was as white as the tresses of Scott's Last Minstrel. My friend —— did not introduce me, and presently the white-haired decayed gentleman left, the actor shaking hands with him and taking quite an affectionate farewell. When the stranger had gone, my friend said, 'Excuse me, Mark, that is ——, the gambler, I never introduce him to my friends; but he comes here whenever he pleases. When I was a young man and struggling hard in my profession, he was very kind to me, and I never forget kind actions; he is down on his luck now, hard up, and comes here to have a meal whenever he wants one.' The incident haunted me. 'And that is ——, is it?' I said to myself as I walked home. What a career I thought; and then I began to revolve him in my mind with a view to 'copy.' He was a benevolent-looking man, not at all like a gambler, not at all the sort of fellow I should have taken for ——. I wondered if he were married, if he had a daughter, and if they knew what his profession was. Then it occurred to me to build up the story of a gambler who had a daughter living away from town in happy ignorance of her father's career. And this is how it came about that I wrote the play of *Hearts are Trumps*, which you are pleased to say is so excellent a drama. Another curious circumstance connected with that play. One evening I was at the Adelphi Theatre with Charles Dickens. During the performance I noticed the gambler in the pit. 'Look, Dickens,' I said presently, 'there is my leading man in *Hearts are Trumps*—there is the fellow I told you of! It seemed to me that I would like to speak to this man. Strange to say his make-up was just like the make-up in my piece. I went round to the pit and sent a message to the man. He came out and I mentioned the incident of seeing him at ——. I was mistaken. The man in the pit was the brother of the gambler."

Mr. Mark Lemon's treatment of Falstaft was novel in every respect. In the first place he selected scenes from parts I. and II. of *Henry IV.* in such a way as to make a consistent story of the fat knight's career, from the hey-day of his friendship with Prince Hal to the period when he is cast off and condemned to the Fleet. This bringing together of the principal scenes in which Falstaff and his more immediate companions take part, is not unlike the development of a new play out of two dramas, without tampering with the text beyond the excision of dialogue which could not well be spoken in the present day. The play was the story of Falstaff, his fun and folly, his amours, his breaches of the law, his robberies, his soldiering, his lies, his guzzling, and finally his downfall, his humiliation, his punishment. Not alone in the acting, but in the compilation of the text did Mark Lemon secure the sympathy of his audience for Prince Hal's lawless, but genial companion. Sir John's impersonation of the King wins the reader's admiration, his clever scramble through the Gadshill difficulty gives happy evidence of his wit, and the reader's good opinion of his skill in controversial fence is confirmed by his encounter with the Lord Chief Justice. These scenes gradually build up a sympathetic interest in the knight's welfare, and Mark Lemon availed himself of all this to give a pathetic turn to the closing incidents of Sir John's banishment and arrest by the same Chief Justice, who had come off second best in that battle of words, which Mark Lemon thought the best part of the play.

The arrangements of the stage were as novel as the selection of the text. There was no scenery. The only furniture was just such chairs and tables as were necessary for the interior of a room. It was announced in the programme that "the stage would be hung with tapestry only, as in the days of Shakespeare." There are various authorities for this. It is generally believed that, in the early days of the Elizabethan drama, the simple expedient of printing upon placards the names of the places where the scenes were laid, served for scenery. Acting upon this tradition Mark Lemon had the back of his stage hung with tapestry. Instead of the curtain falling between each act, a quaintly dressed attendant came on and renewed the placard upon the tapestry. For example, when the piece commenced the locality was indicated by a placard (printed and prepared so as to be somewhat in character with the tapestry), which informed the audience that the scene was "An Apartment belonging to the Prince of Wales." This was followed in due course with "The Road by Gadshill," and so on to the end of the play. Everywhere this arrangement acted as an agreeable surprise, and nowhere more so than in Edinburgh, where the compact little stage had an unusually pretty appearance from the front of the house.

It is not my intention to offer a criticism upon Mark Lemon's performance of Falstaff. In the early days of the entertainment, when the actor was not thoroughly master of the dialogue, his acting lacked finish. The effort of memory necessary for a correct rendering of the text interfered with the development and execution of the attendant business. It was not until the first dozen nights were over that Mark Lemon seemed to grasp the character and master it. His best performances were in Scotland, and for my own part I cannot imagine a more intelligent or complete impersonation of Shakespeare's fat knight than Mark Lemon's Falstaff. No longer nervous about verbal imperfections in his reading, he gave up the full bent of his genius to the lights and shades of the character. With suitable and appropriate action for every word, Sir John Falstaff lived in Mark Lemon, whose physique gave him special advantages over contemporary actors of this arduous and most difficult part. I have said before that there were nights when Mark Lemon heartily enjoyed his work. Several such I remember when he kept up the fun, and jest, and animation of the knight in the green room as well as on the stage, calling his companions mad-wags, and pint-pots, and tickle-brains, and asking for cups of sack in the true Falstaffian fashion. Other nights, other feelings. Now and then he would weary of the dressing. The tax of putting on his armour and lacing his jerkin irritated him, and sent him before the footlights, "just a peg too low," as he would afterwards describe his feelings. He rarely drank anything more than a little brandy and water, or two glasses of port wine, between the acts, and he found his greatest solace at the close in a pipe of tobacco. Although he had a quick and correct ear for poetic rhythm, and wrote ballads with facility, he was not very fond of music. He would listen with evident pleasure to any familiar strain, and he enjoyed a song with thorough enjoyment; but he disliked what he called "classical fireworks" on the piano, and it often annoyed him during the Falstaff entertainment to hear some strange pianoforte-player exhibiting his powers of execution instead of playing pleasant and appropriate music to finish or introduce the scenes. He revenged himself with a hearty laugh at the expense of one of these gentlemen, who asked Bardolph to explain to him why Falstaff was so cut up at being ordered to the Fleet. "Surely an appointment in the fleet, say admiral for example, was not so bad a thing." The innocent musician could not credit the King with any harsher treatment of his old friend than banishment as an officer on board a man-of-war.

It will be interesting in this place to introduce Mark Lemon's explanation with reference to the Falstaff entertainment. Here are his own words, reprinted from the programme of the play:—

> Those who know me will acquit me of the vanity of unduly desiring to bring my name before the public, and also of the perhaps less pardonable vanity of supposing myself justified in announcing a series of public appearances by a belief that I have conceived, and can execute, a new and complete presentment of a

wonderful dramatic creation. The kindly judgment of my personal friends will unhesitatingly reject both ideas, and it is not to them that I deem it necessary to submit a few words in reference to the undertaking upon which I have, not unreluctantly, ventured. But to the many to whom I am known only as an author, or as the editor of *Punch*, and also to many who may do me the honour to witness the effort which I am about to make, I desire to say a word in explanation of the motives that have prompted me to what might otherwise be considered a certain presumption.

I have from time to time devoted much study to the great Shakespearean character, Falstaff. I was originally induced to examine it for the purpose of acting its merely comic portion, in association with some of the most brilliant amateur artists I have ever known, who thought me qualified to assist them in a performance of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Imperfect as may have been my conception of the part, the labour which I gave to it gradually opened to me some views of the entire purpose and meaning of the character, and these have at no time since failed to occupy my leisure. Upon them I have had the great pleasure and advantage of taking the judgment of many whose names are household words with the nation. But that my ideas have found in the circle I speak of (to whose cordial support and co-operation in my literary career I am proud to avow that I owe a far greater success than I could have attained unaided) a thoughtful recognition and an earnest approval, I should have resisted even longer than I have done, the invitations which have been made to me to present my conception of Falstaff to a larger audience. I have now assented to the tempting propositions that have been made to me, and I have authorised the announcement of the appearances, the details of which are appended.

It is due to the public to say that I am fully aware of the nature of the arduous task I am undertaking; it is no less due to myself to say that were I not justified by the encouragement and counsels of many whose opinions are entitled to public deference, I should not have presented myself before an audience. But I am not without confidence in the earnestness with which I have addressed myself to my work, and that confidence justifies my adding that, in any circumstances, health and strength permitting, I shall complete the entire series of performances announced by those who have charge of its business arrangements.

The costume in which the editor of *Punch* dressed the part of Falstaff was specially designed for him by his dear friend and fellow-labourer, John Tenniel, who drew that excellent portrait of "Mark Lemon as Falstaff," which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* shortly after the first representation at the Gallery of Illustration.

JOSEPH HATTON.

(*To be continued.*)

"LOTHAIR" AND THE CRITICS.

HE who writes a book or makes a speech invites criticism. If this remark be true under ordinary circumstances, how much more forcibly does it apply when, after a long interval, the pen of a gifted author resumes activity, and the experience of a distinguished career finds expression in romance. The announcement of a three-volume novel by the Right Honourable B. Disraeli naturally excited much curiosity. A generation had passed since "Coningsby" had delighted and astonished London. The writer had in the meantime realised the highest ambition, and attained the proudest distinction within the reach of an English citizen. A genius original and daring, schooled in the exercise of the best attributes of mind and regulated by the influence of the nobler qualities of heart, had placed the man of thought at the head of a great party. A steady confidence in his own capacity, unflagging industry, and unflinching personal and political courage, ever generously exercised in behalf of his country, had proved the man of thought to be also a man of action, and brought such a reward as is rendered only to those whom the nation delights to honour. Living at a time when the conflict of party too often found expression in personal invective, and the malice of opponents was certain to detect all that it was any man's interest to hide, Mr. Disraeli, in the exercise of social virtues won many friends, and in the interchange of political antagonisms elicited from his foes expressions of the highest personal esteem. There have been exceptions. A hireling scribe and a disappointed serveling spat their venom, or repaid favours by ingratitude. Insolence or treachery, however exercised, produce no other feelings but contempt; and both these traducers are now despised, if not forgotten. Political estrangements have also arisen, and honest differences of opinion separated fellow-workers in the cause of their country. In these there was nothing more than the ordinary conflicts which give life and freshness to party rule. The author of "Lothair" has lived down those vague falsehoods which Bacon remarks are continued by tradition, because to unprincipled men they supply commodious allusions. The ex-Premier has made himself an integral part of the English nation, never more gracefully manifested than when domestic affliction in the illness of the Viscountess Beaconsfield, happily but temporary, elicited from the leading organs of public opinion, and more especially those of the Opposition press, their most kindly sympathy with and generous approval of the man. His character is public property, and the writings of the novelist cannot be entirely dissociated therefrom. When it became known "that an illustrious wanderer from the fold of literature, whose tardy return to it all hailed with delight," had snatched grateful intervals from public duties and occupied them in writing a work of fiction, men argued that he had done so for some higher purpose than mere pastime. Political and social expectations were alike aroused, and in what manner both have been satisfied is now under discussion.

It is unnecessary to canvass Mr. Disraeli's merits as an author; all agree that his mode of thinking and of expressing his opinions is original. He always thinks as a man of genius. His thoughts expand with his imagery, and find expression in diction graceful, florid, and luxuriant. His mind is of an order that comprehends the vast and yet attends to the minute. Capacious by nature and replenished by observation, it borrows neither the models of his plot, the characters he pourtrays, nor the manner of his dialogue; but brings his readers face to face with real life, and never introduces them to company of which they may feel ashamed. That the great orator, with unrivalled powers of sarcasm and repartee, whose prompt retort and ready wit have proved the stumbling-block of many, should write a book without availing himself of the opportunity it afforded for retaliation on less noble antagonists than those he was elsewhere wont to encounter, was by many believed to be improbable. They imperfectly estimated its object, or the occasion. There is not in the work one unkind expression. There is an observation which a quondam Oxford professor has accepted as personally applicable, and who can question his conscientious appreciation? With this exception, every page abounds with genial good humour and happy illustration. Those who agree with Pope:—

> "'Tis from high life high characters are drawn,"

will find ample justification for the comparative isolation from plebeian ranks which is characteristic of the work.

The reputation of the author, established by previous writings now as familiar as household words, his opportunities for description of scenes, if not of his daily life, with which he is entirely familiar, affords to one critic, a pupil of MacGrawler, formerly editor of the *Asinæum*, occasion for declaring that "the pictures of high life are such as resemble the gin-inspired dreams of the assistant of some fashionable haberdasher, who enjoys glimpses of great houses when he goes out with the goods." This critic must not be permitted to pass unnoticed. His last effort is an improvement on his teacher's style. Every one is not equally capable of bettering his instruction. MacGrawler would have been more moderate:—"Although this work is full of faults, though the characters are unnatural, the plot utterly improbable, the thoughts hackneyed, and the style ungrammatical"—and have so proceeded with gentle courtesy. There is, however, no reason to complain that the pupil should write according to his more advanced knowledge. He does so with a certain air of authority, particularly as regards the inspirations of gin, a matter on which there is reason to believe MacGrawler's followers have had ample opportunity of acquiring information. The early-closing movement has found many advocates amongst those who expected it would afford young men with literary aspirations opportunity for their exercise, if not cultivation. What will they say now, if this effusion of the critic is to be numbered amongst the results? It is not difficult to believe in the gin or to recognise the haberdasher. A doubt arises on the term "fashionable." This difficulty suggests a compromise. The spirit of "The Dials," guiding the sentiments of Billingsgate, points to a house of business halfway—some narrow back-street in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, where fashion is many seasons in arrear, and assistants equally behind the time: where penny-a-liners abound, and printers' readers are not entirely unknown. The criticism is a curious illustration of the worst qualities of such an association,—small impertinences, flippant vulgarities, and excessive minuteness unredeemed by any brilliancy which might clothe attempted satire in wit. And yet the critic has travelled—at least he says so—and writes: "'We' once saw a crowd of Moors in Tangier tearing each other's beards and pulling off each other's turbans in a mad struggle for a fourpenny piece which an English stranger had dropped from a balcony." The loss of his perquisite no doubt impressed the interesting fact on the mind of the critic, and it may be his attempt to recover the small coin also contributed thereto. It is to be hoped he was not ultimately a loser: but when searching the pockets of the "old clo'," to which he makes such touching allusion, his industry was repaid. One man in his life plays many parts. The combined experience of an "assistant" and "a gentleman"—that is a gentleman's gentleman—is too much for many young ambitions with literary proclivities. They form their style in writing as they form their taste for wine—by drinking the leavings of other people. Their heads become thereby confused, and their natural tastes even more depraved. In time they have recourse to stronger fluids, of which the critic is the last example, since, to again quote MacGrawler, he must have well "moistened his virtue" before penning the article in question.

The critic complains that the author does not state whether "Lothair" shall be ultimately "labelled" "Protestant or Catholic?" Cannot he for a moment forget shop, and for a time attempt to support the character he has assumed, though indifferently practised, that of one familiar with the usages, habits, and thoughts of gentlemen? What have been the critic's opportunities and exploits? Is he something more than a disappointed Lothario? He appeals to his readers "to consider what chance any of the youths of his acquaintance, just turned of twenty, would have of obtaining homage similar to that received by Lothair from some female Danäes of irreproachable morals." Does he again recur to memory, or retaining a desire for mischief beyond his capacity, is he content to pander to the vices or follies of others? On this point he should have been more explicit.

The critic speaks of the first volume being taken up with the appearance of most of the characters on the stage, and observes, "The plan is adopted (which we do not, however, recommend to less experienced authors), of devoting one chapter or more to each separate group." Good critic, you are in error. You are not now behind the counter where your "recommendations" on matters of taste carried such weight with the Danäe of your acquaintance, nor are these Brummagen goods to be hustled into the same basket—they are portraits from real life, costly fabrics to be treated differently. Ask any friend, John, who is out of place, or William, who is out of jail, and both will assure you that your memory fails, and your recommendations are alike at variance with their experience or prison rules, where only the cheap and nasty are found together, but the principal characters are kept separate and distinct.

The critic surpasses himself in his estimate of Lady Corisande, whom he confounds with a "girl of the period," and observes:—"We have often heard from young men addicted to slang phraseology, that the most remarkable feature of the girls of the rising generation is their 'cheek.'" A less familiar intercourse with young men so addicted might have saved the critic the reproach of copying their example. Whether habit has become second nature, or nature been congenially employed, certain it is the critic is in advance of his juvenile friends, and has written if not "slang," such a combination of malevolence and ill temper as in modern literature is rarely presented.

The critic is great in domestic details. The spirit of the pantry survives the accidents of position. Antæus was only strong when he could touch the ground, and so Jeames is never more at home than when attempting sarcasm on the housekeeper as "of a noble though decayed family," or criticising my lord's footmen, in reference to whom he speaks with authority.

The critic "is terrified at the thought of being branded as a man who had failed in literature." His fears may rest, for he has not done so: he has succeeded in that he had undertaken—bespattering with mud the work he failed to appreciate, and thereby ceasing to be obscure in order to become contemptible. The mud drying will crumble away and the work remain when the criticism is forgotten. That such a writer should couple his name with that of Mr. Ruskin, Macaulay, Sidney Smith, Wilson, and Lockhart, is not surprising. Presumption could no further go. They were men of high minds, great genius, and generous sentiments, whom private malignity could not influence. They distinguished wit from ill nature, and when jocose were never vulgar. Each had views above the commonplaces of a schoolboy; and yet the critic must be excused, since a journal with a reputation has permitted its pages to be so disgraced. "A fool must now and then be right by chance," and doubtless the critic has stumbled on verbal blunders, and manifested a felicity in finding out trifles; but why be spiteful? He may banish all apprehension that his friends will be interfered with. Neither "the writer of the Drury Lane pantomimes, or the gentlemen on the staff of the *Court Journal*," or his old caretaker, the celebrated mad doctor, who for the present purpose has supplied him with some of "the copious notes he was in the habit of taking," will be prevented rendering to him their usual literary assistance in giving to the world his rival work—reminiscences of which he speaks with such confidence—"the fairy tale composed by a madman in plush breeches."

The distinguished author of "Lothair" is too well accustomed to small hostilities for his friends to have any apprehension that these will break his quiet. Longinus said of Euripides that he forced himself into grandeur by the violence of his efforts, as the lion kindles his fury by lashes of his own tail. Here a less noble beast has donned the lion's skin. The disguise is at once apparent. His tail is sore from nettles, his lashes are feeble and few, his fury but weak and commonplace. Had not the critic concluded his malignity with profanity, his atrabilious rodomontade might have been allowed to pass unnoticed. He holds it not enough to outstep every bound of critical licence, to seek in past traditions pretexts for present offence, forgetting that personal abuse to be effective must be rendered by those who are not worthless, but he must also jest with things holy. It was not wont to be so in the pages now used for such a purpose. The coming of the Messiah was appealed to in order to arouse different feelings, and allusion was made to it for a higher object than attempting an impertinence at the expense of decency and in outrage of religion. In the name of literature, it is right to protest against such an abuse of its privileges and powers. The new school, those young men addicted to slang, may think this travestie a success. Old readers of *Blackwood* will, however, look on the article with regret, and every competent judge regard it with contempt. They have already done so in no measured terms. The appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober has resulted in sententious twaddle: in expressions of high sentiment and pure motives as indicative of an honest purpose as similar protestations from the clown in one of the Drury Lane pantomimes written by the critic's friend. It is a consolation to feel that those who write thus can cause no scandal and give no offence. They are not less a nuisance. True, they for the time only muddy the clear stream of literature, and their presence is self-proclaimed. Yet they do render it muddy, and the sooner they are got rid of the better.

The critic is determined to ride his Pegasus until he drops. His spurs are rusty, and the jaded steed does not respond. Provoking the caper which he seems to chide, he observes, "We scarcely know whether to congratulate Mr. Disraeli or not on the circumstance that everybody has read his work. Such popularity is doubtless gratifying, but, on the other hand, has its disadvantages. For instance, when next in rising to address the House he uncovers the audience may perhaps fancy they hear a faint tinkle as of bells. We dread, too, the effect of a malicious opponent alluding to him as the right honourable the member for Muriel." Writing in perfect good humour, it is proper to again protest against the critic conveying his personal impressions or experience. If he —presuming it is a he, which the matter and style at times render doubtful—has ever risen to address the House, it is not difficult to understand the force of his fears. He must have felt his toilette unfinished without a cap and its appurtenances, "sweetly jingling out of tune." If this presumption of past membership be correct, it is but fair to add that the practices apprehended have been unknown during the writer's absence. It is too wild and ridiculous a notion to suppose that he is a present member, even though strange characters have at times been within St. Stephen's. Poor

Gully! He always met his foes face to face. That one so mean and yet so pretentious, so prodigal in words and so meagre in facts, so devoid of fine sense and deficient in good feeling, should be tolerated in the House of Commons is not for one moment to be imagined, and therefore the idea is dismissed. If a past member, it can only be supposed he has outlived his recollection; and the article does exhibit certain signs of decrepitude. If neither a past nor a present member, but some assuming blockhead, he must have gained admittance by mistake; and this time will explain. To attribute the article in question to the dictation of some personal or political enemy would be to invest it with a double importance, from the presumption that another could be found equally callous to right feeling. It is better to regard the laboured analysis as the work of "a mischievous varlet," whose understanding has become perverted by the sophistries of a selfish and a malicious ingenuity, and to accept as generally applicable the dictum of Bolingbroke, "When such authors grow scurrilous, it would be highly unjust to impute their scurrility to any prompter, because they have in themselves all that is necessary to constitute a scold—ill manners, impudence, a foul mouth, and a fouler heart."

While this writer stands alone in the position he has taken, it is but fair to him to state that other criticisms have heartily, but not hypocritically, censured the want of attention to details which disfigures the work. The picture, however, is not overlooked because of the blots upon its frame. Of the greatest things the parts are but little, and it is a matter of regret that accuracy in the little should have been sacrificed to haste, or a neglect of smaller observances afforded opportunity for the exercise of so much malevolence and supercilious temper.

"Little things are great to little men." They have treated this work with no common severity, who with more ill nature than wit sought to ridicule its mere typographical blunders. One writer, with happy genius, not regarding an error in a word as a permanent calamity, has rightly designated the appearance of "Lothair" as something beyond that of a mere novel. "It is a political event." Accepting his statement as a fact, and agreeing that "the literary qualities of the book need detain no man," it is well to ask in what its political significance consists.

It is a common phrase, "We are in a transition state." Few inquire in what the transition consists, or how it is manifest; all feel conscious that politically, as materially, great changes are in progress. Optimists are content to accept the present and to let the future take care of itself. Others, with an enlarged perception of our complicated relations, and a provident forethought of their consequences, feel the responsibility that future involves. The age is paradoxical. The closer relationship of nations and their multiplied facilities for communication, breaking down the impediments of time and space, are now so many reasons urged for independent jurisdiction. Reciprocal advantages prove all-powerful arguments when addressed to existing interests. To the new school of politicians it matters not whether material or social communism results, so long as a present purpose be accomplished. This, at least, is the principle which has guided recent legislation in matters of faith. Free Trade equally prevails in religion and morals as in commerce. The slender restrictions which still remain to regulate our altars and our homes social progress promises soon to sever. England then untrammelled by any of those obligations which have made her great and kept her glorious will await the advent of the coming man. Events follow in such quick succession that opportunity is scarcely afforded for practice to prove principles before some new theory invites to a fresh field for operations and discloses the weakness of our original calculations. On such a presumption only is to be explained many legislative enactments now in progress of trial. While political advance depends on the adoption of principles, material progress is identified with a repetition of experiments. A blunder in physical analysis is but a bagatelle. History is the laboratory of the statesman; his experiments are the events of the past, errors in their due estimate must be calamitous, and may be irremediable. Bearing in mind the legislation of the last session, and that which has been accomplished in this, it may fairly be asked how far the author of "Lothair" is justified in that which is apparently the object of his work—a portraiture of Roman Catholicism in its social operations.

The great act of the last session was the most important since the Reformation. Its passing by an overpowering majority is a practical comment on the theoretic wisdom of statesmen. It followed as the almost necessary result of a system steady, secret, silent and progressive, which, advancing step by step, through a series of comparatively trivial advantages, occupied each outpost, and at length boldly charged and captured the Establishment of the Irish Church. It matters not that the act was a violation of national faith.* A minister whom Macaulay described as "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories" laid the axe to the root of the tree—"the upas tree" he termed it (fitting name for a Christian institution!), and thus, while realising the early apprehensions of that veteran statesman—with whom for years he had sat in the council of the state—at the same time afforded the "other House" and "the people" an opportunity of disappointing his expectations.†

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* CONCLUSION OF ACT OF UNION.

The continuance and preservation of the said United Church, as the Established Church of England and Ireland, shall be deemed and taken to be an essential and fundamental part of the union.

In the discussion of that grave and important measure the policy advocated by the author of "Lothair" was consistent with his whole political life. On questions of religious liberty his opinions have been uniform and persistent. His policy, as regards ecclesiastical equality, has been one which, without infringing toleration, has opposed encroachment. He has given his unvarying support to every measure for the securing full and complete justice to all Christian Churches, and from his earliest advent to Parliament, when the question was most unpopular, has been recognised as the uncompromising advocate of the descendants of a race "acknowledged to be sacred, and who professed a religion admitted to be divine." Had Mr. Disraeli, on any single occasion, manifested a small or narrow spirit in the discussion of religious questions, had he done other than battle against sectarian bitterness and unreasonable prejudice, had he been illiberal in power, or less faithful in Opposition in expressing opinions which in Church discipline counselled a temperate discretion, and in its state relations advocated with sound and practical wisdom a firm yet generous policy of toleration and respect, he might have invited, if not deserved, the scurrilous attack to which a journal, once trusted by the Conservative party, has given expression. His vindication against any such imputation rests in the records of Parliament. It must be acknowledged, and it ought to be thought an equivalent to smaller shortcomings, that this work can promote no other purpose than that of placing on their guard those who cherish the Protestant faith and pointing out one source of danger to which they are exposed. Is the admonition less worthy of attention because, written with zeal without acrimony, it is presented in the form of a fiction which yet gives expression to a fact?

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† SPEECH OF LORD PALMERSTON ON MR. GRATTAN'S MOTION, *March* 1, 1813.

Now, I know well that in a popular constitution like ours, when conflicting parties are nearly balanced, when all the passions of the mind are roused, and the prize to be fought for is nothing less than the direction of the affairs of a great and mighty empire, men may be led to make large sacrifices at the shrine of political ambition. The history of the country, unfortunately, is not without such examples. But whatever may be the error of individuals, I never can bring myself to believe that there would at any time be found in this House a sufficiently powerful and numerous Protestant party, so profligate in principle, and so dead to everything which would be due to themselves and to their country, as to barter away the religious establishments of any part of the empire for the gratification of political ambition. But, supposing, again, this combination of improbabilities to occur, and such a vote to be extorted from this House, I trust that there would still be found in the other House of Parliament, and above all in the indignant feeling of a betrayed people, barriers amply sufficient to protect the Protestant establishments of the empire from profanation by such sacrilegious hands.

To trace the results of Catholic Emancipation in its operations on Irish political and social life and its almost insensible influence on English legislation, would be to review the history of party, the struggles for power of political opponents with evenly-balanced forces, the adroit management of a compact sectarian body ever watchful and ready to influence divisions. Devoted to the interests of their enfranchised Church, and inflexible in their fidelity, the "Irish party" too often became masters of the position. Expediency suggested concession, and under the disguise of conviction screened the compromise of principle for the maintenance of place. Progress required prudence, nor was it wanting. The social revolutions which have been effected in Ireland through the various steps of political changes, Church reconstructions, tithe abolitions, Maynooth endowment, educational institutions, corporation and university reforms, are now in the fulness of blossom. A Roman Catholic Lord Chancellor not unworthily guides the conscience of the Queen, no longer defender of the Irish Protestant faith. Roman Catholic judges well and wisely administer laws. The doctrine of numbers has triumphed. The faith of the minority has yielded before the clamour of the many. "The Protestant population of Ireland now possess no exclusive privileges—their Church has been despoiled and her Prelates have been degraded." Are not these things written for our learning, and what is the lesson they teach?

Is England without somewhat similar examples? It is unnecessary to look too curiously into the past. It is twenty years since the famous Pastoral, dated from the Flaminian Gate at Rome, proclaimed "Catholic England has been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament from which its light has long vanished, and begins now anew its course of regularly adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light and of vigour." The coincident Papal Brief establishing an episcopal hierarchy in England and Wales, following rapidly on the Concordat between the Queen of Spain and the Court of Rome which had already awakened Protestant apprehension, aroused English feeling. The explanations of Dr. Wiseman failed to satisfy or allay the intense and general popular excitement. The letter of the Prime Minister to the Bishop of Durham is matter of history. The *brutum fulmen* of an Ecclesiastical Titles Act diverted, if it did not satisfy, Protestant sensibility. The author of "Lothair" well designated the measure as "A petty remedy, unworthy of the dignity of Parliament," and suggested provisions in substance, if not in words, similar to those now awaiting the Royal assent. *Punch* manifested a keen appreciation of the situation. His admirable cartoon was perfection. How far have the apprehensions of Lord John Russell's letter been realised? *

The present condition of the English Church commands neither the confidence of its friends nor the respect of its enemies. Dilettanti religionists regard faith as but a matter of fashion. Ritualists hold revel in sacred places. A hollow sentimentalism travesties things holy, and under the mask of pious observances finds opportunity for the devil's pastime—that pride which apes humility. Courts of law are wearied with clerical appeals. Subtle divines would revise the articles of the Book of Prayer, and learned professors re-write that which has hitherto been known as the Book of God. Outside the Church the same "spirit of progress" which in Ireland has accomplished so much manifests signs of activity. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is now unquestioned and supreme. Stately cathedrals testify the enthusiasm of Roman zealots. Religious houses find support in every important town. London streets are traversed by sisters of the faith, who disarm prejudice by the practice of the gentler exercises of Christianity. Religious processions have been attempted, but failed, for their time has not yet arrived. Coincident with these advances of a rival faith, Parliament is asked to apply to the Church in the Principality of Wales the arguments which were unanswerable on the other side of the Channel; but the occasion is not ripe, and the period of disestablishment is postponed. The presence of bishops in the House of Lords has been objected to: their future is matter for consideration. Young divines who weary in well-doing, may henceforth voluntarily relinquish their sacred calling and find Mr. Hibbert's Act convenient to cover their failure or prevent their shame. Endangered by schisms within and from encroachments without, Protestantism in England would do well to watch the City of the Hills, wherein are assembled seven hundred ecclesiastics from every part of the world, in order that "by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost" Roman Catholic Christendom through its Œcumenical Council may declare its head to be "the privileged representative of the Divine will, of a nature superior to our common humanity, possessed of truth absolute and complete." At such a crisis "Lothair" appears. Does he err who has termed it "a political event?"

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* LETTER OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

There is a danger, however, which alarms me much more than any aggression of a foreign sovereign—clergymen of our own Church who have subscribed the thirty-nine articles and acknowledged in explicit terms the Queen's supremacy, have been the most forward in leading their flocks step by step to the verge of the precipice. The honour paid to saints, the claim of infallibility for the Church, the superstitious use of the sign of the cross, the muttering of the Liturgy so as to disguise the language in which it is written, the recommendation of auricular confession, and the administration of penance and absolution—all these things are pointed out by clergymen as worthy of adoption, and are now openly reprehended by the Bishop of London in his charge to the clergy of his diocese. What, then, is the danger to be apprehended from a foreign prince of no great power, compared to the danger within the gates from the unworthy sons of the Church of England herself?

Public rumour, which is seldom entirely wrong, identifies Lothair with a certain noble marquis whose recent reception into the Church of Rome elicited many expressions of opinion, few eulogistic of the young peer's wisdom. His character as drawn sustains their estimate. It was at the time asserted that the event was one which had been long devoutly wished for and anxiously anticipated by certain reverend Fathers of the Church, and that to accomplish so Christian a purpose no means had been left untried. Possessed of almost unlimited wealth, and surrounded by guardians and friends of equal social position, the characters to be drawn necessarily consist of those likely to have actively participated in the movements of one regarded as a chief of the upper ten. It is perfectly within the privilege of authorship to develop the process by which it may be presumed clerical influence and lay manœuvre achieved so desirable a conquest. Unless general report is altogether without foundation, and published narratives of the supernatural in other instances are wholly unworthy of belief, the author has not in details outstepped either the actual or the possible, so far as priestly interference or miraculous interventions are to be relied on. While the interest of the story is centred in Lothair, who illustrates the power and influence of vast possessions, the subsidiary incidents are narrated with a freshness and brilliancy which to the mere story reader will prove not without attraction. A playful wit and lively fancy distinguish every page. The characters are admirably drawn. If they be portraits, as more than once has been suggested, they are certainly depicted with unexceptionable humour and in excellent temper.

The author laughs with the originals rather than at them. Their amiable weaknesses, whether in the matter of taste, boredom, or peculiarities essentially individual, are caricatured with so pleasing an expression that for any one to feel aggrieved would be to exhibit a want of sense. The personal description of Cardinal Grandison is a master-stroke of word-painting, and the delineation of his character such as manifests adequate appreciation of that great learning, high resolve, and deep devotion which had elevated their possessor to the rank of a spiritual prince. Monsignore Catesby can scarcely complain of the description of himself or of his family traditions. Neither have Father Coleman or Monsignore Berwick reasons to be dissatisfied. The cause of the Roman Catholic faith could not have been committed to safer or more subtle hands. Mr. Disraeli, through their discussions, gives expression to sentiments and opinions generally believed to have influenced the Church of Rome in relation to the conflicts between the temporal and spiritual power. The reader, in the incidents of conversation and allusion to concurrent events, is introduced to a period of Church history already indicated as initiating in England a new *régime*, and marked on the Continent by the struggles of secret societies in open war against oppression and the triumphant successes which, though incomplete, rendered glorious the efforts to establish Italian unity and to fix the national capital at Rome.

An interview between Cardinal Grandison and Lothair illustrates the nature of the influence sought to be exercised.

"I wonder if England will ever again be a religious country?" said Lothair musingly.

"I pray for that daily," said the Cardinal. "I know not a grander or a nobler career for a young man of talents and position in this age than to be the champion and asserter of Divine truth. It is not probable that there could be another conqueror in our time. The world is wearied of statesmen whom democracy has degraded into politicians; and of orators who have become what they call debaters. I do not believe there could be another Dante; even another Milton. The world is devoted to physical science, because it believes these discoveries will increase its capacity of luxury and self-indulgence. But the pursuit of science leads only to the insoluble. When we arrive at that barren term the Divine voice summons man, as it summoned Samuel. All the poetry, and passion, and sentiment of human nature are taking refuge in religion; and he whose deeds and words most nobly represent Divine thought will be the man of this century."

"But who could be equal to such a task?" murmured Lothair.

"Yourself," exclaimed the Cardinal, and he threw his glittering eye upon his companion. "Any one with the necessary gifts, who had implicit faith in the Divine purpose."

Induced by similar appeals to his generous sentiments and higher sympathies, which characterise the conversations of the Cardinal and Monsignore Catesby, the weaker yields to the stronger minds, and where doubt appears to arise, or other feelings to prevail, his spiritual guides are not wanting in resources, it being a dogma of their faith that for the gaining of so precious a convert the end justified the means.

As an exposition of political opinions expressed on behalf of the Church of Rome through the observations of its most distinguished members this work must be regarded as of the first significance. Its social revelations will give it to many an almost personal value, and cannot fail to prepare and fortify those who profess a different faith against insidious appeals to their senses or their passions for the purpose of interfering with their religious convictions. While its politics and polemics to the more reflecting readers suggest materials for profound thought, its descriptions of social life and the busy clatter of society supply to the sentimentalist all the charms of a mere love story. To enter into a close examination of the incidents in England and Italy, through which Lothair is made to sustain varied characters, exposing him to conflict in arguments and to the more exciting dangers of actual war, would be to review a charmingly written and well-told tale, abounding with epigrammatic satire and piquant criticism on passing events, existing fashions and prevailing follies, which proclaim the author to have lost nothing of his early and happy style. The work is examined and regarded from a higher point of view.

It may be that in considering this remarkable work as suggestive of reflection on one phase of the many social operations of the Church of Rome, the intention of their author has been misunderstood. It is illustrative of the genius they display that whether examined from their political-religious aspect, or regarded as mere brain-pictures of modern life, they prove equally instructive as interesting. They indicate that the spirit of Ignatius Loyola has survived the changes of dynasty and the decadence of sects. They show that in Europe the Order of Jesuits is a stirring, living association, exercising a weight and an authority impossible to over-estimate. Recent events are too indicative of movements aggressive on the Protestant faith to leave any doubt that the same spirit, with its original activity and ubiquitous zeal, watches, works, and waits for fitting opportunity to extend its power. In no sectarian spirit are these observations offered. The author of "Lothair" in giving expression to passing thoughts has so vividly pictured an existing state of English religious society as to rank his last novel equally as a revelation and a protest. To those who may regard its revelations as improbable and its assertions as illiberal or severe, one serious and important question arises—ARE THEY TRUE?

CROQUET IN 1870.

SINCE the year 1868, when some papers on croquet appeared in The Gentleman's Magazine, the game has advanced with seven-league strides. It is more popular than ever. Its laws have become fixed; the implements have greatly improved, and the tactics of the game have developed.

In 1868 we wrote "to raise this fine game to its proper level, there should be a standard code of laws." Happily this object has been attained by the establishment of a set of laws which are now generally received as binding in matches. A general conference of croquet players was called together in October last. The honorary secretaries of all known croquet clubs (about 40 in number) were communicated with, and a meeting was held at the Charing Cross Hotel to consider the laws of croquet. After certain business (into the details of which we need not enter) had been transacted, the meeting was adjourned until January, when a set of laws was agreed to, called the Conference Laws (De La Rue and Co., Bunhill Row), which are now accepted by all players of any pretensions. The arbitrary rules enforced by individuals and inveighed against in The Gentleman's Magazine in 1868, are now and for ever disposed of.

The principal points in which the new laws differ from those previously in force, are as follows:—The ball at starting is to be placed directly in front of the first hoop and one foot from it, so as to make running the first hoop a moral certainty, and bringing all the balls into play at once. This is as it should be, for the chief beauty of croquet depends on the combinations which arise when all the balls are in play. It is very similar to the rule proposed in The Gentleman's Magazine in 1868. We then remarked that this rule was only a common sense one, but we feared, common sense being an uncommon thing, that it would not be generally adopted. We are glad to find our fear was without foundation.

A further advance on the old rule, suggested by us, and now adopted, is that if the player misses his first hoop he is liable to an appropriate penalty. His ball, instead of being taken up out of harm's way, as was formerly the case, must remain where it lies, and is liable to be made use of by the other players at their first or subsequent strokes, whether they have run the first hoop or not. This is sound in principle; no satisfactory reason can be assigned for the old rule, which compelled a ball to run the first hoop before coming into play.

Tight croquet is abolished. A player must not put his foot on his ball when taking croquet. Most judges of the game had long since voluntarily rejected tight croquet. This is a point which we proposed in the papers already referred to, and we are very glad to see this unscientific stroke done away with.

On the disputed point, as to whether rovers should be liable to be pegged out by the adversary, the conference decided by a very large majority that the rule should be retained. We think the conference decided rightly, it is mere childishness to object to pegging out. If not allowed there is an end to much of the finesse at the conclusion of a game. While there is a chance of putting out an adverse ball there is a chance for the player who is far behind in the game; and thus his interest is sustained to the end. A player who knows he may be put out refrains from running the last hoop, and so leaves himself the more difficult feat, especially with narrow hoops, of having to croquet one ball through and to go through after it in the same break. This in case of an accident gives the player who is behind a last chance. While on this subject, we would give a word of advice to players: When you are put out, do not get sulky and say, "It is a sneaking game," or that "It is only done by inferior players, when they come in by a fluke." Rather be generous and good-tempered, and say, "It is my fault, for playing badly at the last hoop." Remember Dr. Franklin's advice to chess players, "You may happen indeed to lose the game; but by generous civility, you will win what is better, your adversary's esteem, respect, and affection, together with the approbation and good will of the spectators. When a vanquished player is guilty of making excuses * * * all such apologies must lower him in a wise person's eyes; and who will not suspect that he who so shelters himself in trifling matters is no very sturdy moralist in things of greater consequence, where his fame and honour are at stake? A man of proper pride would scorn to account for his being beaten by one of these excuses, even were it true."

There is one novelty in the Conference Laws, added for consideration and trial and adopted by the All England Club, to which, as it greatly affects the tactics of the game, and much increases the defence (the attack having too much the best of it), we pause to consider in detail. We refer to the dead boundary law, which was brought to the notice of the conference by the Three and Line Club, and which when modified was introduced into the code. The rule amounts to this:—If a player in taking croquet sends his ball off the ground, he loses the remainder of his turn. The object is to compel the player to judge strength in taking off, and to prevent that coarse and unscientific play which, until now, allowed the striker to take off to another ball to the further extremity of the ground, and if he went "miles" beyond it to have his ball brought back and placed close to the one played to. Any goose who could hit hard could do this; and it gave the player who was in a great advantage, as it enabled him to a certainty to dispose of the adversary who played next, and to bring the dead or last player's ball into his game. It was useless for the opponents to combine together at the other end of the ground; the closer they were together the better for the striker.

This rule is liable to one objection only, that if the reply (to borrow a chess phrase) is known, it tends to prolong the game. The reply is this: the balls are, say blue, pink, black, yellow. Blue to play; the other balls all close together. Blue finesses to the further boundary, intending to come to his partner next time with black, hoping that if yellow comes after these balls, he may pass the boundary and so lose the break. Pink seeing through this, does not attempt to run his hoops with the aid of the two balls close to him, as he would have done under the old game, but sends yellow at once to blue, and goes to yellow's hoop. Black has now to play; he finesses to another boundary. Yellow goes off blue to pink, perhaps makes one hoop, and fearing the take off to black if he misses his next hoop, sends pink to black, and lays up for pink's next hoop. Thus, instead of making breaks, the player who is in sneaks a hoop at a time, and so the game is prolonged, and made tedious and uninteresting. It is part of a good game to make it worth the player's while to risk something for the chance of a long score, and not to keep continually playing for safety. If some plan could be devised which would almost compel the striker to play on with two balls, even if one is his player, the dead boundary game would be perfect. The only legitimate way of thus compelling a risk, is to make it to the advantage of the player who is in the break to run such risk; and we think it is not far to look to find such a scheme which shall be simple and in accordance with general principles.

The great principle involved in the dead boundary is, that it enforces judgment of strength or loss of the turn. But it only enforces this judgment with one ball, viz., the striker's own ball. He may adopt the "coarse and unscientific" game of sending his partner as hard off the boundary as he pleases, and his partner is at once brought back to the most advantageous spot. Why should this be allowed? Why not compel the striker to judge the strength with both balls, and when taking croquet, not to allow him to send either ball off the ground, on pain of loss of the turn? We have tried this rule in practice, and find it works admirably. It is certainly common sense. Is it too much to hope that this addition to the rule may be ultimately sanctioned?

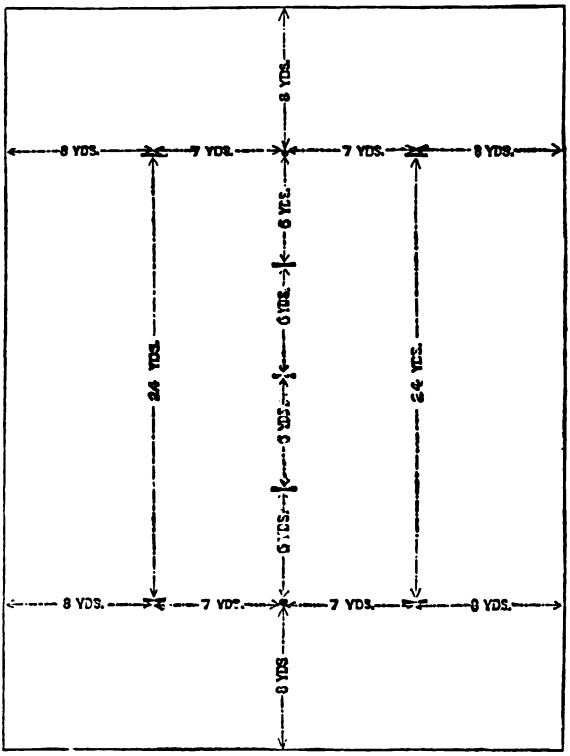
It has been objected to us that the dead boundary law is illogical, inasmuch as it permits a player to play as hard through his hoop as he pleases, and inflicts no penalty in case of going off the ground. This objection, however, is ill founded. It would never do to compel a stroke played for a hoop, say twenty or thirty yards off, to be played dead strength. A player might make a splendid shot at his hoop, and gain nothing by it, because the ball happens to graze the wire and bounce off the ground.

If the addition to the rule we have proposed should be adopted, we think the object of strengthening the defence will be sufficiently attained. Four things, viz.: the abolition of tight croquet, the diminution of the span of the hoops, the All England setting, and the dead boundary law, contribute to strengthen the defence, and with these four the player who is out of the break has now a far better chance than he had two years ago; and this is just what was wanted.

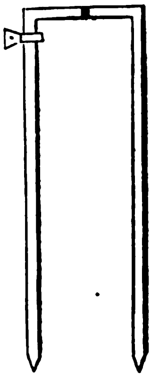
The mention of the size of the hoops reminds us that the conference refused to legislate on matters connected with ground and implements, preferring to leave the regulation of these details to local authorities. We have no hesitation in saying that here the conference was in error. The size of bats, and balls, and stumps, and the distance between the wickets, are legislated for at cricket; the size of table, balls, and pockets, and the position of the spot and baulk line, are ruled at billiards. Why should croquet form an exception? When matches are to be played, the competitors want to know the terms on which they meet. This omission in the laws has to a certain extent been remedied by the All England Club, which in its bye-laws (Horace Cox, Strand) has laid down rules for the management of its own tournaments. These rules are, we believe, now generally acted on by local clubs; and we shall therefore take the All England bye-laws as the authority.

The size prescribed for grounds is 40 yards by 30 yards, and the club ground at Wimbledon is laid out in accordance with this rule.

Writing in 1868, we were of opinion that 60 yards by 40 yards was necessary to the full development of the game; but at that time the dead boundary law (which has the practical effect of making the ground larger, *quoad* the difficulty of keeping the break) had not been introduced. With this law we think 40 yards by 30 yards sufficient, especially if the All England setting (see diagram) is used. At the recent tournament on the Wimbledon ground this setting gave great satisfaction; Mr. Riky, and other players of repute, expressing their opinion that henceforth it must he used in all great matches. The principle of the setting is that no hoop or peg shall be nearer the boundary than eight-yards, that the distance between the points shall be large, and that the players shall be compelled to go to the centre of the ground several times during the round; so, if a breakdown occurs over a middle hoop, a shot is left at a reasonable distance, together with a chance of getting away from the adversary's



SCALE $\frac{1}{16}$ OF AN INCH TO A YARD game. The objection to it seems to be that the middle hoop has to be run several times, and spectators, therefore, cannot at a glance see where the players stand, even if clips are used. Several plans have been suggested to overcome this defect. The following is, we think, the simplest:—Let a black line be drawn round the centre of the top of the hoop, two to peg. When the hoop is to be run for the first time, place the clip on the leg of the hoop to the left; when for the second time, on the top of the hoop to the left of the black line; when for the third time, to the right of that line; when for the last time, on the right leg.



With regard to the implements, nearly all our former suggestions are the rule with the All England Club. The hoops are of half-inch round iron, square at the top, not more than six inches wide. We formerly proposed seven inches (which was less than the size then in vogue), but the game has progressed so rapidly, that seven-inch hoops are now considered too easy for good players. The games played with six-inch hoops at the late tournament averaged an hour and a quarter, and this is not too long, especially if we take into consideration that the ground had only been recently laid, and that, owing to the dry weather, it was scarcely true enough for long breaks. The diameter of the balls is fixed at 3⅝ inch, and whole colours (far better than stripes) are employed. There is no restriction as to the size, shape, weight, number, or material of mallets employed, nor as to the position of the striker. The Club seems to have adopted the long cylinder as the best form of head, and the octagonal handle; for on looking at the mallet rack, holding about fifty mallets belonging to different players, that was the only pattern visible. The mallets now generally used weigh about three pounds. Two years ago half that weight was deemed heavy. The hoops have become smaller, the balls and mallets larger; and the tendency seems still in this direction. Two-handed play is now, as we prophesied, generally adopted, and the four-ball game is the game used in matches. When clips are employed (and they should always be used in matches), the clip after the pattern of a clothes peg (invented by Dr. Prior) is, we think, the one to be preferred.

In our last paper on croquet in 1868 we noted the establishment of the All England Croquet Club, which had its rise in this way. A letter appeared in the *Field* newspaper advocating the formation of a general club for the advancement of croquet. "Meliora Spero" was the signature adopted by the propounder of this idea. He hoped a better future for croquet, and his hopes were answered by the foundation of the All England Croquet Club. It remains for us to give a short history of the proceedings of that body.

A committee was chosen, but owing to the difficulty experienced in obtaining a suitable practice ground near London, the club was for a time a mere list of the names of the best players in England. Last year, however, the club took a decided step. A very successful tournament was got up, the croquet ground at the Crystal Palace being hired for the occasion. In the members' matches the prize was won by Mr. Peel; the all-comers cup by Mr. Joad, a member of the club. The Crystal Palace was considered too public for the ladies' matches, but owing to the kindness of Mr. Marjoribanks, the vice-president of the club, a ladies' meeting was arranged to take place on his splendid lawn at Bushey. The ladies' prize was won by Mrs. Joad; the champion and championess being husband and wife.

The committee of the All England Club felt that if their club was to carry out the object for which it was formed—viz., to advance croquet—and if it was to maintain its position as the most influential general club, a stout effort must be made to provide it with the finest match and practice ground in the kingdom. This they have, after much trouble and expense, fortunately succeeded in doing. They have secured on favourable terms a plot of ground, four acres in extent, close to the Wimbledon station, easily accessible from Waterloo, Charing Cross, or Victoria. The rent for the first three years is nominal, and at the expiration of that term the club has the right of pre-emption, or of continuing to lease the ground at a higher rate. It was found that in order properly to level, drain, lay on water, returf, purchase implements, and build a pavilion, about 1000*l.* would be required; and this sum was at once subscribed by the committee, free of interest.

The ground is now laid out in three terraces, which have a very pretty effect, each terrace containing four full-sized grounds. The pavilion is finished, and in June last the ground was thrown open to members for daily practice. It would have been opened earlier in the season but for the drought after the turf was relaid. All that was required was a week's rain in order to settle it into its place, and to start the young grass. This rain never came; and though the ground has been well watered, it is not yet in match order. Next year, however, with proper attention in the winter, the surface will be even as the bed of a billiard table.

It is a part of the programme of the club to hold an annual prize meeting, and accordingly this meeting came off on the new ground in June last. Great efforts were made to have everything in readiness by the appointed day. The time was short, but under the active superintendence of the ground committee, Messrs. Baker, Heath, and Jones (who worked very hard), everything was thought of and provided for, from pots of whitewash to an elegantly-appointed ladies' room. The whole meeting passed off without hitch or impediment; and this, though negative praise, is high praise for a first meeting on a new ground. Mr. Walsh acted most ably as referee; and it was the general remark that so large and successful a tournament had never before been held.

The prizes contended for were as follows:—Ladies' prizes (open to all lady members of the club), no entrance fee. Ten ladies entered. The first prize (a gold locket, enamelled with the club monogram) was won by Miss Walter, the second (a pair of marble vases) by Mrs. Heneage. Mrs. Joad, the former championess, entered; but, after a close fight, she was defeated by Miss Walter. The games for these, as for all the prizes, were played single-handed, two balls each, in accordance with the plan laid down in the All England bye-laws, best out of three games. Width of hoops, six inches.

For the members' prizes (open to all members, though no ladies entered for these) there was an entrance fee of 10*s*. 6*d*. Four prizes were given: the first a silver cup, value 15 gs., was won by Mr. J. D. Heath, a colt, only seventeen years of age; the second, a silver gilt claret jug, fell to the redoubtable Mr. Peel; the third, a pair of marble ornaments, was won by Mr. Joad, the champion last year; and the fourth, a travelling writing-case, by Mr. H. Jones. The conditions of play were the same as for the ladies' prize, except that the last two rounds were played with five-inch hoops.

The great event, the championship and a silver cup value 50 gs., (specially designed for the club), was played for on Wednesday, June 29th, and following days. The conditions were as for members' prizes, last round best of five games. Entrance, 1*l*. 1*s*. The holder of the cup will have to play the winner of the all-comers contest next season (on conditions to be laid down by the All England committee), or resign the cup. If the holder is victorious in three successive seasons, the cup will become his absolute property. We believe it is the intention of the committee (though it does not appear in the programme) to present the holder of the cup, should he be beaten, with a silver mallet, engraved with his name and the year of his championship.

For this tempting prize twenty-four gentlemen entered. The list, as will be seen, comprises the names of all the most noted players of the day. It is as follows:—Mr. G. Nicol (champion at Torquay last year), Mr. J. D. Heath (winner of members' first prize, beating Mr. Peel and others), Mr. G. Clowes, Mr. S. H. C. Maddock, Mr. E. Henty, jun., Mr. A. Law (Cheltenham champion last year), Mr. W. H. Peel (winner of members' prize last year, Highgate champion last year, Oxford champion last year, Moreton champion 1868), Mr. H. Jones, jun., Mr. G. A. Muntz, Mr. E. A. Clowes, Mr. W. J. Whitmore (winner at Evesham, the first croquet tournament ever held), Mr. J. B. Riky, Mr. A. C. Pearson, Mr. G. R. Elsmie, Mr. D. I. Heath, Mr. A. Lillie, Mr. W. R. Maycock, Mr. A. H. Richardson, Mr. W. Haines, Mr. J. Hickson, Mr. J. H. Hale, Mr. J. C. Joad (All England champion last year), Major Lane, and Mr. E. C. Baker. The winner was Mr. Peel, who thus to his former laurels added the championship of 1870. Much good play was shown during the contest, many successful shots being made at forty yards, the whole length of the ground.

By way of consolation for those who were out of the hunt, addition and subtraction sweepstakes were kept going. Addition and subtraction is a most amusing game, and should form part of all croquet programmes. Any number may enter, and each player has four shots at a row of hoops and a peg—twenty yards distant. The score accrues from hitting the peg or running a hoop, the nearer the peg the more the hoop counts. Missing altogether subtracts five. The entrance money goes—half to the highest score, one-quarter to the second, one-eighth to the third, leaving an eighth profit to the club.

Before taking leave of the All England Club, we must draw attention to an act of liberality which shows the earnest desire of the committee to speed the progress of croquet. They have offered the use of their ground (without any payment) to country clubs desirous of playing matches thereon. So if, say a Nottinghamshire club wishes to play a Sussex club, the hon. secs. have only to apply to the All England for the use of, say six or eight grounds for two or three days, and the application will at once be entertained. The clubs would literally meet each other half way, and would have the advantage of playing on a good and neutral ground.

"CAVENDISH."

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

A RECORD OF NOBLE DEEDS.

"PLACE AUX DAMES." Our first duty is to fix the fleeting breath of praise which was wafted o'er the land in recognition of the womanly service done by Miss Raynor upon the railway carnage-ground at Newark. A fatality—for the accident may well be so called in view of the coincidence of an axle breaking in one train with the moment of another train's passage abreast of it—in an instant brought the horrors of a battle-field to the peaceful band of excursionists dozing through the shortest of short midsummer nights. Five hundred pleasure-seekers were at a breath thrown into deadly consternation. A score were killed, and thrice twenty injured; and many who escaped with little hurt were frantic or stupefied by the shock and the scene. The only helpers were those who had been in the accident; and —*Dux femina facti*—their leader was Miss Raynor. "Few who had the misfortune to be present," said an eye-witness, "will ever forget the girl who, although deadly pale and evidently suffering much from the shock she had sustained, was to be seen hour after hour quietly moving about among the dead and dying . . . . administering stimulants and comfort to all who needed them." Urging the workers with her voice, and encouraging them by her example, she kept at her courageous work while there was aught to be done; meeting all entreaties for her own self-care with the answer, "I think I have been of some service, and I cannot go yet." Railway calamities occur too often, but seldom do they furnish such an example of self-denial and succouring devotion as was here exhibited.

Again an instance of womanly courage, but differently exercised. A poor sempstress, Sarah Underwood, found that a little boy, Hassall by name, had fallen into the river Thames, near Eton Bridge. The lad, only five years old, must have been drowned had not the woman come to his aid. To reach him she had first to jump from a wall eight feet high, on to a footpath, and then rush into the [illegible]er. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been a more t commendable act; but the poor woman was in a peculiarly weak condition, and the risk she ran made her act of courage more than ordinarily highly praiseworthy.

A debt of hearty thanks is our obligation to Miss Rye for her magnanimous exertions in the matter of juvenile emigration. "Still achieving, still pursuing," Miss Rye sailed from Liverpool for Canada on July 14, heading a band of youthful pilgrims, one hundred and fifty in number, drawn from various orphan homes and industrial schools about the country. For forty of these young adventurers occupations have been already secured in various Canadian families, and no difficulty is apprehended in advantageously placing the rest. It is for us to recognise with gratitude the relief thus afforded to the overburdened asylums of this country; it will be for those who are now going forth to bless and to honour with industrious endeavours the memory of the devoted lady who has opened to them a new world and given to them a new life.

Ministers who well deserve their title and honour their calling are they whose names are connected with the christianly acts here set down. First, the Rev. Richard Lewis, who saved the life of Captain Hayes, at Ontario, when that officer fell through the ice of the River St. Lawrence on the first of April last: second, Richard Thomas, a Scripture reader, who jumped into the canal at Slaithwaite, Huddersfield, and brought forth Hannah Bamforth, who had attempted there to throw away her life, one night towards the close of the same month: third, the Rev. Alexander Mackay, who plunged into the River Severn at Worcester, at nine o'clock on the night of May 20, to rescue another suicide, a girl named Jacks. The body here was inanimate. Mr. Mackay, having swum with it to the shore, accidentally let it slip, and it fell back again into the water. He recovered it, however, by use of the drags, and animation was restored by the process which bears Dr. Sylvester's name.

Well nigh every calamitous colliery explosion calls for subsequent acts of trying hardihood on the part of those who descend the mine and brave the stifling after-damp, in joyous hope of rescuing sufferers who linger alive, and in painful duty to bring forth the dead. The Silverdale disaster of July 7 brought forth the courageous energy of of the district, who headed an exploration unfortunate victims, and, although beaten gas, pushed on his work through the day and the explosion, cutting through blockades of and pushing on the search till the recovered dead of the missing. Nineteen men perished on this foot coal seam, nine hundred feet below the and a third of a mile from the pit shaft.

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on-Thames, one day late in June, a little child, bridge crossing a millhead, slipped between rail and the stream. A lady raised an alarm, and a gentleman, off, heard it. He jumped one fence and doubled ng across the field between, and came upon the bridge the child in twelve-feet water, just at the point 'twixt sinking. In an instant he plunged in, and swam to the and succeeded in bringing her out, alive although insensible. young man's feat of gallantry; it was the act of a man the prime of life, Mr. Alderman Gould, of Kingston, who has more than one other goodly achievement with his name.

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in 1807, educated at the Glasgow University, called to the twenty-four years of age, created a Queen's counsellor at and made a vice-chancellor last year—such are the steps of ladder of learning and law whereby Sir William Milbourne James reached the high and honourable distinction of Lord Justice of Appeal in Chancery, conferred upon him during the past month. lawyers have shown a little querulousness at this appointment. has not, however, been against the man that they have murmured, against the almost superhuman amount of work that, under distressing circumstances, is thrown upon him, and against the anomaly of an appellate court with but one judge upon the bench. The greater honour if the wisdom of one can administer the extreme unction of justice usually sought from three.

The distressing circumstances alluded to in the last paragraph were those consequent upon the long illness of Lord Justice Giffard. Lord Justice James had sat scarce a fortnight in the court when he had to announce the death of his senior. With honours blossoming upon him, with the fairest promise of a career glorious to himself and eminently useful to his profession, upon a road to fame already made smooth by industry, by intellectual acuteness, and by unrivalled legal knowledge, Lord Justice Giffard was stricken down at the early age of fifty-seven years. When, eighteen months ago, his last office was conferred, the whole legal profession received his elevation with applause, as a well-earned distinction. Hard will it be to find a successor to whom acclamations so unanimous and sincere can be accorded.

While these sheets are passing from our hands (July 13) a general court of the Humane Society is sitting, and one item of the business on its agenda list is the award of a silver medal to Mr. Robert Francis Briscoe, of the Peninsular and Oriental Service, for the following act of bravery done far away in India a few months ago. A picnic party of thirty ladies and gentlemen was returning to Bombay from Bandara, when an omnibus containing four ladies and seven gentlemen was overturned, eight of the passengers being hurtlessly thrown into a plantation, while three, Mr. Oldfield, Mrs. Vinay, and Miss Phillips, were hurled into a well—a yawning pit, many times larger than what we call a well in this country, some thirty feet deep, and with a bottom of stagnant water; stagnant because the well had been in ill repute for weeks on account of a suspicion that it had drowned a woman. Ropes were found, but they were not long enough. A rein from the harness made up the necessary length, and Mr. Briscoe descended the well. He tied the rope round Mr. Oldfield's body, and it was drawn to the top in safety. Then for the first time the ladies were missed, and the only clue to them was a bonnet floating on the well-water. In obedience to this painful monitor of their fate, Mr. Briscoe dived, and discovered a body, but it was so imbedded in the mud that he could not raise it. A second dive was no more successful. Natives were standing by, but they would not enter the well; so, as a last resource, grapnels were procured, and with these the body, which proved to be that of Mrs. Vinay, was recovered. By-and-by, with the same implements, that of Miss Phillips was got to the surface; but, sad to say, animation could not be restored to either. Mr. Briscoe fainted from exhaustion upon emerging from the pit, and serious illness was the immediate consequence of his gallantry. If sympathy could have cured, he had speedily been strengthened.

Several cases come before us in which boys are the heroes. The first occurred at five o'clock in the evening of the 9th of March last, when a youth, eleven years old, belonging to the Seamen's Orphan Home at Brixham, South Devon, fell into the water of the outer harbour of that place. A plucky companion, but three years his senior, plunged after him into nine feet of water, and swam with his insensible body to the slip. The name of the youth saved was Joseph Furley, that of his saving comrade William Falling. A bronze medal has been awarded by the Humane Society for this deed.

Our second boyish case, which is also reported from the west of England, happened on the evening of the 19th of May. Two schoolboys, Samuel Banbury and Frank Sanders, of Torquay, the one fifteen and the other seventeen years old, went without leave to bathe in St. Germain's River, at Sandacre Beach. Sanders sank, and Banbury swam to the spot and tried to save him; he succeeded in recovering his body, but life was beyond recovery. This case came before the Society also, but it was ruled that the act of disobedience annulled the act of bravery, and not a line of recognition was given. The writers of books for goody boys may draw a moral herefrom.

In a third case, dating nine days after the last, a youth of sixteen saved another youth, two years his senior, who had sunk while bathing at Tottenhoe, in Bedfordshire. The name of the former was Charles Benning, a native of Dunstable. His saving deed was a difficult one, for it involved a life and death struggle under water between himself and his drowning companion: a bronze medal has been his tangible reward.

A similar honour was worthily won in a fourth case, by Usher Lewis, a lad of fourteen, who saved a little fellow from death in Haslarend moat. A number of children were playing thereabouts, and one of them, Foy by name, fell in the water. Lewis heard the cries of the rest, ran up, and plunged after the sinking child. The water was deep, and a strong tidal current was running, which carried little Foy from the eastern to the western fosse. Besides this, Lewis had to do battle with gigantic weeds that covered the bottom—this, too, with all his clothes on. But his action was most manful, and in spite of all difficulties he brought the little one safely to land. Report says that this is not his first life-saving exploit.

Here is a muster of doughty deeds, not to be lightly thought of because they are lightly mentioned:—On June 21 a man named Carvalho clambered to the roof, and through the roof, of a burning house in Kennington, and rescued the sleeping inmates.—On May 2 Job Izzard, a private of the 17th, swam forth to save a comrade who had fallen into the sea from a height of 150 feet, off the treacherous rocks of Jersey. The two were hauled up the cliff by ropes, but he who had the fall died from its effects.—At Port Jackson, N.S.W., two mariners saved two young ladies who fell into the sea on January 12. The names of the latter were Miss F. Henfrey and Miss E. Webster; their rescuers were Davies Mason and Ashley Newnham.– On June 4 Alfred Armstrong, to save a little child, ran three hundred yards and swam across the Severn at Upton, in Worcestershire, diving twice ere his good object was attained.—To avert unpredictable dangers, a locomotive driver, Steel by name, chased an engine that ran away without a driver during a railway accident at Newcastle. He brought his engine up with the runaway, and, at great risk, leaped from the one to the other, and stopped the fugitive's mad career. In recognition of this plucky trick the directors of his company rewarded him with fifty pounds.—A similar sum, tendered with a high compliment from the Lord Chief Justice, was awarded to a poor carman named Piper, who, by his vigilance and courage, secured the bringing to judgment of one of the most brutal murderers of modern times, Walter Miller, the slayer of both the Rev. W. Heulin of Chelsea, and his housekeeper, Ann Boss.

First on the list of monetary and material benefactions we elect to place the bequest of two thousand pounds to the Royal Institution of Great Britain, by Mr. A. Davis, who was a member thereof. We give prominence to this donation in encouragement of scientific researches, because it affords an example, worthy to be imitated, of stimulation applied at the very root of industrial progress. The germinating places of the useful arts are the laboratory and the experiment room; and money discreetly laid in such places is manure. Often has the philosopher to abandon a course of research that may lead to a glorious discovery, while it cannot lead to absolutely nothing, because funds are not at hand to supply the expensive apparatus that experimentation requires, or to pay for assistance that cannot be called in without remuneration. Scientific men in general are not rich; as a body, they are poor. With the power of making the best use of money, they have little of it at their command. Let us greet with pleasure every little legacy that falls to them, resting assured that they will re-bequeath the full value of all they get, with liberal interest, to succeeding generations. The remaining benefactions we will briefly summarise. Largest in amount is a bequest of thirty thousand pounds for the erection and endowment of a hospital at or near Bolton, to be called The Blair Hospital, in memory of the testator, Mr. Stephen Blair, formerly member for Bolton and Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons of East Lancashire.—Then, twelve thousands have been bestowed upon industrial schools for Manchester, by Mr. Robert Barnes.—The Crossley Orphan Home at Halifax receives ten thousands from Mr. Joshua Appleyard, of Clare Hall, Halifax.—Three thousands for the benefit of decayed spinsters have been invested by an anonymous Bradfordian.—And, by a gift from Mr. Hugh Mason, the inhabitants of Ashton-under-Lyne have now possession of an extensive park and gymnasium, which was formally opened on the 25th of June.

OUR FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS.

THE two most stupendous events in English history during this nineteenth century are the Battle of Waterloo and the appointment of Mr. Ayrton as First Commissioner of Works. Both occurrences, though for opposite reasons, will be remembered almost as long as English history continues to be recorded. In one England attained the height of her power and glory, and in the other touched her climax of absurdity. While governments rise and crumble again into dust, the appointment of a glib lawyer as chief ædile to the most enlightened nation of modern times, and controller of its public æsthetics, will remain the eighth wonder of the world. The great Asian mystery has been completely surpassed, and Mr. Gladstone has overshadowed with a profounder puzzle the riddle of the Sphinx.

If it be possible to discuss this question calmly, let us invoke the aid of patience—never more necessary than now—while we endeavour to examine Mr. Ayrton's qualifications for the distinguished and important post which, owing to some fortuitous concourse of circumstances, he at present occupies. And first a word as to the office of Chief Commissioner itself. Its importance will be at once conceded when we consider the vastly progressive influence of art and taste upon society. A modern nation which is thoroughly imbued with a love of art need fear no decline, but if æsthetics are eschewed, a gradual but perceptible degradation of its life-force must ensue. There is a power in art as elevating and ennobling as there is in science, poetry, and philosophy, and no government—save that which is blind to the welfare of the people for whom it exists—would suffer that power to decay for lack of encouragement and support. "The glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome," have departed; and why? Not solely, as some historians tell us, because of the licentiousness of those peoples—or rather not originally for this cause—but because a gradual decline in the national love of the beautiful and the pure inaugurated a period of rapid and unparalleled deterioration. It is in vain for us, therefore, to expect that the national love for art can be preserved if the custodian of our art treasures be a niggard whose object is to practise economy at the expense of all that is noble and refined. Our present representative at Madrid, and Mr. Ayrton's predecessor, had at least undeniable artistic tastes, which compensated largely for that hasty temper which frequently disturbed the harmony that should prevail in the purlieus of the House of Commons. His contemporaries forgave Mr. Layard much because he was the discoverer of Nineveh; it is impossible to forgive Mr. Ayrton his numerous sins against public taste, because it is impossible to find a single redeeming quality in him as a public man. What other people cherish, he despises; and highly taxed as they are, Englishmen look with horror upon the man who would save money alone by depriving them of that reputation of art-lovers to which they are entitled. This cultivation of art is one of the brightest features of our national existence, and he who cannot sympathise with and encourage it is surely the last man who ought to be entrusted with the office of First Commissioner of Works.

Yet what are the facts? In November last year Mr. Ayrton took office, and from that time to this he has lost no opportunity for depreciating art, and has frequently introduced ridiculous criticisms for the simple purpose of being applauded. This illegitimate hankering after public applause is of entirely modern growth. Unless a minister can enlist the laugh of members, or bring down applause for some absurd claptrap period, he does not, apparently, consider that his end as a representative of the Crown in his particular department has been answered. Mr. Lowe, probably, has a good deal to answer for in this matter. He is clever, much more so than the vast majority of his contemporaries: he says clever things, and the reign of clever things is at once instituted. Ministers generally begin to joke at things in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, without the slightest regard to congruity; and what in Mr. Lowe was originally witty and eccentric, degenerates into the absurdly stupid and commonplace. But no joke ever made or ever contemplated by minister or member equals that of making Mr. Ayrton First Commissioner of Works. We refuse to believe that it was the result of Mr. Gladstone's spontaneous action, as his appointments, on the whole, are marked with a due regard and consideration for the effectiveness of the public service. The fact remains, however, that the Right Hon. Acton Smee Ayrton is the very squarest peg that was ever attempted to be fixed in the very roundest hole in the Government of Great Britain.

What said this First Commissioner on being appointed to the high office he now holds? On the 8th of November last he was re-elected without opposition for the Tower Hamlets, and made a speech which we will venture to say was unparalleled in preposterousness by any hustings speech ever delivered; but doubly so as coming from a man who had just accepted a responsible office under the Crown, which, by implication, he spurned and despised. "It was alleged," he said, "that he had accepted an office the duties of which he was not qualified to perform. But let him ask, in the first place, what those critics thought of his duties. There was a certain sort of people in this country who had been educated at our public schools and universities, and who, instead of looking at matters as they stood in the present day, began by looking back to see what was done two or three thousand years ago in Greece or Rome; and unless things were now managed as was the case in those remote ages, they thought them all wrong. Those people might be said to live in a world of their own; and having discovered that a certain officer performed the functions of an ædile about two thousand years ago, they said he ought to perform the like functions now in this metropolis, and that he was not qualified to do so. He did not believe that any sensible body of Englishmen who did not belong to that school would agree with that; and he might tell them that the duties of his office did not in the least resemble those discharged many centuries ago by the Roman ædiles. His duties were, in fact, of a very simple kind. But there were people very fond of what was called art, and some of them were very artful people, too, judging from the way in which they wrote anonymously in the newspapers; and they said he ought to be an architect, a surveyor, a sculptor, a painter, a gardener—whether a flower, an ornamental, or a market gardener, it did not much matter—also a builder, and anything else they liked to propose. Well, he was bound to say he did not understand and had not been brought up to any of those callings. . . . It was his duty to look after those professional persons, to take care that the public were well served, and that if they had to pay taxes they got full value for their money." Further on, this extraordinary government official made the very extraordinary observation that it was his duty "to take care that people who had fancies did not indulge them at the public expense, and that nothing was taken out of the national taxes which he did not believe was absolutely necessary." Now, everybody will admit that Mr. Ayrton has done all that he possibly could to justify his assertion that he knew nothing about art. There could scarcely be two opinions on that point, and the First Commissioner's elaboration of it was, to a great extent, unnecessary; but it is very unusual for men to glory in their shame. For a man in high office to do this is exceedingly reprehensible, especially when his views run directly counter to those of the vast majority of the people from whom he derives his authority. When Mr. Ayrton says that "he was born and bred in the Tower Hamlets, that he has always lived among his constituents, and that he has been chiefly engaged in managing the affairs of one of their parishes," we can but be sorry that fate ever removed him from those humble parish duties which he performed with such brilliant satisfaction to himself, to occupy a very unenviable prominence in the public eye. It is, however, impossible to perceive how his antecedents—humble, honest, and praiseworthy though they be—fit him in any degree for the office of First Commissioner of Works. Feeling this, possibly, Mr. Ayrton endeavours to set our doubts at rest by hinting in the same speech from which we have quoted that he is "something of a citizen of the world, who has travelled a good deal, and knows something of what has gone on outside the Tower Hamlets." In fact, he wishes us to understand that he has qualities which fit him for something besides the position of chairman of a board of guardians. We look in vain, nevertheless, throughout his public career for any justification or corroboration of this favourable estimate of himself. His other observations we need scarcely trouble about. When a man has not been to the university, he should not exhibit his weakness by sneering at those who have. Genius, we know, will rise with or without university training; but even genius shines more conspicuously when reflected under an academic lustre. Had Mr. Ayrton been to Oxford or Cambridge, he would doubtless have discovered that either of those universities could teach him many things useful to know that it is impossible to pick up in the Tower Hamlets, even with the intimate acquaintance which he possesses of that locality. We trust, however, that though ostensibly he represents the Tower Hamlets, the constituents of that important borough do not consider that he represents faithfully their views upon the various matters connected with the public buildings and parks of this great metropolis.

But we do not ask is it just, we ask is it even creditable that a man like one whom we have in part described through outlines drawn by himself should continue to call down upon us the opprobrium of all right-thinking and enlightened men? Not long ago he boasted that he was not competent to give an opinion upon the merits of Turner, in fact, that he knew nothing about him. The glorious painter of "Venice" is to our modern Commissioner a sealed book. He cannot appreciate his glorious skies and translucent waters—the only query that his magnificent works would suggest to the mind of this "noble savage" is, "What would they fetch in the market?" Verily the works of God Almighty Himself exist in vain for such a man. What is the velvet carpet of the Deity, bedecked with flowers as with lustrous jewels, to him? He was made for other scenes and other things. We have seen how even the poor were threatened with partial deprivation of the floral beauties of Victoria Park, as a result, forsooth, of the rabid taste for economy observable in our chief ædile. Had he been First Commissioner of Works to Noah after the Flood, we suppose we should have had him objecting to the colours of the rainbow as unnecessarily expensive; whilst the architecture of the period would have had a depressing effect upon any enterprising builder who had a soul beyond the mere putting together of bricks and mortar in a dismal shape.

Mr. Ayrton, in short, is one of those who could scarcely tell the difference between the elaborate art of a Benvenuto Cellini and that of a Brummagem jeweller, and of the two, if compelled to choose, would rather prefer the latter, on that same miserable ground of expense before alluded to. Yet stay—occasionally he can look with complacency upon the lavish expenditure of money. The abundance of gold spread over the monument of Prince Albert at Kensington evidently causes him no alarm; on the contrary he even regards it with apparent satisfaction; but he has no objection whatever to amputate one of the limbs of Hyde Park, which would be a serious offence to the vast majority of the people of this metropolis. Luckily his persistent endeavours to pass the Kensington Road Improvement Bill ended in a fiasco, though it was with considerable chagrin that our foremost opponent of taste abandoned his position in this respect. To any mind capable of appreciating the enjoyments of the people, the bare idea of destroying the existing integrity of Hyde Park would have savoured of sacrilege. But here again the unfitness of the Chief Commissioner for his post is abundantly demonstrated. When questions of economy do not arise he is unable to look at things in a broad and general light. What is the reason of this?—because the mind of our Calcutta lawyer has always been buried in details, and is singularly incapable of taking a generous and enthusiastic grasp of large principles or popular rights.

Whatever may have been thought of Mr. Ayrton's predecessor—and, in point of temper, perhaps, as we have already intimated, Mr. Layard was the most ungovernable statesman of modern times—in fitness for the post of Chief Commissioner he far transcended the present occupant. The discoverer of Nineveh loved art for its own sake; and, more than that, he perseveringly endeavoured to inculcate a similar taste in the public mind. Where merit is due it must be rendered; but there could not be a greater contrast in this respect than exists between him and his successor.

Mr. Ayrton has not only no sympathy with art, but he has very little sympathy for those who pursue it as a profession. Who, besides himself, would have treated Mr. Barry with that scant courtesy of which he has lately been the recipient? We are not now intending to decide upon the various matters in dispute between Mr. Barry and the Government, but as a matter of common courtesy between man and man, has the architect of the House of Commons met with that consideration which his services demanded? Certainly not! will be the general response. "Family architects," or not, is not now the question; but the very name of Barry one would think would have been sufficient to have ensured the little acts of common politeness between himself and his "taskmaster." And yet, after the late long debate in the House of Commons, where the sense of the House was against Mr. Ayrton as to his *mode* of treatment of Mr. Barry, the latter has been made the sustainer of another insult at the hands of his opponent. It appears that a plan drawn up last session by Mr. Barry for providing fresh accommodation in the matter of the House of Commons refreshment rooms, and approved of by Mr. Layard, has been set at naught. Mr. Ayrton has handed the plan to an official connected with the Board of Works, who has cut it down, and, in the opinion of many competent persons, spoilt it. Yet, though a Committee of the House are against Mr. Ayrton, he intimates that he intends to go on with the Board of Works alterations. He thus not only perpetuates old grievances in the mind of Mr. Barry, but adds a fresh insult to those already put upon him.

This obstinate adherence to opinions which are at variance with the best interests of the country has marked the whole of Mr. Ayrton's public life. It seems impossible for him to do anything graciously, and to approach him with kindness is but the readiest method for a deputation to rush into condemnation. Etiquette he does not understand, and he glories in his ignorance. Could we for one moment hope for a reformation, we should be prepared to recommend to the Government, even at the risk of breaking the principles of economy, to purchase for Mr. Ayrton's perusal during the recess those little books on etiquette and manners intended for all whose boorishness has not been removed by contact with polite society. To return for one moment from this little digression. What could be more absurd than Mr. Ayrton's present policy with regard to improvements in the Serpentine? As the Earl of Harrowby pointed out, if the Government did not make the lake wholesome and safe for bathers and skaters, it was quite useless going to the present expense. Why, in fact, begin the works at all? It was proposed to spend a large sum upon the improvements, but rather than make the sum a little larger, and perfect the Serpentine thoroughly, Mr. Ayrton, in his inexplicable rage for economy, preferred to leave it to a great extent unsafe. Though reminded of the calamity which occurred in Regent's Park in 1867, when about thirty persons were drowned, this most remarkable of ædiles said he should carry out the proposed slope, which would leave at one end of the lake a dangerous depth of water of fourteen feet. It would, he said, cost too much money to reduce the depth; and then he added, with that urbanity for which he is so famous, that if it were considered unsafe for bathers to go there, it would be better for them to go elsewhere to bathe. With the conviction that such utter neglect as this of the wants and wishes of the people meets with the profound contempt it merits in the minds of Englishmen, we leave the subject.

Let us remind Mr. Gladstone, however, that this appointment in his ministry is one which demands to be immediately reconsidered. The Premier's selection of his colleagues generally has been unexceptionable, and has satisfied the feelings of the country, but in no class of society that we can hear of has the appointment of Mr. Ayrton as First Commissioner of Works been looked upon with favour. If the appointment has in any measure been forced upon the Premier, we cannot help that; it is for him to set himself right with his supporters, and with England generally. The question is not one of politics, it is that of our national reputation. The love of art does not permeate society in a day; but it is a precious inheritance when once gained, and we must not, in justice to posterity, allow its growth to be arrested. We owe something—much—to our descendants, and foremost amongst our legacies should be works grand, noble, and magnificent, and worthy of the taste, talent, and enlightenment of the nineteenth century. Let us commend to Mr. Gladstone Solomon's description of a First Commissioner of Works, and see how far the English statesman's ædile agrees with it. "Send me," said the oriental monarch, when just about to build the temple, "a man skilful to work in gold, and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone, and in timber, in purple, in blue, and in fine linen, and in crimson; also to grave any manner of graving, and to find out every device which shall be put to him, with thy cunning men."

One of the American humourists intimates that—

> "They didn't know everything down in Judee,"

but we must do them the justice to admit that they had more prescience than to appoint an Acton Smee Ayrton over their public works. Mr. Gladstone would do well to cast out the net, if haply he may catch some politician for his First Commissioner possessing the qualifications so graphically depicted by Solomon. We have said; we now wait for that action to be taken which seems to us to be imperatively necessary.

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THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

II.—SYDNEY SMITH.

WHAT would the world be without its wits? Perhaps we might dispense with an epic poet or two. I should not die of a broken heart if all the works upon metaphysics and political economy were to disappear to-morrow. A few of us might possibly survive the extinction of the whole race of three-vol. novelists; and I, for one, should not be quite inappeasable in my grief, if the *Times* of to-morrow were to announce that by some mysterious and inexplicable accident on the part of the Librarian of the British Museum, the mass of second-hand literature which now rears its front of brass against gods, men, and columns, had shared the fate of the MSS. Library at Alexandria. But Sheridan and Colman, Charles Lamb and Douglas Jerrold, Curran and Sydney Smith—what would life be without these? Abolish all their epigrams, all their *bon mots*, all the relics of their wit, make it penal to quote a single sentence from any of them, compel every man to manufacture his own *jeux d'esprit*, and what would life be worth? How should we contrive to get through a single dinner party? Who would have the courage to look at a newspaper article? How would the House of Commons get through a debate upon Law Reform, Irish Land Tenure, Life Peerages, or Primogeniture and Entail?

To take an illustration or two. Suppose it a penal offence to quote, or to adapt, Sydney Smith's epigrams on Lord Russell, Dr. Whewell, and Macaulay, to talk of a man of superabundant self-confidence as a man ready at a moment's notice to take the command of the Channel fleet, or to cut for the stone; to tell Professor Huxley, for instance, that his forte is cutting up monkeys, and his foible cutting up men; to compare the librarian at Lambeth Palace to a book in breeches, or to talk of Mr. Gladstone's flashes of silence. Suppose every parson under an interdict never to apologise for an inappropriate text by citing the authority of the Canon of St Paul's for the use of "Cappadocia, Pamphilia, Phrygia, and all the regions round about," so long as the sermon was sensible; or to sneer at Dissenters as people who never keep a carriage in the second generation. Suppose the editor of the *Times* bound over in 10,000*l.* never again to throw out a suggestion about locking up two or three Bishops in a railway carriage, and squeezing them to death in a tunnel, in order to encourage the House of Lords to take up the question of Railway Reform; to talk about putting round men in square holes, and square men in round holes; or to tell a poet or novelist, in a slashing criticism upon his first work, to run his pen through every second word in his MS., in order to add to the vigour of his style; suppose the Rochefoucaulds of the *Saturday Review* interdicted talking of benevolence as one of the instincts of the human heart, with the alphabetical illustration of A no sooner seeing B in distress than he thinks C ought to do something for him; suppose the Lord Chancellor to issue an order under the Great Seal against any of the officials of the Circumlocution Office vindicating the use of red tape as one of the grammars of life, or that the Lord Chamberlain were to request the comic papers to forego for, say, the summer months, the exquisite gratification of sneering at the *wut* of Mr. Duncan Maclaren and his kilted colleagues, and of the necessity of a surgical operation to get their own jokes well into a Scotch understanding;—suppose Sydney Smith and all his jokes, and all his wild nonsense, in short, put in an *Index*, what a sense of intellectual dearth and barrenness would pervade all of us! You might as well take the ozone out of the sea breezes, or the hydrogen out of the atmosphere. Shut up Mr. Beales and Mr. Odger in Pentonville, or compel them, if they must divert themselves with a species of amateur conspiracy, to enter into a conspiracy of silence; set down an epicure to a dinner of herbs; refuse the Book of Nehemiah to an Orthodox Dissenter; take away the chasuble and the stole from a Ritualist; commit any outrage of this description, and the victims may submit with the spirit of martyrs. But abolish *Punch* by Act of Parliament, disinherit John Bull of his *Joe Miller*, of the stock of wit and humour that has been handed down to him from generation to generation, with Magna Charta and the writ of Habeas Corpus, and all England would be in arms to-morrow. The thought of tyranny of this refined and inhuman description is too terrible to contemplate. Even the millennium without Voltaire and Rabelais, Tom Jones and Don Juan, would be to most of us what the hunting grounds across the Styx would be to a Blackfoot Indian without his horse and his dogs, or Paradise without its houris to a Turk. Perhaps we might contrive to exist as turtles do after Mr. Lewes has scooped their brains out for microscopical analysis. But what an existence! "Ah, mon pauvre maitre," exclaimed Guizot's cook, when he heard that his master was dining at the Athenæum, "je ne le revarrai, plus." And we may say pretty much the same of John Bull: he might still dine, perhaps, still talk politics, still chat about Exchequer Bills and Tariffs, the Bank Rate, and the Three per Cents.; but without his wits and humourists, the charm of life would be gone.

And of these there is none whom we could spare less than Sydney Smith. He is among wits what Horace is among poets. He is a genial, well-bred, well-read man of the world, with the thoughts and tastes, the habits and foibles of a man of the world. His wit, like Voltaire's, is the wit of everybody; and it is wit that you can quote upon every topic of talk that starts up in the House of Commons, in the newspapers, at an archidiaconal luncheon, on the croquet lawn, or in a club smoking-room. Possessing powers equal to those of Swift and Sheridan, of Curran and Jerrold, Sydney Smith was free from everything like coarseness and cynicism, from everything like buffoonery and bitterness. His wit is always pure, always human. There is no affectation, no vice, in his tone or in his temper. He lays no little traps to surprise, never talks up to a subject to fire off the *bon mots* he has been manufacturing at his desk in the morning. He simply puts into terse and sparkling sentences happy thoughts that we all think we could have thrown out ourselves had we formed one of the party; and his conversation and his writing are thus, when analysed, simply the conversation and writing of a man of keen and decisive intelligence—of a man who knows no more of the question than you or I, but who has the knack of looking at it in perspective, of taking in all that can be said upon it at a glance, of seizing the most striking points of the argument, turning the weak ones inside out, making the strong ones his own, and of throwing out his own thoughts and criticisms as the inspiration of the moment, in the dashing, off-hand style of a man of high spirits and of brilliant intellect. He was not a thinker: his pulse ran too high for original thought. He rarely troubled himself to think a subject out in logical form, to think it out, that is, as a barrister thinks out his brief. He seized upon its strongest points by a sort of instinct, upon the striking and picturesque points that attract dull and clever people alike, and these by the mere force of wit and imagination he made his own. His arguments upon Parliamentary Reform, Catholic Emancipation, and the Ballot, are all arguments that he might have picked up at Sam Rogers's breakfast table or in Lady Holland's drawing-room. They are all the arguments of the ideal "international man" whom we picture to ourselves when we wish to look at a question without prejudice and without cant. Yet these were the arguments that carried the Reform Bill, that carried the Catholic Relief Bill, that swept away the Test and Corporation Acts; and after they had once been put in their most vivid forms by the wit of Sydney Smith, everyone adopted them as his own. Sydney Smith's views after that seemed to be the only views that a man of sense and wit could hold. They were the views at once of the statesman and of the diner-out who thought it his business to look at every political question from what Thackeray called the "don't-care-a-damn" point of view. Look at his pamphlet on the Ballot. "It was all flash and sparkle," say Mr. Grote and Sir John Bowring. All its arguments had been put and refuted, perhaps, in a way dozens of times in the House of Commons. But as these arguments are put by Sydney Smith, it is simply impossible to refute them. In his hands you can do no more with them than you can do with Hume's perplexing syllogism about miracles. "If a man is sheltered from intimidation, is it at all clear that he would vote from any better motive than intimidation? The landlord has perhaps said a cross word to the tenant; the candidate for whom the tenant votes in opposition to his landlord has taken his second son for a footman, or his father knew the candidate's grandfather: how many thousand votes, sheltered (as the ballotists suppose) from intimidation, would be given from such silly motives as these? how many would be given from the mere discontent of inferiority? or from that strange, simious, schoolboy passion of giving pain to others, even when the author cannot be found out?—motives as pernicious as any which could proceed from intimidation . . . . The real object is to vote for the good politician, not for the kind-hearted or agreeable man: the mischief is just the same to the country whether I am smiled into a corrupt choice, or frowned into a corrupt choice. What is it to me whether my landlord is the best of landlords or the most agreeable of men? I must vote for Joseph Hume, if I think Joseph more honest than the Marquis. The more mitigated Radical may pass over this, but the real carnivorous variety of the animal should declaim as loudly against the fascinations as against the threats of the great. The man who possesses the land should never speak to the man who tills it. The intercourse between landlord and tenant should be as strictly guarded as that of the sexes in Turkey. A funded duenna should be placed over every landed grandee. 'I am a professed Radical,' said the tenant of a great duke to a friend of mine, 'and the duke knows it; but if I vote for his candidates, he lets me talk as I please, live with whom I please, and does not care if I dine at a Radical dinner every day in the week. If there was a ballot, nothing could persuade the duke, or the duke's master, the steward, that I was not deceiving them, and I should lose my farm in a week.' This is the real history of what would take place. The single lie on the hustings would not suffice; the concealed democrat who voted against his landlord must talk with the wrong people, subscribe to the wrong club, huzza at the wrong dinner, break the wrong head, lead (if he wished to escape from the watchful jealousy of his landlord) a long life of lies between every election; and he must do this, not only *eundo*, in his calm and prudential state, but *redeundo* from the market, warmed with beer and expanded by alcohol; and he must not only carry on his seven years of dissimulation before the world, but in the very bosom of his family, or he must expose himself to the dangerous garrulity of wife, children, and servants, from whose indiscretion every kind of evil report would be carried to the ears of the watchful steward . . . . The noise and jollity of a ballot mob must be such as the very devils would look on with delight. A set of deceitful wretches wearing the wrong colours, abusing their friends, pelting the man for whom they voted, drinking their enemies' punch, knocking down persons with whom they entirely agreed, and roaring out eternal duration to principles they abhorred. A scene of wholesale bacchanalian fraud, a *posse comitatus* of liars which would disgust any man with a free government, and make him sigh for the monocracy of Constantinople." These sentences of Sydney Smith contain the germ-thoughts of half the arguments and of half the sarcasms that the wits of the House of Commons, of Printing House Square, and of Northumberland Street now fire off against the Ballot. You cannot answer them. You cannot improve upon them. They represent with terseness and wit the only views that the mass of people will ever think of taking of the ballot-box. He supplied the Peace Society, again, with a more telling description of the consequences of war than any of their own orators have yet been able to strike out for themselves; and in his essay on classical education he brought together, in a terse and vivid form, most of the arguments against the present system of teaching Latin and Greek that have since been used by Mr. Lowe and Professor Huxley. "Everyone will admit that of all the disgusting labours of life, the labour of lexicon and dictionary is the most intolerable. Nor is there a greater object of compassion than a fine boy, full of animal spirits, set down on a bright sunny day, with a heap of unknown words before him, to be turned into English before supper, by the help of a ponderous dictionary alone. The object in looking into a dictionary can only be to exchange an unknown sound for one that is known. Now, it seems indisputable that the sooner this exchange is made the better. The greater the number of such exchanges which can be made in a given time, the greater is the progress, the more abundant the *copia verborum* obtained by the scholar. Would it not be of advantage if the dictionary at once opened at the required page, and if a self-moving index at once pointed to the requisite word? Is any advantage gained to the world by the time employed first in finding the letter P, and then in finding the three guiding letters P R I? This appears to us to be pure loss of time, justifiable only if it is inevitable; and even after this is done, what an infinite multitude of difficulties are heaped at once upon the wretched beginner! Instead of his being reserved for his greater skill and maturity in the language, he must employ himself in discovering in which of many senses which his dictionary presents the word is to be used; in considering the case of the substantive, and the syntaxical arrangement in which it is to be placed, and the relation it bears to other words. The loss of time in the merely mechanical part of the old plan is immense. We doubt very much if an average boy, between ten and fourteen, will look out or find more than sixty words in an hour; we say nothing at present of the time employed in thinking of the meaning of each word when he has found it, but of the mere naked discovery of the word in the lexicon or dictionary. It must be remembered, we say an *average* boy—not what Master Evans, the show boy, can do, nor what Master Macarthy, the boy who is whipped every day, can do, but some boy between Macarthy and Evans; and not what the medium boy can do while his mastigophorous superior is frowning over him, but what he actually does when left in the midst of noisy boys, and with a recollection that, by sending to the neighbouring shop, he can obtain any quantity of unripe gooseberries upon credit. Now, if this statement be true, and if there are 10,000 words in the Gospel of St. John, here are 160 hours employed in the mere digital process of turning over leaves! But, in much less time than this, any boy of average quickness might learn, by the Hamiltonian method, to construe the whole four Gospels with the greatest accuracy and the most scrupulous correctness. The interlineal translation of course spares the trouble and time of this mechanical labour . . . . The Hamilton method begins with what all persons want, a facility of construing, and leaves every scholar to become afterwards as profound in grammar as he (or those who educate him) may choose; whereas the old method aims at making all more profound grammarians than three-fourths wish to be, or than nineteen-twentieths *can* be. One of the enormous follies of the enormously foolish education in England is, that all young men—dukes, fox-hunters, and merchants—are educated as if they were to keep a school and serve a curacy; while scarcely an hour in the Hamiltonian education is lost for any variety of life. A grocer may learn enough of Latin to taste the sweets of Virgil; a cavalry officer may read and understand Homer, without knowing that ἵημι comes from εω with a smooth breathing, and that it is formed by an improper reduplication. In the meantime, there is nothing in that education which prevents a scholar from knowing (if he wishes to know) what Greek compounds draw back their accents. He may trace verbs in ἰμι, from polysyllables in ίω, or derive endless glory from marking down derivatives in πτω, changing the ε of their primitives into iota." This was his style. No artifice, no affectation, nothing like pedantry. Ordinary arguments, or at least the arguments of people of average intelligence and culture, set in brilliant and vivid forms. It was irresistible with most people: it was taking with all. You may trace the germ of all his arguments in this paper, for instance, in Locke and in Hamilton's own prefaces. But neither of them knew how to do justice to their thoughts as Sydney Smith did. He barbed their sense and logic with his wit; and everything that he thus set his mark upon he made his own. His mind was, as Mr. Disraeli said of Sir Robert Peel's, a vast appropriation clause. "When he had any subject on hand," Lady Holland says, "he was indefatigable in reading, searching, inquiring, seeking every source of information, and discussing it with any man of sense or cultivation who crossed his path."

And I have heard this illustrated by the personal recollections of those who knew him at Coombe Florey. In preparing his articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, if any point happened to turn up incidentally that he did not comprehend, he spared no pains in hunting up books or practical authorities, and he frequently tested an argument or an illustration that he felt doubtful about by throwing it out for criticism in conversation. Most of the points of his Ballot article were put through this test. You may often trace this in the writings themselves. Their tone is the tone of his conversation and of his correspondence. He ticks and toys with a book of travels, a blue book, or a bit of French fiction, as he might have toyed with it standing by his own fireside at Foxton with his girls by his side, or in Lady Holland's boudoir. It requires but a slight effort of the imagination in taking up his volume of contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* to picture him at his desk, or standing with his back to a chair, laughing at Colonel Collins's arguments about the settlement of Botany Bay—at the argument, for instance, that we shall receive hereafter an ample equivalent, in bales of goods, for all the vices we export—speculating upon the sort of apologies that an Australian sheep farmer in the Blue Mountains might send to the Court when summoned to serve on a jury: "The waters of the Hawksbury are out, and I have a mile to swim—the kangaroo will break into my corn—the convicts have robbed me—my little boy has been bitten by an ornithorynchus paradoxus—I have sent a man fifty miles with a sack of flour to buy a pair of breeches for the assizes, and he is not returned"—tracing out analogies between the settlements of America and Australia, and throwing out prophecies of what might happen in the days, perhaps, of Edward the Tenth, when, to assert our sovereignty over an important and flourishing colony, endless blood and treasure will be exhausted to support a tax on kangaroos' skins, faithful Commons will go on voting fresh supplies to support a just and necessary war, and Newgate, then become a quarter of the world, will evince a heroism, not unworthy of the great characters by whom she was originally peopled;—or, playing with this idea from another point of view, anticipating the day when some Botany Bay Tacitus shall record the crimes of an emperor lineally descended from a London pickpocket, or paint the valour with which he has led his New Hollanders into the heart of China; or, varying his humour and setting the table in a roar over his description of the freaks of Nature at the Antipodes in making cherries with the stone on the outside, a monstrous animal as tall as a grenadier, with the head of a rabbit, a tail as big as a bed-post, hopping along at the rate of five hops to a mile, with three or four young kangaroos looking out of its false uterus to see what is passing, a quadruped as big as a large cat, with the eyes, colour, and skin of a mole, and the bill and web-feet of a duck, puzzling Dr. Shaw, and rendering the latter half of his life miserable, from his utter inability to determine whether it was a bird or a beast; and a parrot, with the legs of a sea-gull, a skate, with the head of a shark, and a bird of such monstrous dimensions that a side bone of it will dine three real carnivorous Englishmen. This was his style in reviewing. It was not criticism like Jeffrey's. It was the laughing, rollicking nonsense of a man of rare wit and imagination talking about the book with a pen in his hand exactly as he talked about it in his own easy chair at Foxton or at his table in Green Street. "Lightness and flimsiness," he used to say, "are my style in reviewing," but thousands of readers read Sydney Smith's nonsense who never thought of cutting the leaves to look at a page of Jeffrey's metaphysics or Brougham's politics. His fine Roman hand is generally distinguishable in the first sentence. His description of Dr. Parr's wig, for instance, trespassing a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, but scorning even episcopal limits behind, and swelling out into boundless convexity of friz, and the comparison of the style of his wig with the style of his sermons—his account of the Society for the Suppression of Vice as a society for suppressing the vices of people with incomes of less than £500 a year—and his suggestion that they should prove their honesty and their courage by sending a Duchess to the Poultry Compter, or their consistency by establishing a society of barbers, butchers, and bakers, in order to put all classes on an equal footing, to return to the higher classes that moral character by which they are so highly benefited;—his comparison of the notes of the campaners in the Forest of Cayenne, distinguishable three miles off, to the belfry of a cathedral, ringing for a new dean, just appointed on account of shabby politics, small understanding, and good family;—his suggestion that Mr. Waterton's illustration of a nondescript species of monkey was the head of a master in chancery, and his criticism upon the impropriety of travellers thus trifling with science and natural history;—his description of the boa constrictor swallowing the tortoise whole, shell and all, and consuming him slowly in the interior, as the Court of Chancery does a great estate—are all in the exact style of his talk. Here is an example of the way in which he gathered up in his recollection a host of incidents to exemplify the pleasures of life in the tropics, and threw them out in an avalanche of wit: "The *bête rouge* lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into your bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Everything bites, stings, or bruises; every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your teacup; a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small beer; or a caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly, is hastening over the bread and butter! All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such," he says, reflecting upon his own description, "are the tropics, and all this, of course, may well reconcile us to our dews, fogs, vapours, and drizzle

—to our apothecaries rushing about with gargles and tinctures—to our old British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces." In passages like this we have Sydney Smith before us with all his wit and imagination. It is the tone of his conversation all over. There was nothing like study or premeditation about it. His wit was always fresh. It never smelt of the lamp, like Sheridan's. "You always find the dew on it." Perhaps now and then you may detect him reproducing in his conversation a thought that he had touched in his correspondence, or working out an idea in one letter that he has only half developed in another; but even in cases of this sort it is generally sufficiently obvious that the thought is reproduced simply because it is floating about in his memory rather than from the want of fresh ideas; and it is reproduced generally with such a profusion of fresh wit and imagery that it has all the air of an original flight of fancy. Take, for instance, his whimsical note to Lady Grey, beseeching her to put my lord's pistols and powder flasks out of his reach. "For God's sake do not drag me into another war! I am worn down, and worn out, with crusading and defending Europe, and protecting mankind; I *must* think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks—I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed—I do not like the present state of the Delta—Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be champion of the Decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequence will be that we shall cut each other's throats. No war, dear Lady Grey!—no eloquence; but apathy, selfishness, common sense, arithmetic!" He had struck the key-note of this in a hasty note written days previously to Mrs. Meynell, and he plays with its germ-thought in two or three forms in several of his letters written almost concurrently with this. Here, however, in his note to Lady Grey, it comes out in full and perfect form; and in this form I once heard Mr. Cobden at dinner recommend it as the wittiest and most sensible motto he could find for the Manchester party.

Sydney Smith's conversation was the conversation of a man mad with spirits, of a man, to use his own expression, who must either talk, laugh, or burst, the conversation of a man whose intellect bred analogies and picturesque imagery as the sun breeds clouds. Take him when or where you might, you never took him by surprise; and most of the brightest illustrations of his wit, like Douglas Jerrold's,

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were those that he struck out on the spur of the moment. His reply, for instance, to the beautiful girl who complained, "Oh, Mr. Sydney, this pea will never come to perfection," "Then permit me to lead perfection to the pea," is in its style perfect. Even French wit and chivalry has never equalled that; and in the Court of Louis XIV. it would have been crowned with a Cardinal's hat. His reply to the Archbishop of York—"I hear, Mr. Smith, you do not approve of much riding for the clergy," "Why, my lord, perhaps there is not *much* objection, provided they do not ride too well, and stick out their toes professionally," was very keen; for Sydney Smith could never sit a horse, and his diocesan was one of the finest horsemen in a province where every boy is born in the saddle, and rides by instinct. There was a touch of the courtier as well as of the wit in his reply to the lady who, arguing in a large party that it was always high tide at London Bridge at twelve o'clock, appealed to him with, "Now, Mr. Smith, is it not so?" "It used not to be so, I believe, formerly, but perhaps the Lord Mayor and Aldermen have altered it lately." He traced out the analogies of things with marvellous quickness. A man at his side reckons the amount of his ground-rent at 5*l.* a foot. "Ah, the price of a London footman six foot high, thirty guineas a year." Upon a couple of talkers, "There is the same difference between their tongues as between the hour and the minute hand: one goes ten times as fast, and the other signifies ten times as much." "If you masthead a sailor for not doing his duty, why should you not weathercock a parishioner for refusing to pay tithes?" Of a poet who wrote with great labour—"'How is Rogers?' 'He is not very well.' 'Why, what is the matter?' 'Oh, don't you know he has produced a couplet? When our friend is delivered of a couplet, with infinite labour and pain, he takes to his bed, has straw laid down, the knocker tied up, expects his friends to call and make enquiries, and the answer at the door invariably is, 'Mr. Rogers and his little couplet are as well as can be expected.' When he produces an Alexandrine he keeps his bed a day longer." Of a New Zealand attorney—"There is a New Zealand attorney, just arrived in London, with 6s. 8d. tattooed all over his face;" and of illusions—"We naturally lose illusions as we get older, like teeth, but there is no Cartwright to fit a new set into our understandings. I have, alas, only one illusion left, and that is the Archbishop of Canterbury." Combining a vivid imagination with this brilliant gift of hitting upon analogies, with these high spirits, and this remarkable fluency of expression, Sydney Smith was as a talker irresistible; and, except Macaulay, he generally talked every guest at a table into silence. His habit was, as he said, to fire right across the table, and to talk upon any subject that happened to be started, rarely starting anything of his own. Byron calls him, in Don Juan,

> "The loudest wit I e'er was deafened with;"

and that is the general testimony. He and Macaulay together set the table in confusion, appalled quiet people, made them eat the wrong dishes, and drink the wrong wines. It was impossible for either of them to hear the other speak. It was, however, when talking against Macaulay, at Holland House or at Rogers's, that he talked his best; but, unlike most wits, he owed none of his excitement to wine. Wine generally depressed his spirits, as it did Byron's; and when he had drank nothing but a glass of barley water, he was in his highest spirits. These were his happiest hours of inspiration; and the slighest hint set him off striking out analogies, playing with them in his imagination, and adorning them with the flowers of his fancy. And you could generally trace his wit, as it were, in the process of manufacture. That was one of the charms of his conversation. His intellect was like an electric coil; you touched it, and it flashed out in sparkling coruscations at the touch. The conversation at one of Rogers's breakfasts turns upon American birds. "My dear Rogers," says Smith, "if we were both in America, we should be tarred and feathered; and, lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu." Sir Charles Lyell's book is brought on the carpet, and people wonder what sort of a spectacle our era will present to the Sir Charles Lyell of the next geological epoch. "Yes, imagine an excavation on the site of St. Paul's; fancy a lecture, by the Owen of some future age, on the thigh-bone of a Minor Canon, or the tooth of a Dean—the form, qualities, the knowledge, tastes, propensitities, he would discover from them." It was in this spirit that, picturing the embarrassments of the London University, he drew his sketch of the bailiffs seizing on the air-pump, the exhausted receiver, and galvanic batteries, and chasing the Professor of Modern History round the quadrangle. His list of tortures—dooming Mrs. Marcet, for example, to listen for a thousand years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily, in the end, be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali; and Macaulay to have false dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne for ever shouted in his ears, all liberal and honest opinions ridiculed in his presence, and not able to say a single word in their defence, was thrown off in a conversation at Romilly's on the tortures that Dante had invented. And so, too, was his description of the Utilitarians. "That man is so hard," says Smith, criticising a quotation from Mr. James Mill, or one of the Westminster Reviewers, "that you might drive a broad-wheeled waggon over him, and it would produce no impression; if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, I am convinced sawdust would come out of him. He and his school treat mankind as if they were mere machines; the feelings or affections never enter into their calculations. If everything is to be sacrificed to utility, why do you bury your grandmother at all? why don't you cut her into small pieces at once, and make potable soup of her?"

Yet, Sydney Smith's wit, after all, was but the flavour of his mind. Of course, people who knew nothing of him but as a diner-out of the first water, and took their estimate of his character from the witty nonsense they heard him pouring forth when talking, over a glass of wine, *à tort et à travers*, quoting the anathema of the Clerk of the General Assembly upon the Solemn League and Covenant for spoiling the longs and shorts in Scotland, and relating how at College he had broken a chess-board over the head of the Archbishop of Canterbury, suggesting that a Tory Dean ought to be preached to death by wild curates, praying that Spring Rice would go into holy orders, talking of the secret wish of his heart to roast a Quaker, arguing that the Jews should be kept for the private tyranny and intolerance of the bishops—"Thirty thousand Jews, it is but a small matter! do not be too hard upon the Church;" recommending the Bishop of New Zealand to serve up roast missionary, with cold curate on the sideboard, for the entertainment of the Maori chiefs, rallying the bishops for living vindictively, and evincing their aversion to a Whig Ministry by improved health, hoaxing innocent dowagers by telling them that a cherub had been caught in the Blue Mountains, or that his dog was in the habit of eating a parish boy every morning for breakfast, and recommending them, when the thermometer was in the nineties, to take off their skin and sit in their bones, as he did; throwing out wild conjectures upon the possibility of the existence of a world where men and women are all made of stone, or perhaps of Parian marble, and shouting out to Sir Roderick Murchison to ask how he would like to pass eternity with a grey wacke woman; talking about confounding the number of the Muses with the Thirty-nine Articles when he took an extra glass of wine, and setting himself right by repeating the lines, and finding "Descend ye Thirty-nine" two feet too long—thought him a very clever and witty man, but, perhaps, a joker of jokes, and nothing more. These people knew nothing of the depth and richness of his mind. The flash and sparkle of his thought were so dazzling that none but those who knew him well—knew him, that is, in his quiet and soberer moods—gave him credit for the power of thought, the sense, and prudence that formed the fibre of his intellect. Yet few men possessed higher powers of thought, of eloquence, of earnestness, of courage, than Sydney Smith. Possessing as much wit as a man without a grain of his sense, he had as much sense as a man without a spark of his wit. But he had one fault. He did not understand the art of cant: he never thought of his cloth. His serious conversation with two or three friends on the lawn at Coombe Florey was like the serious conversation of Charles Lamb, superior to that of his lighter and gayer hours. But, like Macaulay's flashes of silence, these lapses of Sydney Smith into the proprieties of conversation, into thought and philosophy, and iced common sense, were reserved for his own fireside, and for the friends of his fireside. Take up his sermons, or run your eye through the reflections and precepts which he notes in his diary, and you see at once what a vein of deep religious thought ran through his nature, what pure and noble conceptions he formed of life, and of his own work as a Christian minister; but even here you may trace the hand of the wit in his criticism upon the false sentiments of religion and philosophy. He ranked a comfortable house as a source of happiness next to health and a pure conscience. "To be unhappy is the luxury of a false religion." "No reflecting man can ever wish to adulterate manly piety (the parent of all that is good in the world) with mummery and parade. But we are strange, very strange creatures, and it is better, perhaps, not to place too much confidence in our reason alone. If anything, there is, perhaps, too little pomp and ceremony in our worship, instead of too much. We quarrelled with the Roman Catholic Church in a great hurry and a great passion, and furious with spleen; clothed ourselves with sackcloth because she was habited in brocade; rushing, like children, from one extreme to another, and blind to all medium between complication and barrenness, formality and neglect." "Moralists tell you of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people; but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained." "How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."

Upon matters of business, too, upon anything affecting the administration of his parish, or his duties as a Canon of Bristol or St. Paul's, or as a country gentleman and a magistrate, Sydney Smith was as prompt, as energetic, and as business-like as a man who never made a joke in his life. Looking upon the country as a kind of healthy grave, believing that most of the happiness of life was to be found in association with the bad weather, coal fires, and good society of a crowded city, and that the main use of the country was to give one a keener relish for London life, Sydney Smith settled down upon a Yorkshire Vicarage in the spirit of a man who had talked of turnips and dogs, and drank ale with his grooms all his life, and in a couple of years this "powerful son of Heaven," this prince of dinner-table wits, the rival of Talleyrand, of Canning, and of Frere, was the life and soul of a village, where, as he said, people only dined out once in seven years, and where, except then, nothing was visible but crows. He built his own house without the assistance of an architect, farmed his own glebe with the aid of a speaking trumpet and a telescope in the style of an Illinois squatter, bred horses like the rest of his parishioners, and sat down at his desk at the close of his day's work to throw off articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, and to scribble witty nonsense for Lady Holland and Lady Grey on the books and politics and scandal of the hour, without ever uttering a syllable of peevish complaint about being thrown away, being desolate, or such like trash. At Bristol and at St. Paul's Sydney Smith distinguished himself as the most business-like man in the Chapter; and in dealing with practical questions in the *Edinburgh Review*, with questions like those of Church Government, Penal Settlements, Prison Discipline, and the Game Laws, he dealt with them in the keen hard-headed style of a model Chairman of Quarter Sessions. His papers on Botany Bay and the Game Laws, and his speeches on Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform might all have been addressed to crowded benches in the House of Commons at two o'clock in the morning. They glitter with wit, like almost every thing that he wrote; but their wit is, after all, but the foil of his arguments, and his arguments are those of a statesman, arguments that even the Tory squires would turn over in their minds as they lit their cigars to walk home. Contrast any of these articles of Sydney Smith with the speeches of Sheridan, and you see at once what a mass of tough argument and of hard thought underlies Sydney Smith's wit when he thought it necessary to be anything more than witty. Sheridan, in comparison, is mere tinsel. Possessing powers of raillery equal, at least, to those of Sheridan, Sydney Smith, nevertheless, unlike Sheridan, never thought of depending on these alone in discussing a question of politics or social morality. His forte was logic, and he marshalled his arguments with the tact of a Parliamentary general. He puts his own arguments in the terse and decisive form of the most accomplished master of fence, and he scalps the fallacies of an opponent in the neat and off-hand style of that Red Indian of Parliamentary debate, Mr. Lowe. You see at a glance that he is full of his subject, master of all its arguments, and knows all the points of his opponent. He never haggles over a weak argument. He goes to the heart of the question at once, seizes all its strongest points, and works these up in their most powerful and vivid forms. There is an air of touch and go in his style; he deals with everything with an apparently light hand; but analyse his views and his arguments, and in nine cases out of ten you find them characterised by the keen intelligence, good sense, and breadth of a man of the world looking at the matter in the dry light of a political epicurean. And yet, with all this, Sydney Smith always contrives to close his discussion of a serious question in the tone of a man quite in earnest—in the tone of a man, that is, whose convictions are thoroughly ingrained—of a man who, if called upon, can express those convictions with a strength of language corresponding with their depth and intensity in his own mind; but who, relying at present upon their own inherent plausibility, tempers his expressions by the rules of chivalry and good breeding.

Of art and polish, as art and polish were understood by Macaulay, you find no traces in Sydney Smith. His daughter calls him a sort of rough rider of subjects; and the phrase is an apt one. He never troubled himself with the metaphysics of a question; he never troubled himself with its trivialities. Taking up only those topics of talk that were of the directest personal interest, those topics that were under discussion in the House of Commons, in Cathedral Chapters, and at every dinner table, Sydney Smith selected their most telling points, and then sat down to work these up with his own vigorous understanding, from what I may call the common sense point of view. And his style is in its way perfect. It is the exact mirror of his thought. He wrote as he talked, wrote, that is, with the dash of a man of keen wit and and of high intelligence, rarely revised his manuscript, and left most of his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* to chance and Jeffrey. Take up any of these articles and you have

Sydney Smith before you at once, and generally in his best form, in all his brilliance, benevolence, and flashing decision; and by the light of Lady Holland's hints as to her father's habits of work, one can, by a very slight effort of imagination, picture him at his fireside galloping through the pages of a thick quarto in the course of a morning, or sitting down at his desk in the evening looking through his papers and his bills with the plodding industry of an attorney's clerk, and then, by way of variation in his employment, taking up his pen to throw off a few pages of "trifling nonsense" for Jeffrey. He wrote with great rapidity. "No hesitation, no erasures, no stopping to consider and round his periods, no writing for effect, but a pouring out of the fulness of his mind and feelings, for he was heart and soul whatever he undertook. He hardly ever altered or corrected; indeed, he was so impatient of this, that he could hardly bear the trouble of even looking over what he had written; but would not unfrequently throw the manuscript down on the table as soon as finished, and say, starting up and addressing his wife, 'There, it is done now, Kate, do look it over, and put in dots to the i's and strokes to the t's.'" And his manuscript needed this revision; for, with the exception of Jeffrey's, it was probably the worst that Constable's printers had to puzzle out for the *Edinburgh Review.* He compared it himself to the hieroglyphics of a swarm of ants escaping from an ink bottle and walking over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs; and when his wife enclosed him an illegible passage from one of his letters from London, containing directions about the management of his farm, and asked for an interpretation, he simply returned it with the explanation that he "must decline ever reading his own handwriting four-and-twenty hours after he had written it." Yet writing, as he generally did, upon the impulse of the moment, no man ever wrote more consistently, more honestly, or more courageously. "Catch me, if you can," he said, with a touch of pride, when collecting his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* for republication, "in any one illiberal sentiment, or in any opinion which I have need to recant; and that after twenty years' scribbling upon all subjects." And Sydney Smith had reason to think and speak with pride of his writings from this point of view, for, animated as they are by high purpose, and illustrating as they do, in the most vivid and brilliant form, his passionate love of justice and common sense, they combine, in a rare degree, in their style, English sense and French wit, and form, with the writings of Jeffrey and Macaulay, the most characteristic of the contributions to the *Edinburgh Review.*

CHARLES PEBODY.

THE SEASON: 1870.

III.—SOCIETY.

YOU, who are in society, can you tell me where the line is drawn which separates the class to which you belong from the rest of the community? As far as London is concerned, and indeed in many other capitals, I have been round the world and home again often enough, but have never yet been able to discover the precise position of a social equator—that mysterious boundary to the luxurious tropics of high life. At a distance, it is apparently well defined, but like a mirage in the desert, gradually disappears upon near approach. In days gone by it was undoubtedly distinct enough. Vassals were admitted upon sufferance to the presence of their good lords; all classes were parted off from one another; clanship was universal. Now, however, that education has done its work, all barriers are thrown down which were formerly so obstructive to the progress of civilisation. Ancestral rights no longer constitute undisputed claims to distinction; although the privileges of princes are respected, they are not slavishly acknowledged; while the purest thorough-breds of society are the readiest to do homage to the aristocracy of talent. Nothing in literature is perhaps more surprising to the common sense of the present day than the prefaces addressed by authors during the last century to their patrons whom they sought to conciliate by the most obsequious and humiliating flattery. It was a fashion of the time, and one which too surely indicates the position literary men then held. In the great change that has taken place, society has become—as a Yankee humourist might say—pretty mixed. The worshippers of Fashion, Mammon, and Minerva now form so vast a throng, that any classification is almost impossible. Some old habits and customs have fallen into disuse; the pleasures and pastimes of daily life have undergone various modifications, but many are still typically representative of those enjoyed by our ancestors in the remotest times. Pigeon-shooting, for instance, represents the sport of hawking, one of the most ancient field sports, mentioned by Aristotle, and otherwise easily traced to the earliest dates of history. It is surprising that hawking should now be so completely neglected. In the olden time it was the pride of the rich and the great amusement of the poor. No rank of men was excluded from the diversion. According to the book of St. Albans, every degree had its peculiar hawk, from the emperor down to the holy-water clerk. In the reign of James I., Sir Thomas Monson is said to have given 1000*l.* for a cast of hawks. The few traces which now remain of the pastime are to be met with in our language, the terms used in hawking furnishing us with many idiomatic words; as, for example, hoodwinked, quarry, and others. The modern practice of pigeon-shooting, condemned by some and advocated by thousands, has superseded the ancient sport, and latterly become immensely popular. Institutions are formed throughout the country having no other object than its encouragement. The extent to which it is carried on may be estimated by the doings of the Gun Club, established in August, 1862, by the late Sir Gilbert East and Mr. George Battcock, and now consisting of three hundred members. Upwards of 150 dozen birds weekly are used. Eighteenpence each is the charge made for the birds, which, having served the purposes of the club, are distributed for sale in the different London districts. The ground at Wormholt Scrubs, Shepherd's Bush, is the most perfect of its kind, and a large sum of money has been expended from the club funds in enclosing, draining, and making roads. Pigeon-breeding has become a source of income to many farmers in several counties. A strong feeling against the sport has been raised, and the leading journal recently condemned it in the following terms:—"Pigeon-shooting, always irrational and brutalising in itself, has begotten a species of gambling of its own, and the matches at Hurlingham have grown to be a mere vehicle for idle betting. When we hear that the odds against Sir Frederick This were 100 to 10, that Baron That was freely supported at 100 to 8, that there was much 'general betting'—when we know all this, and hear it every day dinned into our ears by the frequenters of 'the Park,' that it is the most charming and exciting place on earth, we can only say that we think it high time such senseless, such cruel, and such costly amusements should be put down, not indeed by law, but by what is above all law—the instinctive feeling which all true Englishmen and all lovers of legitimate sport have against practices which are alike brutalising, ruinous, and debasing, and which are revolting at once to the humanity and the common sense of the community."

The Hurlingham Park Club, under the presidency of Earl Vane, was organised three years ago. The grounds, some 42 acres in extent, are on the banks of the river, near Fulham. Here all the noblest and many of the fairest in the land congregate to enjoy the sport of pigeon-shooting. The *abattoir* is a large space of ground, jealously enclosed in the centre of the park. Croquet lawns, bowling alleys, and beautiful grounds adjoin the suburban club-house, but all are neglected in favour of the popular pastime of the period. The Hurlingham Club, numbering some 800 members, the destruction of birds is large accordingly. Notwithstanding the patronage enjoyed by the club a sense of shame seems to influence all who enter within its gates. It seems to have been established in open defiance of some acknowledged law. Expert sportmanship is no pretext for a wanton sacrifice of life, although the latter may assume but the form of a pigeon.

In the article I have quoted it is remarked that while society has by compulsion or voluntarily become more humanely disposed towards quadrupeds, and ceased to encourage bull-baiting, dog-fighting, badger-drawing, and other degrading amusements, its cruelty to birds seems to have increased, until at length some special legislation is absolutely necessary to protect the winged tribe from the incessant onslaught to which it is exposed.

Whatever change has taken place in our field sports, we still enjoy one social pastime which was the delight of our ancestors. Music is our chief diversion, even as it was of those who lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when, according to the erudite antiquarian, William Chappell, tinkers sang catches; milk maids sang ballads; carters whistled; each trade, and even the beggars, had their special songs; the base viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors, and virginals for the amusement of waiting customers were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop. They had music at dinner, music at supper, music at weddings, music at funerals, music at night, music at dawn, music at work, and music at play. We are quite as musical now as they were then, if not more so. Pianofortes certainly are not provided for us while we wait our turn to have our hair cut at Truefitt's, but musical amateurs are more numerous than ever, and they do not hesitate to sing and play at public concerts, which was more than was done by our forefathers in the olden time to which William Chappell refers.

The base viol was then performed upon by ladies, although thought by some "an unmannerly instrument for a woman." The mode in which many of the fair sex occupied themselves in the Elizabethan age is described in the following old lines, which are not perhaps inapplicable to some instances at present extant:—

This is all that women do:
Sit and answer them that woo,

Deck themselves in new attire,
To entangle fresh desire;
After dinner sing and play,
Or dancing pass the time away.

Allusion to Mr. Chappell's book of research reminds me of a custom he mentions, concerning which the following letter was written by Steele to the *Spectator*:—

Wednesday, December 5th, 1711.

MR. SPECTATOR,—I am a country gentleman, of a good plentiful estate, and live as the rest of my neighbours with great hospitality. I have been ever reckoned among the ladies the best company in the world, and have access as a sort of favourite. I never came in public but I saluted them, though in great assemblies all around, where it was seen how genteelly I avoided hampering my spurs in their petticoats whilst I moved amongst them; and on the other side how prettily they curtsied and received me standing in proper rows, and advancing as fast as they saw their elders, or their betters, despatched by me. But so it is, Mr. Spectator, that all our good breeding is of late lost, by the unhappy arrival of a courtier, or town gentleman, who came lately among us. This person whenever he came into a room made a profound bow and fell back, then recovered with a soft air, and made a bow to the next, and so to one or two more, and then took the gross of the room, by passing them in a continual bow, until he arrived at the person he thought proper particularly to entertain. This he did with so good a grace and assurance, that it is taken for the present fashion; and there is no young gentlewoman within several miles of this place has been kissed ever since his first appearance among us. We country gentlemen cannot begin again and learn these fine and reserved airs; and our conversation is at a stand, until we have your judgment for or against kissing by way of civility or salutation, which is impatiently expected by your friends of both sexes, but by none so much as

Your humble servant,
RUSTIC SPRIGHTLY.

In earlier times, Chaucer relates how his friar in the "Sompnour's Tale" performed the obsolete act of gallantry in question with all due activity and zeal. As soon as the mistress of the house enters the room—

He riseth up full courtisly
And her embraceth in his armes narrow
And kisseth her sweet, and chirketh as a sparrow
With his lippes.

Cavendish in his "Life of Cardinal Wolsey" gives an account of going to the "Castle of M. de Crequi," a French nobleman, "and very nigh of blood to Louis XII., where," he says, "I being in a fair great dining chamber, where the table was covered for dinner, I attended my lady's coming; and after she came thither out of her own chamber, she received me most gently, like one of noble estate, having a train of twelve gentlewomen. And when she with her train came all out, she said to me—'For as much as ye be an Englishman whose custom it is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen without offence, and although it be not so here in this realm (of France), yet will I be so bold as to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens.' By means thereof I kissed my lady and all her women. Then went she to her dinner, being as nobly served as I have seen any of her estate here in England."

In the same reign, Erasmus writes to a friend, describing the beauty, the courtesy, and gentleness of the English ladies in glowing terms, and this custom as one never sufficiently to be praised. A Spanish pamphlet in the library of the British Museum, dated 1604, gives an account of the ceremonies observed during the residence of the Duke de Frias, Ambassador Plenipotentiary from the Spanish Court, in England, on the accession of James I. In that the writer says—"The ambassador kissed Her Majesty's hands, craving at the same time permission to salute the ladies present, a custom of which the non-observance on such occasions is deeply resented by the fair sex of this country," and leave was given accordingly. John Bunyan gives an amusing account of his scruples on the subject in his "Grace Abounding." "When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they made balks? Why did they salute the most handsome and let the ill-favoured go?" This last question was, no doubt, perplexing to the good men to answer, but Bunyan proves that very few were troubled by his scruples. The abandonment of the custom is said to have been "a part of that French code of politeness which Charles II. introduced on his restoration;" the true cause, however, is probably to be found in the jealousies excited by the partiality very reasonably displayed by Bunyan's friends. The forms of salutation observed in different countries cause much confusion. Shaking hands, so general with us, excites as much surprise among some people as the Maori ceremony of rubbing noses or the ancient custom of embracing would in the London Streets.

That the latter has been discontinued is, in many cases, to be profoundly deplored, although some occasions when it might be enforced perhaps atone for its omission from our code of etiquette. If we are less demonstrative in these matters than were our forefathers, many of us claim the privilege of shaking hands with more mysterious beings than were recognised as familiar acquaintances in days gone by. Ghosts and spirits from the other world were contemplated before this century came in, with fear and trembling. They are now invoked to amuse us and prove the credulity of those who believe in them. Notwithstanding the innumerable frauds that have been exposed in connection with it, spiritualism is still a faith acknowledged by many seriously-minded people. Spiritualism is, I maintain, a false name for the proceedings of those who are either deceived themselves or animated by a desire to deceive others. That in many of the phenomena allied to these practices, some occult and hitherto unexplained force is shown to exist, may be readily allowed; but that the manifestations brought about are attributable to supernatural causes is contrary to the result of every careful investigation that has been made.

The simple facts that mediums cannot communicate with any other spirits but those speaking their own language; that they have never yet answered any scientific questions, appear to be sufficient proof, if every other were wanting, that they are neither more nor less inspired than ordinary mortals. The boasted power of clairvoyance has not enabled them to see and explain truthfully that which is passing at a distance—a shipwreck or other catastrophe for instance, the consequences of which might be mitigated through their agency were they really gifted with the faculty of second sight.

The revelations of pseudo mediums, if carefully examined, never exceed the bounds of their own knowledge, except when they have recourse to their special powers of invention.

There are, however, some believers who accept every manifestation as a corroboration of their genuineness, and bad spelling and the worst grammar, are received implicitly, although said to be indited by the most highly-educated originals.

I would not for a moment deny that some power, as yet uncontrollable and undefined, is manifested by many calling themselves spiritualists; but this power is assuredly more readily to be accounted for as a gift than by the influence of spirits upon physical action.

The following is a reliable account of proceedings at a *séance* held by candlelight at which a well-known medium was present, and notwithstanding the mysterious character of the phenomena experienced, I still contend that the influence brought to bear was a magnetic rather than a spiritual force. Indeed, many of the apparently inexplicable circumstances of the *séance* may have been altogether illusory rather than positively practical. My informant says, after describing the commencement of the *séance*, which was attended by six persons, that for some time he felt a strong sensation in his fingers, and gradually became subject to an involuntary movement of his hands. He tried to suppress this, but was requested not to do so, and let matters take their course, which resulted in a violent motion, terminating in his hands being drawn off the table. When they rested on his knees, the power ceased for a while and then resumed its operations, drawing his arms back till the elbows almost touched, and caused considerable pain. On a sudden he was released and left quiet for a time. So soon as he was reseated, the movement of the hands began again. Then a greater power seized him, and his arms were projected and drawn in so violently, and for so long a period, that when released again he sank back breathless.

When his hands were replaced on the table, and my friend tried to use the *planchette*, the power increased, and at last he became so obstreperous that he was requested to leave the circle, and desired to sit on a sofa at the further end of the room. For a short time he was quiet, and then was seized again, his hands being whirled round each other till they seemed to describe a dim white circle. He was, or thought he was, laid hold of bodily and jolted up and down, but without feeling he was touched in any particular part, the power apparently acting equally over the whole body.

There was a small table standing by, on which were some books and an ivory paper-knife. This latter my friend saw rise on one end and strike upon the book it was resting on. A large table now moved towards him, and it was thought desirable that he should rejoin the circle. The movement of his hands still continuing, some one near him asked if it was involuntary, and offered to hold his left hand. Assistance was accordingly given, but the efforts of both persons were ineffectual, and the action continued. Then the medium said, "Let no one mind me," and immediately became entranced, his stature appeared to be considerably increased. As the power then left my informant, he asked permission of the rest to examine the medium, and it was readily granted. He then found, or, as I insist, fancies he found, that the medium had grown taller—in other words, was elongated.

Throughout this extraordinary narrative there seems to be indisputable evidence of some mesmeric or other force having been brought into use, whether intentionally or otherwise matters little. It is at any rate a much more rational solution of the strange facts stated, to suppose that such was the case, than to attribute the phenomena to the caprice of spirits.

Setting spiritualism as a misnomer for these practices aside, it is worth while inquiring whether in the involuntary writing by planchettes and other means, confirmation may not be found of the theory of there being that mental existence within us which has been called the hidden soul. By the vague meditation practised by mediums this unconscious consciousness is probably brought into operation and made to act independently of the usual process of volition.

As I have stated above, no medium in my experience has ever written that which he had not at some time or other heard or learned in the ordinary course of things. He may have forgotten all he writes—that is to say, it has completely escaped his memory and power of recollection, but being indelibly imprinted upon the innermost tablets of the brain, it re-appears when the hidden soul is allowed full play. The theory of the duality of the soul is admirably set forth by Mr. Dallas, one of its strongest adherents, in his essays upon "The Gay Science." "Outside consciousness," he says, "there rolls a vast tide of life which is, perhaps, more important to us than the little isle of our thoughts which lies within our ken. Comparisons, however, between the two are vain, because each is necessary to the other. The thing to be firmly seized is, that we live in two concentric worlds of thought, an inner ring of which we are conscious and which may be described as illuminated; an outer one of which we are unconscious and which may be described as in the dark. Between the outer and the inner ring, between our unconscious and our conscious existence, there is a free and a constant but unobserved traffic for ever carried on. Trains of thought are continually passing to and fro, from the light into the dark and back from the dark into the light." The psychological phenomena Mr. Dallas adduces to support this theory are remarkably similar to the results of the experiments in spiritualism. An illustration he selects is the well-known story of the Countess of Laval, who always in her sleep spoke a language which those about her could not understand and took for gibberish. On the occasion of her lying-in, however, she had a nurse from Brittany who at once understood her. The lady spoke Breton when asleep, although when awake she did not know a word of it and could attach no meaning to her own phrases which were reported to her. The fact is that she had been born in Brittany and had been nursed in a family where the old Celtic dialect of that province was spoken. This she must have learned to prattle in her infancy. Returning to her father's home, where French only was spoken and Breton not at all, she soon forgot her early speech—lost all traces of it in her conscious memory. Beyond the pale of consciousness, memory held the language firm as ever, and the countess prattled in her dreams the syllables of her babyhood.

Abercrombie, Winslow, Graves, and other authorities cite many cases similar to that of the Countess Laval, showing that the mind must have existence beyond that of which we are cognisant, although the doctrine is opposed to the philosophy of Descartes and his disciples.

May not automatous action of the hidden soul take place in a mesmeric state, or that condition of the mind which is brought about by vague meditation such as is indulged in by those who, supposing themselves to be mediums, seek to pervert the usual course of thought?

It is a question I do not pretend to solve, but one which may reward discussion by setting at rest many more fallacious theories. With regard to the material manifestations of spiritualism, urged by some as infallible evidence in support of its supernatural attributes, there are none so wonderful and, apparently, inexplicable by any human means, as are many of the mysterious doings of the spiritualists of old. Our modern sorcerers are clumsy in their operations compared with the marvellous cleverness of their predecessors. If the perusal of Mr. Dallas's charming book, although he might protest against its being made to serve the purpose, will explain many of the marvels of involuntary writing, Sir David Brewster's letters to Sir Walter Scott upon demonology and witchcraft ruthlessly expose many of the tricks of spiritual conjurers. He tells more thrilling ghost stories than any other writer, but does not fail to elucidate every mystery by the most provokingly simple means.

The hands we are shown during a dark *séance* in Belgravia are trifles compared with the horrible incantations witnessed by Benvenuto Cellini in the Colosseo at Rome. Roscoe, in his life of Cellini, graphically relates the effect produced upon the great artist, who was ignorant of the measures adopted by a priest to terrify him. Salverte, again, has written much that tends to destroy all faith in miraculous intervention—a great deal, indeed, that may be considered profane, but which, nevertheless, is the evident result of deep reflection.

We have, however, pursuèd the subject far enough. I have no desire to become argumentative. My experience of spiritualists and their *séances*, many of which I have attended, are very similar to those described by my lamented friend Charles E. Browne, better known as "Artemus Ward." In his famous book he narrates how he was persuaded to attend a circle, and what he saw and did on the occasion:—

"My nabers," he says, "is mourn half crazy on the new fangled idear about Sperrets. Sperretooul Sircles is held nitely & 4 or 5 long hared fellers has settled here and gone into the Sperret bizniss excloosively. A atemt was made to git Mrs. A.

Ward to embark into the Sperret bizniss but the atemt faled. 1 of the long hared fellers told her she was a ethereal creeter & wood make a sweet mejium, whareupon she attact him with a mop handle & drove him out of the house. I will hear obsarve that Mrs. Ward is a invalerble womun—the partner of my goys & the shairer of my sorrers. In my absunse she watchis my interests & things with a Eagle Eye & when I return she welcums me in afectionate stile.

"My naber injooced me to attend a Sperretooul Sircle at Squire Smith's. When I arrove I found the east room chock full includin all the old maids in the villige & the long hared fellers a4sed. When I went in I was salootid with 'hear cums the benited man'—'hear cums the hory-heded unbeleever'—'hear cums the skoffer at trooth,' etsettery, etsettery.

"Sez I, 'my frens, it's troo I'm hear, & now bring on your Sperrets.'

"1 of the long hared fellers riz up and sed he would state a few remarks. He sed man was a critter of intelleck & was moving on to a Gole. Sum men had bigger intellecks than other men had and they wood get to the Gole the soonerst. Sum men was beests & would never git into the Gole at all. He sed the Erth was materiel but man was immateriel, and hens man was different from the Erth. The Erth, continnered the speaker, resolves round on its own axletree onct in 24 hours, but as man haint gut no axletree he cant resolve. He sed the ethereal essunce of the koordinate branchis of superhuman natur becum mettymorfussed as man progrest in harmonial coexistunce & eventooally anty humanized theirselves & turned into reglar sperretuellers. [This was versifferusly applauded by the cumpany.]

"The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. They axed me if thare was anbody in the Sperret land which I wood like to convarse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show bizniss, was sober, I should like to convarse with him a few periods.

"'Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?' sed 1 of the long hared chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

"Sez I, 'William, how goze it, Old Sweetness?'

"'Pretty ruff, old hoss,' he replide.

"That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh.

"'Air you in the show bizniss, William?' sed I.

"He sed he was. He sed he & John Bunyan was travellin with a side show in connection with Shakspere, Jonson, & Co.'s Circus. He sed old Bun (meanin Mr. Bunyan), stirred up the animils & ground the organ while he tended door. Occashunally Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley, and Ben Jonson was delitin the peple with his trooly grate ax of hossmanship without saddul or bridal. They was rehersin Dixey's Land & expected it would knock the peple.

"Sez I, 'William, my luvly frend, can you pay me that 13 dollars you owe me?' He sed no with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever experiunsed.

"The Sircle sed he had gone. 'Air you gone, William?' I axed. 'Raythe,' he replide, and I knowd it was no use to pursoo the subjeck furder.

"When the Sircle stopt they axed me what I thawt of it.

"Sez I, 'my frens I've bin into the show bizniss now goin on 23 years. Theres a artikil in the Constitooshun of the United States which sez in effeck that everybody may think just as he darn pleases, and them is my sentiments to a hare. You dowtlis beleeve this Sperret doctrin while I think it is a little mixt. Just so soon as a man becums a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leeves orf workin, lets his hare grow all over his face & commensis spungin his livin out of other peple. He eats all the dickshunaries he can find and goze round chock full of big words scarein all the wimmin folks & little children and destroyin the piece of mind of every famerlee he enters. He don't do nobody no good & is a cuss to society & a pirit on honest peple's corn beef barrils. Admittin all you say abowt the doctrin to be troo, I must say the reglar perfessional Sperret rappers—them as makes a bizniss on it air—abowt the most ornery set of cusses I ever enkountered in my life. So sayin I put on my surtoot and went home."

There is wisdom in this fooling. Moreover, spiritualism, however the practices of its professors may be explained, has dangerous tendencies.

The morbid mental excitement induced by vague meditation is dangerous; the undue influence exercised by professional spiritualists is dangerous, and no advantage to be gained by a faith in the existence of spirits can possibly counterbalance the risk now incurred in cultivating it. As an amusement for those who have nothing better to do, or who are old enough to be responsible for their actions, spiritualism may be innocent enough, but as a serious occupation for the young it is most earnestly to be avoided. It is to be regretted that the practices to which I have referred should be encouraged, and that publications advocating their encouragement, which a century ago would have been suppressed, are circulated with impunity.

The great social wave of 1870 is ebbing; the vast City over which it has flowed will, during this present month of August, be as deserted and desolate as a widely-trending shore. The haunts of fashion will resound no longer to the strains of gaiety and mirth; the wealthy will depart as gradually as they appeared; and the first cooling breezes of autumn will bring Our Season to an end.

WALTER MAYNARD.

THE CHRISTIAN VAGABOND.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GUEST FROM GOD.

"WE had a thin frost this morning," the Christian Vagabond said—seating himself in his accustomed oaken chair with the liberal stretch and breadth of arms;—"I was about before the matin bell; and there were jewels upon the late flowers, and brilliants flashed upon the yellow leaves. I have remarked such a sunrise in the far East. The nights are very cold: the blankets very comfortable, and it is not in vain the Arab wraps his barb about, before he curls himself in his tent."

"You were in the hospitable land then, venerable sir?" Bernard interposed.

"And with the exact men whom Abraham knew. Artless, and disdaining art: devout and churchless: standing proudly apart from us and all the complications which we call civilisation; and yet brothers when we lift the corner of their tent, and more so than many of our accomplished brethren of the West are."

"But savages, venerable sir;" Bernard interrupted—"with very few ideas to rub together—and those, as you say, old as Abraham."

"For ideas—they have holy and noble ones: and when it shall come to pass, as come it will, that the West shall strike the tent-poles of these children of the burning plains—tough, unyielding though they be—I doubt, Brother Bernard, whether we shall be able to teach them a brighter idea than that which governs the marabout and the shepherd, while they stretch their tent between them and the flaming sun. They rise at the approach of the stranger, and incline their heads before him, let him be in the foulest rags. It is a blessing from heaven that he is led to their tent, to ask of the coolness of its shade and the riches of its store. In our rugged corner of Europe which is the Beggar's Paradise, the rascals who will not work have poisoned the fountains of charity: and he who receives of the substance of his neighbour never gives, never labours that he in his turn may be host. He is a very rascal, who gnaws at the heart of the simple, the industrious, and the pious: and would be the better, or I am mistaken, for a little of that rude law which the Kadi interprets in the cool morning, when the folds of mist are lifting off the cooled sand hills: better for it, than all our tangle of laws and by-laws has been able to make him."

Blind Brother Andrew interposed, rubbing his knees, which his chin almost touched, "The Arabs have a virtue which has run to rotten seed with us—Patience."

"They have proverbs on Patience—as the Persians have: nay they have a world of poetry housed in the images that are the sign-posts of their journeys over the deserts which they love. It was after my interview with Red Reuben; and that I had lost all hope of soothing the last days of Michael the Professor, that I tarried under Arab tents; and bathed in the glow of the life of the desert, among men who in very truth were grateful that I ate of their cakes and tasted the milk of their camels. I travelled from the hospitality of the West to that of the East—trying my way towards the Unpolluted Source; seldom losing heart on the journey, and hoping ever that I should be able at length to say to Felix—'Here is the place of charity without alloy; of duty done by man to his brothers, which revivifies him, and makes him whole once again. After this model shall it be dispensed at Clotilda."

There was a sneer on old Brother Bernard's lip, while he interrupted:—

"Venerable master, you were in the dark, hunting the corpse-candles. In my wanderings, when most I have thirsted after knowledge that should be of service to my brother, have I been most deceived. The frock doesn't make the priest: the open hand the generous mind: the ——"

The Christian Vagabond laid his palm gently upon Brother Bernard's shoulder.

"But, good brother, fall not into the error of malicious, or cynical generalisation. The open hand and the generous heart are usually one: the priest is, as a rule, a holier man than the publican, or the man of the world. And so, of the Arab; and so indeed of the bride and bridegroom who feasted the beggars and had been taught from their cradle to be mindful of their 'dear poor.' The Chamber of Christ, of which I am the unworthy guest, is the chamber of hospitality, the guest-tent of the Arab, to which he is led, as a creature sent from God, whose stirrup the host holds reverently.

The milk, the figs, the dates, and the roasted corn, the meat and the salt, are spread at once: and the stranger's horse has the first feed of barley. It is the master who serves the guest; and it is an honour to the mistress that she should prepare the first dish with her own hands. The poorest spread their roasted corn upon their dinner carpet as devoutly and ungrudgingly as the great serve to the guest-tent the *cousscoussou*, enriched with young chickens or locusts and flavoured with the grateful artichoke. Hospitality is as invigorating to the Arabs soul as red pepper is to his body. Throughout, God is present to the child of the desert, who has a stranger with him. When the guest drinks, when the master drinks, and when the feast is beginning or ending, God is thanked: and the blessing of Allah is invoked upon every one who has raised the cup of sour milk to his lips.

"As the host is wholly in his work in his hospitality, so the guest is entirely passive—putting blind faith in the host's performance of his duty. The Arab's guest may ask only the Mecca point—to which he should address his prayers. While I sate in the guest-tent watching my horse feeding I was touched to the heart with the sweetness of the ife and creed: and wondered whether I should find even here, as when I encountered Red Reuben, flaws and bad effects wrought under the holiest influences."

"And you found them, without much waiting, venerable sir," said Brother Bernard.

"Softly," the Christian Vagabond said. "I saw simple tribes, mostly conscientious men, living righteously according to the light that was in them; and in a hundred instances returning good for evil according to the law of God, as they understood it. That this goodness was without leaven, I cannot tell you. I have journeyed among many races, and as you know in many climes, and never yet have I dwelt among a people in which there was not the base, the guilty, the faint-hearted, preying upon the virtues and the nobility of their neighbours. But what did I see under the tent of the dark-eyed Arab, which is not in the very centres of thought and culture of the boastful West?

"It was in a great and proud city, swathed in murky, icy vapours, that on a certain night I came upon a woman and her children, weeping and shivering in a splendid doorway. Above their heads were sculptured images of charity. The spreading hospitable palm, wrought by the chisel of a master, was the capital of the white columns that supported the palatial gateway. The whole front of the great hall of charity was wealthy with ornament, and expressed a bountiful giving of gold, as well as a rare refinement of taste. The closed gates were wrought in bronze, and lighted with burnished scrolls. An oily, fragrant, spicy vapour stole forth ; a rattle of platters struck upon the ear. The sweet voices of children and the solemn tones from organ reeds, came to the ear. It was very cold in the wind, and through the brilliant gates a warm and comfortable atmosphere oozed from within.

"I stooped to the mother, and she pressed her huddled children closer unto her, as one accustomed mostly to harsh and hostile greeting. I asked her why she sat out in the cold, and whether I should pull the bell for her—the bell being a pendant lily-cup of alabaster.

"'For, surely,' I said, 'this is a house of charity, and its gates cannot be closed upon the helpless mother and the roofless child!'

"The woman raised her sickly eyes towards me, and shook her feeble head.

"'This cannot be!' I insisted. 'All this splendour wrought in the holy name of charity; and the child naked in the bleak air, whining for food, under the marble pillars!'

"A smile passed over the woman's face.

"'They have closed the gates upon us, and carried the keys away.' The woman sighed, kissing the unconscious babe at her breast.

"'And wherefore?' I asked. 'That is strange charity indeed, which hath rules that shut out the nursling and leave the mother in the cold.'

"I sat by the woman's side, and searched what store of food and warmth I could spare her from my wallet; and asked her further the while, about this building, whereof the charities seemed to be as cold as the statuary in its portal, and the burnished gates fastened across its threshold.

"'They are Christians,' said the woman, 'and we are not.'

"'And are therefore to die in the street?' I asked, rising to pluck at the alabaster lily-bell.

"But the poor woman caught at my sleeve, crying,—

"'For the love of heaven, good sir, touch not their bell again. They would drive us even from this corner, which breaks the sharpness of the wind to the little ones, for a few moments while they rest. The bell might bring them even blows.'

"I was for a moment dumb with astonishment, and, as I thought, every saint's sculptured face took demoniacal twists, and infernal fire blazed in the eyes that had seemed meek and holy. The lines of the gates were bent into the coil of serpents, and the alabaster bell was the malignant head of a viper. The voices within became yells and hootings; the hospitable clatter, the clash of weapons; and the fat and fragrant fumes, sulphureous and deadly.

" 'And in this city, which is the world's wonder, where the most learned among living men congregate, where the church bells are musical in every street, and the charity of the Lord is sung in every household, can *this* be called a house sacred to the cause of the poor? of the poor who are most to be pitied, when most the light is shut out from them, and the hands of cruel men are turned against them!'

" 'We are Hebrew people,' the woman said, as though that explained their hunger, and their outcast condition. And when she saw that still my eyes were bent upon her in kindness, she wondered exceedingly, and then grew talkative.

" 'We are not the only desolate creatures upon whom these beautiful gates have been closed,' she said. 'Since we turned into this street, a score have been sent away. Some have shaken angrily at the gates, some have sworn horrible oaths, some have muttered curses between their teeth; but there is no face so stony cold among these figures in the doorway as that of the man who answers to that bell. So, I pray you, touch it not.'

"I had my hand once more upon the alabaster flower, and was about to ring.

" 'It is a rich man's charity,' said a stranger, who at this moment joined us,—'and you must be exactly of their complexion, nay, I believe,' he added, with a malicious smile, 'a blue eye, an aquiline nose, and a certain cut of the lobe of the ear, are indispensable qualifications for relief behind those handsome marble saints. A grey eye, and you may perish in the streets: an ear of the wrong shape, and the frantic mother may carry her dead babe away in her arms: a thick short nose, and the wearer may lie untended in the gutter. For, all the rich men who have reared these glittering walls, and forged these massive gates, and tuned the organ-swell within, have blue eyes, aquiline noses, and ear-lobes of one pattern. To them, the rest of humanity is so much lumber that God will get rid of, after His own way; but of which they,—the elect—are not bound to take any account whatever. I see, sir, that you have no chance. Were you stricken unto death, and imploring a last drink of water, in that dreadful thirst of the wounded, not a servant within these gates would give you a drink; but had you the nose, the eyes, the ears according to the regulations which illuminate the walls, as you may see, over the heads of the marble saints; the wine would flow for you in rare crystal, and you would be filled from the copious kitchen, the fumes of which are so tantalising to us outcasts as we pass on winter days like this. To them the dark-eyed guest, is a guest from Satan. It is strange Christianity, is it not, sir?'

"With a sneer, the stranger turned upon his heel. Now, under the camel-hair tent the charity had surely a more Christian form than this:" the Christian Vagabond continued, turning to Brother Bernard. "I have, indeed, met the swarthy host who will wheedle towards a present. These are the men who give in fear lest Allah should frown over the closed hand. But I met no stony sour face like that which gleamed behind the gates where the Jewish mother sat, hungry and unrelieved, in the very centre of civilisation. At most, the spiteful Arab will do his duty to the stranger—to the 'guest from God'—testily or to the letter, and not to the spirit. He is bound to give food and shelter to the infidel of to-day, upon whom he may make war to-morrow. He may pitch the guest-tent in a sorry place where the cattle are noisy, but this is his utmost cruelty. Not even the most barbarous idolator lies tentless near his encampment, nor hungry where his corn is roasting. Alas! there are the rascals in the desert, as behind the rock-bound coast where I found the beggars feasting with the bride and bridegroom. Among the Arabs, I came upon the shabby beggar who was the shabby beggar's son and grandson, and great grandson, because the tribes of the desert, are no more free from the mean of heart than the settled nations of the West."

Brother Roger said: "It is bitter to beg at first: I know it. Old Roger, as they said, lost every ducat and fell to be a porter on the quays of Antwerp, a rag-picker in Paris, a beggar in Madrid, and the hardest fate at first,—I can answer for it,—was the lot of the beggar. But the shame wore off very fast. My hand fell easily open under the rich man's nose, after a day or two, and it was all over with me, then. Had children been about me they would have been beyond hope of redemption. I should have fattened coveys of birds of prey that would have fed ruthlessly on society, always."

"That," the Christian Vagabond answered, "my dear Brother Roger, is no case against the Arab, nor indeed against the bride and bridegroom whose orchard I found full of graceless roysterers. Bear in mind that he who gives is blessed, and is educated in the very act of giving. Consider the nobility of the peasant heart that spread the beggar's feast, and gave to the prayer for God's blessing on the nuptial day, the form of a feast to the hungry. Hold the balance with a dainty hand and see the vast quantity of absolute good done to the givers, and to the deserving receivers, and then cast into the opposite scale the cheats who lie at the guest-tent, at the table of the poor, at the gates of the lazar-house ——— "

"And," said Brother Michael, "who keep their sensual lips to the cup of charity, until they are drunk. But, venerable sir, what of the Jewish mother and her babes?"

Brother Bernard interposed, with a sneer, "Did she not crave help of her own people?"

The Christian Vagabond raised his hand in rebuke—"I said, when first we talked together, the Jew is a charitable man. Now, mark me. The stony face appeared at the gates of the rich man's house of charity, and a voice as harsh as the sound of prison bolts, called upon the woman and the children and me, to begone. For the eyes of none of us were blue, and our ears were of a form abhorrent to the builders of the palace. The cold and rigid man pointed his finger to the emblazoned rules upon the walls over the saints' heads, and for the last time said 'Begone!' We departed in the east wind. It could not be that in the city the bounds of which cannot be descried from the burnished cross of its highest church; the setting sun would find the mother and her shivering little ones without a roof.

"I put them under shelter, and went forth on a pilgrimage through the great city. What marvels did I see, dear brothers! I wore full an inch off my staff upon the hard, the pitiless stones. There were houses of charity in many streets: purses for the poor, in a hundred corners; high feastings of the rich, with charity reflected very much awry in the wine-beads; antique customs of bread-giving, each and all swathed and bandaged so that the way to the bread and the journey to the bed were more than crowds of the simple and most deserving poor could compass or understand. A whimsical traveller whom I met in a byway, said to me, in answer to some of my questions, 'Each good Samaritan, hereabouts, dwells in a fortress; approach without the pass-word, and relentlessly the portcullis points are upon your neck.' When I asked how the State left the hungry in the street, the children growing under the eyes of thinking men to be rogues, he laughed at the stranger who had journeyed from afar to study such things among his countrymen.

"'You have a simple mind,' he said. 'The governors here have by the help of their scientific men, found to a grain and a drachm the bread and the wine that will just keep the thread of human life from snapping; and these infinitesimal quantities do they give the outcast so that he remains at the point of death—void of strength, unable to work, and just alive to remain a charge upon people who do work. His offspring spindle up and succeed him. The thing moves in a circle like a merry-go-round. Send your *protégés* to the first poor-house, and they will take care that the Jewish mother's children shall grow up and multiply; so that in another generation they may fill a ward all to themselves, and in a few generations afterwards, crowd a whole poor-house. Lead them thither, good sir: it is their right. You will find the government filling a thimble with wine, and cutting the little slab of bread.'

"But I would not follow the stranger's advice, and still I journeyed from the streets of palaces to the streets of hovels behind them, now pausing within the shadow of a church, and brushing the robes of priests whose pockets jingled richly, and now struggling through masses of ragged men and women and children plentiful as flies, all hungering and blaspheming, and oozing up and down alleys and passages, the sight of which made my heart sick. Such tooth-and-nail fighting for dear life!—for life still to fight and blasphemed on the morrow, as to-day and yesterday! And in the midst, the philosopher with his books; the astronomer reading the heavens; the engineer driving with steam in the bowels of the earth underneath; the docter lecturing, knife-in-hand, over the human subject; the poet singing almost unheard; the painter rejoicing at the lizard's shine upon the walls; and the law-maker beaming with the sense of his eloquence and wisdom. The throb of this mighty confusion stirred an intolerable commotion in me as I passed through it, ever hastening as I went. It was a most merciful relief to me when at length, I reached a neighbouthood where the children of Abraham were densely congregated. Now, I said, shall I learn how these people who are industrious and poor, help the helpless of their flock."

Brother Bernard smiled as anticipating a confirmation of his opinion, and would have interrupted, had not the Christian Vagabond laid his hand gently on his shoulder, beseeching his silence while he continued:—"Learn," he said, "how I found the Jew acting to his brother, in the city where the mother lay with her babes, shivering against the cold gates of the rich man's charity."

(To be concluded next month.)

THE FIRST AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

ON the 8th of June, 1723, was formed, at Edinburgh, the Society of Improvers in Agriculture, the first association of the kind in the United Kingdom. It had three hundred members, most of whom were noblemen, country gentlemen, lawyers, and merchants, but no farmers, though these and gardeners would have been admitted free of charge. Its best known president was Mr. Hope, of Rankeilor, whose name is associated with Hope Park, near Edinburgh; and its indefatigable secretary was Mr. Robert Maxwell, of Arkland. Conspicuous among its members were, the Duke of Athole, the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Stair, Sir John Dalrymple, of Cousland, the Earl of Hopetoun, the Earl of Haddington, the Marquis of Tweeddale, the Earl of Wemyss, and the Earl of Traquair. Each honourable member was expected to be a centre of influence, whence a clearer knowledge and a more systematic practice of husbandry would be diffused over the country. To the impulse then communicated many of the Scottish nobility are indebted for the magnificent trees which surround their mansions, for ideas of taste and elegance, as well as practical knowledge of farming, were inculcated by this primitive Society. The first experiments were made by landlords, but their example was copied by the more active tenants; and Alexander Wight, at Ormiston, in Mid-Lothian, is particularized in the Transactions of the Society, as the first farmer in Scotland who brought winter tares to perfection in the field. This enterprising tenant was duly encouraged by Mr. Cockburn, his landlord, for he was allowed to occupy the farm and conduct his experiments rent free. In the Transactions he was held up as a man in whose hands no part of husbandry miscarried, and in 1743 the estate of Ormiston was regarded as a model for imitation by all other landlords and tenants. A branch agricultural society was formed on the model of the parent society in Edinburgh, and it was regarded as the precursor of others all over Scotland. It was predicted that the whole country would be greatly improved, "and much ground could well afford to give ten times and upwards more rent than it does, if it were improved, as parts of Ormiston and some other estates are." The efforts of the improvers were based on the hypothesis, that "no fruit grows originally among us besides hips and haws, acorns and pignuts, with others of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advances towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than to a crab; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalised in our gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash our own country naturally produces, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil."

For the diffusion of agricultural knowledge, it was proposed that a Professor of Agriculture should be appointed, and paid by the Crown, and that he should be a practical farmer, who understood the principles of agriculture, and could "teach rules established upon rational experiments tried in our own country," instead of being a mere pedant, who should "read pompous and superficial lectures out of Virgil's Georgics, Pliny, Varro, Columbella, or any other authors ancient or modern." It was suggested also that he be "a general inspector of improvements, who should be obliged to report annually on the husbandry of each county, that errors might be known and rectified;" and he might have it in his power to organise societies in the several counties. No professor was appointed, but Mr. Maxwell, the secretary, delivered lectures, and also kept an establishment for training students, at Clifton Hall, six miles from Edinburgh. The farm was 130 acres in extent, for which he paid 50*l.* a year, and he had a lease of three times nineteen years. He had observed that the farm naturally produced red, white, and yellow clover, fitches, and other rich grasses, in considerable profusion, so he "thought fit to humour the disposition of the ground, and, besides corns, to sow yearly no small part of grass seeds, which succeeded to his expectation." He had several acres of flax, the lint from which was dressed at the Earl of Stair's lint-mills and this he considered the most profitable crop. He introduced, with great success, a systematic rotation of crops. Potatoes, parsnips, carrots, and other roots occupied part of the farm; as Mr. Maxwell wisely judged "that the root and herbage husbandry in the fields seems to be the best security against the fatal effects of a famine or scarcity; for, had this husbandry been general in the dear years, the poor had not been reduced to the necessity of living on arnots, myles, or the like; or been starved even to death, as it is informed many, particularly in the Highlands, were, when such natural produce of the earth was all ate up; for seasons that prove unfavourable for grain may be very friendly to them, and one year's produce of these may be preserved good and wholesome to another." In consideration of the benefits to be got from his improved farming, Mr. Maxwell applied to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge for a loan of 200*l.*, for five years, without interest, and also asked that five or six young men from the society's schools should be apprenticed with him for three or four years, their board, at the rate of 3*l.* a year, to be paid by the society. He promised that they should be instructed in flax-root, and herbage husbandry, both by the plough and the spade; also, in the breeding up and feeding of sheep, swine, and black cattle; and "the management of those useful and profitable creatures the bees." The application was favourably received by the society, and they "resolved to encourage the design, but difficulties were in the way which required time to remove."

One object of the society was to encourage inventions and improvements in machinery, for which there was great necessity. The separation of the corn from the straw had hitherto been effected by being trodden out with oxen, and sometimes by having sledges drawn across it; and the chaff was separated from the corn by means of wind on a knoll, or a draught of air blowing through the barn door. The first winnowing machine, for separating the chaff from the grain, was brought from Holland by Fletcher of Saltoun in the year 1720, but the "artificially-created wind" was regarded with great suspicion even by educated people. The clergy are said to have argued that "winds are created by God alone, and it is irreligious in man to attempt to raise winds for himself by efforts of his own." Sir Walter Scott makes a poetical use of this prejudice, but he carries it back nearly a century, when he depicts the chagrin of Mause Headrig in "Old Mortality," that her "son Cuddie should work in the barn wi' a new-fangled machine for dightin' the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence by raising wind for your leddyship's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence was pleased to send upon the shealing hill." Till 1737 the Saltoun winnowing machine had no peer in Scotland, the second having been introduced at that date by a farmer in Roxburghshire. Among the inventions noticed in the Transactions were a threshing machine and an improved plough. The former was invented and patented by Mr. Michael Menzies, advocate, and the first specimen was erected at Roseburn, near Edinburgh. To visit and inspect this novelty, Mr. Alexander Boswell, younger, of Auchenleck, and Mr.

Charles Maitland, advocate, were appointed; from whose report it appeared that "one man would be sufficient to manage a machine which would do the work of six," and that it would not only save labour, but thresh the grain cleaner from the straw. The machine was recommended "to all gentlemen and farmers." The improved plough, made by a Mr. Simmons, was also approved; and among other recommendations it was said that "two horses are able to do the work of four, which is found by experience when tried on all arable grounds."

But the efforts of the improvers were likewise directed to the encouragement of manufactures, "so that all hands might be at work, no drones in the hive, and none have the least excuse to eat the bread of idleness, so inconsistent with innocence as well as the prosperity of a nation." A book was written concerning the preparation of land for flax and hemp, including directions for the dressing of linen. With great assiduity the members set about acquiring and disseminating information regarding the best modes of linen-making; and to encourage trade the Duke of Hamilton moved, and the Society agreed, "That the Society for the Encouragement of Manufactures would resolve, that they, by themselves, wives, and children, should buy no linen, stamped or unstamped, for shirting, wearing-clothes, bed-linen, table-linen, or any other household furniture, except such as were of the manufacture of Great Britain, and that they shall propagate as much as in them lies the wearing of home-made linen for all uses by all under their influence." From Ireland the Society obtained information regarding the manufacture of linen there, and, in conjunction with the convention of burghs, they secured the passing of an Act in the 13th year of George I. regulating the whole process under heavy penalties. A letter from Holland is also published in the Transactions, in which the writer begins by admitting that Lady Salton had made linen equal to that of Holland, only it was not so well bleached. Her ladyship went to Haarlem, got into a bleacher's house, under pretence of taking the country air, and would have learned the secret had she not been discovered, and forced to retreat under the fear of being mobbed. The Dutchman claims little credit for his countrymen, except for perseverance and diligence. They bleached the linen carefully for two months, whereas, on the other hand, he says, "I am told your laziness and impatience persuade you that your cloth must rot if it bleaches longer than six weeks, and yet the Dutch have theirs laid out all the night to partake of the dew, which contributes to its whitening. This cannot be practised by your folks, where everyone bleaches his own web. Where a lazy hussy may more properly be said to attend to a solitary piece of linen all the day than she could be said to bleach it; and for want of work enough to strike her fancy or rouse her spirits, does not take care of the little entrusted to her, but slumbers away her time in that lonely corner, in a melancholy posture, at the side of some murmuring brook, which serves more to indulge her heaviness than to bleach cloth, and where she contracts a habit of idleness which must influence her in every other work." Instead of this he proposes that public bleachfields, sufficient to serve half a county, be provided by the lairds, where "two or three lusty fellows could do the work, and the maidens could be left free to spin or do other useful work."

To this society of improvers in the art of agriculture we are inclined to attribute the habit of whisky drinking in Scotland, which is really a somewhat recently acquired taste. The first Public-House Act existing in Scotland is dated in the year 1424, and it is ordained that in all burgh towns of the realm, and thoroughfares where common passages are, that there be ordained hostillaries and receivers, having stables and chambers; and that men find in them bread and ale, and all other food, as well to horse as man, for reasonable price." In subsequent records there is mention of "wine and foreign liquors," but *aqua vitæ* is not heard of till about 1505, when the body now represented by the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, but then uniting the functions of surgeons and barbers, obtained the sole right "to make and sell *aqua vitæ*" in the city. Previous to the formation of the society of improvers in 1723 the monopoly had been virtually abolished; for one Henricus Van Wyngaerden had come over from Holland about twelve years previously, and settled in Edinburgh as a distiller, which business he followed "with success and with a fair character," and some Edinburgh men had followed his example; but still foreign drink was the favourite beverage next to ale, which was drunk plentifully by all classes, and which was maufactured at little cost. Seeing that so much money went out of the country to purchase foreign spirits, the Duke of Hamilton moved and carried a resolution in the Society against drinking foreign stuff, "that thereby the distilling of our grain might be encouraged, and the great sums annually sent to France for brandy, generally smuggled, might be kept at home." To promote the carrying out of this resolution, "a method of distilling and rectifying *aqua vitæ*" was presented to this Society by a Mr. James Dunbar; and minute directions for distillers were written for the Society by the Dutchman Henricus Van Wyngaerden. The business of distillation in Scotland dates, therefore, from about 1723; and the first great instructor in the art was a Dutchman. Only by slow degrees did the new drink become popular, for in 1743, when a license duty of £1 was imposed on all "retailers of spirits," the number in all Scotland was 828, a smaller number than now exists in Edinburgh alone. In consequence of the Duke of Hamilton's resolution, it became a point of honour to drink only home-made whisky, and it was gentlemanly to "stand" a large quantity, so that whisky by degrees acquired the character it has long borne of being pre-eminently "Scotch drink."

THE INVESTOR.

BY A CITY AUTHORITY.

"WAR—war—a sanguinary and relentless war." Such are the ejaculations heard on all sides, whether the probable credit of success is awarded either to Prussia or France. Little did we dream last month, when inditing the observations which appeared under this head, that we were to have such a revulsion as has occurred within the last fortnight, or that the attempted selection of a candidate for the Crown of Spain would have produced such lamentable results.

Then it was supposed favourable weather for the harvest, cheap rates for money, and the re-investment of the dividends would have stimulated a rise in all kinds of public securities. Everything it was imagined would have looked *couleur de rose*, the tendency being to purchase, notwithstanding the quotations of one or two special securities were higher than circumstances warranted. The weakness in these descriptions was visible before the real collapse took place; but when the collapse positively ensued—these (Turkish and Egyptian particularly) went by the board and showed a fall of 5 or 7 per cent., which has since daily augmented. To look at the altered condition of business, the frightful depreciation in quotations, and the numerous failures inside and outside the Stock Exchange, makes one positively shiver. The "ducks and drakes" that have been made of property through the desperate struggle for supremacy between France and Prussia is lamentable to consider, and although there is some small comfort in thinking that those who can hold on may recover the apparent sacrifice, the blow has in other respects been so sudden and overwhelming that credit in Capel Court will range at a low point for some time to come. The only loans of importance completed at the end of last month were the Honduras Ten per Cent., and the Buenos Ayres State Six per Cent. transactions.

The Honduras loan of £2,500,000 which we prepared our friends for last month has been brought out and has proved a success. The subscriptions were good, more than double the amount required, and the price of 80 for a Ten per Cent. stock has attracted investors.

There was strong buying in anticipation of the introduction of the operation. The result is that the premium has ranged from 2½ to 1½ ever since the transaction has been before the public. No doubt the fact of £100 bonds having been issued has induced a variety of purchasers to come forward who will take a small amount notwithstanding asserted risk from the chance of fluctuation or decline. In the midst of the panic the scrip has supported its value, and although attempts have been made to depress it by speculators, their endeavours have not proved successful.

The negociation of the Six per Cent. State Loan of Buenos Ayres for upwards of £1,000,000 proved highly successful; four times the total having been subscribed. It came out and was completed in the very nick of time. The credit of the province was good, the national stock in the market was at a high value, and the terms were advantageous to paying up in full. The letters of allotment were issued, the price ruling about 1 prem.; subsequently the quotation varied from 2 to 2½ prem. Since the outbreak of the terrible panic free sellers have been found for the security and the quotation is not better than 4 to 2 discount. This is one of the low-valued classes that may be safely looked after.

Sixteen failures in the foreign stock and share markets through the fluctuations in prices during the fortnight show the extent of sacrifice made by the declaration of hostilities. The majority of the brokers have been most cruelly deceived by their principals. Having received from the brokers full credit, they now leave them in the lurch, and not being able to pay the heavy differences, their "declaration" follows as a matter of course. Sir Robert Harvey and another large operator have "let in" several first-class brokers for considerable amounts, and it is not unlikely that others are placed in a similar position; but having ample resources, they can withstand the difficulty for the present. The accounts are not yet settled, though a week has just elapsed from the time they commenced; and it is not improbable that we shall have approached the new accounts before they are altogether adjusted. There never were before such complicated arrangements, not even in 1866 or 1859. Confidence once more is utterly destroyed, and the offers of Stocks and Shares are so enormous that with every fresh attempt to sell prices rapidly recede. The millions lost through the simple announcement of the war cannot be accurately estimated, and it is feared that from further depreciation there will be other important sacrifices, the public being so alarmed at the existing critical condition of things. The brokers and others have also gone one after another, "crash—crash—crash"—having been left with securities on hand that must be sold at any price. In realising these great difficulty is experienced, and it will be some time before any extent of purchases will be effected. In the "lowest depth" there is said to be a "deeper still;" and this at the present juncture is precisely the situation of affairs.

Who would believe that Sir Robert Harvey, as the head of the "Crown" Bank of Norwich, and the other operator already alluded to, would, the first, have been a defaulter for £80,000, and the other for £44,000. Both had already suffered from extensive speculations, and both had been financially compromised, but had obtained assistance from friends. Sir Robert had however at one time been pretty fortunate, and had in Mexican and one or two other low-priced securities obtained large profits, which enabled him to improve his property at Crown Point. His losses, which are now stated to represent upwards of £500,000, have been principally made in Spanish, Turkish, Atlantic and Great Western, and Metropolitan Railway Shares.

Business could not possibly have been in a worse state to meet this political crisis. Everyone was looking for higher values, and it was supposed that with good harvest weather the markets would have been in a thoroughly buoyant position. The weakness created by the operators for the fall closing their engagements and increasing their sales, if anything to double the amount, at first rendered values very heavy. If, as was generally supposed, peace had been preserved, there would have been a strong rebound, especially as the drop was so considerable in the various speculative classes. "Everything previously," it was remarked, "was in favour of improvement: stock was short, the dividends were coming out, and the public were strong buyers. All has now changed; the operators now feel strong apprehension, deliveries of the various securities are likely to be freely made, and a check to the ascensional movement will for the present be permanently interposed." We shall have to wait some time before the mischief created by this struggle will have passed away. The shock has been so general as to induce increased caution for months to come. The brokers and dealers were never before so suddenly surprised. If it had been predicted a day or two anterior to the intelligence received that the relations between France and Prussia would have been disturbed by the question of the Spanish Monarchy, no one would have believed it, and the statement would have been regarded as simply ridiculous.

The late Turkish syndicate has most completely broken down. Unfortunately it is believed the Greeks have escaped and left their followers in the lurch. The majority of those most deeply interested got out of stock at prices ruling between 51½ and 49, and thus the poor public have become saddled with it, the price now standing about 35 to 36. The profits which the Greek and Constantinople houses have secured must be large, and the operators for the fall who did not believe in the "rig" must have likewise obtained good returns, several still remaining in under the impression that the lowest point has not been touched. With the existing fluctuation in the markets Turkish of all classes will, in all probability, show considerable variation. Italian, Russian, and Spanish will rally because they are now quoted at very depreciated prices—certainly worse than actual war prices. But the present confusion will not immediately be surmounted.

It is rather inexplicable how Railway Shares have been brought into their present unsettled position through the panic in foreign securities. Accidents, though they have occurred, have not been of sufficient importance to create a fall; and the traffics have been on the average favourable. When an apprehension of hostilities exists abroad, this kind of negociable property in general rises, because of the immediate transfer of investments, and the disposition to purchase first-class Preference and Debenture Stocks. The public have hitherto generally taken these classes freely, and probably after the temporary fright we shall see a recovery, and as many buyers as there have hitherto been sellers. Even the best of the special stocks have been very bad, such as Lancashire and Yorkshire, Midland, North Eastern, and Great Northern. No real cause can exist for this, except that operators for the rise in Foreign Stocks have at the same time purchased some of the stable Shares, and that they, in order to adjust their affairs, have been compelled to close outstanding bargains. This has been more than ever apparent the last two days (18th and 19th July), and the fact now transpires that every one of the failed houses have had stock left with them through defaulting principals, which they are obliged to force at whatever price they can. Then, whenever a sale is attempted, a lower quotation is immediately made. Five per cent. quotations are now consequently recorded, and it is not always that business can be completed. The state of wild, unreasoning apprehension is marvellous to contemplate. Men stand aghast, and scarcely dare to make a quotation for anything.

The fact that the Bank of Prussia has raised the rate of discount to 8 per cent., and for advances on stock to 9 per cent., and that the Bank of France has gone from 2½ to 3½ per cent., confirms the opinion that money will hereafter be rather dearer. The credits also which the two Governments have taken for war purposes indicate that they are prepared to prosecute hostilities with vigour. Every endeavour has been made, and will continue to be made by mediation, to bring about a peace.

At the last moment everything in the shape of dealing at the Stock Exchange is reduced to mere negociation. No purchases forward are allowed for the account. If any bargains are completed they must be for money, and the stock is delivered at once. Fancy London and North-Western at 120, with a dividend accruing of upwards of 7 per cent. The Lombard Street bankers and several of the county banks are picking up cheap securities, as well they may do with their existing large reserves.

Banking and miscellaneous shares are unfavourably affected, but the half-yearly meetings of the former are passing over in a satisfactory manner. Telegraph Shares are neglected as usual now there is such depression in the other departments.

Persons with capital should now invest. Never was there a more favourable opportunity. Consols should be bought; they may be considered cheap, and a good "lock up" for the next three months. Select from the list of foreign securities 8 or 10 different descriptions, and go into them for a moderate amount. The cause of the present serious fall is not so much the "political aspect" as the "rapid realisation of defaulters' accounts." Take any of the leading railway shares and hold them for a couple of months, the rise in that period must be 7 to 10 per cent. Everything may be purchased with the same prospect of financial success. The soundest advice at the present moment is—"Buy—buy—buy."

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

AN undoubted case of centenarianism has occurred at last. He must be incredulous indeed who will not accept the offered proofs that Jacob William Lüning, who died at Morden College, Blackheath, on the 23rd of June last, attained the age of 103 years. Mr. Thoms disputed the old man's life-length with the chaplain of the college a year ago: even he must rest convinced by the evidence that death has called into publicity. If appearance be a criterion of age, the present writer can testify to the impress of time which the face and form of Mr. Lüning bore. Yet he was a hale man almost to the last; his clearness of head and his strength of frame were manifested by his latter-day pastimes—reading and gardening. A good appetite may have done something in contributing to his long sustenance, for he was a hearty eater: and that his lung power was vigorous was clear from his loud voice, which was sometimes heard across the college square during chapel service, proclaiming his orders to his attendant nurse or his daughter, in tones more imperative than solicitous. His will kept up its strength with the rest of his faculties, and asserted itself occasionally with childish impetuosity. His skull, phrenologically regarded, was a good one, and betokened the possession of faculties which do not appear to have developed themselves. A noteworthy point in his character was the endurance of his filial affection: he retained such a fondness for his mother, that he requested that a small portrait of her should be placed with him in his coffin. His daughter laid it nearest his heart.

WHEN the history of electrical curiosities comes to be written—and a wonderfully versatile book the subject will make—a prominent feature therein will be the description of the fire-alarm system lately established in New York. As a scheme of systematic ingenuity, we have up to this time heard of nothing like it. Robert Houdin, the ex-conjurer, has made the fluid slave perform extraordinary services, from calling his domestics to feeding his horse; but all his appliances are comprised within the narrow compass of his dwelling. The American electro-magicians have spread their work over the whole city. From a central fire-office fifty-six wires issue forth and ramify into all the leading thoroughfares of the capital. At some hundreds of places the branches pass to small signal or sentry boxes, of any of which a passer by can in a few minutes procure the key, and which every policeman and fireman can enter in a moment. From the box, wherever it may be, and whatever the time of day or night, by the mere pull of a handle the most ignorant person can telegraph to the chief office that a fire has broken out in the neighbourhood; for the single pull, while sending the first alarm signal, starts a little piece of clock machinery in the box, which transmits a definite number of after-signals, by which, in accordance with an established code, the look-out at the chief office recognises instantly the box, and therefore the street, whence the alarm has come. Not only do the warning and locality flashes manifest themselves to the look-out, but they actually print themselves upon a chronographic register, side by side with a scale of clock times: by this means the time and place of an alarm being raised are self-recorded for subsequent reference. This is not all. No sooner does the man at the chief office receive the call from a particular station than he works a few "switches" in as many seconds, and thus repeats the call to as many stations as he thinks desirable in the vicinity of the one giving it; or if he finds it necessary, he can arouse the whole engine forces of the city, and order them upon the scene of a conflagration. Then, too, the first alarm-giver, after pulling his handle, receives in a few seconds a return signal from head-quarters to inform him that his warning cry has been heard. If he is capable of using a speaking instrument—as will be the case if he belong to the fire-staff—he can send verbal messages to the chief from the box; full equipment being provided for that purpose.

TEETOTALLERS and free drinkers ought to thank the army physicians—Drs. Parkes and Wollowicz—for a series of interesting experiments upon the effects of alcohol on a perfectly healthy body. Something is due to the young soldier also, who allowed the doctors for a month to do what they liked with him in the way of dosing him with spirits—up to half a bottle of brandy per diem—weighing, measuring, sphygmographing, and generally making a tool of experiment of him. The details of all this physiological cross-examination have been communicated to the Royal Society, and highly interesting they are. The verdict does not favour total abstinence, though it is decidedly against bibitory indulgence. It was clear from the close study of the patient—who was so well-formed and healthy that he may be regarded corporeally as a typical man—that alcohol was not necessary to him; every function of life was thoroughly well performed during the days when he was restricted to water. It did not appear, however, that spirit to the amount of two fluid ounces a day produced any injurious effects; but as that quantity was exceeded, and before four ounces daily was reached, a tendency to narcotism was manifested, and consequences followed which showed that positive harm might result from the continuance of this dosing: these consequences were diminution of appetite and undue excitement of the heart, which beat quickly and violently under the high spirituous treatment. The limit of harmless use is that point at which narcotic effects begin to be felt: when these come on injury commences. Speaking of alcohol (or brandy) from a medical point of view, the experimenters, in view of its unlooked-for influence upon the appetite and the circulation, consider that there is no agent whose use requires more care to obtain the good and avoid the evil it entails. It may stimulate a languid appetite and quicken a failing heart, but it imparts no permanent strength. At best it is like a spur in the side of a horse, eliciting force without supplying it. These experiments refer only to pure spirit, and not to wine and beer, which have nutritious substances mixed with the alcohol they contain.

CRICKET loses more than a devotee in the death of George Summers: it sacrifices one element of its manliness; for a sport ceases to be manly when it becomes dangerous. And the cricket of these fast days is dangerous: the modern swift bowling puts every player in peril where it is resorted to. Vastly more accidents occur than we hear of: few are the matches that are played without some casualty—a frightful bruise, an ugly cut, perhaps a broken arm, often a hair-breadth 'scape of something more perilous, as in a case that came under our observation on the very day that Summers met his deadly blow, in which a batsman was stunned by a ball upon his cheek, within two inches of the place whereon such a blow would have been fatal. All credit to English pluck if there is no fear where there is such manifest danger; but we suspect that the players are often more frightened than they would have us believe: one point in the policy of the swift bowler is to intrepidate his opponent. There would be less harm if the ball were delivered with constant accuracy; but there is always the anomaly of power without precision, and the man at the wicket has to stand against a leathern shot that has an arrow's swiftness and a boomerang's uncertainty. It is a question whether there is great gain to the bowling side from the use of the swift system: under some circumstances a ball forcibly delivered to the bat is forcibly sent from it, and the score is increased. We would suggest that for safety's sake the advantages should be weighed carefully. Doubtless the prevailing opinion is that speed tells against the batting side; but general ideas are often altered when the subjects of them are closely scrutinized.

LISTENING with your teeth may seem a comical action, but it is a possible one, and, after all, no more unnatural than that of talking with the fingers, which every educated mute can perform. Any one who will hold a vibrating tuning-fork to his dentals will be struck with the sonorous thrill that goes through his head, and the superior intensity of the sound compared to what is experienced when the fork is held to the ear. That other nerves than those appointed for audition are capable of conveying sound-vibrations to the brain is thus pretty evident. We had remarked this so often that we were fully prepared to give credence to a statement made by a newspaper correspondent to the effect that a deaf friend was stirred [illegible] music of a violin rendered audible to him first by [illegible] between his teeth while it was played upon, [illegible] of a string tied to the violin, whereof one end was held in the deaf man's mouth. The writer in question suggests a repetition of his experiment upon a larger scale, with a number of strings stretched from an orchestral sounding-board to the mouths of a deaf audience. A concert of such character might be a ludicrous affair to sharp-eared spectators, but we venture to think with the proposer that the experiment would be far more gratifying than absurd to those who, for the first time in their lives, were thus moved by concord of sweet sounds. Let us hope that curiosity, if nothing else, will prompt a trial by those who have charge of the deaf in our asylums. As our inventive times go, we ought not to be backward in attacking any problem for the alleviation of bodily suffering or the restoration of natural deformations. We make the lame walk and the toothless bite: we have even made the blind to see, for lately a Venetian surgeon succeeded in restoring the lost vision of a man whose case had been abandoned as incurable. As to making the dumb speak, we doubt not that Professor Melville Bell would assert his readiness by his system of visible speech to do so at short notice.

IN the return of Madame Parepa Rosa to England some hope of the resuscitation of English opera may be found. Madame Parepa, with her husband, Herr Carl Rosa, a violinist and conductor of ability, has been sojourning in America for the last four years and a half. The great reputation she made in England was largely augmented in America. She now returns to this country, having amassed a handsome fortune, and with the avowed intention of endeavouring to establish English opera. No worthier object could any popular Prima Donna have in view; and no one has more means or greater influence to carry out such a praiseworthy intention than Madame Parepa can command. Possessing splendid talents, combined with all the advantages of youth, and having gained large experience in management during their travels abroad, the Parepa Rosas have every reason to anticipate success in whatever operatic enterprise they may undertake, provided it be well and liberally organised.

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MALVINA.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XV.

SOPHIE REVISITED.

"THE first impression Miss Arnold will have if they tell her that I am here will be," said Alfred to himself, "that I have complained to her father, or, at least, that I have made some sort of appeal to him." And it struck him that Sophie would consider such a proceeding rather mean.

Mr. Arnold, on his side, though he had not deliberately planned an interview in his presence between Alfred and Sophie, was not sorry to see how they would meet.

Sophie rushed into the room and threw her arms—this time round her father's neck. As for Alfred, she looked at him askance, but still kept her eyes timidly upon him, as though he were some dangerous animal which might at any moment assert its nature.

"You know Mr. Leighton?" suggested the papa, who thought Sophie's non-recognition of Alfred arose from simple diffidence.

"I should think she did!" exclaimed Leighton to himself; but what he said aloud was that "he hoped Miss Arnold had not forgotten him"—which was also true.

Sophie contented herself with bowing to her not too-welcome visitor, wondering whether he was going to importune her, or, if not, what he meant by coming to see her at all.

"We have been to the races," said Mr. Arnold. "'Nutcracker" was scratched, 'Gandin' won by a nose, and 'Bataclan' came in a bad third."

This information did not seem to impress Sophie very much; she opened her eyes, and seemed to be asking herself how a horse looked when he came in a bad third.

"The Count is going to dine with us to-day, and I want you to do the honours, if you are not afraid of meeting 'a great number of gentlemen,'" said the papa. "No, there will not be many," he added, seeing that Sophie did really look alarmed, "no one except Mr. Leighton, the Count, and an English physician who is staying with me."

Sophie had not the least wish to meet the Count, who was in the habit of making her offers of marriage. As for Alfred, she felt interested in him, ashamed to look him in the face, perplexed what to say to him, half determined not to speak to him at all, and yet anxious to find out for herself what sort of man he really was. But though doubts still lurked in the inmost recesses of her mind, she easily persuaded herself that it was her duty not to listen to them. A father's invitation is to a dutiful daughter a command; so she accepted.

Partly for the minor reason of not wishing to look foolish, partly for major reasons, Alfred determined to make at least an effort to engage Sophie in conversation.

"You don't care for races, Miss Arnold, of course?" he began. "If we were in England, I should propose a bet."

"Come, Leighton, you must not introduce betting into a convent," interrupted Mr. Arnold.

"I never went to a race," said Sophie to Alfred. "I believe they whip the horses dreadfully."

"Not necessarily, Miss Arnold," replied Alfred, in a tone of something like expostulation.

"You are in for it now, Leighton!" exclaimed Mr. Arnold. "He is going to ride himself to-morrow, Sophie."

"Mr. Leighton is?" she asked.

"Yes; but the horse I am going to ride won't require whipping."

"Only spurring," suggested Mr. Arnold.

"No, I don't think so," replied Alfred. "But really, if you were to see a number of horses start for a race, Miss Arnold, you would say that they were quite as anxious for the contest as their riders. You mustn't think in addition to my other defects that I am cruel."

"What other defects?" inquired Mr. Arnold.

"Any that I may happen to have."

"Oh," said Sophie, "I am very fond of horses, and I am sure that races must be exceedingly interesting. But I only know them from pictures, and there the jockeys seem always to be lashing the horses without mercy. What colours are you going to wear, Mr. Leighton?"

"Green," said Alfred, looking at Sophie's sash.

"I don't think you can," said Mr. Arnold. "But I really don't know what you'll wear. You will have to ride as you are."

It at the same time struck him that there was "something between" Sophie and his young guest. Sophie was very distant with him, but also very susceptible, and seemed very much on her guard. Alfred's rather obvious, rather inane reply to her inquiry as to the colours he meant to wear, had made her blush.

"You can't be too particular with young girls," said Mr. Arnold to himself, "while, as for men, not one of them is to be trusted."

Mr. Arnold had, as a matter of form, sent his card to the Superior, and the servant Marie now came into the room to present that lady's excuses for not receiving him; the official reason for her not doing so being indisposition.

Neither of Sophie's visitors was at all distressed by this message, which Marie delivered with rather a knowing air, not altogether becoming perhaps on the part of the servant of a religious house. She also saw that there was "something between" Sophie and her Indian cousin. For that Alfred was a cousin of some kind she entertained no doubt, especially since she had found him loitering in a dreamy condition about the convent gates, as if to listen to the music—a discovery of which Sophie had been duly informed.

"Well, Sophie, we must go," said Mr. Arnold, after a stay of only a few minutes. "How, by-the-by, is your friend, Mademoiselle Dupin?"

"Thérèse? Oh, she is well," answered Sophie. "She is always in good spirits."

"She is quite right. I shall send for you then—probably come for you myself—to-morrow afternoon. Good bye."

Mr. Arnold kissed his daughter. Alfred bowed to her, and wondered whether she would give him her hand.

She gave him a polite inclination of the head instead, said, "Good morning, sir!" (English adaptation of "*Bon jour, monsieur!*") and went back to her own room, where Thérèse was waiting to hear what news she would bring.

"Well, what do you think of him? How does he appear to you when you are calm?" asked Thérèse.

"He is pretty well," replied Sophie. "He did nothing unbecoming this time."

"And you?" inquired Thérèse.

"*Ah, que tu es méchante!*" exclaimed Sophie.

CHAPTER XVI.

A QUARTET PARTY.

SOPHIE had, without being aware of it, practised Talleyrand's principle, "Not to do to-day what can be put off until to-morrow."

She had been afraid of committing herself if she answered Alfred's letter. She had postponed the question whether she should answer it or not, and the letter had now, as it were, answered itself.

Mr. Leighton, she now said to herself, could at least see that she was not mortally annoyed at what he had done, and that seemed to be all that he could expect. More than that would look like encouragement. Complete forgiveness would be almost like an invitation to begin again, and his late performance was not one that could well be re-demanded.

Alfred understood, on his side, that Sophie had made concessions to him, and on the whole was not dissatisfied with the result of his visit.

"I suppose you know my nephew's wife—I mean the lady whom Captain Thornton was about to marry just when you left India." Mr. Arnold said to Alfred, as they walked together towards the Château.

"Oh yes, I know her very well;" answered Leighton.

"Is she rich, or good-looking, or both?"

"She has about thirty thousand pounds, I believe. As to her looks, I don't know what to say. But she is very amiable."

"Oh, yes! and has such a nice figure! I quite understand. Well, thirty thousand pounds is something at all events. He has not made a bad match! It is a happy thing for every one that the sort of half engagement, which he at one time fancied might bind him in England, came to nothing."

"I heard something about it," said Alfred. "But no one could attach any importance to it. It was a mere promise between children."

"Precisely! Besides I do not approve of marriages of that kind."

"You mean between near relations?"

"Well, yes! Above all when they are related through their poverty."

"I knew your nephew had not much money, but I thought he expected"——

"Nothing to speak of," interrupted Mr. Arnold. "They would neither of them have had any money, or next to nothing."

"I will soon stop his game," said Mr. Arnold to himself, "if he has any intention of making up to Sophie for the sake of her fortune;" and it never occurred to him that Leighton was likely to think of marrying her for any other reason.

Alfred, however, was glad to hear from Mr. Arnold's own lips that Sophie was not the rich heiress he had imagined her to be. The statement, intended to crush his aspirations, had just the contrary effect. "Sophie, at least," he said to himself, "could not doubt his sincerity; and there was less probability of his having rivals to contend with, if it were known that she had no dowry, or next to none."

"When do you go back to India? How long leave have they given you?" said Mr. Arnold.

"I am not sure that I shall go back to India at all," replied Leighton. "I have a year's leave, but I do not want to stay in the Indian service."

"I thought you were devoted to it."

"No, not particularly. I had a special reason for entering, but I see no reason for remaining in it."

"It is a bad thing to be without a profession," remarked Mr. Arnold. "I speak feelingly. I have experienced it myself."

"Yes, I dare say it is. But," added Leighton, after a little hesitation. "I went out to India under rather peculiar circumstances. I will tell you about it some day, if it interests you at all. But here is Dr. Rowden."

"I thought I would come and meet you," said Rowden. "I left the Count on the racecourse. I did not know that he was such a passionate admirer of 'the Turf.' But he carries 'un betting-book,' and the Marquis is teaching him to hedge."

"I hope not," ejaculated Mr. Arnold almost peevishly. "With the Marquis to advise him he would be ruined before the next Grand Prix."

"Yes," responded Rowden, "especially if Captain Fludyer were at hand to profit by the advice."

The three walked on, and on reaching the Château found the Count waiting outside.

"The races are all over," he said, "all except the last. I had nothing on it, so I came away."

"Always glad to see you," replied Mr. Arnold. "I came home by way of the Convent, I wanted Sophie to dine with us to-morrow."

The Count looked black, at no one particularly; but he seemed to make a point of not looking at all in the direction of Alfred. Soon afterwards recovering his natural composure, he asked Mr. Arnold to send "Bataclan" (the horse that ran gracefully, but did not win), round to his stables.

"You will find him admirable in the autumn for *la grande chasse,*" said Mr. Arnold.

"Yes; but I shall enter him for several steeplechases before that," answered the Count, with noble confidence. He took Mr. Arnold's arm, and told him that he wanted to settle with him.

"Oh, there is no hurry about that," said Mr. Arnold, who nevertheless behaved precisely as if hurry had existed, and took the Count straight into his study. "I owe you a lot of money already," he said, "and I really don't think I ought to take anything from you on account of 'Bataclan.' Still, you know."

"Oh, this is a separate transaction," replied the Count. "Two thousand five hundred. There are the notes. As to the other matter, pray don't trouble yourself about it; any time will do. Indeed, if you are at all *gêné*——"

"Oh no! don't speak of it," protested Mr. Arnold, in a tone which meant—"continue your proposition, which I shall accept with pleasure."

"Well, if you *are* in want of a trifle, which happens to all of us sometimes, please remember that I am quite at your orders. I have just received a little money from one of my farmers. You may just as well take five thousand francs while we are talking about the matter."

"That would make twenty thousand," observed Mr. Arnold, in a tone of seeming remonstrance, which in reality signified—"make it twenty thousand, by all means."

"Yes; twenty thousand, exactly," said the Count, who, without further ado, put five thousand francs into Mr. Arnold's hand, which that gentleman at first appeared unwilling to open, but which he took care to close when he felt the notes in contact with his palm.

The Count looked anxious and careworn, and Mr. Arnold fancied that he wanted now to speak about another matter. But he hesitated; and Mr. Arnold thought this was not an opportune moment for inviting him to become confidential. M. de Villebois wanted sympathy and encouragement, but all Mr. Arnold offered him was a cigar.

"There's tobacco in the breeze," said Leighton to Dr. Rowden, as the cigar-smoke through the open window of the study was wafted towards them on the terrace.

"Yes, and very good tobacco," answered Rowden; "we had better go inside."

CHAPTER XVII.

UN STEEPLE CHASE.

ALFRED LEIGHTON, Dr. Rowden, the Count, and Mr. Arnold, formed a square party that day at dinner. The entertainment went off well, but the conversation was not so lively as it might have been, if each had not been more or less pre-occupied with his own private thoughts.

"All this fuss about a girl of nineteen!" that Mormon gentleman would have exclaimed who was so much annoyed, at some theatrical representation, to see the undue importance attached to one woman. But girls of nineteen do sometimes cause a good deal of commotion, and are even more potent in that respect than grown-up women twice their age.

As for Sophie, the interest she excited in the breasts of the four men who were now constantly thinking of her, was of the most varied kind.

Alfred loved her, happily and hopefully.

The Count de Villebois loved her, unhappily, and all but hopelessly.

Dr. Rowden wished, from an insurance point of view, to kill her, for the sake of the large commission he would be able to charge for performing that dangerous operation with success.

Mr. Arnold desired, without behaving too unnaturally, to turn his daughter to the most profitable account. He wanted her, above all, to marry M. de Villebois, who he knew would refuse to touch a farthing of her dowry, and who was moreover a gentleman, a rich man, and charmingly easy in money transactions. If she would not marry the Count, then she certainly should marry no one else; though as for Rowden's proposition, that, of course, was not to be thought of—at least not for the present.

"*Vous ne trainez pas?*" said the Count to Alfred, on the latter's lighting his fifth cigar.

"Train? no, there is not time, and it wouldn't be worth while if there were. I am only going to ride for a lark."

"But you should not smoke. Think of your nerves! Have you backed yourself for anything?"

"Only three or four hundred francs. You don't want to lay against 'Flick et Flock,' do you?"

"I don't mind," said the Count, "what are the odds?"

"I am not quite sure; I don't see them quoted in this morning's *Times*. No one seems to have thought it worth while to telegraph them to London. But I backed myself yesterday at one to three."

It struck the Count that it was his destiny to try his luck against Alfred, and he thought he would make a preliminary experiment forthwith on a small scale, and in a small matter. He accordingly laid fifteen hundred francs to five hundred against "Flick et Flock."

"I shall pocket seventy-five pounds if I win," said Alfred: "sixty from the Count, and fifteen from Captain Fludyer."

"The purse is not yet made that will hold Fludyer's money," observed Mr. Arnold.

"No! do you mean to say that he won't pay if he loses?" asked Alfred.

"I am quite sure he will expect you to pay if he wins," answered Mr. Arnold. "I should not like to answer for more than that."

Alfred de Musset has compared love to a steeplechase, for love makes straight for its goal, and, let accidents befal or not, takes no account of obstacles.

But, in truth, what is there to which love may not be compared? Is it not like a camel—a camel in the desert, sinking beneath a heavy load, perishing of thirst, and longing in vain for the oasis which alone can save its life? Is it not like a whale—very like a whale—swallowing wise men whole, though not invariably giving them up again alive and in good health? However, the Count had probably not read Shakespeare, while he doubtless had read Alfred de Musset, and it occurred to him just now that love was like a steeplechase; and he said to himself that if the English Alfred, mounted on "Flick et Flock," came in second, he would accept the omen. He wished him no harm; but he prayed in his heart that he might come in second.

If I had the pen of a sporting novelist—I certainly would not dishonour it by describing such a very small affair as a steeplechase at St. Ouen. But I must record the fact that there were five starters, of whom

"Pitchplaster" (by "Sheepskin"—"Beeswax") and "Shoking" (by "Spleen"—"Miss Lovely") were the favourites; that the horses were weighed out and the preliminary canters taken; that the lot looked well at the post; that when the flag fell for the fifth time the horses got well off together, with the exception of "Flick et Flock," who did not reach his companions until after the first hurdle; that "Mimi Pinson," ridden by Major Raccroc, of the Indigenous Chasseurs, came to grief at hurdle No. 2; that "Flick et Flock" now crept to the front, where "Sir Williams," held well in hand by Lieutenant Billebande of the hundred and first of the line, in garrison at St. Ouen, was waiting for him; that the two favourites dropped gradually to the rear, while "Flick et Flock" and "Sir Williams" ran well together, until, as they rounded the bend into the straight, they approached the brook; that "Flick et Flock" swerved as he came to the water, but feeling the spur well put into him, made an effort and cleared it; that the running now lay between "Flick et Flock" and "Sir Williams"; that Lieutenant Billebande went with such a rush at the last hurdle, that "Sir Williams" rolled over on the other side; and that Alfred Leighton, landing his horse safely at the same moment, went on to the post and won in a canter.

The men cheered, the yellow-haired ladies, who sat in open carriages, laughing and drinking champagne, waved their handkerchiefs, and the Englishman was congratulated by everyone on his success.

Lieutenant Billebande was not much hurt. Alfred, as soon as he had been weighed, hurried, in rather an unsportsman-like style, to the Lieutenant's assistance, and found him standing up and in good marching order.

"*Voilà un* gentleman-rider," exclaimed the horsey Marquis. "*Gagné dans un* canter! *Mais si mon sacré* Bill *n'avait pas été si* tight—*car il était* screwed *comme* blazes—"Pitchplaster" *vous aurait distancé. Je vous dois deux* ponies. There you are!"

Alfred for a non-racing man won a good deal of money on this steeplechase. Eighty pounds from the horsey Marquis, fifteen hundred francs from the amiable but atrabilious Count, fifteen pounds from Captain Fludyer. He bought "Flick et Flock" with his winnings—that is to say with the money he received from the Marquis and the Count; and the hundred and ten pounds for the horse, with three thousand francs, the value of the stakes, enabled Mr. Arnold (who had been backing "Pitchplaster" through the agency of the returned convict) to pay all his bets.

As for Captain Fludyer, who was modest under misfortune, and seldom showed on settling day when he had been unsuccessful, he proved once more on this occasion that he knew when to absent himself.

He was a man who never betted except with strangers, because only strangers would bet with him. If he won he claimed his money with admirable punctuality. If he lost he kept out of the way until the visitor had left St. Ouen.

" *Un vrai* welcher," the Marquis called him, and the Marquis was right. One would have thought that such a man could scarcely thrive in a place like St. Ouen, where there are so many like him. But it is only in a place like St. Ouen that such a man would have been tolerated at all.

" They are a queer set," said Leighton to himself, when he was told what sort of person Captain Fludyer was, and that he was only one of many. " The old Count is the best of them, though he is not a cheerful companion."

On his way back to the Château Alfred overtook the Count; and Mr. Arnold and his daughter, who were driving, overtook them both.

" I congratulate you, Mr. Leighton," said Sophie, in a tone of ordinary affability.

" That reminds me," said the Count, " that I have lost." He took out his pocket book, and paid Alfred his bet.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE GARDEN.

" *Décidément je n'ai pas de chance!*" said the poor Count half an hour afterwards to Mr. Arnold.

" Do you imagine then that I would allow that young man from India to marry her?" replied Mr. Arnold.

" Who knows? If he pleases her!"

" *I* know. He does not please me, and that is sufficient."

" But in England young ladies scarcely consult their fathers in such matters."

" Excuse me, Count! Sophie will never marry without my permission. She is a very dutiful girl, and in this, as in all other things, will listen to my advice."

" Even then," said the Count, " I could not marry her, if she only consented to become my wife in obedience to her father's commands."

"Dinner is ready, sir," announced a servant at that moment.

"Go and tell Dr. Rowden—he is writing a letter in the library; and Miss Sophie—I believe she is in the garden. I don't know where Mr. Leighton is."

"In the garden too, sir," said the man.

M. de Villebois looked black, nor did Mr. Arnold seem very much pleased.

"There is something between them," reflected Mr. Arnold once more. "Together in the garden! Why he has been talking to her for the last ten minutes!"

"That is how they go on in England!" said the Count to himself. "Such a quiet modest girl, and she thinks nothing of wandering about in a garden with a young man just arrived from India!"

Mr. Arnold was really annoyed. "I will soon stop this," he muttered, and, asking the Count to excuse him, went out into the garden.

Alfred and Sophie had really been talking together for the last ten minutes. It seemed ten seconds at the time. It seemed ten hours afterwards, when they thought of how much had been said, expressed, understood, during that brief interview.

"I am very unhappy, Miss Arnold, I am afraid I have offended you a second time," Alfred had said, when seeing her in the garden, he went out to join her.

"You look despondent!" Sophie replied. "What a fortunate thing you did not think of it when you were riding. You might have thrown yourself from your horse!"

"If I could have fallen at your feet I should not have cared."

"No? What could be the use of falling at my feet!"

"As a sign that I am eternally at your service."

"Yes, but you can say that. There is no occasion to fall at my feet."

"I do say it, I say it emphatically, and I mean far more than I say."

"You certainly say it emphatically, but do you not say far more than you mean?"

"I say and mean that I am solely and eternally devoted to you"——

"Hush!"

"No, I may not have another opportunity of explaining myself. From the moment I saw you I loved you. From the moment I took you to my arms."

"Oh, be silent."

"From that moment I adored you. I shall love and adore you for ever!"

He seized her by the hands, and as she was trembling all over, he half led, half carried her to a summer house close by.

"My poor child, how you tremble! But you know I love you sincerely . . . . You must let me write to you. And, my darling Sophie, when and how am I to see you again?—for they will be looking for you directly?"

"Why did I ever see you at all?" exclaimed Sophie with tears in her eyes.

"Because you are an angel sent from heaven to make me happy, you know that you belong to me only, say that you do?"

Sophie hesitated in the affirmative.

"I have sworn it, and I swear it again, that no man shall ever clasp you in his arms as I did—as I do now!"

"If you have any respect for me"—— murmured Sophie.

"I can only think of my love for you!"

"Oh, be calm!" cried Sophie.

"Tell me that you love me, and I will be calm."

"I will tell you anything," said Sophie; "if you will only let me go, and sit quietly down by my side."

"Answer me then!"

"Is it not enough answer that I am here?"

"Give me your hand!"

"You take my hand without asking me! You are so rough. Look at my dress! Look at my hair!"

"Give me your hand, my darling. I will not take it now unless you give it to me. Give it me as a sign—as a pledge."

Sophie gave him her hand, which he kissed and pressed to his heart.

Sophie did not give him her lips, but he also kissed her lips and pressed her heart to his heart. Finally he smoothed her hair.

A quarter of an hour before, when she and her father had received him on his arrival at the Château, he had not felt sure that she would shake hands with him.

"Let us walk round the garden," said Sophie. "We must not stay here. Good heavens, there is papa!"

"What a strange thing it is, Sophie," answered Mr. Arnold, speaking to Sophie and scowling at Alfred, "that you must go wandering about in the garden just when you know that dinner's ready!"

"I did not know that dinner was ready," replied Sophie.

"I am afraid it was my fault, Mr. Arnold," interrupted Alfred. "I was walking with Miss Arnold, and took her to the very end of the garden, without reflecting that it was so near dinner time."

"The Count," continued Mr. Arnold, addressing Sophie and paying no attention to Alfred's explanation, "is quite annoyed."

"My dear papa, whether the Count is annoyed or not, I really do not care," Sophie protested. "I am sorry I kept you waiting; sorry I kept any one waiting, but why I should trouble myself especially about the Count, I cannot understand."

"Then you ought to understand," said the papa pointedly, and looking at Alfred to see the effect of his remark.

But Alfred took the meaning of the hint even better than Mr. Arnold had intended.

"He wanted me to know," he said to himself, "that she would have no money. Now he wishes me to believe that the Count has some claim upon her. But the claim is not recognised, Mr. Arnold; and neither the existence of the Count, nor the non-existence of the dowry, can have any effect in changing my intentions."

Mr. Arnold turned round angrily, and walked towards the house.

Alfred pressed Sophie's hand—partly, perhaps, for the sake of pressing her hand, partly also by way of saying to her that he treated with ridicule the absurd pretensions of the Count.

Just then he heard a loud cough behind him, and turning round saw Dr. Rowden.

"Hallo Rowden," cried Mr. Arnold, "I thought you were writing letters."

"No," answered Rowden, "I sent them to the post half an hour ago, and came out here to smoke a cigar."

"I didn't see you anywhere."

"I was lying down on the grass at the back of the summer house," said the doctor with a sort of chuckle.

Rowden went on in front with Mr. Arnold.

"I dislike that man," whispered Sophie to Alfred; she would have been ready to confide more important things to him now. "He has such a coarse laugh!"

"Never mind him, my darling," whispered Alfred; "he is a scoundrel."

But that was the very reason why she was rather afraid of him.

CHAPTER XIX.

A LOVE FEAST.

"You know," said Dr. Rowden to Mr. Arnold, as they entered the house together, "that that young Leighton is making love to your daughter?"

"I never knew a young man do anything else, if he could only get an opportunity of speaking to a girl," answered Mr. Arnold, sulkily.

"Well, I won't discuss that point," replied Rowden. "I thought it was my duty to tell you, that's all."

The dinner was not a lively one. Even over the happiness of Alfred and Sophie a cloud had been thrown.

The Count looked black throughout the repast. Mr. Arnold looked blue. Dr. Rowden looked yellow.

Sophie had given her arm to the Count on going into dinner. But during the ten minutes which had transformed her from a young girl to a young woman she had gained confidence, and, without noticing her father's well-directed and quite intelligible frowns, assigned to Alfred the place on her right.

"Who knows," she said to herself, "when I shall see him again? Perhaps never! He shall be my husband, or no one! . . . But papa wishes me to marry the Count, and I don't know what will happen!"

Alfred talked perpetually to Sophie, and Sophie talked to Alfred more than she had ever talked before in her life.

There is no concealing the fact that she behaved somewhat impolitely towards the Count, who, by his position at the table, had a right to pay her certain attentions, which she either accepted with unconscious indifference, or did not accept at all.

When he spoke to her she scarcely answered him, so that after a time he became moody, and silent, and kept repeating to himself that "Ce Monsieur Leighton" was a very badly brought-up young man; for of course it was *his* fault that Sophie made no responses to the Count's well-meant and perfectly becoming civilities.

This time it may be admitted that Mr. Arnold had some reason to be displeased with his daughter. She was so inexperienced; and Alfred's rapid declaration, if it had not absolutely surprised her, had so startled her, that she could not behave with that perfect self-control which is no doubt becoming under all circumstances.

Of course Mr. Arnold knew nothing of the scene in the summer house, but he could understand the cause of Sophie's nervous excitement well enough to be highly incensed at its manifestation.

She was a little flushed; her eyes were brighter than usual. It has been said that she talked a great deal to Alfred, and she did not conceal the pleasure she derived from conversing with him.

"She is a very nervous girl," said Mr. Arnold to Dr. Rowden. "She is kept shut up in that Convent day after day, week after week, month after month, and never sees any society at all."

"Yes, she's nervous," replied Rowden, with something like a suppressed smile.

Mr. Arnold, who was separated by the Count from Sophie, and by Dr. Rowden from Alfred, thought the time had come to call Alfred's attention, under the pretext of hospitality, to the fact that he was not eating anything.

Alfred denied the charge, and proved, to the best of his ability, that his love for Sophie had not destroyed his appetite, or at least had not interfered with his power of swallowing food.

Sophie felt that the hint was intended also, perhaps above all, for her; and suddenly became silent. It struck her, too, that every one had been observing her, and perhaps listening to her conversation with Alfred.

Not, however, that anything had been said which, if absolutely required, might not have been repeated aloud. Mere trivialities!—charming to utterer and listener, common-place to the rest of the world.

Mr. Arnold would have perished rather than be guilty of the vulgarity of seeking to force food down his guest's throat, had he not found it really necessary to bring Sophie's duet with Alfred to an end.

But it was sure to be recommenced.

"*Bœuf aux olives!*" said the French maid.

"*Van der Burgoyne!*" said the English stud-groom, body-groom and butler.

"I must try, but I don't think I can eat *bœuf aux olives*," thought Alfred. "The Burgundy I can manage."

But olives and wine go well together. So he drank the wine, ate the olives, and attacked the beef from time to time with great voracity when Mr. Arnold seemed to be looking at him.

"Shall you be in the garden after dinner?" he whispered to Sophie.

"I dare not."

"*Cotelettes de mouton aux pointes d'asperges.*"

Alfred helped himself largely. The eyes of the table were upon him.

"Propose a walk somewhere."

"It would be no use; papa would give me his arm."

"A ride, then?"

"Papa is too tired."

"That is not a reason. . . . Well, say you want to go out in a boat."

"Can you row?"

"Not in the least, or I should not propose such a thing. The others can row."

"No; it would never do."

"*Gigot des près salés.*"

Alfred went eagerly at the mutton.

"When do you go back?"

"To-morrow morning, the very first thing. Six o'clock."

"Saint Julien," cried the British groom.

Alfred accepted some St. Julien. "You are quite pale, what is it?"

"They are watching us. Pray go on eating; it looks so much better."

"Yes," thought Alfred, "but I can't sacrifice everything to appearances." He took some salad all the same, and disposed of it very skilfully. . . . "Try and come into the garden the first thing in the morning."

"May I have the honour of pouring you out some water?" said the Count to Sophie, imagining, or choosing to imagine, that Sophie was looking at the water bottle.

"Thank you, I am much obliged to you," answered Sophie, who afterwards forgot to drink the water.

"*Glacé aux framboises!*"

"I will take some ice," said Sophie.

"Mowit and Shandon."

"Yes, and some champagne."

"How Mr. Arnold can allow that young man to talk under his voice that way to Mademoiselle Sophie, I cannot imagine," said the Count to himself; to which he himself made reply: "And, God forgive me, but I think she answers him."

Sophie had just whispered to Alfred, that it was possible she might be able to meet him very early in the morning.

"You will, if it is possible?" inquired Alfred.

"Of course!" she replied.

Alfred, unable to testify his gratitude and delight in the manner which would best have pleased him, made a sudden dash at his ice, and almost broke the glass plate with his spoon.

"What is he doing?" said Mr. Arnold to Dr. Rowden.

"Breaking the ice!" answered the doctor.

"Mowit! (*a pause*) Mowit, if you please, sir!"

Rowden began to grin; the Count looked blacker than ever; and Mr. Arnold, very much annoyed when he saw that his servant *would* have an answer of some kind, called out to Alfred—

"Mr. Leighton! Mr. Leighton! he wants to give you some champagne."

"No more, thank you!" said Alfred, turning suddenly away from Sophie, with whom he had been talking very earnestly.

Sophie did not look pale now! In her confusion she longed for a pretext to get away from the table, which Mr. Arnold hastened to afford her by ordering coffee and producing cigars.

"I know you never take coffee, my dear," said the papa; "so if you will excuse us we will light up at once, and we will join you in the drawing-room afterwards."

Sophie made one of her formal little bows, the secret of which had been imparted to her at the Convent, and disappeared. No one went through the empty form of protesting against Miss Arnold's departure. No one asked her whether she did not think men barbarians to drive away a charming young lady for the sake of a few whiffs from a cigar.

"Why did I bring her here at all?" Mr. Arnold asked himself.

"It was time she went!" was the Count's reflection.

"Thank God she has gone!" Rowden felt inclined to exclaim.

"When shall I see her again?" was Alfred's sole idea.

CHAPTER XX.

CIGARS AND COFFEE.

CIGARS having been lighted, Mr. Arnold started several subjects of conversation; but none seemed to please the company. Silence is oppressive, even when smoking is going on; and curaçao, chartreuse, and the other liqueurs which serve to drive down coffee, do not always possess the virtue of driving away care.

Alfred and the Count could not talk together, though they understood one another only too well—much as Englishmen and

Americans understand one another when they are on the point of quarrelling.

The Doctor and Mr. Arnold also understood one another, each understanding that the other viewed the situation very much but not altogether in the same light as himself. Mr. Arnold was very anxious not to be forced to adopt the Doctor's disgraceful scheme; and his own private plan was that Sophie should marry the Count, who, he knew, would not accept her portion. But he said to himself that whether or not he could induce his rebellious daughter to marry M. de Villebois, he certainly would not allow her to become the wife of Alfred Leighton. During the next two years she could not question his authority; for she was only nineteen, and even under the English law children cannot marry without their parent's consent until they attain the age of twenty-one.

In the course of two years all sorts of things might happen. Alfred might go back to India and marry some one else, as his nephew had done. The Count on the other hand was faithful and almost a fixture at St. Ouen, where most of his property was situated; and who knew but that in course of time Sophie would not be touched by the constancy of his affection?

"That is very likely!" said Dr. Rowden, when Mr. Arnold, leading him to the window which opened upon the garden, communicated to him his ideas on the great subject of the moment. "Very likely indeed! I dare say he'll be constant for the next two or three years, or for the next half dozen years. What's to prevent him?—and, of course, constancy is a very fine thing! But in two or three years he will be so many years nearer sixty than he is now, and *Miss Sophie* will not think that fine at all! No, depend upon it, Arnold, constancy in a man of five-and-twenty is a virtue. But in a man who is turned fifty it is quite another thing; and the less a young lady has of it the better she is pleased!"

"What then is to be done?"

Rowden shrugged his shoulders.

"*Eh bien, cher Comte*, how are you getting on, you are not enjoying your cigar," said Mr. Arnold, moving in the direction of M. de Villebois.

"Pardon me, the cigar is excellent."

"And you, Mr. Leighton, have you been communicating any of your Indian experiences to the Count?"

"Monsieur has not done me that honour hitherto," answered the Count.

"I am not much of a sportsman," said Alfred, addressing Mr. Arnold and the Count at the same time. "I once killed a pig, and I rather regretted it, for he had not hurt me, and I must have hurt him very considerably."

"Ah, you mean the wild boar," exclaimed the Count. "But did you never hunt the tiger?"

"Oh yes, I have hunted tigers, and I have had shots at them, and I believe I was near hitting a tiger one day."

"You did not bring him down?" asked the Count eagerly.

"No! I made him get up," said Alfred. "He was sitting down when I fired."

"What's that?" asked Dr. Rowden, hearing a laugh.

"Recollections of tiger-hunting," said Mr. Arnold.

"Anecdote of a tiger who was more frightened than hurt," said Alfred.

"Why shouldn't we all do something?" asked Rowden. "Whist, for instance?"

"I can play at whist," said Alfred. "But I always revoke."

"Then," replied Rowden, "I suggest that you should take Arnold or the Count for your partner."

"I don't care about playing," observed Mr. Arnold. "Why don't you and the Count have a game at piquet or écarté?"

"I am quite willing," answered the Count.

"I'll play him at écarté, piquet, or anything he likes down to cutting for fifty centimes pieces, which is perhaps the best game going," said the Doctor.

"Will you smoke another cigar?" asked Mr. Arnold, addressing Alfred.

"Let us go into the garden and leave them to their gambling."

"I wanted to speak to you," said Alfred, as soon as they had got outside, "about something very important."

"I also had something to say to you," replied Mr. Arnold.

"Pray let me hear."

"No; perhaps I had better hear what you have to say first."

"I wish to speak to you about Miss Arnold."

"Indeed!"

"I wished to tell you how much I admire——"

"You made that rather obvious, Mr. Leighton," interrupted the father.

"Precisely!" continued Alfred. "For that reason I thought it best to ask you without further delay . . . . whether you would do me the honour to accept me as your son-in-law. . . . . If you think I am hurrying matters too much, will you at least regard me as a possible suitor for your daughter's hand?"

"It comes to the same thing," thought Alfred.

"Of course I can't say that I won't accept you as a possible suitor," replied Mr. Arnold. "There can be no disqualification on your part, except in the way of money. In fact you do me a great honour in making the proposal. I have often heard of you from my nephew, and though I never met your father, I knew several friends of his. But I must consider the interest, and, if you will allow me to say so, the feelings of my daughter."

"By all means!" answered Alfred, quite confident on *that* point.

"As to the question of interest—I speak to you with perfect frankness——"

"I am obliged to you for doing so——"

"The Count de Villebois has proposed to Sophie, and I consider that he will, in all important respects, be an excellent husband for her. His offer has my full approbation, and I shall do my best to secure its acceptance. It will in fact be accepted."

"The Count is three times her age!" exclaimed Alfred in an irritated tone.

"The Count is more than twice her age, but then Sophie is only nineteen."

"You spoke of your daughter's feelings?" said Alfred, somewhat sarcastically.

"I come to that point next," continued Mr. Arnold. "Sophie is very susceptible——"

"And you wish to marry her to a man old enough to be her grandfather!"

"The Count is about my age, and I am only her father . . . . But I was saying when you interrupted me——"

"I beg your pardon."

"I was saying that she was very susceptible. You know the intelligence you brought her from India? It ought not to have had any effect upon her, but it did. It had a very great effect upon her, and she is annoyed, mortified, stung to the heart at Captain Thornton having entrusted such a message to you!"

"Captain Thornton entrusted no message to me."

"He entrusted a packet of letters to you. You knew what the contents were."

"I knew nothing of the kind. I only knew that your nephew had confided to me a letter addressed to Miss Arnold and a packet which may or may not have contained other letters; that he asked me, if possible, to give the packet to Miss Arnold herself."

"How much better it would have been if I had taken them to her!" reflected the father. "But who could foretell such a result as this! He sees her once in the presence of the Superior—for I suppose the Superior was there; once in my presence; and the third time he wants to make her an offer of marriage—perhaps has already made it! As for being accepted—oh, accepted of course! Accepted with thanks! That's the worst of keeping a girl shut up in a Convent! The first man she meets with a decent manner and address, turns her head. A girl brought up in England, accustomed to croquet, conversation with partners, and all the rest of it, would see a fellow like Leighton at Jericho before she would accept him on the strength of a half-confident, half-respectful air and well-furnished moustache, and ten minutes' idiotic conversation."

"Well!" said Mr. Arnold, after his brief period of reflection, "this, at least, is certain; that you were the means of communicating to my daughter the news of her cousin's marriage."

"You said yourself that it was only a childish engagement."

"I had hoped that she would regard it in that light. But it has affected her deeply. She is a very susceptible girl, and she doesn't like the idea of the slight put upon her by Captain Thornton being known to you."

"My dear Mr. Arnold!" remonstrated Alfred.

"Excuse me, Mr. Leighton. You have known my daughter perhaps altogether a couple of hours. I have known her nineteen years. I am better acquainted with her true disposition than you are, and I repeat to you that she feels slighted, hurt, deeply wounded by what she considers the very cruel conduct of Captain Thornton. She is in such a state of mind, in fact, that from mere spite she is quite ready to—— to—— if you will excuse my saying so—— to throw herself away. *Mariage de dépit!* That is the folly she would be guilty of!"

"In that case why does she not throw herself away on the Count? They say he has a hundred thousand francs a-year, and he is an acknowledged suitor—at least acknowledged and approved by you."

"And I am some one in the matter I beg you will observe," said Mr. Arnold, falling back on his dignity.

"Did I not hasten to ask your sanction?"

"No; you addressed yourself first to my daughter. It would have been more delicate to have asked beforehand whether your doing so would be agreeable to me."

"And I may conclude?"

"You may, I think, draw your conclusions from what has already passed between us."

They were now summoned to tea. Alfred resolved to leave the house the next morning, and before doing so to renew his proposition to Mr. Arnold in a more formal manner, with full particulars as to his position and prospects. He was convinced that his offer would be rejected; but he said to himself that he at least should have done all that could fairly be required of him. After that he would, if necessary, carry Sophie away. He grieved, as it was, to see her in the society of a morose Count, a disreputable physician and an unnatural father.

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER "SPEAKING TO PAPA."

SOPHIE, although she had never played at croquet, and had never at a ball absconded with her partner to the refreshment-room, understood, at a glance, what had taken place between Alfred and her father.

"He has spoken to papa, papa has refused, and this is the beginning of my misfortunes!" she said to herself.

However, the immediate business before her was to make tea—an operation so simple that, provided the herb itself be good and the water boiling, even a young lady crossed in love may perform it to satisfaction.

Alfred could not talk to Sophie after his recent conversation with her father.

The Count, fuming with jealousy, was not inclined to talk to her.

If Dr. Rowden had spoken to her, she scarcely would have answered him.

Her father thought he would not leave her entirely to herself; so with a show of affection which could not deceive Alfred or Dr. Rowden, which did impress the Count very much, and which grieved Sophie, he sat down beside her, and addressed her some inane compliments, in serio-comic tone, on the skilful and becoming manner in which she presided at the tea-table.

Sophie, who was not thinking of tea, and knew that her father knew that she was thinking of something very different, felt vexed at being spoken to in this frivolous manner. Not because she was vexed—from sheer inability to think of an appropriate reply, she remained silent. She endeavoured to smile, but even in that little attempt was not successful.

"This is a lively tea-party," said Rowden to himself. "Talk of the 'cup which cheers but not inebriates'! I wish it did inebriate! Anything would be better than this dead calm."

Alfred had exhausted his hunting experiences in India, and had really nothing to say to the Count, while to Rowden he made a point of never addressing a word more than was absolutely required by the usages of society.

The Count uttered a few platitudes for the benefit of the company in general, and then relapsed into the silence which best became him.

"I have so many things to say to him," thought Sophie; "so many important things, and how am I to do so? Perhaps I shall never be able to speak to him!"

The silence at last became so terrible that a comic song would have been welcomed as a relief.

When this point of dulness has been reached it is customary, if there is a young lady present, to ask her to perform on the piano. Sophie knew what awaited her, and had already made up her mind what she should play.

"Sophie, my dear, will you favour us with something?" said the papa. "We are all very fond of music, and you can't say that we are unable to keep silence."

"Why is she not asked to sing?" thought Alfred, who remembered the sound of her soft soprano voice.

But Sophie had not been asked to sing. Her polite parent conducted her to the piano, and she at once commenced playing Rossini's hymn, *La Carita*. Alfred listened with delight to the music, which meant much more to him than to any one else.

Dr. Rowden was bored by it, and would have preferred a solo on the banjo.

Mr. Arnold rather liked it, and was glad to find that his daughter could play with so much expression.

The Count admired the music and loved the player.

Alfred loved the music, loved the player, and knew that he was loved by the player in return.

To the others the music was Rossini's, and it was a language which each could interpret as he pleased. To Alfred it was Sopl 's own music, and had one absolute meaning, revealed to him alone.

Jealousy is very ingenious, and it at last occurred to the unhappy Count that the music was not for him nor for the general company at all.

"Every note," he said to himself, "is addressed to that young Englishman, and that is why she plays so well. She never played so well before!"

The sweet suggestive sounds had transported Alfred to the region of the Convent, and had recalled to him the rapturous incidents of his first interview with Sophie. Sophie, too, he felt sure, must herself be thinking of that first interview, to which *La Carita* would now be remembered for ever by both as the proper musical accompaniment.

There was nothing to prevent Alfred going up to Sophie, and addressing an ordinary compliment to her on the conclusion of the piece.

"You pay a great deal of attention to music, do you not, at the Convent," he afterwards said; "and especially to singing?"

"We do to church singing," answered Sophie; "but solos are not encouraged."

"I shall be in the garden as soon as it is light," he whispered.

Sophie could not respond by any sign of intelligence, for she felt sure that her father was watching.

Dr. Rowden, whom Rossini's music had sent to sleep, woke up on the restoration of silence, and saw that Mr. Leighton was talking to Miss Sophie in *pianissimo* passages.

"At it again!" he said to himself. But before he could catch Mr. Arnold's eye, Alfred had finished his very brief conversation with Sophie, and his conduct for the rest of the evening offered nothing which the most prehensile of critics could seize upon.

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Sophie now played some of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" (they were not "without words" for Alfred); upon which the Count fell into reverie, and Rowden once more into a sound sleep.

Alfred, thinking he might have no other opportunity of speaking to Mr. Arnold unobserved, said to him, between two *lieder*, that he had already prolonged his stay at St. Ouen more than he had intended, and that the next morning he should be obliged to go to England.

After receiving the usual invitation not to hurry his departure, and gratefully declining it, Alfred said, in answer to Mr. Arnold's second inquiry whether he "must really go," that he "really must."

"Well, we shall meet at breakfast to-morrow," said Mr. Arnold. "I will not say good-bye now. My daughter," he added, "goes back to the Convent the first thing in the morning."

That being the case, Alfred took care that Sophie should not forget to wish him good-bye—a ceremony which she went through with much formality after she had played one more *lied.*

Alfred was hypocrite enough to put a certain show of warmth into the expression of his good wishes on leaving her.

"That's not a farewell parting!" said Rowden to himself, when he saw Sophie give Alfred her hand for a moment and say good-night. "She is too calm, and she would have been afraid to say a word to him if she had really believed that she was not going to see him again."

Soon after Sophie's retirement, the Count signified his intention of going. But it was only ten o'clock, and Mr. Arnold prevailed upon him to stay a little longer.

"I want to speak to my daughter," he said. "I shall be back in ten minutes, and we will then have a little lansquenet. I am afraid you will have had a very dull evening; but no evening can be altogether dull that ends with lansquenet."

CHAPTER XXII.

SOPHIE'S DECLARATION.

"SOPHIE," said Mr. Arnold, following his daughter to her room, and overtaking her just as she entered, "I want to speak to you seriously—very seriously indeed."

"Yes, papa," said Sophie, who was quite serious enough already.

Mr. Arnold shut the door. "I was shocked and grieved to see you behave as you did at dinner to-day," he began. "After the scene in the garden——"

"What scene in the garden?" asked Sophie.

"After I met you walking with Mr. Leighton in the garden, I thought you would at least have been quiet for the rest of the evening; instead of which you kept up a sort of secret conversation with him all dinner time."

Sophie, not being in the habit of being taken to task on subjects of this kind, became very much confused, and scarcely attempted to defend herself. She was sure she had done nothing wrong, but she could not give all her reasons for holding that conversation.

"When did you ever hear of a young lady walking about a garden alone with a gentleman?"

Sophie might have cited cases, but she refrained.

"Why you had never seen Mr. Leighton but once before."

"Twice!" Sophie ventured to interject.

"Well, say twice. The first time he merely delivered a message." Sophie said nothing. "The second time I was present, and I can certify that he did not exchange half-a-dozen words with you. And the third time I find you walking with him alone in a garden! And then you sit next him at dinner, and keep whispering to him all dinner time!"

"But it was the garden of your house, papa, which makes some difference. As for sitting next me at dinner, where else as a stranger was he to sit?"

"He was no more a stranger than Dr. Rowden; indeed, rather less."

"But I can't bear Dr. Rowden. I wish you had never seen him! He is a bad man, you may depend upon it."

"He has red hair, I admit, and his hands are coarse."

"His mind is coarse, papa."

"Perhaps it is; but what has that to do with your whispering to Mr. Leighton, and Mr. Leighton's whispering to you, all dinner time?"

Sophie made no answer.

"Listen to me, Sophie," Mr. Arnold went on. "You know how much I think of your future: how much I desire, not knowing from one day to another what may happen to me, to see you comfortably settled. Did I try to thwart your wishes when——when you were keeping up a correspondence with your cousin in India?"

"Oh, do not speak of it!" exclaimed Sophie, "that is all forgotten."

"I must recur to it for one moment, just to get you to answer my question. Did I, in that matter, ever contradict you; did I ever seek to raise up any obstacle to your marriage?"

"No, indeed, you did not."

"You understand, then, that nothing can be further from my heart than a wish to control your sentiments, when those sentiments are at all well directed. As for Mr. Leighton, I will not mention his name again, for you will see no more of him. To-morrow morning he goes away."

"To-morrow morning!"

"Yes, to-morrow morning, the first thing. Urgent business calls him to London."

Sophie had ceased to listen to her father. She was thinking that she must certainly, by some means or other, manage to see Alfred before his departure.

"However, the important thing I had to say to you is this," continued Mr. Arnold. "One of your best friends—your best friend and most devoted admirer—is also about to go away. Before he leaves it would be very agreeable to me—and I now think it is absolutely your duty to do so; it would be very agreeable to me if you would give him some assurance that you are not unmindful of his attentions."

"I would much rather be without his attentions, papa," replied Sophie, "if you mean the Count de Villebois."

"Perhaps; but you should not consider your own feelings alone. You should think of others."

"Of others?" asked Sophie.

"Well," explained Mr. Arnold; "if you were a dutiful daughter, as I am sure you are, you would think also of me and of my wishes. When the Count proposed to you before, I said little or nothing in his favour. Now, circumstances have changed. He is ready once more to offer you his hand. This time, do not let it be rejected."

"I cannot consent to marry the Count de Villebois," said Sophie, with more firmness than her father had seen her exhibit before.

"Do you wish to remain then all your life at the Convent?" asked Mr. Arnold, who would most willingly have consented to such an arrangement.

"I do not," replied Sophie, very pale but very decided. "If it were absolutely necessary to choose, I would rather remain for ever in the Convent than marry the Count; but I do not see that I am bound to either course."

"I really can't understand what has happened to you," said Mr. Arnold, after looking at his daughter for some seconds without speaking. "What I thought was mere frivolity must have been something worse."

"I have not been frivolous," said Sophie, very quietly.

"Not frivolous!" exclaimed the father. "Were you not exchanging whispers with him all dinner-time? And what was he saying to you in the garden? Was he not making love to you, making desperate love to you—for every word he said was overheard—and were you not encouraging him? If this was not frivolity, my God! by what horrible name am I to call it?"

"I have nothing to be ashamed of," said Sophie, very resolutely, and blushing only from indignation.

"Then you are lost to shame! If the man had been your affianced husband, he would have had no right to talk to you, to behave to you as he did!"

"He *is* my affianced husband," said Sophie.

"What?" roared Mr. Arnold, almost loudly enough to be heard by the expectant card-players downstairs.

"He is my affianced husband!" repeated Sophie, and I will never marry any one else."

"But, my poor girl, you must be demented," commenced Mr. Arnold in another tone; he had, all at once, become full of compassion. "You know nothing about him."

"Yes," said Sophie, "I know a great deal about him. I have not seen him very often, but I have thought about him a great deal."

"You thought a great deal—in fact, a great deal too much—about your cousin. It would show a very weak character, if, merely from annoyance at what has taken place in India, you should make a hasty marriage to prove that it has not annoyed you at all."

"No such motive influences me," replied Sophie; "and there is no question of a hasty marriage. It was not for me, but for Mr. Leighton to speak to you on the subject."

"He has already done so, and I have refused to listen to him."

"Then," said Sophie, "you did not think I was frivolous? You know that he was earnest and sincere, and that I was the same——"

Mr. Arnold saw that he had gone too far, and that he had moreover committed himself. He was afraid that Sophie's indignation would now condense into tears, and he had a great horror of that ordinary accompaniment to a "scene" in which female performers are engaged. For a time then he was silent.

"Sophie," he began again, after a few moments' reflection. "It is not often a father asks a favour of a daughter. But I have one to ask of you, and I would not do so without an important reason."

Sophie waited anxiously to hear what impossibility he was now going to propose.

"You will not, at least you will not this evening, promise to reconsider the Count's proposal?"

"My dearest papa, I *can* not!" she exclaimed.

"Will you, for my sake, for the sake of your father, who has watched over you from your cradle, who has endeavoured, however much in vain, to supply the place of the sainted mother who was taken from us when you were but an infant"—(here Mr. Arnold himself shed a tear)—"will you, for my sake, give up this young man, of whom you know so little, and who has doubtless only been saying to you what he has said to many other girls before?"

"I cannot make that promise," pleaded Sophie, more touched by the former than she was piqued by the latter part of her father's appeal.

"Will you at least promise not to marry him without my consent?"

"I hope some day you will give your consent, papa."

"That is not answering my question. Will you at least swear to me, will you assure me in the most solemn manner, that you will not marry him secretly?"

"Yes," said Sophie, "I will promise that. I should not think of marrying him secretly."

"You promise me seriously and religiously that you will not."

"I do," said Sophie.

Mr. Arnold felt gratified. "After all," he said to himself, "I have not entirely failed."

"I am sorry if I pained you by anything I said," concluded the fond parent as he embraced his daughter. "But you are very young, and, I am afraid, a little thoughtless. Now good night. I shall not be up when you go away in the morning, but I shall go and see you at the Convent some time to-morrow or the next day."

Mr. Arnold kissed his daughter again and left her to her not very joyful reflections.

Downstairs he found Alfred waiting to wish him good night. It was not much more than ten o'clock, but the departing guest represented that he had to go through the tedious operation of packing up, and that if he put it off until the next day he should never get away at all. This argument seemed to have weight with Mr. Arnold, for he made no great efforts to detain Alfred, but contented himself with reminding him that the breakfast hour next morning would as usual be eleven.

Alfred had only just gone when two late visitors, Major Raccroc and Captain Fludyer made their appearance.

Some delicate banter was addressed to Captain Fludyer on his having unwittingly thrust his head into the lion's den, for if Fludyer had known that Mr. Leighton, to whom he owed a certain bet, was staying in Mr. Arnold's house, he would have paid for his own liquor and cigars at a public café rather than have presented himself at that hospitable mansion.

However, Alfred had retired to his bedroom, and Dr. Rowden's obliging offers to go and call him down had no effect in disturbing Captain Fludyer's equanimity.

(*To be continued.*)

AN OLD ALMANAC.

AN ancient fogy, forty-five,
Utterly past all frolic and fun,
I think of the days when I was alive—
There was blood in the veins of Twenty-one.
I take from the shelf an old, old book,
With a date scarce seen on its dingy back,
Eagerly through its leaves I look . . . .
'Tis Twenty-one's old almanac.

Easter Day was April twelve:
Do you remember it, Amy, you?
Though deep in the churchyard mould I delve
Yet I shall not find those eyes of blue.
Beautiful garrulous sweet young thing!
I plucked the lilac's fragrant snow
From a tall bush wet with the dews of spring—
This is its very last leaf I know.

You shook your hair with the dew besprinkled;
You placed the bloom in your fair young breast;
And over the grass your little feet twinkled
As we took the path that seemed the best.
Gay with the daring of twenty-one
I drank the wine of my life that day:
What words were uttered, what deeds were done,
Over the hills and far away?

I know where beautiful Amy's hid:
I know that if I should dig down there
And shatter a hideous coffin-lid
I should find her bones—perchance her hair.
But I never shall know until I die,
Looking my last on the weary sun,
Where is the strength that once was I—
In what dark grave lies Twenty-one.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

“CAN FISH FEEL PAIN?’

UNDOUBTEDLY they can. A vertebrate animal, endowed with a complete nervous system;—nerves, spinal chord, and brain, and yet incapable of experiencing pleasurable or painful sensations, would be an anomaly inconceivable by the mind of a Cuvier or a Huxley. All high-class animals—and fish belong to that category—are allowed to be possessed of sensibility, common and special, just as man is. Thus, they feel when pricked; they suffer evidently when deprived of the element necessary to their respiration—air or water; they feel hunger and thirst; and, as regards the special senses of sight, hearing, and smelling, some of them are so highly endowed as to appear marvellous to us, who, if of nobler degree as regards the rational faculties, are infinitely below them in the scale of special sensation.

But then there are pains *and* pains. The dictum of the poet that “the worm we tread on feels a pang as great as when a giant dies,” is perhaps as untrue as any line which poet ever penned, and that is saying a good deal. Were the fact so, we should be justified in accusing the Creator of that malevolence which some of the ancients considered to be an attribute of Deity; a malevolence, too, as enormous in amount as that pure benevolence which the naturalist of these days considers to be the special attribute of the Author of nature. For in what other light could we view a Being whose fiat has consigned almost every sentient thing to be the prey, sooner or later, of some other of its kind, who should have added to the necessary and sudden loss of life which such a system requires the terrors of anticipation, and the torture of the actual pangs of death, such as it is conceived we should feel were we the prey of our fellow-animals? But a very superficial knowledge of the physiology of the nervous system, as it runs through the various links in the chain of animal life, from man down to the oyster or the sponge, suffices to reassure the startled mind when witnessing the destruction of one animal by another as his appointed prey, or the slaughter of certain of them by man as his lawful food. To this end, we have only to bear in mind the physiological law that structure and function are mutually dependent upon and mutually exponent of each other; and then the gradual but unbroken diminution in the size and quality of those parts of the nervous system which minister to sense and feeling and reason, as we descend in the animal scale, will prove an unanswerable argument for a corresponding diminution in the amount and delicacy of, at least common sensation, and of emotion and reason, which are the functions of those organs, until we arrive at the point of total extinction.

This is the point at which we may take up the question which is continually being mooted, with more or less of acrimony, between those who contend that it is lawful to take the lives of our fellow-animals, not only for our necessary food, but also for our sport, and that other less numerous band who insist that such sports are the outcome of the remaining innate savagery of our nature, which the progress of knowledge, and the growing refinements of taste and conscience, ought to supersede and replace by sports and recreations more befitting the higher order of our endowments. And, in the outset, it must be admitted that every mind gifted with right feeling must be outraged by witnessing the *unnecessary* slaughter or the torture of any of God's sentient creatures. They are given to us as companions as well as slaves, and the infliction of unnecessary pain or death stains with moral crime the hand which inflicts it, as it debases and brutalises the mind of him who habitually witnesses it. It is true that we have the warrant, not only of instinct and reason, but of Revelation itself, for the rearing of domestic animals and the pursuit of wild ones, and the killing of them for our food. Common logic tells us that what is lawful with regard to one species, is lawful with regard to others. Therefore we stock our preserves with game, our ponds and rivers with fish, and use them as we do our flocks and herds. There is no distinction in this respect between the vulgar barn-door fowl and the lordly pheasant, or between the poor cottager's pet lamb and the prize ox of Smithfield. To man they owe their lives, and to man's hand their lives may be returned. For hath not He given them *all*, beasts of the field, fowls of the air, fish of the sea, and even the creeping things of the earth (witness the Frenchman's frog), to be food for the race of man? The earth and all that it inherit are man's, and man is God's, accountable to him for the *manner* in which he uses the things committed to his hand. Two things only he may not do. He may not "seethe the kid in its mother's milk," or "take the bird in its nest with its young;" that is to say, he shall allow every young animal used as food to enjoy its life for a certain period, and he may inflict no *torture* in putting them to death.

The acknowledgment that these duties are inseparable from the right of possession in animals is growing stronger and more universal every day, as the education of the world advances. Hence the improved modes of slaughtering cattle, and the increasing care for the comfort and well-being of those animals over which we assume dominion. A notable instance of the increasing delicacy of the public conscience in this respect is shown in the late regulations for ensuring a supply of water to cattle whilst on their transit by railway. We have long given up thinking it sport to set two courageous birds to goad each other to death with steel spurs, or to bait a noble bull within an inch of its life previous to converting him into prime *ox* beef for the use of the navy. Even the poor calves are now spared the scarcely painful but enfeebling blood-lettings which were formerly thought necessary to convert their flesh into deal boards. Let us hope that there are many such reforms in our manners nearly ready for adoption. It can scarcely consort with a feeling heart to think of the struggles of hares and rabbits mangled in gins and traps; and the wholesale slaughter and wounding of pigeons for the *sole* display of dexterity in handling the gun is beginning to be questioned as an *innocent* amusement.

There have long been those who aver that angling, accompanied as it is with what they call mangling, is a cruel sport, one unnecessary to procure fish as food, and therefore unjustifiable upon the principles which we have endeavoured, at perhaps unnecessary length, to vindicate.

The author of the little pamphlet, "Can Fish Feel Pain?" very laudably comes to the rescue of the devotees of the "gentle art" in this matter of imputed cruelty. Like a true fisherman, he is entirely engaged with his own craft, leaving the followers of other sports—hunters, shooters, &c., to defend their own doings as best they may. Starting with our assumption that it is lawful to take fish for food, so long as we inflict no *unnecessary* pain, Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell proceeds to weaken his argument by endeavouring to show that fish are incapable of feeling pain at all. If he could prove his case, there would be, of course, an end to the controversy. "I believe," he says, "that pain, in the sense in which human beings are conscious of it, is unknown to fish organisation;" and he bases this belief upon analogy and physiology. Admitting, as he must, the possession of common as well as of special sensation to fish, he states that "pain does not consist in the mere exaggeration of ordinary sensitive impressions," which is partly true, "but is of a distinct, and, as it were, superadded character; so that the capacity for the one may exist in a very acute degree without the capacity for the other" (page 6).

We have already stated that the organisation of fish is sufficiently high in the animal scale to admit of their feeling pleasurable and painful sensations. This, we think, is proved both by analogy and observation; and, therefore, we think that Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell has, with the usual ardour of an enthusiast, overstated his case, and laid himself open to the disadvantage of flat contradiction. If fish, vertebrate animals, are insensible to pain, what then about reptiles, which are only one class above them? Some of these—alligators, crocodiles, &c., are such gigantic creatures, and present such large nervous expansions to hurtful agencies, that it is impossible to conceive of them as defective in the sense of pleasure and pain. From Saurians and Batrachians we go up to birds, in many respects so like them in their organisation. Can we conceive of birds—the airy, the free, the joyous—as indifferent to these sensations? In short, there is no such fall in the nervous organs of fish from the classes just above them as will warrant us in making such a great difference in the kind although we may in the quantity of their functions.* Mr. Pennell gets over the overt phenomena of pain, such as strugglings, writhings, contortions, observable when fish are hooked, injured, or taken out of the water, by attributing them to *reflex nervous action.* "The effect, that is, of a certain action (impression?) transmitted by the nerves to the spinal marrow, occasioning violent movement, but which may be entirely painless, or even involuntary." And he instances the convulsions of epilepsy, and of a man being hanged, as illustrations of this painless reflex action of the nerves.

The explanation of the recondite phenomena of unconscious reflex nervous action would be out of place in a popular magazine; and it may be conceded at once that this form of nervous action holds a large place in the functions of the nervous substance in lower animals. And, as we descend in the scale, we arrive at a point where it entirely replaces the functions of true sensation and voluntary action; just as, much lower down, we come to another point where we lose all trace of a nervous system at all, and, therefore, of all those actions which are the result of nerve force in some of its various manifestations. It is probable that some of the orders of Mollusca, and of the new sub-class Molluscoida, which are next below the fish, have no higher sensation or motion than a kind of organic perception of stimuli, and the reflex actions of taking their food excited by those stimuli. Thus we may have a reasonable hope that the "inoffensive oysters" which we swallow by the dozen feel no pain or horror when being thrust alive into the dark cavern of the human stomach.

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* "In the reptiles and fishes, a still further reduction (from that of birds) of the cerebral hemispheres takes place. Lastly, in the fishes, they are relatively so small as merely to invest the *corpora striata* with a thin layer of cerebral substance; in them, therefore, the thin cerebral hemispheres must fulfil a very subordinate office in the nervous functions."—Professor Marshall, "Outlines of Physiology," vol. 1, page 407. The seat of conscious perception of pain is supposed to reside in that part of the hemispheres next above those of sensation and motion, the *corpora striata* and the *optic thalami.* This corresponds with the "thin layer" spoken of by the Professor.

It is in those classes of animals in which we observe these reflex or involuntary organic sensations and motions in the greatest force, that the hemispheres of the brain, in which reside the faculties of observation, perception, association, memory, and judgment, undergo the greatest diminution, until we find them represented only by the merest rudiments of what is called the brain proper. At the same time, those which possess any of the special senses in a high degree—as smelling in the dog, sight in the hawk or the eagle—have that portion of the brain substance which is destined to receive impressions of special sense exceedingly developed, and, weight for weight, altogether exceeding the corresponding organs in man.

Perhaps the action of this reflex nervous force will be better understood by a few illustrations. Thus, if you decapitate a frog and then apply some irritating fluid to one of his legs, he will endeavour to remove it by rubbing the place with the foot of the other leg. Of course, this is an involuntary, unconscious reflex action; having all the appearance, no doubt, of a voluntary one caused by sensation; but which it cannot be, inasmuch as true sensation and voluntary motion, or will, are certainly functions of the brain only. The headless wasp will try to sting the hand which irritates its body, and many other low-class animals act exactly the same with the head removed, as regards a stimulus applied to their bodies, as if they had not been so mutilated.

But in the higher animals, and in man in particular, this reflex involuntary nervous action is removed from the first to the second rank in nerve action. Greater voluntary power accompanies their more definite perception and higher intelligence. Nevertheless, the action of reflex nerve force may be easily perceived in them. Thus, as instanced by the author of the pamphlet before us, the convulsions of the hanging man, and of the epileptic, are of this character. Unconsciousness immediately seizes the former from the congestion of the brain caused by strangulation, and it always *precedes* the convulsions in the latter instance. If you tickle the feet of a sleeping person he will remove them; or he will perhaps try to rub the one leg with the foot of the other, and if you restrain him from doing this, he will use his hand for the same purpose, of course without any consciousness of it at all. So, of the convulsive movements under chloroform and other anæsthetic agents. We may grant, then, that the fluttering of the wounded bird, and the struggling of fish when taken out of the water, are not always instances of a true sensation of pain, but evidence only of the power of that reflex nervous action which resides in great force in all the lower vertebrate animals. Fish, deprived of their native element, soon become asphyxiated, or in popular language suffocated; just as land animals do in drowning. That this is one of the very easiest modes of death possible, is averred by those who have temporarily undergone the sensation which precedes unconsciousness, whether in drowning or suffocation by carbonic acid gas, or other asphyxiating agents. A very fine instance of unconsciousness being readily produced without any sensation, either of fright or of pain, is furnished by the nitrous oxide gas now so largely used in dental operations. Any one who has taken this gas, as now prepared, will tell you that it is breathed without the slightest disagreeable sensation, and we see unconsciousness drawing quickly on, until within from 40 to 80 seconds, a limb might be removed without conscious sensation.

But all this, though it proves that suffocation in some of its forms is a very easy mode of inflicting death, does *not* prove that the barbed hook, sticking in the jaws of a fish whose weight is dragged at the end of the line for some considerable time before he is suffocated by being removed from the water, does not cause real pain. It is likely that the parts about the fish's mouth and gullet are the most sensitive in his body, yet at the same time greatly less sensitive than the same parts in a warm-blooded animal. Moreover, such wounds quickly heal, or, at least, are seldom mortal, since it is rare for the angler to find fish dead from such a cause.

Indeed, Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell would almost have us believe that they like it. "I was once witness," he says, "to an extraordinary occurrence, viz.: a salmon which had been hooked taking a *second* fly." A gentleman fishing on one side of a river hooked a salmon, played it for some minutes, forty yards of line being run out, when it suddenly darted across the river and took a fly thrown from the other side by a companion angler. The latter, supposing that he had hooked the fish *foul*, gave line, and the fish was eventually gaffed on the side at which he was first caught, when it was found that both hooks were well inside of the mouth in the same corner.

Other instances are given, and all doubtless true. Indeed, a young scaramouch of some ten years, whom we lately took with us to point out some of the good pools in a stream with which we were unacquainted, asked us to believe that he had caught a trout "just in there" with no less than *eight* hooks well buried in his jaws! Yet all this only proves that the voracity of the fish is such as sometimes to overbalance whatever pain the hook may be causing when tempted by the sight of a fine fly disporting himself just above his nose.

Giving Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell all credit for his humanity in endeavouring to prove that his favourite sport may be pursued without the drawback (amounting in some minds to a prohibition) of the unpleasant sense of inflicting pain upon his victims, we have thought it right to protest against what we consider to be an overstatement of his case, because we think that it is calculated to impose alike upon those who habitually think too little of the suffering they inflict in the pursuit of their pleasures, and upon those of more sensitive feelings, who hesitate to adopt a pursuit they are inclined to lest they should outrage those feelings which prompt them to do, even to the lowest of God's creatures, as they would be done by.

Yet we would by no means be supposed to wish to enlarge the ranks of those who decry all field sports which have the killing of animals for their aim. We have said that of the lawfulness of killing such creatures as we have reared there can be no question. It follows that we are equally at liberty to defend them against the attacks of their natural enemies. The foxes, weasles, stoats, wild-cats, hawks, otters, *et hoc genus omne*, must be put to death if we are to preserve our own lawful prizes from their lawless jaws. It then comes to the narrow point of how to put *our own* property to death, *whilst enjoying the sport incidental to it*, with as little suffering as possible. The opponents of field sports tell you, as if the thing were within their own knowledge, that foxes suffer agonies from disease of the heart, brought on by over exertion and terror in the endeavour to escape the merciless gripe of their pursuers. Yet these invalid foxes are seldom to be met with at the covert side. Changing their ground, they will inquire of you what becomes of all the poor wounded partridges and grouse which the *mal à droit* sportsmen maim by the hundred? You tell them that in going over the same ground in a day or two afterwards, your pointer's fine nose fails to find more than one or two such in a day's walk. They have fallen a prey to the "varmint"? But your keeper takes care of that, as the corpses impaled on the barn-door will testify. But how about these poor trout with the hooks *actually found* sticking in their jaws? You admit that they do feel pain. Why not catch them with the net, in which you say they die by suffocation, the easiest and most rapid of all modes of death?

Here our objector thinks he has the angler on the hip. Granted that the animals you have reared are your own to slaughter for your food, you cannot claim the privilege of using a painful mode of death when others less painful, or altogether devoid of pain, are ready to your hand, because the former mode affords you what you call sport, and the latter does not. Thus, pushed into a corner, the answer we imagine to be given to this very proper challenge will be that fish cannot be preserved in quantity in our ponds and rivers if the net be generally used for catching them. Besides, the use of the net would lead to so much dishonesty and poaching, that the immorality arising therefrom would more than counterbalance any comfort which our feelings would derive from diminished amount of suffering on the part of fish. The same answer serves us in replying to those who hold that shooting is a painful and barbarous method of killing game. It seems to be the only one which is consistent with a due preservation of the supply. Netting would not only have the disadvantage of over destructiveness, and of favouring poaching and theft, but it would require that we should kill the netted game by a process much more painful than is the almost instantaneous result of a good hit by an accomplished sportsman.

This last phrase leads us to make one final remark upon this subject. It is upon the cruelty of unskilful sportsmen. The wounded bird which retires to the thicket to die, a perhaps painful death, is generally "winged" or "legged" by an inferior shot. Cockney sportsmen, and young gentlemen who do not know how to use their guns, should practise upon some less feeling object than partridges and hares. Equally, the angler should take the trouble to learn the first rudiments of his art before he dangles fly or worm in the sight of a hungry fish, which he is not clever enough to land. The same may be said of imperfect tackle and machinery of slaughter. It should, in all cases, be complete, and the best of its kind. The man who wantonly errs in any of these respects sins against the moral law we have so much insisted upon.

As regards the great question of the scheme of Providence, which has appointed the death of one animal to be necessary to the life of another, and of man amongst them, we should bear in mind that these creatures, with their inferior cerebral organisation, do not view death, or feel its pangs, as we do. Probably they have no anticipations of it from association of ideas; and certainly they do not feel in any degree so acutely the actual infliction of it as man's higher organisation causes him to do. Much of the horror of, or what we call the "pains of death," is compounded of very mixed feelings. The parting from his friends, the loss of objects of desire or hope, anxiety for the welfare of those he is leaving behind, as well as the all-absorbing dread of the future, all lend to man's last suffering much of its mysterious awe. But we may be well assured that He who "tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb" has provided that His dispensation of death to all His creatures shall come upon even the most sensitive of them with less of suffering than is dreamt of in our philosophy.

WILLIAM STRANGE, M.D.

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WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH.

REMINISCENCES OF MARK LEMON.

No. III.—GLASGOW AND GREENOCK.

THE public has been so long accustomed to hear of literary men dying without making provision for their families, that an exception to the rule is quoted with congratulatory emphasis. The leading papers have in this spirit recorded the fact that Mark Lemon had insured his life for six thousand pounds. This is true; but it is questionable whether his family will reap any benefit from this thoughtful provision. While Dickens's will deals with eighty thousand pounds, and serves as the text of a sermon at Westminster Abbey, Mark Lemon's will is not to be proven. The truth is, that somehow or another the policies of insurance are claimed by persons outside the family circle. Mark Lemon died a poor man, and it would be false delicacy to disguise this very painful fact. No man worked harder to leave his family "well provided for." Perhaps no man was more unfortunate. He invested moneys in useful and important schemes, which were unsuccessful. His losses were very great in various ways. When the story of his life comes to be told, we shall know how thoroughly, by pen and purse, Mark Lemon tried, while increasing his income, to serve his country. He never touched anything in a selfish spirit. The schemes by which he lost money were in the interest of art and humanity. His endeavours to recoup himself on account of these losses were incessant, though he might have succeeded by one single engagement, had he chosen to leave *Punch* and taken his Falstaff entertainment to America. I may return to this subject in a future paper. Meanwhile, I trust the Government, having regard to the services which Mark Lemon rendered to the State, not only as the editor of *Punch*, but as a dramatist and a writer in the field of general literature, will place his devoted widow upon that "roll of honour" which is thrice adorned when it receives the name of one dear to a useful toiler who has rested from his labours.

It has been happily said, "When Reality becomes a foe, it is not unwise to seek a friend in Fancy." Defeated hope and unfortunate chances have given to the world many noble works, many rare entertainments. Sterne told us in his "Sentimental Journey" that when his way was too rough for his feet, or too steep for his strength, he got off it to some smooth velvet path, which Fancy had scattered over with rosebuds of delight, and having taken a few turns on it, came back strengthened and refreshed. It was this same feeling which gave us many of Mark Lemon's prettiest ballads; it crops out unrestrained and plaintive in "Old Time and I;" and the public are indebted to it for the glimpse which Mark Lemon gave us of Falstaff as he understood Shakespeare's conception. Latterly Mark Lemon was not a writer by mere choice, nor an actor from the love of it. He wrote often, as many others do, for recreation as well as for money; he played Falstaff with the strong hope in his heart of leaving his family an independent fortune. One or two critics questioned his taste in coming before the public as reader or actor. Except in the *Saturday Review*, in an article on Dickens last month (dragged from it by the utter insanity of some of the great man's worshippers), I never met with any adverse criticism directed against Thackeray, or Dickens, or Dr. Russell, for giving readings. Mark Lemon, in his own modest estimation, was a far humbler man than either of these, and it must have been a peculiarly-organised mind that could see an outrage on good taste in his ascending the platform as a "reader in costume."

It was not vanity, it was not greed that induced the editor of *Punch* to appear upon the stage; he was influenced by the highest and best motives. Let these and his success in the part selected for exhibition be his justification. I know of no man holding a leading place in the ranks of literature and journalism who would so readily have withdrawn himself into private life as Mark Lemon, if the responsibilities of his position could have been reduced so as to have admitted of retirement. A man of simple tastes and moderate ambition, Mark Lemon was happiest when at home in his unpretentious cottage at Crawley, or wandering among unsophisticated villagers. His next-door neighbour was his own mother, to whom he was ever an affectionate and considerate son. He always made a point of spending his Sunday mornings with her. While his family were at church, Mark Lemon read the New Testament to his mother. He was essentially a religious man. Like most of his literary brethren, he had a wholesome hatred of cant and pretentious religious professions. Perhaps his jealousy of what he called "the simple faith" taught by our Saviour made him just a little intolerant of that class of people who seem, without intending it, to make a parade of their religion. He rarely attended any place of worship; he hated creeds and formularies; but he showed the greatest respect for the Church, and might, with judicious treatment, have been brought to head his family in the family pew. One of the local clerics had, however, seriously displeased him, and the theological controversies of Churchmen irritated him. "Sir," he said to a friend, "I am so sick of these discussions, so unsettled by disunion in the Church, that I just spread my bit of carpet in a corner, and say my prayers in my own way." It was his custom always to gather his family round him every morning after breakfast, and read a chapter in the New Testament. I see him now, his grey silken hair thrown back from his massive head, with his wife and girls about him, and I hear his deep, sympathetic voice repeating part of that wonderful story of the Man of Sorrows. It was a quaint, old-fashioned room, the dining-room at Crawley. The main portion of Vine Cottage had once been a farm-house, and it was Mark Lemon's fancy to retain the inglenook and some of the old-fashioned characteristics of the place. I remember a particularly notable gathering round the old table by the inglenook. Mark Lemon was looked upon as a sort of father of the village. Nothing was done in the place without his advice first taken, and his assistance secured. On the occasion in question it was a volunteer fire brigade. This had the father's entire approval; and to evince his sympathy all the more strongly he had a committee meeting at his own house, and what is more, he invited the committee—two or three of the most active spirits in Crawley—to dinner. Afterwards, in the shadow of the inglenook, he gave himself up to the entertainment of his humble and delighted guests. He discussed the question of fire-brigades generally, talked of the early days of the volunteer movement, and turning to me told me of their local efforts in this direction, to the intense enjoyment of his brother volunteers. "I could never dress up properly," he said. "If the dressing in front was good, I always put the company out behind. They allowed me to have a special tunic, a little longer than the rest, but I was obliged to give up drilling; and on the whole it was decided that I presented too much of a mark for the enemy to be of any practical good in the field." I forget what song the genial father of the village sung, but it was a humorous effort of the old school. On second thoughts, I remember me: it was "Cupid's Garden." The tune was a jumble of the vocalist's own invention. His daughters went into the adjoining room, and gave us some delightful music during the evening; and when the fire brigade had left, Mrs. Lemon, sitting by the ingle, and without any accompaniment, sang "Wapping Old Stairs." It was some little time before she acceded to her husband's wish for the rare old ballad. Never before nor since heard I "Wapping Old Stairs" sung with so much sympathetic taste and sweetness. It was a pleasant sight to see the kindly and admiring husband watching his wife, and beating time with his unlighted pipe. The elder Disraeli devoted some interesting chapters to the matrimonial state of literature, and the domestic relationships of public men is an attractive theme both with biographers and readers. Mark Lemon's married life was one of perfect peace and happiness. He married early in life, influenced in his selection of Miss Romer by the good old influence which in the days of our grandfathers was not sneered at as weakness, nor laughed at as sentiment. Love matches in these modern days are the luxuries of the poor; but even here education is necessary to make women understand their duties to their husbands, and to develop the innate chivalry of man, so as to keep him out of the police dock for wife-beating. Not that Mark Lemon was rich when he married. He had his way to make; and with the aid of a loving and devoted wife he made his way. Had he been less anxious to do justice to his family in the days of his prosperity, he would probably have been less sanguine in the investment of his earnings for their welfare and more successful at the last. The only home sorrow of Mark Lemon's life was owing to the comparative failure in the world of his eldest son, who, during a short career in India, suffered so seriously through change of climate, that for some years he had been disabled from any great physical or mental effort. This, however, was in a measure made up to the disappointed father by the unity and affection of his children at home; and latterly he was very much assisted in his *Punch* and other correspondence by his youngest son, Harry Lemon, who has written several dramas which are full of promise.

In the fields not far from Mark Lemon's pretty cottage at Crawley was a small farm-house, where the editor of *Punch* wrote most of his atest works.

"I find it difficult," he said to me one day during a pleasant Sussex ramble, "I find it difficult settling down to work sometimes. It seems out of character, an old boy like me telling love stories."

"Experience gives old boys an advantage over young ones," I said.

"But the young fellows have enthusiasm and faith; for that matter I don't know that I have lost faith, nor sentiment either; but I hurry over love scenes as if I had no business with them."

"I don't think you do yourself justice. Where is your writing box as you call it?"

"Over yonder," he said, pointing to the outskirts of Crawley, "and I have spent some happy hours there. When one gets fairly started, scribbling after all is a pleasure."

"Truly. If authors are rarely rich in this world's goods they have hours of happiness which riches cannot purchase.

'There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which none but poets know.'"

"It is a blessed dispensation, my boy," he said. "I hope I am not getting too old for its enjoyment. Writing does not come easy to me now. It often takes me an hour or two before I can work myself up to it. This is the process. A light breakfast or luncheon, and a steady walk to the little cottage-farm I told you of. When I get there I lock up my room, put out my paper, nib my pens, and get all in order. Then I go outside, light my pipe, wander into the farmyard, look at the cows, or the pigs, or the poultry, or anything else; sit on a gate, perhaps, if I can balance myself, sniff the local perfumes of hay and straw, and presently the fit comes on; down goes the pipe, up comes the pen, and away you go."

I know several men of letters who are in the habit of carrying their work about with them in the hope of doing snatches at odd times. During the last five or six years Mark Lemon always had an unfinished novel in his bag. He had chambers in London at 31, Bedford Street, where he wrote occasionally. If his bag was there you might be sure his unfinished novel was there also; if you saw the bag at his office in Bouverie Street, there you might be sure was his unfinished novel; if you encountered him in the train on his way home, there you would see his bag, and in it you might safely swear was his unfinished novel. You would be equally safe in saying that the story never grew at Bedford Street, nor at the *Punch* office. It was in that plain little room in the cottage-farm where the old man dreamed himself young again, until the failing brain and the tired hand brought him back to the sad Reality.

He may be said to have renewed his youth in Scotland during this pleasant tour of which I am writing. From the outset he had resolved that this journey should be one of pleasure. We had no cares, not only because we had no letters, but the entertainment was a financial success in Scotland before it began. The troup was engaged by the committee of the Glasgow Athenæum, and they were responsible for everything except stage management. Moreover, the

Scotch showed a high appreciation of Mark Lemon, both as a man and an actor, and everything was conducive to happiness. There was but one hitch, and this was soon over. "I never had a happier time" was Mark Lemon's frequent comment on the day's doings.

On Thursday in that memorable week we left Edinburgh for Greenock, stopping on our way at the George Hotel, Glasgow, where the amateur impresario had duly ordered an early dinner. The Lemons had friends waiting to see them. Leaving them to take sweet counsel together, Shallow undertook to show me the house in which Bailie Nicol Jarvie lived. Shallow was, in truth, native and to the manner born, and he was not at all pleased with my remarks upon some of the incidents which forced themselves upon our attention in the neighbourhood of the Saltmarket. In less than half an hour we saw two brutal fights, one of which was terminated by the police, only apparently in time to save the life of a drunken rowdy without shoes or stockings. Naked legs, more or less influenced in their movements by whisky, were common enough in this low quarter of the town, which had given itself up to dried fish and whisky shops. But the house of Rob Roy's Lowland cousin seemed to hallow the Saltmarket, and make it sacred ground. The Wizard's touch was upon it. Where, indeed, is there a spot in all Scotland which is not sacred to the memory of Sir Walter Scott?

It was in the locality of the Saltmarket that we concocted a little pleasantry to accompany the luncheon at the George. In one of those miscellaneous shops which are to be found in the low quarters of our big towns, we saw a collection of the toy buckets which belong to children's parties at the seaside. Painted upon the outside, in particularly obtrusive letters, were sundry christian names.

"Have you a bucket with 'Harry' upon it?" asked Shallow.

"Eh, mon, that have we," said the storekeeper.

"What is the price?"

"Twopence."

"I will take it."

"How much for this little figure of Punch?" I asked.

"Saxpence," was the curt reply.

"Wrap one up for me."

In an adjacent shop there was a store of jewellery, such as would have paid a king's ransom, if golden glow and crystal glitter might denote intrinsic value. There were brooches, rings, bracelets, necklets, lockets, set with jewels of every hue.

"Here thou mayest lay out that thousand pounds which Falstaff will pay thee back anon, Master Shallow," I suggested, in Shallow's own vein.

"I know not how, unless I buy the entire shop," said Shallow, "and that may not be; but let us in, and see these Brummagem wares."

"'Tis well we buy some sweet trinket for Mistress Quickly."

"Aye marry, well said i' faith," Shallow replies.

A pair of ear-rings set with emeralds, a diamond ring, and a brooch of rubies and pearls, were our united purchases, and Shallow paid elevenpence for the whole of this magnificent collection.

"At dinner, during the courses, let these jewels and art treasures come in ready packed and directed to the company, eh, Master Shallow? Gifts from admirers who saw them play, eh, Master Shallow?"

"Excellent, i' faith," responded Shallow.

"Thou art a man after my own heart, Master Shallow, and wilt continue if thou'lt only forswear long pipes and live in some fashion. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow, *we* have seen merry times."

"That we have, that we have," Shallow rejoined, always up in his part, "in faith, Sir John, we have; our watchword was *Hem! boys!* Come let's to dinner, come let's to dinner. O the days that we have seen! Come, come."

And we "comed," as Artemus Ward would say.

By the way, Shallow and Bardolph were intimate friends of the deceased humourist, and Shallow imitated the famous American's style very successfully; so that occasionally we had a strange admixture of Ward and Shakespeare. For example, in the Saltmarket, Shallow having unintentionally run upon a dram-drinker with the usual bare legs, said dram-drinker offered to fight the amateur actor. "No, my friend," said Shallow, "I am not a fightist, but I can apologise;" and he did, with mock professions of abject sorrow, which the dram-drinker neither seemed to understand nor appreciate. "Hoot, mon, ye're just daft I ken, its nae good hammering a feuil." "By the mass no, i' faith," said Shallow, "you had better let me went." And thus did he.

After the first course of our early dinner, there arrived a mysterious but imposing looking parcel, directed to "H. L. Bardolph, from an admirer who desires to give expression to her pleasure by a little present." Shallow crumbled his bread, and looked thoughtful. Mistress Quickly was silent and anxious. Bardolph seized a knife, and began to open the parcel. Falstaff commanded that the banquet should proceed. Bardolph, after much exercise of his knife and his patience, came upon the little tin bucket, inscribed "Harry," to his intense disgust and the general merriment.

"That's Shallow!" said Harry.

"What is?" was the response, "it is anything but shallow. On the contrary, it is a deep, roomy bucket."

"Thou honeysuckle villain," exclaims Bardolph, "thou Fustilarian, an I be not the death of thee I'm a poulterer's hare or a stock fish."

"Go to," says Falstaff, "here be other fish, aye and ready fried. Now, by my lady, this is a merry feast most sweet impresario."

And so it was. I call to mind few merrier. Ere the fish was removed there came in three separate parcels of jewellery for Mistress Quickly, "Real jewels," said the lady, "aye, she was sure of it;" and she carried the joke further, to Shallow's annoyance, by wearing the Brummagem trinkets with her Sunday things on the "Sahbath ye ken." The feast was concluded by the presentation of that little figure of Punch which came from the Saltmarket, and Mark Lemon vowed it was an excellent model and one which he should treasure.

"You remember that horse mounted with a figure of Punch—it stands on my mantel-shelf in Bouverie Street?"

"Yes."

"That was one of the figures in a grand procession modelled and sent from Germany years ago, illustrating the imaginary installation of Mr. Punch as a doctor of philosophy. There is a diploma hanging by it in which Punch is officially and legally set forth as Doctor Punch."

"Yes," said Bardolph, "the Scotch gentleman, who made *that* joke, very much admired the equestrian Punch. I shall never forget that fellow. The governor you know very seldom uses anything from outsiders, not that he doesn't wish to do so, but because no good jokes come from outsiders. However something, I forget what it was, came from Edinburgh; I think it made two lines; it was nothing particular. One day the author presented himself. You know how obliging the governor is. Well; he saw this gentleman from Scotland, who unfolded his business, which was to receive his money for the joke. The governor smiled, said he would see to it, and told the jokist to call the next day. Meanwhile he passed a little account for him for a guinea and left it with me. It was not worth a guinea, I remember the joke in question. *Punch* does not pay me on that liberal scale. I presented the memorandum to the gentleman when he called. 'A guinea,' he exclaimed. 'Hoot, mon, what gude is that? I've taen a week's holiday and come all the way from Edinboro' on the faith o' the money I'd get from ye.' It was true. How much he expected I can't say, but he expected it would pay for his week's holiday."

While we were talking some *bona fide* presents really did arrive. They were received with great suspicion, but Bardolph's triumph was complete when he found himself proprietor of a handsome Scotch bonnet with silver mounting and ostrich feather. Shallow received a similar compliment, and soon afterwards these distinguished members of the company donned their new head-gear. There was some discussion as to their right to wear the feathers, but the authority was disposed of by the summary process of ignoring it, and Bardolph declared himself at once "a chieftain to the Highlands bound." Shallow wrapped an imaginary plaid about his shoulders, and defied criticism, though he looked anything but dignified in his bonnet. You need broad shoulders and a stalwart form to carry a full-sized Scotch bonnet with dignity. Shallow was not "thiswise," as he would have said, but otherwise, and he had a cockney habit of sticking his hat on one side. This is very laudable and characteristic perhaps after an evening at Evans's, but a Scotch bonnet worn awry in the day time, and in Glasgow too, does not add to the dignity of the wearer.

In due time we arrived at Greenock; what we could see of it by the dim light of gas, and through the somewhat opaque atmosphere of a Scotch mist, was anything but pleasant. The Tontine, however, had a warm reception for us.

"This is a very nice bedroom—it will do capitally," I said to the waiter who carried in my rugs. He was a wiry, cunning, clever-looking fellow, with something of the Flintwich twist in his manner.

"Aye, it's all reight. Ye'll find everything gude in this hoose," he said, unstrapping my luggage. Then screwing his head round at me, he added, "But ye'll hae to pay for it."

With which suggestive remark he left me.

My first desire in Greenock was to see a London paper. I found out a newsagent close by the hotel.

"Have you *The Times?*"

The man looked at me vacantly.

"Or *The Standard?*"

No reply.

"*The Telegraph?*" I next suggested.

"*The Greenock Telegraph*, yes," said the man, handing me the local paper.

"No, I want a London daily."

"Ye'll get none in Greenock," he replied, with an air of triumph; "ye'll get nae London dailaies in Greenock: we dinna tak 'em."

On further inquiry, I found that *Punch* and *The Illustrated London News* were the only papers to be had in Greenock.

I encountered Shallow leaving a barber's shop.

"Been to get soap," he said, "always something lost. The Prince is in a terrible way—just beginning to dress and no soap. Volunteered to get some. Fine specimen of the native, the shopman. 'Are ye gaeing to see this Faelstoff?' he asks me. 'I am, sir,' says I. 'I'd like tae be gaeing myself,' he replies thoughtfully; adding, as a finale, 'Aye mon, there mun be summat in this Shakespeare, or he wouldna a lasted sae lang.'"

I accompanied Shallow to the hall, a fine building recently erected. The Prince was grateful to Shallow for the soap. Hal was most fastidious over his toilette. He made up the Prince admirably, looked every inch a Prince, though he confided to me, even in his regal habit, that he had had a splendid offer to go back into the tea-trade, and thought he should do it. This mixture of romance and trade, of worldly prospects and stage tinsel, struck me as peculiarly incongruous. Imagine Prince Hal in the tea-trade. It would have been far easier to regard my friend as a Prince indeed, than to have turned him into a commercial; for he was a fine, athletic gentleman, with a bright eye and a commanding manner. Presently I found him fencing with Poins, who, in this tour, doubled that character with the Chief Justice. Our porter was in great trouble. Everything was all right, he said, but he had lost his mate. He had barely confided his woes to me when his mate appeared. His *mite* would have been a better term, though the young gentleman was an important member of the company. He stood about three feet in his shoes, and played the page. It was one of the most interesting scenes in the entertainment which opened with Falstaff and his page. "Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor?" Our porter (who, by the way, used to "go on" as an apparitor) was delighted to find that he had not lost his mite, of whom he took quite a motherly care during our travels.

The play went off admirably. During his long "wait," Shallow had a serious conversation with my crooked friend the waiter, the result of which was the unearthing of as fine a bottle of port wine as could be desired. Falstaff pronounced it perfection.

"How old?" said the waiter afterwards, in reply to Bardolph. "How old, did ye say? Weel, this hoose has been in the trade a hundred year, and I dinna ken when they laid this wine doon ye see."

Our actors' supper that night was a very pleasant entertainment; the comforts of a cozy fire and smoking dishes being enhanced by the pattering of the rain and the sighing of the wind without. Mr. Henry Johnston, the secretary of the Glasgow Athenæum, who had charge of the show on behalf of his committee, joined us, and Falstaff was in high spirits.

"This is a better supper than old —— used to give the actors at —— in my early days," he said by-and-by. "It was an actors' hostelrie, and once a week they had a tripe supper; the host, a humourous fellow in his way, presiding. Some of the actors got tired of this plain fare, and one of them suggested a change in the *menu.* 'By all means,' said the host, and at the following meeting the actors and a few friends were present, myself amongst the number. Ushered into the dining-room, there were great demonstrations of preparation. The host sat in state on a raised seat at the further end of the table; by his side stood a servitor holding a herald's trumpet. The table was thick with covered dishes. When we were all seated the herald blew a flourish and the host in a loud voice said, 'Remove the covers, let the repast begin.' There were meats of all kinds, birds, chickens, game, tarts, fruits, everything we could think of; but they were the contents of a child's toy-box,—wooden meats, wooden birds, painted grapes, painted apples. A cry of disgust, mingled with shouts of laughter, greeted this satire upon the actors' desire for luxuries. At the first burst of surprise, old —— in his loudest voice cried, 'Jem, bring in the tripe.' The wooden viands seemed to have whetted the general appetite, and we had a very jovial evening. It was the host's fancy to play the part of a king. At a certain hour the club broke up; the time of departure being proclaimed by the entrance of a page who bore upon a velvet cushion a very large key, which he presented on his knees. 'Her Majesty, my Queen,' then said the host, addressing the actors, 'has graciously sent me the castle key. Farewell!' And so the club broke up."

Talking of actors, Falstaff told us how he and Leech had discovered Robson acting in an out-of-the-way place where they had looked in having an eye to some particular bit of character. They were very much impressed with the stranger's performance, and this, I believe, led to his being engaged at a respectable theatre in town. It was very rarely that Mark Lemon spoke of his colleagues on *Punch* before strangers, but the conversation this evening turning upon something in which Shirley Brooks's name was memtioned, he said, with enthusiasm, "Shirley's is the most graceful pen in London." Mark Lemon was peculiarly unselfish in criticism. He seemed to delight in discovering excellencies in the works of others. A naturally kind nature had been influenced by the editorial watchfulness for talent. He was continually on the look out for genius. If, however, he was slow to condemn, he was very emphatic and hearty where he did condemn. His admiration of the elder Kean, and his contempt for the younger as an actor, stood out in remarkable contrast. But Mark Lemon had stronger likes than dislikes. This moral balance was of immense benefit to *Punch* in the early days when it was building up its reputation. Against anything like humbug he was a stout and persistent opponent. Spiritualism, for example, was a form of humbug which he detested. Just at the time when *Punch* was particularly fierce in its denunciations of spiritualism I had chambers in Bedford Street on the same floor as Mark Lemon's rooms. One morning, before breakfast, Mr. Home, the apostle of spiritualism (and a very agreeable and pleasant gentleman, apart from his peculiar power, of which I know nothing), called upon me. He was in my room when Mark Lemon entered in his dressing-gown, anxious to give me some news which he had received that morning by letter. I felt myself in an "awkward fix." I did not introduce the gentlemen. They bowed to each other, Mark Lemon in his courtly genial fashion. After an awkward pause Mark Lemon retired.

"Who was that polite and kind-looking old gentleman?" Home asked.

"Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*," I said.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Home. "I could not have believed it."

Presently I breakfasted with Mark Lemon.

"Who is your friend?" he asked casually.

"What do you think of his appearance?" I asked.

"O, a decent fellow enough; why did you not introduce him?"

"It was Home, the Spiritualist," I said.

"Humph, can't compliment you on the society you keep. Lee takes an interest in spiritualism, he would like to know Home, I dare say. One of our fellows can do all those tricks of the table and the guitar business."

"*Punch* has been very hard upon Home," I said.

"If he likes to name a day and come to Bouverie Street, I will undertake to find him a fair and liberal committee; and, if we fail to see through his tricks, *Punch* shall recant. There!"

Death enhances in interest the sayings and doings of one who filled so important a place in the society of letters as Mark Lemon. It is often the more minute incidents in a man's life that are most indicative of character. The world is naturally and laudably curious to learn how its leading men carry themselves in daily life, and what they say and think behind the scenes of their public position. Terence advises the student to consult the lives of other men as he would a looking-glass, and from thence to fetch examples for his own imitation. In holding up the biographical mirror, it is a delicate and difficult duty to weigh what may be fairly considered private conversations and opinions. I have to thank my friends in the press for accepting these papers as discreet and entertaining so far. It is often the case that close and intimate acquaintance does not increase your esteem for a public man. His character is often improved when you are left to fill up the portrait from imagination and by the help of his works. This was not so with Mark Lemon. To know him intimately was to esteem him the more; and it is in this nobility of character that lies the peculiar delicacy of telling his story. When it comes to be done from the beginning, his biographer will do well to make it a perfect history. "A life that is worth writing at all is worth writing minutely."

JOSEPH HATTON.

(*To be continued.*)

AMONG THE INSURANCE OFFICES.

MANY years ago, when a boy engaged in a merchant's office, where it was my fortune to be detained generally until eight or nine o'clock in the evening, I used to gaze wistfully at the shutters of the insurance companies descending slowly and determinedly at four p.m. It was my mid-day—my early afternoon,—when the lucky clerks of the different Fire, Life, and Marine establishments issued smiling from their lofty portals, sneering, as I thought, upon me, as if they read in my perspiring visage that I had to return for some hours to the dingy second-floor of my principal in Great St. Helen's, there to strain my youthful biceps at the copying-press, and imbibe a pleasant tonic in the process of sticking postage stamps on letters by the hundred.

I used to wonder, with awe in my heart, by what means young men contrived to get themselves elected to insurance clerkships: whether they must necessarily be sons or nephews of the directors; whether they were nearly related to the large customers; or whether, as in the civil service, they were subjected to terrible competitive examinations, and compelled to answer all manner of brain-racking questions having no reference whatever to the duties which were afterwards to be required of them.

Never shall I forget the thrill of joy that shot through my aspiring bosom when an uncle of mine informed me, after a good deal of preliminary coughing, necessary (as he thought) to the importance of his disclosure, that he had by dint of much perseverance succeeded in securing me an appointment to a vacancy in a certain insurance office. How my worthy uncle procured me the enviable distinction I know not. He was neither a director, nor a policy-holder to any extent that I am aware of. Suffice it to say that he got it for me somehow, and it was not for me to inquire into the means used so that the end was agreeable to me.

The number of years that have elapsed since that time have not effaced from my recollection the imposing grandeur of the manager, long gone to his last resting-place. His dignity nearly overwhelmed me, affecting particularly my weakly knees. His magnificent head, highly polished, and all over benevolent bumps, like Mr. Casby's, with a fringe of snowy hair around it; the sonorous voice flowing *ex ore rotundo*, and causing his language to sound more like ancient Greek than commonplace English; all these are but as of yesterday, remaining stamped upon the tablets of my memory as indelibly as the word "Calais" was said to be upon the heart of Queen Mary. He was not Casby, the collector of weekly rents, but Casby, the Manager: Casby apotheosized!

In my experience I have noted that, to the uninitiated, the life of the insurance official appears a wonderfully easy one, gliding along like unto some quiet stream flowing deep in a lonely valley and far away from the turbulent ocean. But the uninitiated are wrong, as the uninitiated usually are, and little know the responsibility and wearing anxiety of a man placed beneath the jealous eyes of a number of directors who, though they interfere little with him if matters go well, harass him terribly should unlooked-for disaster befall the Company.

Thus it is sweetly pleasant to have to inform your board that the cholera has been making sad havoc among your most robust policy-holders; that Yokohama or Constantinople have been nearly burned down; or that a P. and O. steamer upon which you are holding £20,000 or £30,000—certain to arrive!—has unfortunately struck upon a rock (of which nobody was aware) in the Red Sea, and gone to the bottom without hope of salvage.

If the actuary, manager, or underwriter had only the fair wear and tear of nature to contend with things would not be so bad. It is the shameful amount of swindling going on—not perhaps so much in life—for that is too awful to be lightly played with—but in fire and marine, which deprives the shareholders of their legitimate profits, and by causing losses to exceed what they should do in the regular way, forces the honest customer to pay for the dishonest.

A well-authenticated case is reported to have happened during the early part of the last century, where a man, having heavily insured the life of his wife, she so well simulated death as to deceive the most learned doctors—unless they were bribed to blindness; and a writer, well known several years ago as a contributor to the periodical literature of the day under the *nom de plume* of Janus Weathercock, became notorious as the slayer, by poison, of his nearest and dearest friends that he might procure the large sums he had insured upon their lives. Charles Lamb has alluded to him as "kind, light-hearted Janus Weathercock;" but the great essayist little thought that the heart he deemed gay and light belonged to a forger and a murderer!

A curious kind of insurance originated concerning the Chevalier

D'Eon when he was in England. His sex appears to have become the subject of doubt, and it was decided that policies should be effected as to this point at a premium, I believe, of fifteen per cent., a hundred pounds to be paid should he be proved to be a woman. Business was transacted to an enormous extent, and the state of affairs coming to the ear of the chevalier, he advertised that on a particular day he would make his appearance at a certain City coffee-house and satisfy all concerned. The matter came, however, to an abrupt termination when the chevalier, true to time, arrived at the appointed place arrayed in the uniform of a French officer, and challenged any one to disprove with sword or cudgel his right to the dress he wore.

A favourite mode of insurance was that of fortresses which were under siege, and the chances of the holding out or surrendering them within a certain time were betted for and against in the most reckless way; until at last Parliament, alarmed at the danger to the community of such a state of things, put a stop after a while to the effecting of policies, where no legal interest existed, under severe penalties. I may mention here, by way of parenthesis, that gambling still goes on to a great extent at the present day in marine insurance, where sums are effected with certain underwriters by speculators on ships which they believe will come to grief, with the understanding that the policy shall be considered sufficient proof of interest, no further questions to be asked or documents demanded.

It must not, however, for a moment be imagined that life offices stand alone in the unenviable position of being made the objects, and far too frequently also the victims, of designing villany.

The fire offices, from the great difficulty necessarily experienced in proving incendiarism and the fear they have of gaining a name for being litigious and illiberal, naturally lay themselves open to becoming the prey of numerous scoundrels who look upon the companies' funds as a prolific source whence to extract "the needful" in a moment of urgent pecuniary pressure. It is so very easy to fill that convenient receptacle of every house—the cupboard under the stairs, or in a shop the vacuum beneath the counter—with paper, shavings, and straw; so easy to spill (accidentally, of course) a can of paraffin over this accumulation of rubbish; so easy, nay, so generous, to give the servant (should the insurer possess one) a holiday to see her friends; so pleasant for the said insurer to take his wife and family—we all like a little recreation sometimes—to the nearest theatre or music-hall; whence they are suddenly called by a messenger, who brings the terrible news that their home is burning; it being a remarkable fact that in all suspicious fires the family have generally been absent at the play.

But the more artful incendiary goes farther than this. I recollect a case where a certain gentleman, who had been once or twice at the theatre under the circumstances above alluded to, and had in all instances received liberal payment from the insurance companies he had honoured with his patronage, thought it would be a grand feature in his favour and give incontrovertible evidence of the genuineness of the catastrophe if he remained in the house until the fire-escape, stationed only a few doors off, should be brought up and he be rescued from his critical situation. My friend, however, reckoned without his host, for on the eventful night the man having charge of the escape was called into the country to visit a relative, suddenly taken ill, and, unfortunately, carried the key of the stable with him; the consequence being that the chief actor in the scene was nearly suffocated before he could be got down from his window in the second floor. Who could for a moment doubt the integrity of this insurer when he applied for compensation? What dozen of enlightened British jurymen could dream of convicting a prisoner who had barely got off with his life? Such jurymen do not exist, and so the cheque, as the reader may suppose, was speedily forthcoming.

It is the custom with Offices to keep a watch upon premises in which a fire has happened until the settlement of the loss; and, in disputed matters, the *débris* is very often examined for the purpose of finding, if possible, remains of the stock that may be stated to have previously existed. Thus, for instance, I remember a good story of a large Company having resisted the claim of a tailor who, among other items, demanded a considerable sum for trousers (he had, he said, an army contract on hand) which he alleged to have been destroyed by the fire: the reason for resisting being that scarcely a button, without which the "unmentionables" could hardly be supposed to have been perfect, was to be found in the rubbish; and brass buttons do not, in a fire, easily vanish without leaving a trace behind. Two men were therefore secretly set to work in the tailor's shop (of which the roof had been destroyed) in order carefully to sift and analyse the remains; and, while they were thus engaged, a wonderful shower of new brass buttons came flying unexpectedly over the wall. This, as may be supposed was damning evidence against the claimant, whose counsel however perpetrated a joke as a set off to a bad cause by replying, when called upon to account for the extraordinary phenomenon, that he could not explain the arrival of the buttons "*unless, indeed, they came on their shanks!*"

As far as regards the Marine Offices, there is no doubt that they are swindled to an enormous extent; there being several owners whose reputation for losing ships has become so notorious that no underwriter will accept one of their vessels knowingly at any premium. The field here offered is so vast, and the chances of detection so minute, that the wilful destruction of ships is carried on almost with impunity. Sometimes, however, a long career of villany is suddenly brought to a well-merited close, as in the case of the *Severn*, in which owner, captain, mate, broker, and broker's clerk, each came in for a long term of penal servitude.

The herring case, which was tried not long ago, was a very interesting one, and amusing, inasmuch as it demonstrated to what lengths of impudence the fraternity will go. After having insured his usual cargo of Yarmouth bloaters, Mr. Brown was one day found alone in an open boat in the Channel by some fishermen, to whom he told the tale that his cutter had been run down and sunk, his crew drowned, and only himself saved. The underwriters pitied the poor fellow, and handed him the amount of his claim. Mr. Brown went on his way rejoicing, and was, of course, encouraged to proceed. He had found a gold mine, and determined to work it. Again he insured his bloaters by a certain smack to France, and was concluded to have sailed at once. A day or two afterwards he reported himself, with his man Friday, to Lloyd's Agent at Margate, stating that his vessel had been lost at sea, and that he had just then been landed on the jetty by some French fishermen. But the Nemesis was at hand. The Office, on making inquiries, found that the smack stated to have sailed with the herrings had never existed, that Brown and his man had been seen at Gravesend when they should have been in the Channel; and it was thus enabled to put an end to the sharper's career by procuring him a long period of incarceration.

Those missing ships, what a terrible fate is theirs; leaving the different ports—the sailors, with yearning hearts, regretting the dear ones they have left behind, or looking forward to those at home they trust soon to see—to sink in some distant ocean spot, none living to tell the sad tidings. Many of them, I fear, are missing merely in name—being rechristened and sold in out-of-the-way corners of the globe, owner and captain pocketting a handsome sum by the transaction. It is to be hoped that the occasional bringing to light of these practices must at length open the eyes of underwriters to their own interests, and cause them to inquire more carefully into and resist all suspicious claims, so as to render attempts at imposition and fraud more dangerous than they are at present.

It is a source of great regret to thinking people that the British public should be so easily led away by a dazzling prospectus, on which, among the list of directors, important names figure, without making sufficient, if any, inquiries, or carefully considering what they are about to do before reposing their confidence in certain Insurance Offices. A noble lord as chairman, and half a dozen highly credited names—there are many Smiths besides the banker!—are quite sufficient at once to procure a roaring trade from customers too heedless to ask for further particulars. A capital of a million sounds indeed imposing, but yet not a farthing of it may have been paid up, not a share subscribed. Promoters of companies well know the value of a good name, and will spare no endeavour to secure a Barclay or a Martin, never caring whether they be related or not to the princes of Lombard Street; and peers are often easily caught by the bait held out to them—"Nothing to do you know, my lord; 600*l.* a year just to attend the board, and sign your name a few times." The nobleman once safely brought to land, the Triton fairly secured, the minnows follow as a matter of course. It is so grand to put your civic calves under the same mahogany as his lordship, even if the mahogany be only a board-room table.

Then the magnificent buildings, with the elaborate external carvings, and the internal splendour; the massive cabinet work, the clean paint, the metal, the Turkey carpets; all help to form the spider's web into which the poor flies are too often allured to their ultimate disaster. But the flies should beware, and not take everything they see and hear for granted. It is so easy now-a-days, with a little trouble, to find out all about every thing and every body: and, after the constantly recurring exposures, people should surely begin to discover that a handsome edifice, with plenty of mahogany, and an abundance of *brass* fittings, with the inevitable messenger in conspicuous livery, are no more a guarantee of security and respectability than stone walls a prison make, or iron bars a cage.

Most people remember the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Company, and most people are well acquainted with the illustrious Mr. Montague Tigg—or, rather, Tigg Montague, Esquire,—its originator; and most people have laughed heartily over the pages treating thereof. Alas! I grieve to say it, the Anglo-Bengalese is no joke, but a sad reality, and has its prototype amongst us; and of Tigg Montagues there are plenty,—wary fellows, keen as the hawk, who well know how to make a comfortable living out of other folk's credulity, and yet steer clear of the Old Bailey. Let us trust that the day of reckoning is not far distant.

The idea of the Anglo-Bengalee is undoubtedly taken from the doings of the Independent and West Middlesex Fire and Life Insurance Company; or, as it was at the time facetiously termed, the West Diddlesex. This association, one of the greatest swindles of modern times, was started in 1836 by a shoemaker, a footman, and an errand boy. Scarcely a banker, brewer, or merchant was there whose patronymic was not made use of by those rascals in concocting their list of directors; and the trade they carried on in insurances and the granting of annuities was, on account of the facilities and large rate of interest they offered, something unprecedented. The immense sums of money paid into their coffers (they kept their account at the Bank of England) were squandered in dinners and drinking; their office in Baker Street was the scene of grand parties and musical soirées; their wines were exquisite; their cook an artist. They "carried on" for a long time, their stock of impudence never failing them. The standing toast at their feasts was—

"An honest man 's the noblest work of God!"

The bubble burst however at last, through the indomitable perseverance of Mr. Peter Mackenzie of the *Scottish Reformers' Gazette*, who, notwithstanding the actions brought against him by the directors of the West Middlesex, succeeded at last in rousing the public to a perception of the nefarious proceedings of this spurious Insurance Company.

It is refreshing to turn from such scenes as these and find consolation in the fact that there are in England several Insurance Offices whose action, during the years they have been established, have been such as to gain for them an unlimited respect. The Hand-in-Hand is, I believe, the oldest of these, having been started towards the end of the seventeenth century; while the Sun, originated a few years later, is the result, and a flourishing one, of a meeting held in the back parlour of a public-house, not far from its present handsome office, during or soon after the South Sea bubble. The attendants at that meeting were not probably of a very wealthy character, but their project was successful, and had that lucky run during the first years of its existence which is the making of an Insurance Company.

The most prosperous undertaking in this way of late years was the Mercantile, which sprung into life after the large fire at Tooley Street, at which Mr. Braidwood was killed. The Tariff Offices, smarting under their heavy losses, determined to raise the rates on wharf and dock policies very considerably, and the merchants, to protect themselves, made up their minds to have an Insurance Company of their own on the non-tariff principle; a principle, however, which, in face of the strong and combined opposition of the Tariff Offices, has never yet been found to answer. And so the Mercantile, after a year or two, gave in and joined Tariff, its *confrères.*

These Offices, together with many others, carry on a large business all over the world. Agencies in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America transmit large sums of premium to their directors; and all these agencies have their numerous sub-agencies, which, small though they may be in themselves, yet collectively tend greatly to swell the revenues of the chief agencies. In revenge for the operations which our Insurance Offices carry on abroad, we find that foreign companies occasionally establish branches in our midst. A large Austrian office has been feeling its way in this country for some time, and has met with some encouragement; while lately an American Fire Office and an American Life Office have opened in two of our most important thoroughfares, and will, no doubt, together with the Austrian, after a time make head among us. The American Life offices have, I am informed, one prominent feature, that they do not hold a policy vitiated by suicide. It is said that Cousin Jonathan is beginning to find out the advantage of this, and, when through misfortune or speculation he beholds himself ruined, insures his life heavily, blows his brains out, and thus provides for his family.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is generally considered to be the only party favoured with those communications from insane individuals, who remit conscience money in the shape of bank-notes for Income Tax they have shirked at one time or another. The managers of Insurance Offices, however, often receive sums of money from mysterious correspondents, whose memories are troubled by the recollection of some crime committed in the past. I have known of two or three thousand pounds at a time arriving from a hidden source, the sender merely requesting "an acknowledgment in *The Times* at early convenience." Such visitors are welcome. They entail no trouble and waste no time. How different from the respectably-dressed and plausible old gentleman, with white hair and snowy shirtfront, who, after introducing himself into your room, enters upon a long story about his large mercantile operations, the peroration of which, however, invariably introduces *pens!* That interesting being, too, "the young man of good address," is a terrible nuisance to all secretaries; well-spoken, and polite, with language which, though profuse, means nothing at first, his conversation gradually tends to an advertisement for the *Insurance Claptrap* or the *Fire, Life, and Marine Swivel-eyed Argus.* He is most persevering and irrepressible, returning again and again to the attack, until you are forced to take "half a page" to get rid of him.

Of Insurance Companies that have been set going very many have been compelled to wind up for want of proper support, and other causes. The Sugar Refiners had their own company; the Licensed Victuallers theirs; the Pawnbrokers theirs. The Hebrew Office stands high in the estimation of the public, and boasts members of the richest family in Europe among its directors.

Among the Offices that are defunct we find some curious names: the Amazon, the Canton, the Consols—not, of course, to be confounded with the security it was named after; the Cosmopolitan, prescribed as to its limits by the Court of Chancery; the Era—a very short era, indeed; the Justice—let us hope the claimants received it; the Mitre, not that of infallibility; the Oak, a weakly sapling; the Waterloo—no victory, certainly; the Solvency Mutual, turning out to be mutual insolvency. All these, and many others, gallant barques when they left the haven, have been wrecked upon the shoals of bad management and extravagance.

BATTLES FOUGHT UPON THE RHINE.

JOURNALISTS are necessarily often time servers, they must flatter their nation, they must soften down disagreeable truths, they must explain away the arguments of the enemy, they must urge only when they are urged, they must preach the doctrine required of them. Artists do much the same, they paint popular prejudices and they follow popular cries. Now and then a Haydon stands alone in the wilderness, and denounces a national folly or a national crime; but woe be to such a man, for his bones will rot beside the camel's, and line the jackal's cave or the vulture's nest. The journalist who brands a popular but unrighteous war, or a popular frenzy, with their true name, had better need no larger house than the tub of old Diogenes, for he will certainly get none, and no stronger wine than Adam's white seal, for he will probably taste no rarer vintage.

And these remarks are apropos of a certain picture which a few weeks ago was the wonder and delight of Paris, and to-day is probably a cause of tears and shuddering and shame. It is one of Doré's revelations of mystery, full of his old cleverness, and (must we say it?) his old tricks, for men of dangerous facility are apt, however clever, to become mannered. It is what he has done a thousand times in his "Dante," in his "Milton," best of all in his earliest and after all his strongest work, "The Wandering Jew." The faintest description will be enough for readers who know his style. In a gorge of the Rhine, with grey cliffs, dimmer and dimmer as they recede, with their crumbling eagles' nests of robber fortresses, and their vines clustering upon vines, the artist has shown us the ghosts of Condé's and Turenne's cavaliers, and of Hoche's and Bonaparte's legions, rising from their red graves to urge forward the army of to-day, the chasseurs of this outwitted emperor. Minister no more such sweet poison for the age's tooth, M. Doré: better you had made those ghosts, whose bodies were long ago torn with shot and crushed beneath Ambition's cannon wheels, rising to tell their children of their danger and their doom, rising to scare them from the crimson heights of Weissemburg and the orchards of Wörth, rising to warn them of the folly and ruin of their leaders, and of the misery and despair that waited for them in the thunder-cloud.

Ever since the time of the Merovingian kings, ever since the world began probably, war has tainted the Rhine streams with human blood. The world grew wiser and saw further—produced its Galileos, its Raphaels, its Shakespeares—still, the swords crossed, and the dead men went floating down the Rhine. Dynasties, kingdoms, nations, races, passed; kings reigned and died—still the dead men went floating down the Rhine. Nations broke their chains, nations were enslaved—still, the dead men went floating down the Rhine. Many a vintage of blood this fair river saw; many a dying soldier crept among its vines to groan and then to die. Many times its cliffs echoed back the thunder of the cannon; many a time the storm of war tore through its vineyards. The proudest ornament of the Rhine, says the poet, is the crimson robe it wears when the enemies of Germany float dead upon its waters.

The wars of the middle ages are, as Milton says of early English history, the mere fights of kites and crows. Many of those men in steel who lived on the rocks of Rabenstein and Falkenstein fought on the Rhine banks, and many perished in its stream. The thieves were indeed always slaying and thrusting at each other, and fighting for the plunder they stole from Nuremberg, Worms, and Spires.

The first real battles on the Rhine that are worthy of record are those by which the great Turenne won his glory. This extraordinary general, always most terrible when hardest pressed, was the son of a Duke de Bouillon, and from the earliest age shewed a genius for war. Being a delicate child, he was so anxious to inure himself to the fatigues of war that he was one winter's night found by his tutor asleep on the ramparts of the town. At thirteen he went to learn arms in the camp of his uncle, Prince Maurice of Nassau, and at sixteen distinguished himself as a captain of infantry at the siege of Bois le Duc. A marshal in 1635, he went under the orders of the Cardinal de la Valette to defend Mayence from the Imperialists; and there he first began to study the Rhenish frontier. But from Mayence the French army had to retreat to Metz for want of money and food. During this splendid but dangerous retreat of thirteen days, Turenne acquired the name of "Father" from his care of the soldiers. Always in the front rank of the rear guard, he divided his own meals with the hungry and worn, he threw away his baggage and gave his carriage to the sick and wounded, and he even gave up his horse to a wounded man to save him from the enemy.

La Valette, to wipe away this defeat, besieged Saverne, where Turenne was wounded in the arm by a musket shot. Scarcely recovered, he hurried to Franche Comté, and won two battles. In 1637 he helped the Duke of Saxe Weimar to take Breisach, the key of Germany in the west, and a town sixteen miles from Frankfort.

In 1644, with 5,000 cavaliers and 4,000 fantassins, Turenne passed the Rhine at Breisach, surprised and beat the Imperialists, and relieved Fribourg. He then took Philipsbourg and Mayence, so rapid were French conquerors in those days. Left by the Duke of Enghien with only 600 men, to keep in check on the frontier Mercy and the Duke of Lorraine, he seemed to be omnipresent at that crisis. He saved Spires; he raised the siege of Baccarat; he took Kreuznach (how familiar these names seem to us just now); he kept the enemy from uniting their severed forces, and during the winter pushed into Suabia and Franconia and marched up to the very gates of Nuremburg. The wearied troops at last clamoured for rest. Surprised in their quarters (1645) by Mercy, Turenne kept a firm front, rallied his troops, and pushed, not for the Rhine, but to Hesse, where the Landgravine had promised reinforcements. When Enghien returned, the great battle of Nordlingen was fought in Bavaria. The French centre was pierced, the right wing gone, when Turenne on the left wing with the Weimar allies struck the Austrian army in flank, and, supported by a reserve of Hessian pikemen and musketeers, won the victory. In spite of this murderous but useless battle the French had to retreat and entrench themselves on the Rhine behind the cannon of Philipsbourg. The campaign of 1645, however, ended, to the delight of Mazarin, by Turenne chasing the Spaniards from the Electorate of Trèves.

The next campaign of Turenne on the Rhine, 1646, was even more admirable. By a finely planned and swift march he passed the Rhine at Wesel (a place where the French in Napoleon's time shot those brave rash officers who joined in Schill's premature revolt), traversed Westphalia and Hesse, and joined the Swedes. It was his strategy to win the game, and cry check to the Emperor in the fewest possible moves. Though inferior in force to the Archduke, Turenne tormented and baffled him, turned his position, passed into Suabia, swept through Bavaria, threatened Franconia, and finally won the game. Maximilian cried out for peace.

Turenne then prepared to swoop on Austria; for, like Lucian's Cæsar, he thought nothing done while ought was left to do; but Mazarin now recalled the army to the Rhine. The Weimar troops, unwilling to leave Germany, refused to pass the Vosges and serve in the Low Countries. At the instigation of their mutinous generals, Reinhold and Rosen, they indeed effervesced into mutiny, drew their swords, and rode clattering and splashing across the Rhine at Strasbourg. But Turenne was not a man to bend to mutineers; alone he threw himself among their swords, and strove to persuade and coax, to threaten and order them to remain. He even rode with them as far as Philipsbourg, but it was no use. Then he broke out into a flame—that great powder magazine, his heart, exploded with rage. He arrested Rosen; he won over two regiments. With them he flew after the rebels, overtook them in the valley of the Tauber, drove into them headlong, put them to the rout, and laid low some hundreds of these stiff-necked troopers. Then recrossing the Rhine, Turenne defeated Montecuculi at Sommerhausen, and slew his colleague Melandez. All Bavaria was then at his mercy; Austria lay bare to his sword; and the victory of Sens, won by Condé over the Spaniards, happening about the same time, brought the Emperor on his knees, and the result was the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, thus terminating the terrible Thirty Years' War.

During the wars of the Fronde Turenne remained loyal, and fought for Mazarin and the young king against Condé. By the capture of Dunkirk, and those wonderful victories over the Spaniards which led to the French conquest of half the towns in the Netherlands, Turenne obtained the Treaty of the Pyrenees, for which he was made Marshal General. If he had turned Catholic, Mazarin had offered to restore the title of Constable in his favour, but the hero refused.

In 1672, when France made war on Holland, Turenne again rode to the Rhine, and crossed at Wesel. During three months, with consummate genius, and with, as usual, inferior forces, he baffled Montecuculi, and his old adversary, the Duke of Lorraine, who wanted to pass the river at Mayence, Coblentz, or Strasbourg, and join William of Orange. The enemy at last fell back disgusted and mortified into Westphalia. Against the king's wish Turenne kept moving all the winter, and, uniting his troops to those of Cologne and Munster, advanced so far on the Elbe that the Elector cried for peace. But Turenne had not men enough to prevent the junction of the Imperialists and the Dutch, so returned to the Rhine to punish the Bishop of Wurzburg and the Elector of Trèves for breaking faith with him. During this long and tedious campaign, Turenne endeared himself to his soldiers, who were devoted to his person and proud of his fame. On one occasion Turenne, exhausted with fatigue, fell asleep under a bush. Heavy snow coming on, some of the soldiers cut branches, and spread their cloaks over them to shield him. "What are you doing there?" he said, awakening. "We want to preserve our father," the soldiers replied, "that is our great anxiety. If we were to lose him, who would take us back to our own country?"

In 1672, Louis XIV., who had already partly conquered Flanders, and only yielded up Franche Comté at the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in 1668, to obtain breathing time for fresh preparations, invaded Holland with 130,000 men. All the wealth and genius of Europe seemed at the disposal of the young king. Fifty millions of francs had been spent in the organisation of this great force. Thirty French vessels had joined our English fleet of a hundred sail to sweep the coast of Holland. Condé and Turenne were among the generals of Louis; Vauban, the greatest engineer of the world, was to conduct the sieges by the profoundest mathematical laws; Louvois, the great minister, was to regulate the finance; Luxembourg (afterwards the great foe of William of Orange) was one of the commanders; Martinet (his name has become proverbial, who only a year before trained several regiments to the use of the bayonet) disciplined the infantry. There was even an historian on the Royal staff, to record the victories of the Fleur-de-lis. The twelve companies of the gardes de corps were all gentlemen; the gendarmes of the guard, the light horse, the musqueteers, and the hundred Swiss, shone with gold and silver, ruffled it in silk, or braved it in velvet. "What a war!" exclaimed Madame Sevigne, with the prettiest horror in the world, "the most cruel, the most perilous of which we have ever heard since the march of Charles VIII. into Italy. They tell the king that Yssel is defended with two hundred pieces of cannon, 60,000 infantry, three great towns, and a large river."

To meet this host of Frenchmen the Dutch merchants had but 25,000 poor soldiers, commanded by young Prince William of Orange, then only 22, and of a feeble constitution. Four Dutch towns surrendered, and Louis came to cross the Rhine. Condé, informed by the peasants that the extreme dryness of the season had made the river passable, selected a place on an arm of the Rhine. It was only guarded by an old tower, which served as a toll house for the ferry, and by seventeen Dutch soldiers. The Count de Guiche reconnoitred the place, and found that there was only a spot about the centre twenty paces wide where the cavalry would have to swim.

Fifteen thousand of the king's household troops, the flower of his cavalry, plumes flowing, scarfs fluttering, corselets glittering, at once dashed in. The infantry passed over a bridge of boats and copper pontoons, invented by the redoubtable Martinet. The King himself directed, or thought he directed, the whole march. The Dutch had only 500 troopers and two weak regiments of infantry, unsupported by artillery, to resist their assailants. A few Dutch horsemen rode into the river to attack the French, but soon retired, and the Dutch infantry, also raked by the French artillery, surrendered. Louis lost but few of his men. The Count de Nogent and some other reckless riders straggled away from the ford, and were drowned. The young Duke of Longueville, having too much wine in his hot head, fired at and killed a Dutch officer, who was on his knees begging for mercy. The Dutch infantry, enraged and in despair at this cruelty, snatched up their muskets and fired a volley, which killed the duke. A Dutch cavalry officer, seeing Condé getting out of a boat and about to mount his horse, rode up and shot him in the wrist—the only wound Condé ever received in all his battles. Paris made much of this passage of the Rhine. "The general notion," says Voltaire, sarcastically, after the war, "was that the whole army had swam the river in the face of an entrenched host, and in spite of the artillery of an impregnable fortress, called the 'Tholus' (Toll House)." "It is true," he adds, "that if there had been a body of good troops on the other side, the enterprise would have been very perilous." Boileau puffed himself out till he looked nearly as large as Homer, and wrote a poem in favour of Louis, and fifteen years later, when Condé was a worn-out old veteran, Bossuet spoke of the passage of the Rhine as "the prodigy of our age, and of the life of Louis le Grand." Napoleon, however, always mathematically just about all battles but his own, spoke of the affair with great contempt as a fourth-class military operation, because in that place the river was fordable, weakened by the Waal, and only defended by a handful of men.

Instantly the French had crossed the river, Zutphen, Arnheim, Nimeguen, Utrecht, &c., surrendered. Indeed, such was the panic, that an officer, named Mazel, said to Turenne, "If you only give me fifty horse, I could take two or three places." But Louis, flushed by success, overshot his mark. He refused the Dutch offer to surrender Maestrecht and all the frontier towns beyond the Seven Provinces. Turenne was absent. Louvois directed the rejection. The Dutch grew desperate at this, and a mob, cruel in their wild fear, tore to pieces the patriot De Witt, and chose the Prince of Orange Stadtholder. The whole country was laid under water, and the Dutch resolved, when all was lost, to sail *en masse* to their East Indian settlements rather than become slaves of France.

In 1674 Louis had four great armies in the field; one on the borders of Spain, one in Germany, one in Flanders, and one in Franche Comté commanded by himself. The Prince of Orange fought Condé with bull-dog pertinacity at Seneffe, a village in Brabant, but with no result except the loss of 6,000 men on each side. The great Turenne led the army that was to scare Germany, and passing the Rhine near Philipsbourg, a place overlooking a region of dull morass above Spires, defeated the old Duke of Lorraine and the Imperial General Cafrara at Sintzheim. With 20,000 men Turenne then crossed the Rhine and swept the Palatinate, driving the confederate German Princes beyond the Neckar and the Maine.

The moment the cat passed into Lorraine the mice came back and began to nibble at Alsace. Then round flew Turenne and routed them at Mulhouse. He now began "to eat up" the Palatinate, as this cruel old soldier of the Thirty Years' War called it. The frightened citizens from the walls of Mannheim saw two cities and twenty-five towns given to the sword and flame. At the end of this campaign there was not, said Turenne, a single enemy in France who was not a prisoner. Louis XIV. during this year had repeatedly begged Turenne to return with the troops and defend his kingdom, but he refused in a bold letter, which ended in these words,—

"I know the strength of the Imperial troops, the generals who command them, the country where I am; I take all on myself, and I accept the responsibility of the result."

"Turenne," says Voltaire, "never won one of those great battles that decide the destinies of nations; but still he was one of the greatest captains of Europe." Condé envied him, and Napoleon praised him.

Early in life Turenne, sent by Mazarin to rally the troops of some German allies, had passed the Rhine at Breisach (1644) and beaten the enemy: he was now to fall beside the Rhine. In 1675 he had to stop Montecuculi, the great Imperialist general, from passing over the Rhine and ravaging Alsace and Lorraine. For six weeks these clever players manœuvred without leaving an opening for the adversary. The moment at length came; and Turenne, who was on the German side of the Rhine, seized it. "I have them," he cried, and prepared to crush them between his army and the river. The battle was fought at Saltzbech. Turenne was cannonading the church and château and giving directions for the erection of a fresh battery to stop a column of the enemy, when a shot struck him. The horse rode on twenty paces, then Turenne fell dead. No general remained to carry out his undeveloped plans, and the soldiers, wearied of mistakes, at last called out in irony, "Turn out our father's piebald mare, and she will lead us."

"A soldier is dead to us," said Montecuculi, "who has done honour to mankind." The French retreated, pressed hard by the Imperialists, but Condé soon arrived to protect them, and the Germans then fell back.

In the wars of the Revolution, when the Prussians threatened Alsace, Hoche, who had risen from the ranks, distinguished himself, although constantly repulsed by the Duke of Brunswick, in dispatching a corps of 12,000 men to harass Wurmser, and to join Pichegru on the Rhine. The result of this manœuvre was the dislodging of the Austrians from the lines of Weissemburg, the relief of Landau, and the liberation of Alsace. In 1794, when the Austrians were feeling secure, the French suddenly plunged across the Rhine and seized Dusseldorff. They then, under Custine, stormed Mannheim, after six different assaults, and committed frightful atrocities on the inhabitants. In 1797, when Napoleon was in Italy, Hoche with 80,000 men strove to establish a Rhenish Republic. Having concentrated at Andernach, he at daybreak crossed the Rhine at Neuwied and carried the Austrian redoubts at the point of the bayonet. An obelisk at Neuwied still records the bridge that Hoche threw across to the island in the middle of the river. In the meantime, before Le Fevre could seize Frankfort, Moreau had also crossed the Rhine and fought the Austrians at Diersheim. It had been Carnot's great plan, in conjunction with Napoleon and Moreau, thus to give the Austrians no breathing time. Moreau, with the army of the Sambre and Meuse, was to have pressed forward on the eastern frontier of Germany, supported on the left by Jourdan and the army of the Rhine, until Moreau should be in a position to communicate with Bonaparte through the Tyrol. The combined armies were then to advance on Vienna. Jourdan in front drove Wartensleben back as Moreau did the Archduke Charles, notwithstanding the Austrian general showed superior military genius. Leaving a force to employ Moreau, the Archduke suddenly joined Wartensleben, and with a superior force overwhelmed and routed Jourdan. The German peasantry rose and harassed his rearguard, while Moreau by a brilliant and daring retreat through the Black Forest, with difficulty saved his army.

Before crossing the Alps for the campaign of Marengo, Napoleon left the army of the Rhine in charge of Moreau, who was to watch the Germans and to cross the Rhine near Schaffhausen, and, marching on

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alone with his whole force, to place himself in the rear of the greater part of the Austrian army. But Moreau was too cautious for such a daring scheme: he crossed the Rhine, however, at the end of April, reached Augsburg by the 15th of July, and kept the Germans from interrupting Napoleon's invasion of the Milanese.

Bonaparte did not fight many battles on the Rhine. His great ambition flew with such an eagle flight as soon to sweep beyond boundaries so puny. His great victories were far away from France—in Italy, in Egypt, on the Danube, and on the Elbe. Marengo was in Piedmont, Austerlitz in Moravia. In 1813, after that terrible defeat of his exhausted army at Leipsic, when the allies killed or captured 50,000 Frenchmen, there was much blood again shed round the Rhine. The battle of Hanau in Hesse was really a fight for the road to the Rhine, for the Austrians and Prussians were pressing close on the retreating Emperor. Wrede and 45,000 Bavarians barred the path to France. The fight began in a wood near a small river and a village called Neuhoff. The French tirailleurs fought from tree to tree like deer stalkers, and the Bavarians seeing two battalions of the guards arriving to their aid, and thinking the attack was in force—always an unwise supposition, that needs confirmation—gave way; at the same time a dash of sabres on their left chased their cavalry behind the river. The road to Frankfort was now open; but the French rearguard of 18,000, under Mortier, was still behind, so Marmont was left with three corps of infantry to cover their retreat while Napoleon pushed on to Frankfort.

The French were not out of the German claws yet. The next day Marmont made a double attack upon Wrede and the Bavarians at Hanau, which he bombarded, at the same time pushing his grenadiers over the bridge at Neuhoff; here the Bavarians on foot succeeded, and a body of 1,000 or 1,200 got across the Knitzigg, but were instantly fallen on and bayonetted. At this moment Wrede himself was dangerously wounded, and his son-in-law, the Prince of Cottingen, killed on the spot. The Bavarians then drew back, and left the Frankfort road open to the French. During this battle a German miller, seeing a hard pressed body of Bavarian infantry passing the channel of his millstream, driven hard by French cavalry, instantly with infinite promptitude pulled up the sluices, and enabled the infantry to reform. For this service to his country the miller was afterwards pensioned. The French lost in this sharp action 6,000 men, and the Austro-Bavarians 10,000. This was on the 31st of October. Napoleon left Mayence on the 7th of November, arriving in Paris on the 9th, and ordered an instant conscription of 300,000

only gained two victories, Dresden and
ren, Janer on the Katzbach, and at Culm,
Blocker, and Leipsic, the allies had defeated him.
too, military writers showed that France had been
light cavalry, light infantry, and sharpshooters.
of January Napoleon left his wife and child and
frontier. Just before he departed, he exclaimed to
bjected to the levy as likely to produce alarm :—
should not the whole truth be told? Wellington has
outh, the Russians menace the northern frontier, the
trians and Bavarians threaten the east. Shame! Wel-
France, and we have not risen in mass to drive him back.
ne, till we have burned Munich. I demand of France
I will form a camp of 100,000 at Bordeaux, another
other at Lyons. With the present levy and what remains
I will have a million of men. But I must have grown
se boy conscripts who encumber the hospitals and die of
the highways. Counsellors, there must be an impulse
must march; you, the fathers of families, the heads of the
is for you to set the example. They speak of peace, and
nothing but peace, when all around should echo to the cry

ing to avoid the 40 fortresses that protected the Rhine from
Mayence—Mayence to the mouth of the Scheldt—the Allies
the neutrality of Switzerland and took Geneva. On the 21st
ember Prince Schwarzenburg crossed the Rhine with the
army at four points and advanced upon Langres. It sur-
d, as did Dijon, but Lyons repulsed its assailants. Blucher
rmy of Silesia advanced in four divisions, blockading the
ortresses of Metz, Sarre Louis, Thionville and Luxemburg,
her troops passed the defiles of the Vosges and pressed
o Joinville, Vitry, and Saint Dizier, to be in communication
central army, which had already penetrated as far as Bar-sur-
Napoleon finding the allies linger at Langres prepared with
men to check the allies with 137,000, and stop their march
s. At Chalons he made his stand, and struck his first blow at
e, the well remembered scene of his school days. The brave
ign which some writers think evinces Napoleon's highest
s, ended, as we all know, in the abdication of Fontainebleau.
he history of towns on the Rhine is a record of sieges and
ies. Louis XIV. and Vauban built this fort; Turenne destroyed
; this village was fired by Wrede's men; this one on the opposite

bank by Bonaparte's. Let us sketch a few of the Rhenish strongholds in more detail. All who have been to beautiful Coblentz have gone across to Ehrenbreitstein to see to the best advantage the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, and the course of the first noble river from Holzenfels to Andernach. The Gibraltar of the Rhine, Ehrenbreitstein, was the old refuge and stronghold of the Electors of Trèves, who in later times, before they lived on the other side of the river, occupied a palace at the foot of "The Broad Stone of Honour." Marshal Boufflers besieged this rock in 1688 for Louis XIV., in the wars we have described; but it laughed all efforts of his to scorn, though Vauban built the batteries, and Louis XIV, in the most flowing of wigs, strutted hither to see it surrender to his cannon. But the Republicans, fiercer and less scientific, took it in 1799 after a terrible siege, during which cats rose to a florin and a half each, and horse flesh to 30 kreutzers a pound. When the French had to surrender it after the peace of Luneville, they spitefully blew it up. Byron's fine lines :—

> "Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall,
> Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
> Yet shows of what she was when shot and ball
> Rebounding idly, on her strength did light,
> A tower of victory; from whence the flight
> Of baffled foes was watched along the plain.
> But peace destroyed what war could never blight
> And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain"—

are no longer true. Since 1814 the Prussians devoted to the repair of this fortress the fifteen millions of francs which France had to pay her after the war. The government has also besides expended on it 1,200,000*l.* The works at Coblentz on both sides of the Rhine, Murray's Handbook, a reliable authority, says can form a fortified camp to hold 100,000 men, and yet could be defended by a garrison of only 5,000. The magazines are capable of storing provisions for ten years for 8,000 men. The steep rock (wilfully exaggerated by Turner, who makes it touch the clouds) is defended by about 400 pieces of cannon. The weak point, the English guide books say, is the north-west; but three lines of wall there have quite made up for nature's defects, and are strong enough for any number of Frenchmen's heads to knock against. The cisterns in the rock are able to hold a supply of water for three years, and there is besides a well sunk 400 feet, and communicating with the Rhine.

Coblentz with its fortifications, which took twenty years to complete and which spread from the Rhine to the Moselle, commanding the approaches from Cologne and Trèves, and the roads to Mayence and Nassau, is one of the staunchest bulwarks of the Rhenish Provinces, of which it is the capital. Its lines form a fortified camp capable of containing 100,000 men, and they unite the two systems of fortifications of Carnot and Montalembert. It has been the scene of hard fighting, for not far off at Weissenthurm the French under Hoche, in 1797, crossed the Rhine in spite of the Austrians, and a monument near the roadside bears the simple inscription:—

"L'armée de Sambre et Meuse à son Général Hoche;" near the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, at Fort Franz on the height of Petersburg is the grave of the young general; and not far off is a monument to General Marceau, another young hero of the Republic, who was killed at the battle of Altenkirchen in 1796, in attempting to cover the retreat of General Jourdan. The generals of both armies attended his funeral and wept over his grave.

At no great distance is Engers, supposed by antiquaries to be the spot where Cæsar effected his second passage of the Rhine by means of a bridge which he threw across the river. In our necessarily rapid survey of the Rhine we next pass on to Mayence, on the left bank, before the war a town garrisoned by 10,000 men. This town grew up from the camp which Drusus, the son-in-law of Augustus, turned into a frontier fortress of great strength. Gustavus Adolphus, the armed defender of German Protestantism, built a fort on a tongue of land here to command both rivers. The Prussians bombarded it in 1793 and half destroyed the old red sandstone cathedral which in 1813 the French turned into a barrack and a magazine, much to the detriment of the old elector's monuments with which it is stuffed. Napoleon had intended to throw a double stone bridge over the Rhine at Mayence, but his reverses came and the model alone was executed. Those who remember when, refreshed by a dinner-glass of Hochheimer, strolling out to see the sunset view of the vineyards of Wiesbaden, the Rheingau and the Taunus bathed in a flood of innocuous golden fire, will be glad to have such pleasant memories aroused. Close to Oppenheim, conspicuous by the grand ruins of the castle of Landskron, is Erfelden, where in the winter of 1631 Gustavus Adolphus crossed the Rhine. The sturdy Swedes rowed over singing a psalm, and there is a tradition that their king was ferried over on a barn door. A ruinous chapel in St. Catherine's churchyard is still full of Spanish and Swedish skulls. The beautiful church at Oppenheim was half burnt by the French during the war of the Palatinate.

Every Rhenish town has its sorrows to tell of—Worms, that stately old walled town, once the residence of Frankish Carlovingian kings, was burnt by Meluc in 1689, by order of Louis XIV. and of Louvois, and that shock it never recovered. Frankenthal, near at hand, was held in 1622-23 by a band of English under Sir Horace Vere, for the Elector Palatine, but Spinola and his Spaniards besieged it, and our countrymen surrendered. Ludwigshafen, opposite Mannheim, was the scene of many revolutionary fights, and here in 1814 the Russians, under General Sacken, forced the passage of the Rhine. No Rhenish town has been oftener fought over bombarded and pillaged than "clean, pleasant, friendly Mannheim." In 1689, when the French took it, the burgers were given twenty days to raze their city to the ground; but as they were slow in beginning the French drove them out and set fire to the houses. The French bombarded it again in 1794, and in 1795 Wurmser and the Austrians threw into it 26,000 cannon balls and 1,780 bombs, so that half the palace was burnt and only fourteen houses remained uninjured, when the 9,700 French soldiers surrendered.

Spires too has had its trials. In 1689 the French army of Louis XIV. took the town and ordered all the citizens to start for Alsace, Lorraine, or Burgundy, within six days. The French provost-marshal and forty executioners then entered the town, laid and lighted trains of combustibles, and set the forty-seven streets of Spires in a blaze. Miners also blew up the walls, fountains, and convents, dismantled the cathedral, and burst open the graves of the emperors. The cruel conflagration lasted three days and three nights. In 1794 Custine and his troops, after six assaults, took the town by storm, and repeated the cruelty of his predecessors. Before the siege of 1689 Spires boasted thirteen gates and sixty-four towers defended by artillery.

Nor would any summary of battles fought upon the Rhine be complete without a mention of beautiful Heidelberg, from whose walls the great river can be seen by glittering glimpses. This fair town the capital of the Elector's Palatine, has been five times bombarded, twice burnt, and three times sacked. In the Thirty Years' War red-handed Tilly, after a month's bombardment, gave it up to three days' pillage. The Imperialists held it for eleven years; and then came the Swedes with fresh extortions. In 1688 Meluc, a French general, sterner even than Turenne and more savage than Tilly, burnt the town, slew all the Protestants, and committed a thousand excesses.

But there is scarcely a ruin on the Rhine but is the work of French or Swedish hands, and our space only allows us to touch on a few points of Rhenish history.

From the heights above Caubt, near Oberwesel, Blucher's soldiers, about to cross the Rhine (New Year's Night, 1814), seeing the river open before them, fell on their knees (like Xenophon's men at the sight of the sea), and shouted with one heart and voice, "The Rhine! The Rhine!" That old love for the river still continues warm in the centre of every German heart. No foe must touch the Rhine—no enemy must plant a flag upon its banks. It is pure and free, and so it must remain. That is the chief article in the creed of united Germany, and every victory the Prussians win over the French is a stronger argument that the inviolable creed it will remain.

"Flow on, fair Rhine—flow free and proud,
Or come the sun or come the cloud;
If for a time thou redder gleam,
Purer hereafter runs thy stream."

WALTER THORNBURY.

* * *

THE CHRISTIAN VAGABOND.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE Christian Vagabond had tarried long in the Chamber of Christ—under the roof of the Lady of Charity. But he was old: strong still, and more than a match for any of the brethren in the old men's room, and yet with warnings upon him that the cage was breaking—that the wires one by one were loosening, and that the morning was coming when the bird would stretch its wings and go. The days had become cold: the frost had browned the latest flowers of the year. The fine lines of the colonnades, and the foliated capitals that had been cut out in the golden play of summer sun-light, were marked as with steel by the hoar frost. The fragrant vapour of wood fires stole under the corridors; and the crackle of them was cheerful music to the Vagabond's ear as he passed the chambers of the Lady of Charity's forlorn guests, on his way betimes to chapel; and to that solemn, consoling walk round the graves, in the Field of Rest beyond—to the corner where the bones of Dame Rebecca were laid. It was while stooping, with unaccustomed stiffness and trouble over this grave, and gathering the crumpled flowers and dead leaves from it, that the Christian Vagabond was surprised. One of the Sisters of the Garden came to him with two or three grave-wreaths threaded upon her arm, and said,—

"Venerable master, the Lady bids me tell you that the Chamber of Christ is gladdened with a guest not unknown to you. She prays that you will come."

The Vagabond raised his mild eyes to the ruddy face of the Sister of the Garden, and her eyes brimmed with tears; for her practised sight descried passing over the venerable and beloved face, the first faint shadows of death.

"Give me, I pray you, good sister," said the Vagabond, "one of those wreaths of the flowers the frost has spared, in your beautiful Garden of the Graves."

With a sweet and modest reverence, the sister handed the brightest of her wreaths as she was bidden. The venerable pilgrim, leaning heavily upon his staff, stepped to the head of Dame Rebecca's grave, and with unspeakable gentleness laid the flowers upon the breast which had been so sorrow-laden in life. And then he remained motionless, and his eyes were moist as they roamed from the foot to the head-piece of the narrow bed. While he stood thus, and prayerful murmurs stirred his lips, the Sister of the Garden crept to his side, and offering her shoulder to support his feeble hand, dropped a second wreath upon the grave.

"Just as you, my sister, have watched those sweet winter flowers from the germ, and are familiar with the history of every petal, do I know the story of the sad life of our sister who lies here. It is with a strange mystic feeling that I look upon its winter aspect this morning: the leafless roses, the crumbled tendrils, and all the tattered summer finery. I know you will be the constant gardener of this little plot of earth: it will comfort me to be able to think, far away, that your hands are lifting the dry leaves, or dibbling the spring flowers here."

Turning slowly from the grave, the Christian Vagabond walked falteringly and downcast out of the Field of Rest, and through the dim chapel, towards the Chamber of Christ. The Lady of Charity met him on the threshold and drew him away, holding forth her arm as a support to him; and so, to the refectory. And there he was seated in his accustomed place. The Lady lifted his morning bowl of warm milk to his lips, and pressed him to eat of the black bread soaked in honey which always gave him strength to begin his day. Presently he asked who was the guest in the Chamber of Christ? But the Lady of Charity would not satisfy him, saying,—

"You shall know, venerable brother, when he wakes. But now he is in a deep slumber after long waiting and working and toiling, and starving out in the cold."

"Then let me," he said, when he had rested a while in silence, let me go to our poor brethren, that I may finish my story of the Jewish mother."

The old men exchanged glances and shakes of the head, when they saw how the Christian Vagabond came into their room, and sank into the oak chair by the fire. They too, perceived the sudden change, and were awed by it."

"When, my brothers," said the Christian Vagabond, beginning in a faint voice, and taking no heed of the significant glances which the old men exchanged, "I had come into the Jewish quarter in search of the people who should relieve the outcast mother and her children; I was directed to one Ben Israel, a man of gentle heart, liberal education, and one who had travelled much under the scourge which Christian communities in various lands had put upon his race. With him, I journeyed through the length and breadth of the quarter of the poor Jews. A strange, complicated people! Sober and chaste, having the virtues the lack of which causes full one-half of all the misery civilised Christian communities endure,—they were, nevertheless, vicious, unrelenting, and revengeful. To begin with, Ben Israel said, 'Bring the mother to me, together with her children, and we will provide for them; for know that although our people suffer dire hardships; we who are not in rags, are bound to see that they do not die of hunger; nor freeze to death upon the doorsteps of this most wicked city.'

"The quarter of the Jews was a wonderful separate world within a world. Here was a mighty confusion of tongues; the ragged Dutchman, the lean Pole, the pale German, chattering a strange jargon made out of snips of every language. Cupboards of rooms, almost bare, but quite neat; careworn mothers; pent-up, unwholesome babes; greasy houses; foggy lanes; all covered and impregnated with a general, insatiable greed; every man trying to make money of his brother; chaffering and higgling and cheating at every corner; but no violence, no horrible volleys of oaths, no bloated, besotted women, nor men staggering drunk. Out of the market-place, when he can tear himself from it, the Jew is kindly; and to his own flesh and blood, ever most gentle.

"When I spoke to Ben Israel of the mother and children left out in the streets, he and all his household were greatly moved, and they would not let this continue to be. Ben Israel was a rich man, but it was not his money only, nor chiefly his money, which he gave to his hungry brethren. He was a familiar figure in the poorest houses of the quarter, this being the habit of his people. I saw him at work, in the trim garrets of the poor, in the schools and orphanages, and we came upon many a poor Jew who had a poorer creature for a foster-child. The ties of kindred are very sacred among Ben Israel's people. They stretch over generations and comprehend very distant affinities. Also, as you all know, my brothers, the Jew is a provident man, stinting himself to save, but also (and this we have been apt to overlook) to raise up his family even in its remote branches. He will not let the old man die in the Christian's poor-house, where, as the stranger had said to me, they measure out to a grain and a drachm the bread and the wine that will just keep the thread of human life from snapping. When the Jew gives to the sick, it is enough for him to recover his strength. He so helps his starving brother, not that he may continue to feel the pinch of hunger, but that he may become a whole and sound man, and work. He will not be the prop of the idle, nor the stay of the lazy. Neither will he by his improvident niggardliness, keep his unfortunate neighbour so low that he must remain an everlasting pensioner on his bounty. The Jew is a shrewd reasoner, as well as, among his own people, a faithful man. Therefore he gives enough, and has no poor-house, no beggar-children of beggar ancestry. He is rewarded in his purse as well as in his conscience. He finds work for the workless. When the head of the house is sick, and the cupboard is empty, he puts something more than a measured loaf on the shelf. With a jealous prudence he holds the family together, even at the cost of much of the gold which he so dearly loves. 'For,' Ben Israel said to me, 'There is nothing so dear as a broken-up family. But you must be watchful, and know what is deficient in a sick house, and you must give that which is wanted, and not suffer your relief to be bound in unyielding rules. We seek out the way to afford the widow independence in the saddened home, so that she may bring up her children in independence, and only to the old and helpless do we accord a permanent bounty.' And as we continued our pilgrimage I saw how much wiser the Jew was, in that great city, than the Christian. Much, I am bound to own, my brothers, of the Jew's better fortune, is the fruit of the virtues which have come down to him from remote ages; and much of the Christian's failure amid his poor, is because of the disdain with which he has turned upon the lessons that the 'oppressed race' have offered to him.

"Your lives, my brothers, as you have discovered them to me, show that your misfortunes have been brought upon you by the very vices which the Jew abhors and shuns. Hereditary Jew beggars I saw in the Low Countries; but the Jew drunk in the road, beating his wife; the deserter of his child; I have not come upon in all the scores of years, during which I have wandered among communities of men."

The Christian Vagabond ceased; and the brothers gathered round him, seeing his faintness. Bernard, who was always the leader, was so spare and short that he looked like an old child, when he approached the great frame of the venerable pilgrim.

"Let us send to Sister Ursula," said Bernard; "she has the lightest hand and the gentlest voice."

"Nay," and the Christian Vagabond smiled as he spoke, "but I fear me, Brother Bernard, if I do not hasten home, it will soon be the Sisters of the Garden who will be at work for me."

A shudder passed through the old men's room. Brother Roger thrust his knees almost against the burning logs, as though an icy finger had been laid upon his back.

"The venerable master has said wisely—the Jews are a sober people. We have never, in our towns, travelled, for example, from the Christian to the Jewish quarter."

"And they are a chaste people, remember," said Brother Timothy.

"A saving people, who love their kith and kin," Brother Roger whispered.

Sister Ursula came with the Lady of Charity. The Christian Vagabond had always a smile for Sister Ursula, the perfect nurse—and yet, he said, "the smallest of the sisterhood—a proof of how much goodness can be got into a wee body." Her air of authority, as she approached the giant wanderer, was delightful to the holy man's sight; and he made himself a child in her hands, who could in his lusty days have carried her, key-basket and all, in the palm of one of his.

"It is a sharp morning," the Lady of Charity said in her sweetest voice, throwing a smile like a travelling ray of light, round the chairs and benches upon which the old men were grouped, "and our venerable guest must put himself in our hands, for to-day. I have brought Sister Ursula, and she will be obeyed, as our brothers know."

Roger and Bernard and Timothy smiled acknowledgments of Sister Ursula's tyranny; and the little woman beamed, as she moved about her colossal invalid, preparing to take possession of him. She put his staff in his hand; buckled his black wallet, in spite of his remonstrances, over her tiny shoulders, and then proudly gave her shoulder to his left hand. Assisted by the Lady of Charity, and by some of the brothers, who were almost as infirm as the invalid, the Christian Vagabond left the day-room of the old men.

"It may be, my brothers all," he said as he stood near the door, turning his white face upon them, "it may be that the rest of my travels will remain untold. My gossiping tongue has faltered very much of late. I have some way to journey yet, before I give my bones to mother earth. I am warned that I have tarried beyond my right under this holy roof. The Chamber of Christ is for a round of guests, and not for one. I am glad that, at this sun-rise another pilgrim has come to share it with me.

"Farewell, my brothers all. In the love of God we part: by His love, we shall meet again."

The long, thin hand of the Christian Vagabond raised his scull-cap from his unthatched head; and it glistened with a marble-polish in the wintry light, like that of St. Jerome in his study, as Albert Dürer drew him; and Sister Ursula placed the velvet quickly over it again—for there was a frosty wind in the open corridor, through which her great invalid had to pass.

CHAPTER XV.

SUMMA DIE.

QUIET mostly, but at times fractious as an ailing child, the Christian Vagabond rested all day in the refectory, poring over his books; and turning over, again and still again, the papers in his wallet.

"I have to carry them home, my sisters," he said. "They are a poor legacy after so many years, which I bequeathe to my fellow creatures. The Library of Poverty! I hoped to make it rich, so that the Christian student should be able to study, in Clotilda, all the arts of alms which man has practised or dreamed." His unnerved hands played among the tumbled books and papers. He was awakened from a dream, he was forgetting that which he had seen, and yet, as in a mist, stood before him the figures and the scenery of the past.*

"'On Gathering Orphan Children to Us,'" the Christian Vagabond said sadly, dwelling upon a paper that was blurred to him, "in the Library of the Poor, this should be my capital question. The place of honour should be for those who treat of the protection of babes. Yea, I remember—I just remember—it must be a long way in the past, an admirable servant of forlorn children, in whose house babes were crowing by the score, and to whose sight the speckless cradle of

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*"As one who from a dream awaken'd straight
All he hath seen forgets, yet still retains
Impressions of the feeling of his dream,
E'en such am I."—*Dante.*

a little one gathered from the highway, was the most beautiful picture under the sun. He was a little feeble man with bent shoulders, and flowing white hair, but with an eye as bright as any girl's. He knew the merry songs of many lands by heart. The babe born last week was at home in his practised arms. His pockets were stuffed with rings and bells—things to divert and surprise the baby mind. Little Brown-Coat, they called him, for he wore a snuff-brown coat reaching to his heels. As I followed him through his nurseries, and bath-houses, and gardens, and play-grounds, with happy infant faces turned upon him from every point, and tiny plump arms stretched towards him wherever he passed; I felt that I could have put him in my wallet and not known that he was there. A happier man than Little Brown-Coat was never permitted to do God's work in this world. Sometimes I came upon him drawing a carriage full of laughing infants; then again, he would be tempting a tiny creature to walk in a go-cart, by holding a sweet morsel at a distance from it. Happy Little Brown-Coat! How could he grow old in the midst of so much laughing happiness and youth!"

The Christian Vagabond rested his arms upon the brown folio, the bulkiest of all his store; and then after a pause continued, with a weary swaying of the head, "Old St. Thomas of Aquino, my comfort through so many weary doubting hours, be my pillow at the last. Resting here, often sick at heart, I have gathered courage for a fresh journey; remembering thy strength through suffering and temptation, and the steadfastness of thy resolve to break away from the worldly splendours of illustrious lineage, and devote thy piercing intellect undivided to the service of thy God. By thy example have I held on my way,—by thy light have I passed through many wildernesses; and it was by keeping my thoughts steadily on thee, in the tower where temptation assailed thee, and was driven back by thy righteous strength; that I passed through the glitter to which I was born, and away from all the wickedness of courts."

When he had been silent and at rest for a time, the Christian Vagabond again turned to his papers:—

"These are but stray scraps, my sisters, for our Library of Poverty at Clotilda. How trifling is the sum of work one man may do; even when his years have been as many in the land as mine have been. 'A Treatise on the Almoner's Table!' It is a good subject. Another: 'St. Vincent de Paul's Sick Beds.' My sisters, think of this: a Christian army of gentle women, fifteen thousand strong, dispersed over the suffering world! Where have I not met them! There is not a forest so dark and tangled that it has withstood their advance;

and there is not a mountain over which, with the cross for their tool, they have not cut a pathway."

And so, dozing and gossipping in a weak voice, and with the help of the Lady of Charity, neatly packing his papers and books, the Christian Vagabond passed his day; impatient now and again, because the Sisters did not lead him, as he wished, to the Chamber of Christ, where the new guest was sleeping.

The shadows of night were thickening along the gallery, when at length, the Lady of Charity came forth with some of the Sisters leading and supporting the Christian Vagabond on his way to the Chamber. One bore his staff, another his shining wallet, and these walked before him, for they knew that he liked to keep both in his sight. When he was laid upon his couch, and the Lady of Charity and her Sisters had invoked the blessing of God upon him through the night, and put his taper handy, and he had heard the rustle of the lily leaves fastening the door, he turned towards the couch upon which the new guest was still sleeping.

"Not unknown to me, the Sister of the Garden said." The Christian Vagabond shaded his eyes, albeit the light was not sharp. "It is a rough, immense head. The arm and hand are twisted, and gnarled in the joints. It is——"

The Vagabond, with suddenly-gained strength, rose from his bed, took the taper the Sisters had set at his side, and threw the light upon the sleeper—who, with a yawn and a sigh awoke—lifting lazy eye-lids upon his disturber.

It was the dwarfed, deformed son of Dame Rebecca! On the day of his mother's funeral he had presented an aspect of human degeneracy too frightful to dwell upon; but now, the masses of hair had thinned from his face, and the remaining film of beard was white. The sunken eyes had a fiery light in them—fiery, but tender withal. Sickness and suffering had refined the ungainliness, which was yet shocking to behold for the first time.

"My son," the Christian Vagabond said, in his kindliest voice—and it was ever kindly—"you should have come to our good Sisters earlier: nay you should not have left them. You are sick."

"Unto death: unto death," the dwarf answered with a voice as from a great distance, and turning his eyes full upon the Vagabond. "I have come back to die—and to speak to you first. How merciful in the good God, that He should have given me this blessing at parting from the world."

"From the day of our birth to that of our final lying down to rest upon the bosom of our good mother earth, we are gathering evidences of the mercy and the beneficence of God—if we would only judge and think righteously."

"A kick, a cuff, a thrusting from men's gates, a wry face wherever I appeared—misshapen wretch that I am, troubled and ungovernable soul that I have been; here has been my portion—but I make no complaint. I lay a thankful heart at my Redeemer's feet, and my tears moisten the hem of his robe. When I left you, most noble pilgrim, I could not think as I think now. You refused me my prayer: and my heart was bitter towards you—towards you and the Sisters all."

"The Lady of Charity was true to your mother's wish: nor could I ask her to violate it. But rest, my poor son; rest this night, at peace, in the Chamber of Christ—and to-morrow we will ——"

The cripple jerked himself upon his elbow, drew the pillows violently about his huge head, to support it, and then turned upon the Christian Vagabond, as one prepared for a supreme moment.

"To-morrow, I shall be carried forth—and the world will no longer be frightened with my ugliness. Venerable friend, I see our separation will not be for long."

"You see truly, I feel it."

"But I go, before the sun rises. So, I pray you, hear me. Listen to me patiently. Yours is nearly the only kind voice I can remember—except my mother's, when I was very young."

The Christian Vagabond sate by the cripple's couch, and smoothed his pillows while he spoke.

"You remember the locket the Lady of Charity put upon my mother's breast, when she was prepared for the grave?"

"I saw it for an instant."

"When I dropped it, and the Lady of Charity snatched it away? You thought it safe by my mother: you have stood by her grave dreaming the treasure was under the flowers you were growing over her head. You were all deceived. You refused the poor, weak-witted cripple the spare comfort he prayed: and, he took it."

The Christian Vagabond folded his arms, and gazed in wonderment upon the speaker, who remained firm and calm—continuing—

"And he took it, and went away with it. He knew that he could not remain, and keep it."

"May God have mercy on you."

"I have prayed to Him, and I have obtained a tranquil heart." The cripple's voice was strong while he went on—"I went out into the world with it, to sleep in the cold, to be turned out of every street in which I showed my hideous face; to lie hungry in my blanket;

to thirst along the dusty roads. But I was happy. It has lain warm at my heart—as it lay through so many sorrowful years at hers. I have looked upon it by starlight, and by snowlight only yesterday, as I was tottering back here to see you. Your eyes reproach me: but have a care before you condemn a child of the road-side, born and nurtured in sin and sloth and dirt. The world has cuffed me through my life: the world that never, as boy or man, gave me an hour's fair chance, has punished me for its own misdeeds towards me enough. Be you more merciful."

The Christian Vagabond's face brightened, and he laid his kindly hand about the cripple's pillow.

"I have more to tell you. The locket you saw was not all. There were two faces in it. I woke one morning. I had been lying upon it all night: had bent it: and when I drew it from my breast, the back of it was open."

"Well, well, my poor lad," the Christian Vagabond interrupted, now laying his head beside the cripple's, that he might see deeper into his eyes, "tell me: I am prepared."

The cripple fumbled amid the clothes of his couch; then drew forth the locket, and thrust it under the Christian Vagabond's eyes. The old man grasped at it: but the cripple withdrew it hastily.

"Nay, venerable father, you——"

"Close it, boy: you are right."

"This is not all. Let me hasten on; for a night is deepening upon me I never felt before."

"A night-and-a-day, I pray God."

"I pray so. I saw the face, and who it was—and read the story at once. My mother had told me of the Good Messenger of the Poor. You were that good messenger whom she had seen; who had passed in her youth like a dream: and who, might have saved her—and the world—such an outrage upon it as this poor creature who lies dying before you."

"It was neither her fault nor mine. I had travelled in many lands with this trusty staff, and had sought the good of fellow men for many years; before, afflicted with the aspect of starving villages and towns and provinces, I resolved one day to put my wallet and rough cloth aside, and see what good my voice might do at the court of my dissolute sovereign. I did my utmost, and was laughed to scorn. I met a lady—far above the rest: but she was haughtily denied to me. Yet with her image in my heart I rode away—back to my serge, my wallet, and my staff. All my story is told."

"Not all, good father," the cripple said. "Sit close to me while I tell you the rest. The woman who had been driven forth, and who had fallen till she was a tramping beggar, became known far and wide; and our folks laughed at her for the splendour of her original degree, and the crazy tale she told about a certain Good Messenger of the Poor. At last an old tramp tracked her out—none could guess why or wherefore."

The Christian Vagabond's head was buried in the cripple's pillow.

"You remember on a certain night in this chamber that, when you had said your prayers, a hideous old man, of loathsome atmosphere, who could neither hear nor speak, came: that you bathed his feet, and wrapped him in flannels, and lifted him to bed: and that he cried his thanks as he fell asleep."

"I remember."

"That tattered, time-stained waif and stray, abandoned of men—was, my father."

The Christian Vagabond sobbed, as he kept his face buried in the pillow.

"A cruel man, I must say it, although he is dead now. I have prayed God to forgive him. Of him I can remember only oaths, and violence, and thefts. He was so old when I was born that the men marvelled, who did not wink and laugh."

The cripple held forth his hand, showing a dislocated finger.

"He broke that with a blow. I have lain exhausted for weeks, after his stick. For my mother—upon whom the peace of God rests,—I know she never had a smile upon her face, until she escaped from him. Within a week of that night you laid him upon this bed, the gipsies buried him."

"And his name, my poor boy—his name—and let this be all. His name!"

"Was, among his people, Red Reuben, son of the patriarch, Michael the Professor."

"He had his way," the Christian Vagabond groaned. "My father's blow was avenged, after many years."

"And surely, O my God," the Vagabond prayed, gliding to his knees and holding the cold hands of the cripple, "surely I have been blessed in this, that I have been permitted to wash the feet of the man who avenged his father's injury received at the hands of my father; and that I am left to close the eyes of the poor sufferer, who was no party to any injury whatever."

That night, as he knew it would be, the cripple's bed was made in the dark. And he was laid in Dame Rebecca's grave, with the locket—upon which the Christian Vagabond would not look a second time.

With his last strength the venerable pilgrim arose early, and the tears of the Sisters pattered upon his blue robe, as he stepped forth, his staff clicking even merrily upon the marble of the hospitable corridors.

"With God's help I will take home the little I have gathered," were the last words he said.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHERE HE DIES.

UPON the western slope of the hill which commands Clotilda; and at the foot of the cresset which he planted with Goodman Felix and his mother, the Christian Vagabond is laid; with his staff in his arms and his wallet for his pillow. Goodman Felix lies near, in the little sacred enclosure, which is the chosen walk of the villagers on Sundays and holidays. The books and papers he garnered and carried about the world, are housed in the open home, the blue smoke of which creeps by day and night, to the cresset. It is the Christian hotel of Clotilda, still governed by a Goodman appointed by the elders of the village. It is the wont of these elders to call their grandchildren about the winter fires, and discourse to them cheerily of the good lord of the castle and the wonders that, in humility and piety, he wrought—singing, smiling, and tripping as he went.

For every elder observed this of the Christian Vagabond: he was no dismal ascetic. He neither fasted into sickness, nor scourged himself, nor shut himself up—refusing to see the glories of God, in the mountain and the valley, the rivulet, the turbulent river, and the bounding sea. His spirit was fresh and vigorous as the sea breeze after sultry days. And when he put his staff away from him, and asked his faithful steward to lay it where he might see it from his death-bed, he would repeat from his beloved Thomas à Kempis:—

"The light we have is but small, and this we often lose through negligence."

He knew that he too had lost some; but he thanked God for the little he had been allowed to use. He had lived out of himself—wholly given up to the service of his neighbours. His substance was not the most he afforded: he humbly laboured that it might be the least of his gifts. The knowledge of the perfect plan of alms, was that which he sought in his wanderings; and which, he knew, as he walked home to his last sleep, he had not reached.

"The whole heart, the whole strength, the whole life of a man" he would say, "are very little to give; and yet how many will not yield the half—nay the tenth of their light to the good service."

He dragged his feeble limbs through Clotilda, smiling on the happy place which he had wrought out of the squalid hamlet his father had left him; and he took his leave of the happy men and women whose grandsires had been beholden to the kind nurture of his Goodman Felix.

"Let each cheerfully live for his neighbour" was his advice. "Be jealous husbandmen of every germ of virtue that you see. Love the sunlight, the flower in the porch, the bee in the honeysuckle—nay the winter wind that sweetens the field, and braces the cattle; and the snow that keeps the corn asleep under its white sheet, for the spring."

He went from door to door, held up by loving servants of his wonderful age: a giant, disjointed, and falling apart. So the elders related; and each cottage had some record special to itself, of his last visit.

"He stood in the doorway," one would say, "and he spoke a blessing on grandpapa; and then his feeble eyes rested upon this chair, and he said: 'It is a good old servant you have there: I remember it—when you were too young to remember me. But I was an old man then.' So mind this chair when we are gone: mind it children, as it will keep his example in your minds."

Another elder: "He was faint; and from this cup he drank, of our cool water which I drew from the well for him. While he wetted his lips he thanked me with all his kind face. He could not speak."

So, after his final pilgrimage in Clotilda, the Christian Vagabond was borne through the gates of his castle, to wait his death.

In the ancient banquetting hall—the marble and gold and cedar wood of which remained—he lay his bones down, in the company of the aged, houseless wanderers whom he had gathered from far and near: old men speaking many tongues, but all singing one song of praise over the mighty baron, who had put his splendour aside, and walked every highway of Europe, in search of the way in which he could best employ his lands and money. The castle was a refuge for age.

"White hairs entitle men to admission here" the Christian Vagabond said; "and let my bed be laid in the largest hall, that I may die among many of my brothers whom my roof shelters. These are the weeds of the hard world; and of them, according to my little light, am I taught to make my garden."

In the hall, spread with couches for the aged poor, the Christian Vagabond fell, sweetly, into his sleep: and his staff was laid upon his arm by his steward, and gave to the death scene a dignity which the bishop's crozier has seldom given to it.

THE END.

BISMARCK'S PRUSSIA.

THE Prussia that is growing up in Western Europe is Bismarck's Prussia. It is not the United Germany which the states and kingdoms of the broad country lying between the Baltic and Switzerland have been theorising about so long; it is not the one Fatherland which is the dream of the German-speaking peoples; it is not even the empire over which the Hohenzollerns, left to themselves, have wished to reign. German unity is an idea that sprang into life in the national struggle against Bonaparte in 1813; Bismarck's Prussia is a scheme of yesterday. German unity might have been accomplished in due time, in a manner calculated to promote the general welfare of Germany and of Europe, and without exciting the jealousy of any neighbouring power; Bismarck's Prussia has kept alive the fires of war for nearly twenty years, and its sole end will be, if it succeeds, to extend to all the states once comprised in the Germanic Confederation the domination of a monarch who at home in Prussia has sacrificed free institutions to the dictates of his own arbitrary will. The Count von Bismarck is a man by himself in Europe. Neither prince nor minister, neither statesman, soldier, diplomatist, nor party-leader is truly his colleague or confidant. While he lives his purposes are his alone; if he dies there is no one left to follow out his plans to his own ends. It may be a question whether he even cares for the accomplishment of the work he has set himself to do if he be not here to do it. So closely is he identified with the *rôle* he is playing, so little faith has he in any other than himself, so little respect for men or principles, or for schemes or achievements not his own, that he can hardly believe in the completion of his task unless he sees it done, or find gratification in the prospect of a success bearing any other than his own stamp and seal. His enterprises have all grown out of his inordinate love of power, and that is the one secret of his history and his policy.

For a man of so much ambition and strength of purpose, Herr Otto

Bismarck was late in entering public life. He was thirty-four years of age, a superintendent of dykes in Altmark, with no apparent promise in him of a great career, with no prospect except the ordinary promotion by seniority of a gentleman in the civil service, when, in 1847, he was elected a member of the Representative Assembly in his province. He owed that step to the violent conservatism of his views. Democracy had begun to make a noise on the continent at that time, and Bismarck had rendered himself conspicuous as the champion of the most unqualified absolutism. This was no mere effervescence of youth. His juvenile days were past. In his maturity he adopted pure despotism in government as a faith, and in that faith he has lived ever since, so far as the schemes upon which he has entered from time to time to satisfy his craving for personal power have permitted him to follow the bent of his political creed. Other men around him, ranged on the same side in the controversies of the day, qualified the expression of their opinions. They temporised in their depreciation of free institutions; they described themselves as the true friends of liberty in restraining the impetuosity of their opponents. They wanted to see the country prepared for self-government, and they wished to guard liberty from the excesses of licence. Bismarck never sheltered himself behind outworks of that sort. He held no parley with the enemy. Freedom was a mistake, self-government a heresy, constitutionalism a delusion, the people had no rights. All power was vested in the sovereign, not by his country, but by the grace of God.

The King of Prussia governed by divine right and could not err. As anointed monarch absolute authority was placed in his hands, and if his Majesty granted concessions to popular demands it was an act of pure generosity or caprice, which might be rescinded at any moment. It was an absurd presumption on the part of the nation to set up a right against the rights of the crown. During the revolutionary movements of 1848 Bismarck was elected to the Second Chamber as the chief advocate of these reactionary views. He was never closely allied to any considerable section of politicians, for his opinions were too retrograde to be openly acknowledged by any but himself; but the "Junker" or feudal party were glad to see him go to the front and enounce their doctrines without tergiversation. He was absolutely logical, quite without fear, cared for no man's good opinion, and was satisfied so long as abundant opportunity was given him to hurl contempt and scorn at the arguments and theories of the champions of liberalism of all degrees, reserving his most withering satire for men who steered a middle course and sought to effect a compromise between conflicting views. That is how the first four years of his political life were spent. For the position of a legislator he has no qualifications. His political economy is that of the Middle Ages. Max Schlesinger quotes against him a proposal to limit by law the number of apprentices that should be put to any given trade, and to fix by statute the market price for commodities.

That was not the field for Bismarck. His pure absolutism, and his advocacy of the divine right of kings, commended him to the late Frederick William, as those same qualities and increasing evidences of strength of will and purpose made him afterwards the right-hand man, and then the master, of William I. His character marked him out for diplomacy rather than legislation, and he was sent, some twenty years ago, as First Secretary of Legation, with the title of a Privy Councillor, to the embassy at Frankfort; was next made ambassador to the German Bund; and subsequently graduated and grew to be a master in his adopted profession at the courts of St. Petersburg and Paris. The fascinating labours of diplomacy fostered in him the lust of personal power. Out of his experiences of German quarrels and aspirations at Frankfort grew up in his brain a policy which from that time has been the purpose of his life to accomplish. He had not, till the date of his embassy to Frankfort, propounded the policy of making Germany a Prussian Empire. That had not been the desire of Prussia, of Prussia's sovereign, or of the Junker party. The opportunity had presented itself three years before, and had been allowed to pass by without a protest from Otto Bismarck. In the midst of the turbulence of 1848, King Frederick William IV. had taken the lead as an agitator for the reconsolidation of the German Empire; but when the Germanic Constituent Assembly offered him the imperial crown, he refused it, as Frederick William III. had rejected a similar offer, nearly half a century earlier, at the hands of Napoleon. The Hohenzollerns, since Frederick the Great, have not been ambitious of extended territory. Bismarck, in his love of a high-handed and strong disciplinarian form of government, had been an ardent admirer of Austrian rule till he met Austrian and German representatives at the Diet of Frankfort; and from that moment he took to despising the power and pretensions of Austria, and began to cultivate the popular aspiration for Ger[illegible] unity with the sole view to the greatness of Prussia. If a [illegible]ly [illegible]hful bi[illegible]aphy of this man should ever be [illegible] t [illegible] t the idea of the aggrandisement of Prussia at the expense of Austria and Germany never entered his head until he became engaged in the business of his mission at Frankfort. And that biography would contain matter of greater interest still if it should reveal how the Minister-President learned the art of working other men's wills to his own purpose. Feared and hated as he has been for nearly a generation by Germans of the South and Germans of the North, by Prussians at home and by Austrians abroad, distrusted as he has been by ministers and potentates, to what mysterious agency does he owe his wonderful influence over two successive kings of Prussia, whose desires and whose policy were in many respects so different from his own; to what secret power may be attributed the fact that he has led his country on in a career contrary to its traditions, its most recent decisions, and its will; insisted upon Germany following the lead of the state against whose dictation it has through many ages most strenuously protested, and driven out of the kingdoms and duchies on both sides of the Main the great empire in whose favour, throughout all the long controversy between Austria and Prussia, the Diet at Frankfort again and again recorded its vote? Germans love freedom, and this man is a pure despot. The states of Germany delight in independence, and he dominates over them absolutely. The king and people of Prussia like piety, peace, and the cultivation of the Protestant religion, and Bismarck treats them to war and conquest, and the annexation of countries which are, more or less, under the spiritual sway of Pio Nono. When Herr Otto Bismarck seems to have first conceived this plot of changing his country into a great empire by destroying the position of Austria, and making the rest of Germany subservient to his purpose, the whole of the task lay before him. Previous events had in no degree prepared the way. All Europe, at home and abroad, was against him, and the labour and its success have been his. He has triumphed as no mere diplomatist ever triumphed before in a similar period. He is, at the moment of our writing, the most successful, the most powerful, and yet, we believe we may say, the least popular man in Europe. As strength, indomitable will, over-mastering energy, and victory are hailed with acclamation, so the Count von Bismarck is reaping his reward; but the cause which has so far triumphed may be said to be no man's cause but his own—the object achieved is the greatness of the Count von Bismarck. Judging as far as we are able, from very scanty materials, of the causes of his success under circumstances so adverse, we can only attribute that success in the first instance to the refined flattery which he offered to the narrow-minded and bigotted kings of the house of Hohenzollern, in being the only great man of his age to believe, or profess to believe, in the divine anointment and royal infallibility of his sovereign. There was his vantage, and he has used it with rare skill. It is impossible to withhold admiration from the extraordinary ability of the man, and the consummate tact which has enabled him, without bearing a sword, and without embodying any of the leading opinions or tendencies of his contemporaries, to dictate terms to kings and emperors, and to mark out new and vastly-extended boundaries to his native land.

Since the first of the royal Hohenzollerns, Burgraf of Nurnberg, purchased the Electorate of Brandenburg, four hundred and fifty years ago, for a debt of 400,000 gold florins due to him from Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, the country which afterwards developed into Prussia has held itself very much aloof from Germany proper. Its ways were never the ways of the Holy Roman Empire, nor the ways of the states and kingdoms north and south of the Main. The Hohenzollerns were a thrifty family, looking closely after the industry and prosperity of their country, and cultivating the arts of peace. Under the wholesome tuition of the early ancestors of King William, the people whom we know as Prussians acquired a habit of non-intervention, and troubled themselves less about their neighbours than any other community of the German family. One weak and foolish Elector, 250 years ago, brought his country to the verge of ruin, and his successor, Frederick William, the "Great Elector," in the process of regaining lost territory, and restoring the nation to vigour, did two things; he added something to Prussia by way of conquest, and he extinguished the parliamentary life of the nation, which had begun to flourish a little before his time. This Elector, from whose life may be dated several prominent tendencies of modern Prussia, chafed a good deal under his subordination to the Emperor of Germany, and sought to loosen the ties that bound him, and to assert as far as possible the independence of Prussia. His son, Frederick I., finished the work the father had begun. Having extorted the consent of the Emperor Leopold I., he crowned himself King of Prussia in the Church of Königsberg in 1701, and afterwards fought side by side with the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene against the [illegible]man Emperor, on t[illegible]e field of Blenheim and elsewhere. His [illegible]n, F[illegible]e redoubtable sovereign whom Mr. Ca[illegible]grandson, Frederick the G[illegible], did[illegible]al[illegible]ies, and [illegible]ged was mainly justified by the ambitious conduct of Austria and the other powers against whom the King of Prussia fought, and the aggrandisement of the kingdom was well and dearly earned. Frederick the Great raised the nation, which began its career as the little Electorate of Brandenburg, to be one of the first powers of Europe. To those dimensions Prussia grew without being aggressive. Its wars were principally those of self-defence and independence, and it expanded as the natural consequence of success. From that date till the ascendency of Count Bismarck Prussia made no effort at aggrandisement, except in the case of the partition of Poland, which was acceded to, in order to prevent an inconveniently large accretion to neighbouring and rival powers.

The first of the monarchs of the Holy Roman Empire was Charlemagne, and to him belonged all Germany one thousand years ago. In the course of little more than a hundred years the Emperor's dukes and counts, at first mere officers of the sovereign, reigning at second-hand over parts of the vast territory, grew to be more or less independent of their master; and from that time till the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte they exercised the right to elect the Emperor. That is how the numerous small sovereignties of Germany sprang into existence. In the many quarrels which have marked the history of this large family of nations, the only power that was ever able to hold its own against the successors of Charlemagne was the electorate and kingdom of Prussia. Napoleon Bonaparte abolished the Empire of Charlemagne, which had dwindled considerably in the course of a thousand years, but was still known as the "Holy Roman Empire;" and he caused the last of those Emperors to be crowned "Emperor of Austria," which was the origin of that title. This put an end to the only remaining shred of pretence of imperial domination in the states of Germany beyond the Austrian frontier. Bonaparte formed the Confederation of the Rhine, including France (which had then what it wants now, a Rhine frontier) and all the German states. This Confederation held its Diets at Frankfort till it was superseded, on the fall of Bonaparte, by the Germanic Confederation, wherein Austria, Prussia, and all the Germanic States were represented, together with Denmark on account of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg, its Germanic possessions; and Holland, on account of Luxembourg. The Germanic Confederation continued till 1866, when it came to an end in the Austro-Prussian war, and thereby hangs the tale of all the troubles in Europe of recent years. Bismarck was the death of the Germanic Confederation, which, after the war, was replaced by the Confederation of North Germany, whose southern frontier is the river Main, leaving out of Germanic councils the Empire of Austria and the South German States—Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and Hesse Darmstadt.

It used often to be said in England that what was known as the "Schleswig-Holstein question" was too difficult for any but Germans to understand. In a sense, perhaps, this was true, and hence it is that the real merits of this great German imbroglio, which has plunged Europe four or five times into war within fifteen years, is but imperfectly comprehended in England to the present hour. We must go back for a few minutes to the Schleswig-Holstein business. Into the complications arising out of the mixing of royal blood between the ancient Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein and the kingdom of Denmark we will not enter. It is enough that the population of those duchies are essentially German in race, language, and character; that they have been sometimes free states of Germany and sometimes bandied about between Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia; that they were restored to Denmark as her right by some sort of sovereign descent; and that being German, and therefore incapable of enduring any other than German rule, they grew disaffected towards Denmark some forty years ago, and succeeded in extracting the privilege of a constituent assembly of their own. That amount of liberty fostered the desire for more; they waxed very warm on the subject in the disturbed days of 1848; and in their own States General they voted annexation to the German Confederation. This was tantamount to independence, and it was more than Denmark could submit to. She resisted. Prussia and Austria, supported by resolutions of the Diet of the Germanic Confederation, interfered on the side of the duchies. The war lasted off and on for several years, while from time to time concessions were made to the Schleswig-Holsteiners which did not content them. During the struggle Great Britain and other powers intervened again and again, and more than once they guaranteed the integrity of Denmark in consideration of a certain degree of independence granted to her German subjects. In 1852 a compromise was effected which resulted in comparative tranquillity for a time. That was before the Count von Bismarck began his career as a great diplomatist. Four or five years later the slumbering embers of dissatisfaction in the German states of Denmark were fanned into a flame again, and this time the movement was unquestionably encouraged by Prussia. At Berlin the liberals on one side and Bismarck on the other joined in advocating the "rights" of the German subjects of the King of Denmark. In

1863 the Danish king granted independent privileges to Holstein, but refused them to Schleswig; and Austria and Prussia together protested against the arrangement. While this was doing the Prussians themselves were being practically deprived of their constitutional rights by Count Bismarck. The king and his minister were maintaining great military armaments in defiance of the will of the chamber of representatives, newspapers were suppressed, popular privileges set at nought, and the nation was governed without a parliament. Those were Bismarck's preparations for the great struggles that were to come. To carry out his schemes a powerful military organisation was necessary, and standing almost alone in the country he insisted upon his programme. The refusal of the King of Denmark to accede to the demands of Schleswig and Holstein—backed up as were those demands by Prussia and Austria and supported by the vote of the Germanic Confederation,—resulted in the Danish war of 1863-4, and in the submission of Christian IX., who, in July of that year, resigned the duchies to the disposal of Prussia and Austria. Here begins a new phase of the story. During the war an important person was Prince Frederick, who claimed to be Duke of Schleswig and Holstein. His father, Prince Christian, had renounced his ducal rights for a compensation in money, as an article of the Treaty of European Powers in 1852 guaranteeing the integrity of Denmark; but if Schleswig and Holstein were to be separated from Denmark ten years later by war, the son of Prince Christian felt himself justified in putting in a new claim. Prussia did not say much to Prince Frederick, but nine hundred representatives of the different German states met at Frankfort and resolved to support the Prince, who mixed himself up in the war and was proclaimed Duke by the German population during the progress of the struggle. When the war was over, to the consternation of the Duke, and to the disgust of the Germanic Confederation, Prussia retained possession of the duchies, and had a dispute with Austria on the subject, which ended by Austria sharing in the act of possession. Bavaria and Saxony demanded that Austria and Prussia should give up the duchies to Prince Frederick. The Diet of the Confederation adopted the same resolution. The allies refused to submit to the order of the Diet, but they had very great difficulty in settling the matter between themselves. The desire of Austria, there is reason to believe, was to be honest in this matter, but Bismarck was too much for her. The long discussion ended in the provisional convention of Gastein, negociated by Bismarck on one side and by Blum on the other, leaving the government of Holstein with Austria and that of Schleswig with Prussia as a temporary arrangement. Europe was indignant at the Gastein convention, and the Germanic Confederation condemned it. Bismarck had foreseen the disturbance which then arose throughout Germany and knew how to take advantage of it. As soon as his forces had recovered from the effects of the Danish war he quarrelled with Austria over the spoil. The excitement in Germany very naturally extended to the duchies, and the court of Berlin complained to that of Vienna that mischievous political meetings were permitted to be held in Holstein. Austria replied, refusing to be dictated to by Count Bismarck. Councils of war were held in the two countries. Austria proposed to submit the questions in dispute to the German Confederation. Bismarck said no. The Diet called on Prussia and Austria to disarm, and a meeting of deputies of the smaller German states condemned the threatened war.

The Austrian Commissioner, Von Gablenz, summoned the Estates of Holstein to meet at Itzenhoe to consider the situation. Prussia forbade the meeting, invaded Holstein, and occupied Itzenhoe. An extraordinary assembly of the Diet was held, and Austria proposed a resolution declaring that Prussia had broken the Gastein Convention by invading Holstein. The Diet had never sanctioned the Gastein Convention, but by a majority of nine they supported the complaint of Austria. Upon this the Prussian representatives retired from the Assembly, and Bismarck declared the German Confederation at an end. Then followed the war of 1866, the leading facts of which are very familiar. That is how Bismarck promotes German unity. This was a war, not merely against Austria, but against the will of all the German communities, and against the right of individual States to determine their own form of government and their own relation to the German family of nations. The Diet, as well as Austria, declared war against Prussia, and independent German States were invaded, and, in the end, annexed with the duchies of Holstein, and Schleswig, to the kingdom of Prussia. For this war it was that the Prussian Representatives refused to vote money; and it was on the eve of hostilities that the Minister-President told the chamber, arrayed in opposition to his plans, in effect, that he would make war on his own responsibility. It was not Prussia, it was Count Bismarck who engaged in war against Austria and the Confederation. But the overt acts of Prussia during and immediately preceding the war do not explain sufficiently the plans and foregone conclusions of the Minister-President. The final quarrel, preliminary to the invasion of Holstein, was an affair of only a few weeks; yet, when hostilities commenced, it was discovered that Bismarck had concluded an alliance with Italy whereby the Italian army were ready and awaiting orders from Berlin to attack Austria in the south; intrigues (it has since been proved) had been set in motion to incite a war of independence in Hungary, simultaneous with the onslaught of Prussian arms; and during those same months Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, a member of a branch of the family devoted to the interests of the King of Prussia, was somehow elected Hospodar of Roumania, on the eastern frontiers of Austria. It was, beyond doubt, a plot that had been hatching for ten or a dozen years to crush the Austrian power, and to draw a Prussian line round the whole extent of Germanic country, including the German-speaking communities of Austria itself. The Italians, however, were defeated, the Hungarian scheme missed fire, and the objects of the war were but half accomplished.

There is perhaps no man in Europe who understands so well the length and breadth of the Count von Bismarck's plans as Napoleon III. The two men began diplomatic life at about the same time, twenty years ago, and they have watched each other incessantly ever since. They have schemed together, and they have schemed apart, and the result has been that while each player has known almost every card in the other's hand, the Emperor has been outmanœuvred by the minister. It is not that Bismarck is the abler diplomatist; but he has advantages. Napoleon is not a scrupulous man, but he has a few scruples; Bismarck has none. The Minister-President's power at home is practically unlimited; Bonaparte's home affairs are more arduous than those of any other sovereign in the world. Count Bismarck's plot, though utterly selfish, and pursued for no beneficial end, is surrounded with a fictitious halo of patriotism; the Emperor's counter schemes are wanting in the same seeming justification. Prussia is moving in Germany only, and whatever it does looks, at a distance, like nothing more than a family quarrel; France, on the other hand, must submit to be reduced to the position of a second-rate power or incur the censure, and perhaps the enmity, of its contemporaries. The Northern kingdom moves in a comparatively remote orbit; the empire of the Franks lies close within the range of the moral eye of England, which has become among nations the most advanced professor of political morality. What Bismarck expected Napoleon to do in 1866 is known only to those two men, who had had many a personal conference in Paris not very long before; but whatever it was the terms did not suit the Emperor, and Bismarck appears to have been surprised that Napoleon took no step to compensate himself for the aggrandisement of Prussia. Possibly, without committing himself to a promise, the Minister-President had led the Emperor to expect the annexation of the Rhine Provinces to France, and refused to ratify the implied engagement. It is beyond doubt that Napoleon stepped in at the close of the war of 1866, and made it clear to Prussia that she must not then pursue her advantages further. He told his ministers that he had arrested the conqueror at the walls of Vienna. It is known to all the world that soon after the battle of Sadowa Bonaparte addressed a note to the Prussian Government, demanding the "rectification of the French frontier," *i. e.*, the cession of the Rhine Provinces, and the conversion of the Rhine into a French boundary; and Prussia rejected the demand. Next the Emperor opened negociations with Holland for the purchase of Luxembourg for gold. Luxembourg, though belonging to the Dutch King, is German in nationality, its inhabitants are permitted considerable constitutional privileges by William III., and its interests were, until the war of 1866, watched over by the German Confederation. By the war that protection became vested in Prussia, and by arrangements with Holland Count Bismarck strengthened the Luxembourg fortifications in 1867, and threw a strong Prussian garrison into the place. This fortress was one of the protectors of the Rhine Provinces, and the new and improved fortifications were plainly provided against the time when France, moved by further efforts of Prussian extension, should attempt to shift her frontier to the Rhine. It was those preparations that led the Emperor to attempt the purchase of Luxembourg. Bismarck refused to permit the negociations. War was again imminent; the great powers intervened; and by the treaty of London it was agreed that the Prussian soldiers should be withdrawn from Luxembourg, that the fortress should be dismantled, and that, should either France or Prussia attempt at any future time to seize upon Luxembourg, England and the other powers should prevent it, by force of arms if necessary. The Rhine Provinces, consisting of a rather broad strip of land on the east side of the Rhine, extending from the boundary of Holland on the north to the French district of the Bas Rhine on the south, belong to Prussia as far south as Mayence, and the remaining tract to Bavaria. All that territory belonged to France from 1794 till the fall of Bonaparte in 1814, and throughout France there is a burning desire to repossess it.

"The frontier as it was up to 1814," was the demand of Napoleon in 1866. In our country, where people have almost ceased to believe in the "balance of power," not much sympathy is felt for that aspiration of France; and it does not seem likely that the inhabitants of those provinces would ever settle down contentedly under French rule. It is true there is a large Roman Catholic element among the population, and that the race is a mixture, and not wholly German; but, looking at all the circumstances, the impartial spectator cannot help regarding the desire of France to annex that district as a mistake. Still the Count von Bismarck has again and again recognised the claim of France to an equivalent for the increased greatness of Prussia; and the question of what the equivalent is to consist of seems to demand an answer. Napoleon wants the Rhine Provinces: the Minister-President says, "No! take Belgium if you like, and I will help you." That, there is little room for doubt, has been the substance of the secret diplomacy of the two countries since 1866, and indeed for some time before. Such evidence as existed up to the recent declaration of war pointed to that conclusion, and the revelations of the *Projet de Traité* and the explanations which it has elicited confirm it. The Emperor could not take Belgium. Peace and friendship with Great Britain have been the first article of his political creed since he has been at the head of affairs in France, and that article forbade the attempt. The act would have been glaringly and ostentatiously infamous, and success, if he succeeded, would have been purchased at too great a cost. And if the deed were done, and Belgium were a part of France, the empire would not present so marked and strong a front against the great power of the Prussians in the future as if it possessed the Rhine frontier; for the fortresses of the Rhine Provinces would be a perpetual menace, while independent Belgium can never be a source of weakness.

The attempt of Prussia to meet the demands of France had, therefore, it seems, come to a dead lock, and the only course left to Bismarck was to proceed in defiance of Napoleon. He resolved to do so. The late Lord Clarendon, at the suggestion of the Emperor, mediated between the two powers a few months ago, for a mutual reduction of armaments. Prussia unconditionally rejected the proposal. It was necessary that King William's position should be strengthened, not weakened, if Germany was to be made Prussian in the teeth of France. We have not discovered yet what contingent alliances Count Bismarck may have formed, but we know that, having caused Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen to be elected Hospodar of Roumania four years ago, and having surrounded that prince with a strong army, furnished with needle-guns and officered by Prussians, he set about contriving some months since that the Hospodar's brother, Prince Leopold, should be nominated to the throne of Spain. Prince Leopold's father had yielded up his own small territory for the purpose of enlarging the area of Prussia, and has since occupied the position of Prime Minister of Berlin. The family has sacrificed its personal dignity to the greatness of the head of the house of Hohenzollern. Prince Leopold's wife is sister to the present King of Portugal, Prince Leopold's sister was wife to the late King of Portugal, and the young king now reigning at Lisbon married a daughter of Victor Emmanuel, Prussia's ally in the last war. There was a neat family and diplomatic combination. Italy bears France no good-will, but she was not strong enough to fight her battle alone and to expel the French soldiers from Rome. With Spain and Portugal on her side, and with Prussia in arms on the shores of the Rhine, the enemies of Napoleon might do what they pleased in Italy, and the position of France would be almost as critical as was that of Austria at the beginning of the war of 1866. Bonaparte saw this, and he announced to Prussia last year, before England had heard the name of Prince Leopold mentioned in connection with Spain, that he could not permit the nomination. Mere spectators, knowing nothing of the passages of diplomacy of the last few years between Paris and Berlin, ask innocently enough what right Napoleon has to interdict the election of a German prince to the throne of Madrid; but for aught we know the acceptance of the kingdom by Prince Leopold would be an actual or constructive violation of diplomatic engagements between the Sovereign at the Tuileries and King William's Minister. Anyhow this fact is ascertained, that when Bismarck permitted the acceptance of the nomination by Prince Leopold a few weeks since, he was aware that Napoleon objected, and he resolved to dare the objection, and to run the hazard of its leading to war, trusting, perhaps, that the Emperor would content himself with grumbling and protesting, and knowing that if it came to actual hostilities his army was well prepared for the encounter.

It is possible that the states of Germany may, in the course of years, become welded into a great, united and free family of nations, acknowledging one central head, as an indirect consequence of the carrying out of this ambitious scheme of the Count von Bismarck; but such a consummation can come out of such a beginning only through long and painful political struggle and internecine warfare. The history of the consolidation of the German peoples will be written in scars over the fair face of Europe, and the memory of it will be a memory of bitterness and a legacy of enmity in many lands.

THE INVESTOR.

BY A CITY AUTHORITY.

WHAT shall we say of the war and the panic? We may assuredly say that like the financial crisis of 1866, the war panic of 1870 has exceeded in intensity any similar perturbation of the present century. We may also say, without fear of contradiction, that the depreciation in prices has been more rapid and fitful than was ever before known, and that the depression has continued longer than warranted. Such a state of affairs as has been apparent was scarcely thought possible, and the oldest members of the Stock Exchange have stood with fear and trembling, all watching (not only daily but hourly) the surging of the financial tide, scarcely knowing when or how they might not be drawn down by the waves and engulfed in the universal maelström. Of the number that have escaped it is difficult to say in what position they may eventually find themselves. Shattered in resources, and scarcely knowing which way to turn, the large majority must be; and those who possessed friends and were enabled to struggle through will have to work for years to recover their position and replace the capital they have lost, not through want of foresight, but chiefly through the dishonesty of those on whom they relied, and for whom they transacted business.

The state of excitement, the "dissolving views in figures" occasioned by the war; and the "homes made desolate" through the fall in prices, may be better imagined than described. Nearly "fifty declarations" have taken place on the Stock Exchange through the fearful reaction, and only in one case has 20*s.* in the pound been announced. The others have ranged from 15*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.*, the majority varying between 7*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 3*d.*; the paucity of assets through the bad conduct of principals having been most remarkable. Indeed from the latter state of things business has been almost suspended, and as a great number of the dealers were not inclined to extend their engagements, they simply arranged to "make up." The remembrance of the Franco-Prussian panic will be a sad one to those individually connected with it, and the extent of distress produced through it cannot be well defined. It is, however, extremely creditable to the private and the Joint Stock Banks that they did much to mitigate the mischief by timely advances. Notwithstanding full terms had to be paid for accommodation, great relief through these sources was afforded.

It was supposed that when the Bank of England advanced the rate from 4 to 5 per cent. and then suddenly from 5 to 6 per cent. chaos would come again. There was naturally much heaviness in Stocks and Shares; prices were rapidly forced down, and weak; "Bears" were worked out. But all this was apprehended and anticipated, and it certainly looked at one time as if things were coming to a "dead lock." Fortunately the vigorous measures adopted by the brokers after the break-up of the speculations of Sir Robert Harvey prevented any further collapse, and when it was discovered that they declined risky business, the markets gradually rallied, because the public appeared as buyers and took some classes for investment. The restriction of operations in this manner, the influx of bullion from abroad, and the cessation of large specie exports, have assisted to "turn the tide," and now we have a complete abundance without the chance of employing it at advantageous rates. Notwithstanding the withdrawals of specie for Germany and France, representing upwards of 3,000,000*l.*, the whole proportion has been returned by receipts from America, the East Indies, and Australia. With the limited supply of paper offering, with the redundant quantity of money in the open market, and with the small chances of a revival of extensive engagements in the neighbourhood of Capel Court for some months, the Bank directors might safely make progress with the reduction of the official *minimum*. From 5½ per cent. they would be gradually able to drop to 4 per cent. in the course of a few weeks, should the war continue; and should peace be declared there would be no difficulty in supporting even a higher rate, with a recovery in trade and better prospects for the future.

When values were at their worst—the day that a great firm of brokers gave out cheques for 200,000*l.* against a balance at their banker's of 60,000*l.*, believing that they could get advances on securities at the last moment—and the dealers were almost unable to sell stock of any kind, the feeling was that no prices could be quoted. Nevertheless, two or three large houses interested thought it would be prejudicial to the general market to let them be "declared," and the disgrace of that proceeding was avoided. Their securities have since been quietly sold out, with less sacrifice than supposed, and the few that remain will be realised on behalf of principals, who will adjust the margin of profit produced through the rally in prices. Whether it will be desirable to allow these brokers to enter the House again to transact regular business remains to be seen. The Committee of the

Stock Exchange have not yet in reality decided the question. It is still under consideration, and will have to be debated at some length before it is adjusted. Among the whole of the fraternity a very strong opinion is entertained; their conduct in paying away cheques to such an extent when their immediate balance fell so short of the total, having created much adverse criticism.

The suspension of specie payments by the Bank of France need have taken no one by surprise. It was to have been expected immediately the reverses on the frontier were announced and Paris was declared in a state of siege. In its present position, with 41,140,000*l.* in its coffers, a resumption after the war will be more readily accomplished. The extension of the circulation to 96,000,000*l.* will give the Bank every scope the directors may require. The loan of 40,000,000*l.* for war purposes will, there can be no question, be readily raised. At a period like the present, the disposition of the Parisian public will be to support the country, if not the Empire, and they would sacrifice their last shilling rather than see the honour of France tarnished.

The business at the Bourse since the suspension of cash payments has been almost *nil*, and the fluctuation irregular and uncertain. It is not probable that any real activity will be noticeable until an approach to peace shall have been made. Quite certain is it that the French Bourse has ceased to govern the English markets. The quotations from Berlin now exercise the greatest influence.

The question has often been asked, why does not the Committee of the Stock Exchange enforce some more stringent regulations against the delinquents who sacrifice their brokers? A plan should certainly be devised by which publicity might be given to the names of individuals who deal with two or three separately, and let in the whole of them. The "black board," it is presumed, is still in existence; why not elevate their names there? We have heard of such disgraceful instances of default in cases in which it is believed the parties could pay, that "swindling" is the only proper term applicable to these transactions. The principal brokers have altogether reduced their engagements, so they could never again encounter such losses as they have experienced; but in most instances the precautions have been adopted too late. "Money and morals," it has been remarked, do not always go hand in hand together, but those who speculate are always quite ready to receive "differences," if they are not prepared to liquidate them. Never was the truth of this assertion more painfully illustrated than on the settling days ending 15th and 30th of July last.

The account concluded on the 16th instant (August), through the smallness of transactions, might have been considered no account at all. Owing to the caution exercised, and the bitter experience of the past, brokers whose previous engagements included liabilities for 70,000*l.* to 100,000*l.*, refrained from general business, and only went to the extent of 7,000*l.* or 9,000*l.*, and then only with ample "cover" to secure themselves from any risk. But whilst this caution in connection with speculation has been manifested, on the other hand orders have freely come up from the provinces for small investments to an extent almost unparalleled. This is precisely what was indicated would be the result of the existing depression last month, and the prediction has in every respect proved correct. The real recovery on Consols has not been so great, not more than 1 to 1½ per cent., but quite sufficient to leave a good profit on banking investments. The rise in Indian securities, rupee paper, &c., has been more general—say 2 to 5 per cent.—colonial classes also taking the lead, and finding strong buyers on provincial as well as London account.

The great jump has, however, been in all foreign securities. Every one with half a grain of sense could see that immediately the public mind became tranquillised, there would be a smart rally, particularly in those which were unduly depressed. The market, in the midst of the panic, was over-weighted with securities, and when the suspensions were in full force, the difficulty in finding buyers left large parcels on the hands of the jobbers, who were glad to realise what they would at once fetch. Such was the depreciation, that it is well known the nominal quotations in the open market were frequently 1 to 1½ per cent. higher than the price at which they could be obtained on special application to parties who happened to have them as assets from "defaulting firms." From the lowest prices quoted, a recovery of at least 5 to 7 per cent. has become apparent, even in the most "risky descriptions," and in others 8 to 10 per cent. The rebound in Turkish, Egyptian, Brazilian, Chilian, Argentine, Spanish, Russian, and others, has been remarkable; and they must still go higher, since every kind is scarce, and the buying by small capitalists, who look to interest and not to fluctuation in prices. Americans have participated in the favourable movement, and the Germans, who were the first to sell at the commencement of hostilities, are now the most active re-purchasers. Selections may still be made from Chilian, Brazilian, Mexican, Egyptian, Spanish, Turl Railways with advantage; particularly the
be so low? Mexican, New Granada,
speculative risks for people who can

wait a little. The Government of Venezuela will have to be honest before they can obtain any further financial assistance.

Who would have ever thought of seeing London and North Western at 119 to 120, and Midland at the same quotation? Or Great Western at 59? Yet such was the fact, and they now stand, the former respectively at 126, and the latter at 66. The other leading lines fluctuated in rateable proportion, and the recovery of them has been to an equal extent. The large provincial failures which brought down several of the London brokers, was the cause of heavy sales to realise to provide any means they could to meet "differences," and as everybody refused to continue accounts, all classes were disposed of at the best prices that could be obtained. At the lowest point the Lombard Street and country bankers came forward and purchased, the dividends proposed and the reports published being considered encouraging. From the 30th ult. to the present time they have been gradually rising, and since several will shortly be quoted ex-dividend there are strong symptoms of a further advance. The meetings are passing over favourably, the terms for money will quietly droop, and economy in expenditure is yet generally practised.

The chief adverse effect of the panic in banking shares was in connection with Imperial Ottoman, Anglo-Austrian, and Anglo-Hungarian; but after being 2 to 3 per cent. lower they are once more in the ascendant. Other bank shares have been steady through the increased value of money, but their discount business, owing to the absence of bills, cannot be important.

The shares of the various telegraph companies are again coming into request, and since the traffic on the various open routes is good, the public will shortly become buyers. A few of the various descriptions at a discount will not hurt anybody, because they are sure to improve gradually as they become developed. Either in time of war or peace they will attract custom, but more particularly when trade revives. The rush will be great immediately the war is concluded. All the Construction shares will further advance, as there are several new lines in contemplation for increasing the facilities of the existing routes.

Every low-priced security will rise. Anyone may now almost purchase with their eyes shut, there has been such a "clearing out" of everything within the last four weeks. Even Mining Shares will take a turn; and several prizes in this respect will be obtained. Some of the California and Nevada kinds are spoken of with favour. The Brazilian mines are in several cases very cheap.

August 18, 12 o'clock A.M.—The abundance of money has compelled the Bank directors to lower their rate of discount from 5½ to 4½ per cent. A further stimulus to investment therefore exists.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

A RECORD OF NOBLE DEEDS.

SINCE last we uncoiled our Roll, a catalogue of brave acts has come before us in the list of cases rewarded at a meeting of the Society which aims at protecting life against fire. Most notable among the services there distinguished, are those of a builder named Pitcher, who saved four lives, of members of a family named Foord, from destruction in a burning house in Southwark, on the morning of the 19th of May last year. The cries of a mother and her children startled Mr. Pitcher, and he ran to his workshop for a ladder: with this he mounted to a narrow ledge, but ten inches wide, formed by the projecting cornice of a shop facia, and while on this insufficient footing he caught first one child and then another, as they were dropped from the window of a higher floor. The second child came upon him so forcibly that he must have been overthrown, had he not saved himself by dashing his arm through a pane of glass to gain a holding place. Next Mr. Pitcher took a female from a first-floor room. Then the mother had to be saved from the higher apartment, the fire the while having increased in rage. But one chance of rescuing her presented itself, and that involved great risk to both persons. Mr. Pitcher challenged it, however. He threw up a ladder, and resting one foot of it upon the cornice, held it, nearly perpendicular, against the wall of the house. The woman had passed on to the higher rounds, when the ladder *slid from the perpendicular*, threatening the overthrow of rescuer and rescued. For a minute putting forth almost superhuman strength, Mr. Pitcher held the slanting ladder fast in position, and enabled Mrs. Foord to reach the cornice; afterwards leading her down to the ground in safety. Without the certificates that were offered of this act of intrepidity, it is clear that the silver medal that rewarded it was well deserved.

Under appalling circumstances, three people were burnt to death at a fire in Wolverhampton in November last. The scene was an iron brazier's establishment; and the fire was caused by the escape of some tar spirit from a barrel. In a moment the building was in flames, and several young women in the upper part were shut in by the fire. Violent were the struggles for safety; and the nnmber of the sacrified had been increased but for the energetic courage of one Edward Craddock, an iron-plate worker, who was instrumental in saving several lives; carrying one girl through the flames, and extinguishing the burning clothes of others—striving hard to beat death away, in some cases with unfortunate effort, but in two cases with success. Martha Williams and Sarah Ann Harris have this man to thank for the days they number after that memorable November 1.

Policemen, much abused, may proudly point to the numerous rewards for life-saving acts that go to members of their calling. Their opportunities are frequent, and they show their readiness to meet them. Out of a dozen instances before us in which they have gained prizes for entering burning houses and bringing inmates out of danger, we can specially mention only those of constables O'Connor and White, both of the G. Reserve, and both recipients of silver medallions for their joint labours in saving the lives of three persons in the City Road, London, on the morning of the 11th of March last. While flames were spreading fast through the burning house, the two men entered in search of sleepers, and ascended to a first floor; but they were beaten back by the great heat and dense smoke. By strong efforts they reached an adjoining roof, and then, forcing their way through the skylight of the house on fire, they gained access to the top rooms, wherein they found a man, a youth and a woman, one of them lying insensible. But for the arrival of the constables all must have been burned to death: by that timely arrival all were taken out safely.

Passing to combats with a more merciful destroying element—water—we have first to tell of one witnessed from the decks of Her Majesty's ship *Zealous* on the morning of the 22nd of April last. The good ship was steaming off California's coast, at fair speed, but rolling heavily in half a gale of wind. A first-class boy, John Sweet, went to the fore-rigging to fetch his clothes: but he fell overboard, striking the fore-chains in his involuntary dive. Sub-lieutenant A. A. Taylor was officer of the watch; and upon the instant he jumped from the forecastle into the heavy sea in hopes to save the youth. But the body sank and was not recoverable. Mr. Taylor remained a quarter of an hour in the water, and so exhausted himself that he had to be picked up by the lifeboat; a matter of difficulty which would have been dangerous had not the ship been under steam, and therefore able to be kept head to swell.

Another navy lieutenant, Mr. W. L. Bamber of the *Excellent*, was the hero of a gallant act performed one day at the end of July last in St. Helier's Bay, Jersey. The mail steamer was leaving for Southampton, when two seamen passengers, going to join their ship at that port, and, as is alleged, in a somewhat excited state, were capsized by a tilting of the packet's prow. Without a moment's hesitation, Lieutenant Bamber, who was also a passenger, dashed after them. The men drifted under a landing stage projecting from the pier, and their extrication was a matter of great hazard and difficulty, the bodies being kept down in the water by the overlying timbers. They became much exhausted and almost helpless, and Lieutenant Bamber's most courageous efforts were called forth, first to secure hold of them, and then to support them, till a relief came to him in the person of the ship's cook, who lowered himself by a rope, and took one of the men in hand. Both were ultimately saved. To Lieutenant Bamber's credit it is to be said that this is the fourth time his courage has similarly distinguished him.

The most coveted honours are those conferred by learned bodies upon foreign toilers in the field of knowledge. Active is the discussion upon the merits of the candidate for distinction, and the close canvass gives the prize its high value. On the first of August, Mr. Darwin's name was brought before the secret committee of the Paris Academy as that of a *savan* worthy to fill the vacant chair of the zoological section of the Institute. Mr. Darwin's claims were advocated by one of the opponents of his famous theory, in an address of which we can but give a faint outline. M. Quatrefage said: There are two men included in Mr. Darwin, a naturalist observer and a theoretical thinker: the naturalist is exact, sagacious, and patient; the thinker is original and penetrating, often just, sometimes too rash. That the theory of natural selection with which his name is connected is seductive and plausible is shown by its having been worked out by such men as himself, Wallace, and Naudin, labouring independently and in different paths. If his ideas are such as some opponents represent, how can they have obtained the support in less than ten years of men like Lyell, Hooker, Huxley, Karl Vogt, Lubbock, Häckel, Filippi, and Brandt? That which belongs to Darwin alone, as distinct from the originations of his predecessor Lamarck, is the laws of variation and the law of correlation of growth. His error has been the confusion between the laws which regulate the foundation and propagation of races and species; substitute the former for the latter, and his theory is incontrovertible.

Independently of his theory, his works are great. Seven important memoirs has he contributed to geology. In botany, we have Hooker's testimony that the most beautiful discoveries of the last ten years in vegetable physiology belong to Darwin. In zoological literature, we have the report of the voyage of the *Beagle* and the monograph of the Cirrhipedes, one of the most important ever published; a fairy tale of the sea it was called by M. Milne Edwards. Mr. Darwin, said his opponent-advocate, in spite of his errors, will be none the less one of the glories of science and of the Academy.

The brightest jewel the casket of Miss Ina Cummings can ever contain will be the silver medal with which she has been rewarded by the Humane Society, for saving the life of Mrs. Jack, wife of the surgeon of H.M.S. *Mersey*, on the 29th of July. Mrs. Jack was bathing in treacherous sea off Whitepoint, Queenstown; and venturing too far, was carried by a strong current beyond her depth. Miss Cummings heard her screams, and rushing from a bathing house, swam forth and brought her into shallow and safe water, forgetting risk in the struggle with difficulty.

Twenty-two lives have been saved in twenty years by Charles John Matthews, a sailing master, of West Cowes. He must hold a charm who has so often risked his own safety to find himself still in the prime strength of manhood. The twenty-second life owing itself to his courage is that of a little boy named English, three years old, who fell into the sea at St. Peter's, Guernsey, on the evening of June 15 last. Matthews jumped from the quay with all his clothes on, and brought the insensible child safely to shore. Those who are domiciled in places whereto dangers seldom approach, and who dwell continually in quiet safety, can scarcely understand how opportunities arise for one man thus to save more than a life a year. Matthews is but forty-five years old. What a roll of honour he will have to himself if he continues his gallant exploits to a reasonably ripe age!

Truly some men seem born to humane actions. We may comprehend a sailor's frequent chances of distinguishing himself by rescuing drowning fellows; but here is a greengrocer, only eighteen years old, who has, in a short time, wrested four human beings from death's grasp. Joseph Pocock is his name, and Rochester his present dwelling-place. It was off that town, in the Medway, that he performed his latest feat of courage, and recovered the body of a lad, named Orlando Black, who sank while bathing there on the 2nd of June. It was a jeopardous business, for he had to swim out to the boy with all encumberments of dress on; but he brought his burden alive, although insensible, to shore.

A leap for another's life was lately made from the quarter-deck of the ship *Shelbourne*, in Belfast Lough, by the steward, Thomas Scully. A young woman, a mill worker, tired of her thirty years' life, threw herself into the Lough, at a place where the water was twenty feet deep. Scully jumped after her, and held her up insensible till a boat could be put off to take her ashore. In a case like this what are the feelings of the would-be suicide towards her salvor? It would be interesting if anyone encountering such courtiers of death were to sound them upon the subject.

A hearty "bravo" to little Clement Brooks. Only eleven years old, yet with a medal on his jacket. A self-made hero, who has earned more honours by a voluntary baptism in a well than could be deserved by a score of such "baptisms of fire" as we have lately heard of. A little girl, fifteen months old, with the habit of straying into danger proper to her age, wandered to the edge of a well, and tumbled in. Little Brooks was hard by, and, like a man, he went down the well with a rope round his chest, and brought up the child, apparently lifeless. Not dead, however, for upon being taken to the nearest house, and submitted to restorative treatment, the cry that announced safe recovery was soon heard. The well was thirty-three feet deep, with three feet six inches of water at the bottom. East Grinstead was the locality of this exceptional exploit; June 14 its date.

Lucky is the man whose honours ripen so fast that he is permitted to witness the inauguration of his own monument. This will be the fortune of Professor Morse, if he lives to celebrate his eightieth birthday—the 27th of April next. Then will his statue be ceremoniously uncovered in the Central Park of New York. Morse's merit lies in his contrivance of a telegraphic apparatus, which, as it is the most economical and expeditious, is to be found in well nigh every electric message office in the world. And from all quarters of the world have recognitions flowed to the inventor. Twelve years ago a special congress of ten nations awarded him an honourable gratuity of 16,000*l.* Crosses and stars he wears in a galaxy—of the Legion of Honour from France, of St. Maurice and Lazarus from Italy, of the Tower and Sword from Portugal, of the Order of Isabella from Spain, of the Order of Dannebroge from Denmark, of the Order of Glory from Turkey; and medals from Austria, Prussia, and Wurtemburg. But hitherto his own country has passed him by, ready as are its sons to recognise brotherly merit. If honour, however, like charity, begins abroad, it generally comes home at last.

Equal at least to the loss of a battle do peaceful French physicians consider Germany's loss in the death of Dr. Von Gräfe. He was the foremost ophthalmologist in the world: great as a practitioner, great as a teacher. Thousands who may never have heard his name enjoy the blessing of sight, which would have been denied them but for his curative discoveries. He was but twenty-six years old when he found a cure for the baffling disease of the eye known since classic times as *glaucoma;* and so priceless a benefit did he by that discovery confer on suffering humanity, that it has been suggested a sufficient inscription to convey his claim to posterity's esteem would be the simple words, "*He cured Glaucoma.*" The father of modern ophthalmic surgery, this excellent young German was only forty-one when consumption snatched him from a world-wide circle of erudite admirers.

Upon the small list, just issued, of deservants who have this year had civil pensions granted to them, two names concern us. First, that of Mr. De Morgan, for nearly forty years Professor of Mathematics in the London University, the encyclopædist of arithmetic, the inveterate logician, and quaintly sparkling writer, whose innumerable services to mathematical science have been rewarded with an annuity of 100*l.* Second, that of Dr. William Henry Emanuel Bleek, whose philological labours and achievements from the study of the languages of South Africa have been recognised with a pension of 150*l.* The other grants upon the list were for inherited deserts.

“Vive la Guerre!”

BY A MAN OF THE CROWD.

THERE rose a sound of sorrow on the morning,
The chill and silent hour before the dawn.
Upstarting at the dull and mystic warning,
I listened stonily. A startled fawn
Sprang from her covert hastily, as fearing
The stealing of the tiger from his lair.
What voice is that afar yet slowly nearing?
“*Vive, vive la Guerre!*”

What voice? Alas! my brothers, for it beareth
The semblance of a people's frantic shout.
But through the morn there strideth one who weareth
A bloody sword his cold ribs girt about.
A grim and phantom portent, silent stealing,
A cruel covert smile his features wear.
He whispers, and loud echoes answer, pealing,
“*Vive, vive la Guerre!*”

What! duped again, my brothers? Have the ages
Their cruel lessons taught you still in vain?
Have all of History's ensanguined pages
Garnered for us indeed no greater gain?
Yet once again are ye befooled to battle,
Ear-tickled by the trumpet's brazen blare?
Poor frenzied fools, who shout, through the death rattle,
“*Vive, vive la Guerre!*”

“*Vive, vive la Guerre!*” Again the tramp of foemen
Shall crush the timid germs of growing good.
Again fair Hope, ah! sight of evil omen,
Shall fly, her faltering wings besmirched with blood.
Oh! fierce delight of slaughter; not the sweetness
Of love's fair fruit, Christ-tended, with long care
Hath quenched the cruel Cain-thirst with completeness.
“*Vive, vive la Guerre!*”

Ah! wake my brothers; wake! be fooled no longer.
Were ye but sane and seeing, ye had known
Right is the peacefuller power,—and Peace the stronger.
Your martial god a pestilent fiend hath grown.
One cruel blood-red hand the earth befouleth,
The other hideth heaven. Ah! beware,
Hell echoes to yon frantic crowd that howleth
"*Vive, vive la Guerre!*"

Death? 'Tis not *he*, brave hearts, that is the chiefest
Of war's foul curses; for our being's day,
Though sunned by many joys, is of the briefest.
Death? Men may smile who meet him on the way,
God's angel of reward or of releasing.
But that death-angel's hand what *man* may dare
To wield uncurst? Oh! fools who cry unceasing
"*Vive, vive la Guerre!*"

Leave Death to Him, the Lord of Life, who holdeth
The twain with equal and unhasty hand.
Ye *kill!* but lo! the meanest germ that foldeth
Life in its cells will mock at your command.
Cease, cease your devil-work, who slay unknowing,
Uncareful of the sequel; impotent there,
Ye shout, while man-moved Death his swathes is mowing,
"*Vive, vive la Guerre!*"

Yes—"*Vive la Guerre!*" But war with bloodless evils;
The heart's grim foes, the troublers of the world.
In warrior-service worthier than the devil's
The sword may still be bared, the flag unfurled.
Life may be yet heroic; never faileth
Danger or death for valiant souls to dare.
Then *may* ye shout while right o'er wrong prevaileth,
"*Vive, vive la Guerre!*"

PARIS UNDER ARMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AT HOME IN PARIS."

IT is a brisk and bracing morning (August 14th). A strong northerly wind is blowing from Cape Grinez: the hay-cocks are dancing by the old fort behind which the ruins of Bonaparte's foundations for a fort lie, sinking deeper in the sands: the cheery crews of Boulogne fishermen roll away to sea with a laugh or a droning song. By the oyster-house on the pier I catch glimpses of many days that are past and gone far away. A boy at school, I bathed under the watchful eye of the famous brave old man whose breast was covered with medals marking the lives he had saved on this shore—within sight of the fisherman's calvary which crowns the *falaise*. I marched (in a jacket) with the troops that came from Lille and Arras to make an imposing military demonstration, in the Citizen King's time, when the statue of the Little Corporal was planted upon yonder column. I remember Louis Philippe riding here on a white horse. I used to stand staring at the window over the gateway of the Upper Town Castle, where one Louis Napoleon's grave face appeared occasionally behind the bars. A certain English resident undertaker set up the statue of Napoleon I. that stands upon the cliff, on the site of the Imperial head-quarters during the encampment of the Great Army that threatened England. Through the undertaker, that statue is always associated in my mind with the death-gloom of a certain summer. Then the military road in the cliff conjures up the army of Napoleon the Third, that was echelloned for miles along these heights, to give a *feu de joie*, as the yacht of the Queen of England approached when she came to be the Imperial guest. It was here that I and my friend Gustave Doré stood on that brilliant summer day; and that he took in the great scene in a note-book not bigger than a drayman's thumb. The star of Cæsar was at its brightest; and the well-known melancholy face was wreathed in smiles, as the Queen of proud England stepped into the gorgeous state train *en route* for Paris.

But the piers are deserted: the quays show no holiday makers: the shops in the Rue Napoleon have not a single customer in them: the English library in the Grande Rue is closed, and covered with bills: and when I ask the gloomy waiter in the oyster-house whether

Boulogne has any visitors in spite of the war—he answers, in a hard savage voice : "*Personne.*"

There is not a soul in his establishment. The cutlets which we order have to be fetched from the town, while we eat the immense ragged Channel oysters; and the wife steals in with them under her apron, to save the honour of the house. During one hour and a half only a slouching post officer redolent of *caporal*, and a Russian party of three, come in. Yet these sorely try the resources of the paralysed restaurant. The Russians want kümel of course ; and the proprietor goes cheerily through the pretence of having it-- then of finding that he happens to have just emptied the last bottle. But he has maraschino, and every other liqueur. Poor fellow, he was just able to squeeze three thimble-glasses full from the bottom of a maraschino flask, and mask the poverty of his cellar. Verily, the Boulogne season is represented by "*Personne.*" And the reason was receiving an amusing illustration on the beach under our eyes.

The tide was beating in noisily, flapping and hissing through the piles of the jetty; and along the wet boundary of the shore some fifty *gamins* had constructed sand intrenchments, within the lines of which they were gathered, shouting, waving their caps, and singing the "Marsellaise," while the tide crept up to their treacherous works. Suddenly the waves broke through the sand walls, and the whole fifty ran laughing and chattering away, to open other intrenchments where the water would be in half an hour.

Playing at war, with the rough sea for the common enemy, with old fishermen and sea-side invalids looking on from the pier, seemed a little grim, as an amusement; while the little blue boxes, suspended outside the custom-house and other public buildings invited passers-by not to forget the wounded of the army of the Rhine!

By the fish-markets the *poissardes* are reading the prefect's announcement, that Strasbourg is invested : in the market-place the farm servants, who have come in with fruit and butter and eggs, slide from the back of their donkeys to read the mayor's appeal to his "*chers concitoyens*" to be alert with their help. In a few days a train of wounded soldiers will reach the town. There are a hundred beds ready in the *hospice civil;* and in the old barracks there is room for one hundred and thirty. Will not the dear fellow-citizens lend beds and bedding, during the war, to be returned to them when peace shall have been signed? The barracks are a mouldy rat-run now ; but I remember the day when at this crazy gate Napoleon tore an officer's epaulet from his shoulder, and the place was alive with a battalion. By the military Café Veyez, a placard warns all whom it may concern that the 5th battalion of the Garde Mobile is to assemble at Boulogne-sur-Mer, on the 16th instant; and another is addressed to citizens over forty years of age, summoning them to enrol themselves of the Sedentary National Guard. The old among the old may yet have to shoulder their crutches, and show how fields were won; for it is only too clear the carpet soldiers of the Second Empire are not of the stuff of Jena and Austerlitz.

By the fish-market, by the vegetable-market, along the quays, across the bridge, to the railway-station, are spread, the fathers and grandfathers of the intrenched baby-army on the sea-shore—and these are by no means playing at war. The Garde Mobile is dapper and busy: the National Guard is very serious indeed. The gay little town we have been wont to associate with sunshine and laughter, has not a smile now for the rare stranger. The railway officials are serious: and the men kiss each other as they part. I saw two standing with hands intertwined, and their eyes brimmed with tears —waiting for the guard's whistle that was to separate them. They fell into one another's arms, at last, embraced; and he who was going said, with his heart in his mouth:

"God knows whether we shall ever meet again!"

At Montreuil we asked for news: at St. Valéry a head appeared at every window craving a few hopeful words: the officials were mournful at Abbeville, and gloomy at Amiens, when we precipitated ourselves upon the Paris papers that had just arrived. There was not a crumb of comfort in them; but only more sickening details of Woerth, and all the discomfitures of M'Mahon and Frossard; fresh facts to the disadvantage of Le Bœuf; and hearty denunciations of the Prussian proclivities of the English press. Teeth were gnashed over perfidious Albion, and her ready disloyalty towards the cordial ally of twenty trying years. Then men shook their heads proudly and defiantly, and said that a nation which called herself France could dispense with such false friends. A few skirmishes would not break down the first people in the world. France would rehabilitate herself, and then she would remember the organ of the shopkeepers, and the ignoble beings who had been the first to turn upon her in her misfortunes.

I could see there was no good news to greet our arrival in Paris. One even expression of sadness was upon the faces of the blue group of porters who were waiting to carry the luggage to the custom-house. The streets had an empty look. The crowd in the railway waiting-room had been silent. My concierge had plaintive tones in his voice. And yet he, in common with the vast majority of his countrymen, was fully convinced that the French reverses were only temporary trials, to be speedily forgotten in the delirium of an immense victory.

"You see, monsieur," was his argument, "it isn't possible a great people, like the French people, can be beaten. We have been led by bad generals, betrayed, sold, what you will: but we have not been thrashed. There must be at least five Prussians to beat one Frenchman, and they had six—ten sometimes. But, wait a few days: wait till we get them clear of the woods—and then we shall give it to them hot. They may get as far as Chalons, but there it will be a massacre. Oh! as for Paris: if they had the bad inspiration to carry their audacity to that extent—we shouldn't merely thrash, we should eat them."

This was the man's faith. He had no reasons to give. He cared for no map: he was regardless of the strategical genius of the enemy: he would neither reckon nor argue. A nation that called herself France *must* win.

There is a crowd at the corner of the Rue Drouot, by the 9th Arrondissement, where the people station themselves night and day to catch the first glimpse of M. Chevreau's bulletin. The centre of the crowd is a tall, white-haired man, in whose sallow face deep lines of thought are cut. He is giving his view of the relative positions of the armies before, and flanking, Metz. With his walking-stick he explains himself, by drawing a map of imaginary lines upon the pavement. The news is not so grave after all. Before Metz, at any rate, the army of the Rhine can make a stand. Think of those noble cuirassiers who died to a man the other day. See the stuff of which the young Duruy is made. The sons and grandsons of Austerlitz will give a good account of themselves yet. We are at the beginning of the war. We must have a little time to recover from the blunders of the Le Bœufs and Frossards—and the rest of that ignoble set.

Having delivered his little speech, the venerable figure pushed through the audience whom he had attracted about him; and went on his way well-satisfied with himself. The cabs are filled with recruits: the wine-shops are the scenes of leave-takings over wine and absinthe all day long: the volunteers, proudly showing the red scarf and the baggy trousers of easy wear for war, take a turn along the Boulevards with their mistresses: under the Jockey Club are many of its members in their new uniforms: and within the most gorgeous of these establishments is a little club of retired officers who seem to occupy two or three tables *en permanence*. One is a general, two or three are colonels. Some of their friends hail from the Corps Legislatif. Two dashing young chasseurs, fresh from the tailor, bustle in, followed by their friends. They are the two boys of one of the colonels. The father's eyes glow with pride; and the general warms the hearts of the lads by telling them, they have a good martial air. He examines their accoutrements critically; and he, and all the old officers about him weigh a shako gravely in their hands—each giving his opinion. The general then claps it upon his bald head. Whereupon, a burst of applause all round. It becomes the general perfectly. It must have been made for him. The old man's face flushes, and his eyes sparkle with delight. Then, playfully, each old man is made to try the speckless head-piece that may within a week be under the hoofs of the Prussian horse.

The pride and affection of the father for his two bran-new chasseurs, were delightful to witness. He laid his hands upon their shoulders: then held them out at arm's length to get a full view of their splendour: and then he put them at a table, and insisted upon their having an absinthe. I think one took sugar and water, flavoured with orange flower. While this domestic drama is enacting—we hear the roll of the drum, and the café is emptied in an instant, upon the pavement.

The red cross is coming. We can see it borne in the distance, and approaching slowly, with a dense black crowd round it. But, in advance, along the broad pavements, skirmishers are thrown out. They are grave gentlemen in black, with the white scarf and red cross about one arm, and holding a long pole with a stout canvas bag at the end of it. They jerk the bag as they proceed, making the money rattle; and they address the people, in an undertone:—

"*Pour les blessés messieurs—mesdames: pour les blessés.*"

All give: aye the poorest—with that willingness which doubles the gift. Some ladies who had missed the bag turned after it, and ran to it, determined that their offering should not be wanting. A few sneering Englishmen said the scene was theatrical—meaning hereby to say that it was hollow: but they were authorities of the tourist class, who affect a knowledge of everything, and are familiar with every city the steeples of which they have seen from a distance, in their railway carriage. The tears stood in the women's eyes, as the two almoners who were to say words of comfort to the dying, came along heading the procession, and carrying the eagle and the tri colour of France between them. When the grey ambulance: the waggon laden with tent-poles: the *fourgon* packed with medicines and lint, and with the brigaded *infirmiers* bearing the red cross behind;—when these had passed, how should the poor mothers who had sons where that procession was going—the sisters who had brave brothers from whose dying lips those priests might bring back the last loving words to them—the mistresses whose lover's death wound might be staunched and eased from the precious things in that *fourgon*—how should these gentle, grieving women refrain from weeping? Every heart, like every purse, was opened.* Utter strangers, moved by an irresistible common feeling, talked to each other, and agreed that war was a terrible thing indeed.

The shopkeepers lounge in their doorways, missing the tourist of August—the early worm of the Paris fancy trades. Even the cafés feel the pinch of the struggle. The absinthe drinkers are at Chalons: the customers of the Helder have hushed their "Chant du Depart," and are standing face to face with France's hated enemy. The Sedentary National Guards are the indifferent martial stuff left, to fringe the Boulevards at the miles of round tables in the company of the English, Italians and Spaniards who remain in the threatened capital.

"Threatened! The Prussians will not come here!"

Every man, woman, and child will tell you this. This is the exclamation that winds up every discussion of the chances of the war.

Ah! The Emperor has fallen back on Verdun: the Prussians are at Nancy: have drained Saverne of the last *litre* of wine: have invested Strasbourg: BUT, they will not venture hither. They would have to march over the bodies of two—or perhaps three millions of Frenchmen first. Not a single *choucroutier* would live to tell the story in Berlin. This is very wild talking, but then these are exceedingly exciting times; and I am not sure we should not effervesce a good deal if we knew there were half a million of fighting Frenchmen half way on their road to London. Pay a visit, and you only change the illustrations of the one feeling which animates every breast.

You find a circle of ladies in the *salon* picking lint into a bag. It looks like whipped cream at a distance. They are begged to make every thread exactly eight centimètres long, and they are doing their utmost: and they gossip as they work. One lady has a cook—who is Alsacienne. A few days ago she heard that Saverne was threatened. Hard by is the bit of land, in the cultivation of which she hopes to spend her days with the man of her family's choice. She is furious, at the bare idea of the approach of the enemy to that sacred handful of mother earth. Yesterday she was plucking a fowl, while talking with her mistress.

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* When the third ambulance left Paris, the *quête*, on the way to the station, produced 10,570 francs.

"There, madame, I only wish I had the Emperor here. I'd take him just so: and serve him—so."

While she spoke she held the chicken, and seizing a knife, cut its head off—with a will. The lady had other anecdotes of the furious Alsacienne. Boys are naturally malignant in their humour, I think. Madame's young hopeful at any rate has no keener enjoyment left to him, in this dull season, than to make an occasional burst into the kitchen, with the declaration that Strasbourg is taken.

Another lady is very much distressed about the war. She declares that she cannot bear to think about it. "Really, it is hardly worth the trouble of thinking about one's toilette now. Try to imagine what next season will be. Dear me, everybody is gone. All my poor dear Ponts-et-Chaussées are there you know. There is not a partner left in Paris I shall not give a thought to dress: but I must show you two that came home last week."

Another lady observes that the Prussian officers are exquisite dancers: but then this lady is an English woman.

A bouncing boy tumbles into the room. What has he been about? He has been playing at "à Berlin!" with a neighbour.

The lady of the house is of opinion that General Le Bœuf's daughters showed very bad taste in flaunting about the streets of Metz at the beginning of the war: just as the generals did in parading their showy equipages before the troops. And the lint-picking and the gossip are going forward, after this fashion, in every quarter of Paris; while the husbands and the fathers are abroad, on the Boulevards, on the Bourse, in the Cafés, at the Corps Legislatif, on the fortifications, at every street-corner, in the shops and offices, devouring the papers, and talking, gesticulating, screaming their indignation and vowing vengence, and swearing the Emperor shall not set his foot again in the capital. As for Le Bœuf, his slow torture would be witnessed by all Paris with unaffected delight.

Day after day wearily passes. The crowd never leaves the gates of the Mairie in the Rue Drouot. Bulletin upon bulletin strikes to the popular heart. The Emperor addresses Eugenie from Longeville, and reports a victory. Men's cheeks flush, and their eyes sparkle, and there is a shaking of hands all round: up and down the street. At last the good time is coming. The Prussians may prepare themselves. No longer will they be permitted to sully the soil of France. Disgrace, confusion, ruin awaits them. And they thought they were going to dictate terms to Frenchmen. The kiosks are taken by assault. Thousands of men and women hasten home—each carrying a *Liberté*, or a *Patrie*, or an *Opinion*. It is not a great battle after all. The Germans claim the victory. King William congratulates the Queen in Berlin. At night it is hinted about that the Prussian capital has been illuminated. More news at midnight—and of a doubtful character. The fight is still progressing; there has been heavy losses on both sides, but the French army is operating its retreat in good order, and quite to the satisfaction of Marshal Bazaine. Sad, surly, angry men go home to bed, each with the latest budget of bad news in his pocket. Every evening, it is the same thing. The *Soir* appears at half-past ten at night, and when it has such a chronicle of national humiliation as that which About published, eleven columns to the batch, on his escape from Saverne to Paris, it is a hard pillow for the Parisian to sleep upon. But harder to bear than the battle of Woerth, and all the story of M'Mahon's glorious retreat with the remnant of his army of heroes, is the shout of victory followed by the official confession that the good news is false news.

Paris suffered agony when she had to tear down the flags, and stifle the song and the shout for the first time. That day will not be forgotten by a living Frenchman. But still the pain of daily favourable rumours, followed by formal *dementis*, is acute. The battle of Metz, fought on the 15th, brought sunshine upon the faces of the Parisians on the morning of the 16th. I wonder how many *coups* were drunk to the victors, to France, to the valiant army! My concierge could hardly contain his enthusiasm sufficiently to tell me that 40,000 Prussians had been killed, and 20,000 taken prisoners. "Victory along the whole line!" said he. "We have waited for it; but *enfin*." At my cab stand, the cabmen smiled and nodded; a passing workman, beaming with joy, observed "*quarante mille*" to me, "*quarante*"—and passed on—as proud as the first grenadier of France. In the omnibus waiting-room, the people could hardly bring themselves down to the common-place proceeding of taking their number. A waggon passed carrying a cannon to the fortifications. With a shrug of the shoulders—it was generally agreed, for the thousandth time, that it was not in Paris the Prussians would eat *chou croûte*. The planting of the guns upon the fortifications, however, was a little work of external ornamentation that might proceed.

When the day had worn on to dusk, and still "details were wanting," and it was perceived that the news was a traveller's tale filtered through a sub-prefect's office, and then when the exact truth crawled out through official sources, the reaction was profoundly sad to behold. People had no spirit left to discuss the arrival of the army at the Chalons camp. A few days ago they were indignant at the retreat to Verdun, at the investment of Chalons, at the dinner which the Prussians had eaten at Nancy!

To criticise a people so tried, and to be ungenerous towards them, is to act a base part, not to say a dangerous one. For they are treasuring up the insults of their enemies. They will remember critics who stigmatise a proceeding of their parliament as robbery on a national scale; and who give currency to every rumour which is to their disadvantage. Their papers are taking notice of the Prussian organs in London; and of the shamelessness with which, in the hour of France's difficulty, they ignore and forget the candid and loyal friendship of twenty years.

"Your turn is coming," a learned Frenchman said to me, "Be certain of it. This is not the end of the Bismarck programme by any means. Observe what Prussia, Russia, and the United States can do, and may do, together. The American minister here is taking care of the Prussian embassy. They are agitating the Alabama claims at New York. Do you think Prussia doesn't intend to swallow up Holland and Denmark if she can? The States want your Canadian Dominion. Russia wants the Sick Man. The Goths and Vandals will not be satisfied with Alsace and the Lorraine. You might have helped us, and you wouldn't: do you think that we shall, let what may happen, stir a soldier to assist you, after this? The commercial gentlemen who govern you, and who are governed themselves by your aristocracy, don't like our progress, our profound love of letters and the arts, in short, our universal suffrage, and the rest of what they would call our revolutionary baggage; and so they have dragged you to the German side—and to your destruction eventually. For—we shall remember this; and, should we be humiliated, it is you whom we shall hate. They may take your Canada, and cut you off from India; and we shall sit here, and read of it in the evening papers—and go home quietly to bed with the paper in our pockets."

On the evening of the 15th, on that of the 16th, on that of the 17th, the anxiety of Paris was steadily on the increase; relieved by the flash of reported victory on the morning of the 16th—but saddest on that night, when in truth the capital had most cause to rejoice.

I find it impossible to convey to the reader an idea of the tension at which the minds of the volatile, sensitive, inconstant Parisians was kept from the hour of M'Mahon's retreat to the morning of the 18th, when the *Gaulois* printed *Deux Victoires* in prodigious letters, and the Count of Palikao announced the battles of Domcourt and Gravelottes. At the same time it is difficult to characterise the foolish exaggerations and the constant exhibitions of ignorance to which the special correspondents of English newspapers had recourse, in order to supply effective pictures of Paris in a state of siege to the English public.

The correspondence which M. Edmond About has contributed to *Le Soir* has made a profounder sensation than any writing which has yet proceeded from the war. The *Pays* has attacked his *Journal d'un Journaliste* as giving all the credit to the Prussians and only peppercorns of praise to the French; but the fierce Bonapartism of a De Cassagnac is more harmful to the cause of France than any truth which the correspondent of the *Soir* is likely to record against her.

M. About's diary from Saverne must be read in the original French; before the critic can do full justice to it. The author of "Tolla" and "Le Cas de M. Guérin" is a keen observer and a humourist; the writer of the "Question Romaine" is a philosophic sentinel over contemporary events; the creator of the "Roi des Montagnes" is a descriptive romancist of a high order. His powerful, refined, and brilliant French carries the war upon its tide, with stateliness. The thinker is forthright: the humourist uses his weapon patriotically: the chronicler of facts, picks those out which are salient, with a rare skill. The road from Phalsbourg to Saverne, after the defeats suffered by M'Mahon and Frossard, is brought fully to the readers' mind by a few brilliant touches of the pen. The meeting with the four horrible Zouaves headed by the awful *gamins de Paris* drunk and demoralised and ferocious, is a picture of which Meissonnier would make a masterpiece. Saverne, when the retreating soldiers of the 1st corps slept there, and the *générale* woke up the little place at six in the morning, and the inhabitants ran to the woods—is completely before the reader. "Many of the farmers drove their cattle before them as in the days of Abraham." After the retreating French came the Prussians—swaggering, methodical, exacting—remorseless: the barbarian showing through a film of civilisation and humanity. M. About fearlessly exposes the fact that while the enemy was plentifully provided with topographical maps, he had met a general gallopping in the valley of Behrensbach, turning his horse's tail in the direction to which he thought he was making. When the full and true account of this war shall be written; it will be seen that in unmasking only such mismanagement as this, M. About kept himself within severe limits.

The gossip of Paris is of a far more damaging character—and I mean the gossip in good circles. A military friend, who is a staunch Bonapartist, tapped me on the shoulder while I was reading the paragraph which was posted in the courtyard of the Grand Hôtel on the 18th inst., announcing the total destruction of Bismarck's regiment;* and said—

"They are getting over the blunders and lies at last. But they have been fearful—shameful. The Emperor has been betrayed. Half his army was merely upon paper. I have this from an important officer of the Corps Législatif. You know that the government receive the money from the *remplaçants* now. Well, every year thousands—thousands of the upper and middle-class families buy substitutes for their sons. In peace time the substitute costs 2,000 francs (80*l.*) Formerly this substitute was furnished by private offices: it was an open trade in food for powder: but it has been a state business under the Second Empire. The *remplaçant* fund falls into the imperial treasury. Shall I tell you what I have been told? This fund, paid by the parents of the lads who have drawn bad numbers, has been pocketed systematically—and no *remplaçants* have, consequently, been bought; so that all the soldiers who should have been replaced, have just been represented by numbers—upon paper. Nor is this all. People do go so far as to say that money has been actually voted year after year for these paper soldiers—and has disappeared! Hence Wissenbourg, Woerth, Forbach, and the rest of the failure at the beginning."

When gossip like this is current in the capital; can the writer be blamed who reports a little of the effect of the peculation and blundering which he sees before him, in dying countrymen, trampled vineyards, and poor folk laid under contribution by a ruthless soldiery—who would draw the teeth out of the peasant's jaws, if they had time? M. About has seen the hungry French troops begging bread at his door: and is he not to say so as fearlessly as our "Pen of the War" spoke from the Crimea, hereby saving our army, and earning the thanks of the country, and the careful neglect of successive governments? Is he to feign a pleasant humour, when he has seen the lasses of Alsace filling the Prussian cups with the white wine of his country?

"Saverne is filled with Prussians. I saw enough of them yesterday, and I see too many of them this morning from my window in a potato-field, which they are stripping, in rank, in the most methodical fashion." The writer who sees this from his desk is not likely to be mealy-mouthed when dealing with the authors of it. The enemy shows no example of moderation at any rate. Chroniclers who report that a Turco has been found dead with human flesh between his teeth are not the people to claim moderation on the other side.

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* An extract from the *Globe* of the previous evening: and there were London newspapers on the morrow morning who suppressed it; albeit the Count of Palikao had announced it in the Corps Législatif.

To this present writing (August 19) Paris in a state of siege: Paris under Generals Montauban and Trochu: Paris with a paralysed trade: Paris with the flower of her youth drained off to Chalons: Paris made the prey of hundreds of designing rascals with selfish purposes to serve out of her distresses: Paris, misrepresented by correspondents with foregone conclusions and the A B C of her life and spirit and genius to learn: Paris filled with spies from the enemy, and plotters for the pretenders on the frontiers—has a gallant bearing; and when the citizens go forth on Sundays to see the thousands of workmen busy with her fortifications, there is not an expression of fear on any face. Men are grave because there is death on the wind, all around: but they are of metal as hard as that which they have planted upon their walls, and they sleep like brave men behind the twinkling lights we can see from our upper windows, where the bronze mouths are gaping—ready to meet the enemy.

"What would you do, Ernest, to the Prussians, if they came here?" says the maid of Alsace (the heroine of the plucked fowl) to her Young Troublesome.

"I would jump upon them, Madeleine," answers the sabreur of the five-sous sword. And he jumps upon a *tabouret* to show how he would do it.

"Wreaths of roses!" Ernest's papa exclaims, watching his wife preparing her luggage for her autumn journey to the château.

"Why, yes," says the lady. "We shall have a feast I hope on the day of victory!"

Let us hope that it is at hand—for the Paris hospitals are filling apace from the camp of Chalons.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

OF all music, national music is the most impressive. If melancholy in character, it is mysteriously depressing; if cheerful or martial, it is more exciting than any other stimulant, however exhilarating. National melodies have a charmed existence. They hover round the cradle, dwell in our memories, and come unbidden to the recollection, bringing with them long-forgotten associations. Their origin often defies research; accident may have given them birth, but, once quickened, they never die. According to the purpose it is made to serve, a tune, intrinsically innocuous, becomes a powerful instrument of good or evil. In this respect, no words can have more influence than a simple musical sentence of sixteen bars.

"Music can teach us nothing," observes an eloquent writer; the deficiency, however, is compensated by music sometimes firing the imaginations of men beyond their own control, and thereby inciting them to the noblest or most despicable deeds.

This attribute of melody in its worthiest degree is, more or less, ignored by poets and dramatists, who apparently suppose the art can express no loftier sentiment than love, sickly and forlorn, or, at best, act as a sedative to a disturbed mind.

> "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
> To soften rocks, or bend the knotted oak,"

says Congreve's *Mourning Bride*. The figure of speech, so often quoted, is incorrect; the metaphor being inconsistent with the effect of sound, whose charm to soothe is frequently less potent than its innate power to excite. If any of my readers have ever heard the "Marseillaise" sung in the streets of Paris, they will, I think, acknowlege this to be the case. Once heard it is never to be forgotten. It stirs the blood, and makes the heart thrill with emotion, whether of patriotism or sympathy with patriots, matters not. No love ditty nor any plaintive melody ever had such electrical influence as the national air which, until lately, has been used in defiance of the government.

In every revolutionary effort it has been the most formidable element against which the authorities have had to contend. No wiser measure could have been taken than its adoption as the war song of the imperial hosts. It was at a banquet to his generals that Napoleon III. in June last desired the tune to be played, and thus turned it to his own advantage. The *chef de l'état* remembered probably the answer of a Republican leader who, when asked if he could attack a force larger than that which was under his command declared, that with a thousand men and a copy of the "Marseillaise" he cared not for all the armies in the world.

The history of the song, recently emancipated and now more popular than ever, is shrouded in no mystery such as that which veils the source of most national music. The author of the "Marseillaise" was an amateur, who set his words to a tune in many respects resembling the martial melodies well known in the French army during the last century, and which are strikingly similar to a manuscript air, shown to amateurs at Berlin, said to have been composed by Frederick the Great. The biographer, Dr. Hoefer, tells us that Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle was born 10th May, 1760, at Lons le Saulnier in the Jura, and died 26th June, 1836, at Choisy le Roi, near Paris. He was the son of an *avocat*, and studied law in his native town. He evinced talent for military pursuits, and entering the army soon attained the rank of captain. During the month of April, 1792, when war was declared, Rouget de Lisle, being at Strasbourg, was invited to a dinner given by the Mayor Dietrich. During the repast, conversation naturally turned to political events, then the cause of intense excitement, and a devout wish was expressed that, at such a solemn juncture as the declaration of hostilities against Germany, some poetical inspiration would express the national enthusiasm.

Rouget de Lisle, who in his leisure moments cultivated poetry and music with much success, felt his imagination animated by the suggestion. Leaving the friends with whom he had passed the evening, he returned home, the prey of feverish excitement, and seizing his violin, improvised the tune of the national hymn which was afterwards to make the reputation of its composer—the hymn which Carlyle pronounces to be "The luckiest musical composition ever promulgated; the sound of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death, Despot, and Devil." The poet-musician passed the night completing his work. The verses then written by De Lisle are but six in number; the seventh, known as that of *des enfans*, was added on October 14, 1792, by Dubois, to whom it was probably suggested by the words of a war dance executed at the Lacedemonian fêtes.

The following morning Rouget de Lisle took his poetry and music to the Mayor. A relative of Dietrich, who has often been erroneously described as his wife, or by others as his daughter, sitting at the pianoforte, played the melody at sight. The party of the previous evening was speedily reassembled, the new national song was received with transports of delight, and haste was made to have it copied and distributed to the military bands. It was published under the title of the "Chant de l'Armée du Rhin," and having appeared in a constitutional paper, of which Dietrich was editor, quickly became known throughout the kingdom. At Marseilles it was especially popular. Later on, shortly before August 10, 1792, the armed troops, under the direction of Barbaroux, marching towards Paris from Marseilles, played and sang it *en route.* Being thus heard in the capital, it was called the "Hymn of the Marseillais," and subsequently the "Marseillaise." It is amusing to notice the different versions given by Lamartine, Michelet, and other historians of the particular circumstances attending the origin of the celebrated song. Lamartine, with characteristic imagery, describes the supper at Dietrich's house minutely, and says it was the last bottle of wine in the Mayor's cellar, fetched by a young lady betrothed to the poet-musician, that inspired the composition. There is, however, but little discrepancy among the authorities as to the incidents mentioned; they all speak of the historical repast given by Dietrich, the Mayor, who, sad to say, was a short time afterwards led to the scaffold with the air that had been first heard under his own roof ringing in his ears.

The Tyrtæan Colonel, as Carlyle styles Rouget de Lisle, a few months after "translating into grim melody and rhythm the Thought of the Marseillais," was wandering in Alsace destitute of all resources, having refused to support the insurrection of August 10, 1792. Arrested as a suspicious character, at the commencement of the Reign of Terror he was thrown into prison, and was not released until after the fall of Robespierre. Following Tallien to the army he was wounded at Quiberon in 1795. The Convention then decreed that the military poet should be rewarded, an intention which was evidently not generously carried out, the author of the "Marseillaise" being always in abject circumstances. Returning to the capital with Tallien, he became allied with that deputy, and passed his time in musical and literary pursuits. He appears then to have abandoned the career of arms and to have vigorously opposed certain consequences of the Revolution. He had a dispute with a journalist on the subject which excited public attention. From this time Rouget de Lisle continued to inhabit Paris, where having no reliable means of livelihood, he suffered privations akin to misery. In 1812 he was forced to sell part of his inheritance of the domain of Montaign, where the happiest days of his youth had been passed, and this pecuniary resource was soon exhausted. After the Revolution of 1830 Louis Philippe pensioned him with 1,500 francs, and some short time later two other annual payments were allowed him by Government; one of 1,000 francs being paid by the Minister of the Interior, the other, similar in amount, by the Minister of Commerce—the three pensions forming an income of 3,500 francs. In December 1830, he was decorated with the *Legion d'Honneur*.

During the last years of his life he lived in retirement at Choisy le Roi, near Paris. Some biographers state that he died in the house of his friend General Blein, who received him with much hospitality; but this is untrue. The Registrar's book shows that Rouget de Lisle died June 26, 1836, in his own apartments, Choisy le Roi, No. 6, Rue des Vertus. The house he inhabited belonged to a M. Voiard, one of the witnesses to the certificate of death. His obsequies took place at mid-day on June 28, and he lies buried in the cemetery of Choisy le Roi; General Blein defrayed the expenses of the funeral.

A poet and musician by inspiration, if not by profession, Rouget de Lisle during his long career composed many pieces, the fame of which has been eclipsed by the famous "Marseillaise." Created as a war song, it had originally the intention of exciting the French nation against the invader, and was never meant to be an instrument of civil warfare. Upright and loyal, Rouget de Lisle would not have debased his muse by making it serve such an end. If in the effervescence of his genius he wrote the "Chant de l'Armée du Rhin," it would have been obliterated by him could he have foreseen the horrible scenes of bloodshed it was destined to encourage when rebaptized.

In 1825 he published at Paris *Cinquante chants français, paroles de divers auteurs, mis en musique par Rouget de Lisle.* Among this collection may be found the *Chant de Roland à Roncevaux*, which has much of the character of the "Marseillaise," and was composed in May, 1792, *Le Chant du* 9 *Thermidor*, *Le Chant de Guerre de l'Armée d'Egypte*, *le Chant du Combat* (ordered by the First Consul a few days after the 1st Brumaire). He is also the author of *Essais en vers et en prose*, Paris, 1796; *Adelaide et Monville*, *anecdote*, Paris, 1797; *L'Ecole des Mères*, a comedy played with success at the

Theatre Feydeau in 1798; *Tom et Lucy*, romance with piano and violin accompaniment, 1799; 24 *Romances*, 1799; *La Matinée, idylle*, 1811; a translation of *Kriloff's Fables*, in verse, 1825; *Macbeth*, lyric tragedy in three acts, music by Chelard, performed at the Opera in 1827, and published under the pseudonym of Auguste His; *Historique and Souvenir de Quiberon*. These are the published works of Rouget de Lisle.

In February, 1838, the newspapers announce a sale by auction of 147 MS. poems, hymns and romances, and 16 pieces for the stage; but it is not known into whose hands these posthumous compositions passed.

The present generation in this country has happily never experienced the same sensation from any music as that which the French now hourly are caused by the tune of their National Anthem. We complacently listen to our "God save the Queen," and the eyes of the very loyal may fill with tears at the familiar strains; but we do not rush to the theatres and conduct ourselves like so many fanatics when the band strikes up the first bars thereof.

In Ireland, not so very long ago, certainly some strange scenes were witnessed, not because national tunes were played, but because they were prohibited. I remember some desperate encounters in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, between the manager and his gallery patrons. "St. Patrick's Day" used to be the great cause of contention; the public insisting on its being played, the manager obstinately refusing to permit it. He invariably faced the mal-contents, taking his stand upon the stage until allowed to speak. Yells of derision and incessant hooting used to prevent his being heard. Presently through the storm he would exclaim, "I will have no faction tunes played in this house;" a declaration which invariably increased the commotion. When the time came for the opera or comedy to re-commence, the uproar usually ceased, and the request was forgotten before the evening was over. It was often, I fancy, made in wicked fun to draw out the manager and good-humouredly banter him on the stage—a position he seemed instinctively to dislike.

National music with us has gradually lost all political signification. It still, nevertheless, retains its own peculiar charm. Like national dishes, it is always popular, and will excite enthusiasm, even as some food does the appetite, when other music has become wearisome.

WALTER MAYNARD.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

A LEARNED wight, two centuries ago, addressing the most erudite of bodies in London upon the arrangement of the universe, commenced his arguments with this axiom: "We all know that hell is in the centre of the earth." The good man must have been over true to the teaching of his childhood. Philosophy had not made him unfaithful. He accepted the extravagant idea that Gehenna is a region of fire, and assuming that the centre of the earth is in a molten, fiery condition, he made a self-satisfying fact out of two assumptions. We have all heard of a sect who locate hades in the sun: perhaps for the reason that the heat seems more intense there than it can be in the middle of our globe. Impossible as it may appear, some notion of the actual heat of the solar globe has been arrived at; and with a greater probability of correctness than can be granted to the corresponding datum for the centre of the earth. Men have gone down pits and mines with thermometers, and found that the heat increases at a certain rate: they have assumed that this rate is constant, and thus have arrived at a probable figure for the temperature of the earth's fiery heart. But this comes out thus so enormous that one cannot believe it. 400,000 degrees on the Fahrenheit thermometer is rather too great a warmth to be coolly accepted. It is three times as hot as the sun, according to the determination just alluded to, which finds that the solar furnace would raise a thermometer—could one be applied—to 123,000 degrees. Mind, this is not a guess; it is a deduction from the facts that certain gas flames are blazing under certain conditions in the sun, and that the temperatures at which these gases flame under similar conditions upon the earth are known or are calculable. The figure is approximately, if not absolutely correct: no doubt it is far nearer the truth than the conjectural earth-centre heat. A long mathematical and physical investigation was required to find the sun-heat, the credit for making which is due to one Zöllner, an Austrian astronomer of high repute.

A RIDER TO THE FIRST OF OUR LAST MONTH'S NOTES.—It is somewhat curious that sceptics in the matter of longevity are so tenacious in the belief that men cannot reach the age of a century. There are signs of an engagement between the opposers and the upholders of probable centenarianism, but it is hard to surmise what solid arguments the dissentients will bring into the fray. There is no physical law that defines the life-period of humanity. If man can live to ninety, why should he not reach ninety-five? And when he has attained that goodly age, where is the reason to be sought against his compassing another five years. The whole of the cases of abnormal existence that are reported cannot be grounded on false representations of age. They are far too numerous for such a prevalence of error. A cursory glance through the Registrar-General's Weekly Bills of Mortality for last year brought to our knowledge that in London alone the deaths of upwards of ninety nonogenarians were reported. We may suppose that these included persons of all ages between ninety and ninety-nine, as the centenarians are separately mentioned. And how many of these? Actually fourteen. In six instances the years numbered just 100; in four they told 101; in two, 102; and in two, 104. These ages cannot all be reasonably discredited: in one case, that of a stonemason's widow, the district registrar reported that there was no doubt upon the point. One swallow may not make a summer; but one proven case of centenarianism knocks the ground from under the feet of those who deny the possibility of mortals reaching five score years. It is a notable fact, illustrating the well-known superiority of female over male lives, that out of the above fourteen centenarians twelve were females, and eleven of them were widows.

EVERY now and then the good people who direct our Patent Office give us a handy volume devoted to the history of some one class of inventions or special mechanical subject, and comprising digests of all the specifications thereto relating for which letters patent have ever been granted. Most valuable repertories are these books: but the series must come to an end some day, for all the classifiable subjects will be exhausted or worked up. Then we should like to see the great book of nonsense which would be formed of the outstanding indigestible material—the extraordinary, the dreamy, and the mad inventions for which thousands, here and abroad, have sought protection—the quackish, the sublime, the fiddle-faddle, the behind-time and the before-time, the utterly useless and the too comprehensively useful contrivances out of which wiseacres have thought to draw fortunes. None but those who read the patent lists week by week can form an idea of the enormous number of droll devices they contain. It seems as though geniuses battered their brains to produce out-of-the-way schemes without a thought of their utility. This is especially noticeable of American inventors: they far outstrip their British rivals in freakishness. And when they cannot strike a new idea, they have a dodge of combinining two or three common things in one device, and patenting this as a novelty. Complex "Cultivators," that plough and harrow the land, spread it with manure, sow the seed, and reap the corn, are as common as the various kinds of sewing-machines: but what say you to a domestic apparatus, all compact, which boils water, washes the clothes, rinses, dries, and mangles them out of hand? Do you not envy the possessor of a boot-jack which includes a bottle of blacking and a polishing brush? With no wish to puff, we commend to economisers of clean linen the "Combined Shirt Bosom and Wristbands," which can be used as a "dickey" while the starch preserves its integrity, and then turned into a pair of cuffs. Some most incongruous unions are made in this way. Now we meet with a key-ring which is also a door-fastener; next with a wash-bowl which is at the same time a call-bell. But most incomprehensible of all is a saw-setter and a cow's tail-holder in one article! The former is a carpenter's tool, the latter a milkmaid's luxury: how many people can there be in the world who require such a combination?

WE have a note on war; but it has nothing to do with recent battles: our theme is Waterloo, and our talk will be of water. You know the queer theories, of French birth, invoked to account for the English victory. You may remember the gin theory, which ascribed the British valour to familiarity with Old Tom. A water theory is now proposed by an antithetical Frenchman to explain his country's loss. M. Le Maout pays us a great compliment in referring our conquests of foreign nations to our knowledge of the connection between war and water; in other words, to our recognition of the pluvious consequences of a great battle. After a cannonade comes a rain storm. This sequence has been so frequently noticed that we may almost regard it as a fact that if rain clouds are hovering about a district in which a great turmoil arises, the water will be prematurely brought down. A volcanic eruption or a great explosion will act like a clap of thunder, which, as is often to be noticed, starts a downpour. M. Le Maout's explanation is a feasible one: he says that the vapour of water being held in myriads of tiny vesicles, floating like imperceptible soap-bubbles in the air, it is not unreasonable to suppose that powerful aërial percussion will cause these vesicles to collapse and resolve themselves into rain. By careful observations he has assured himself that a humid atmosphere gives a shower upon such very slight disturbances as those produced by the clang of loud music or the ringing of bells. And he has plenty of evidence of the greater effects of battles: he reminds us that at the siege of Antwerp rain and mud were the worst enemies, and that the fury of the combatants at Solferino was stayed by the tempest that came on in the afternoon of the battle. The French failure at Puebla he refers to the storm which the fighting engendered. (Had he written a few weeks later he might have added to his instances the excessive rains that followed Wïssenberg and Wörth.) With regard to Waterloo, he says it was the battle of Ligny and Napoleon's engagement with the rear guard at Genappes that brought down torrents of rain and prevented the movements of the French troops on the following day. Napoleon is accused of neglecting the meteorological influence of cannonading, which he must have observed upon so many battle-fields; and the credit of recognising this influence is accorded to British generals. We bow to the compliment as to a flattering blunder. M. Le Maout's aim is not instruction in military meteorology: the object of his pamphlet is to further proposals for inducing rain in droughty times by a little expenditure of gunpowder.

If spirits and spiritualists care about proving their honesty, now is their time. Mr. Crookes the physicist has undertaken to try if he can arrive at any laws which govern manifestations, or assign any cause for them that unfanatic men will accept. He will have an up-hill task: your mediums are not ordinary men. A writer in the *North American Review*, hailing from the chosen home of the faithful in this belief, sums up a lengthy examination of the Physics and Physiology of Spiritualism, by declaring that spiritualism is a religion, and that it is about as hopeful to argue with a believer as to discuss with a fanatic the subject of his delusion. Mr. Crookes has already found an obstacle in the inability or unwillingness of the credents to understand the modes of inquiry and reasoning adopted by scientific men in prosecuting their researches. They will consider that cross-examination implies impeachment of somebody's honesty. Directly you ask for further evidence you are met with the question, in some form, "Do you think I am telling you a lie?" As to asking them themselves to account for a phenomenon that must be produced by the action of natural laws, it is hopeless catechism. You are talked down with ponderous terms about "biologizing," "psychologizing," and high talk about forces and actions that cannot even be defined by the talkers. Every subject of inquiry is hampered by terms in its infancy: but spiritualism is old enough to have been systemized, if its followers had been in earnest about investigating its phenomena. Let the "mediums" now come forth, cast off everything that they know to be trickery, and lay what facts they honestly can before Mr. Crookes, who asks the help of any who possess a key to the manifestations. There are sensible men—wise men—who are firm believers; it is mysterious that they have never been investigators. Once we found a clever electrician, one of the faithful, at his apparatus trying to reconcile his spiritualistic and electric experiences; but we never heard that he found a relationship, and do not believe one will be found in that direction. Without doubting the fact of spiritual manifestations, we believe they will turn out to be ascribable to a form of force with which we have now no acquaintance, but which it will require long and severe examination to reveal.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1870.

THE SICK LION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AT HOME IN PARIS."

"And like a thunderbolt he falls."

MY eye travels along the columns of an English newspaper that, when the roses were in the bud which are now in the flower, revelled in the byeways of Cæsar's palace. It was the delight of the said paper's ambassador to hint that he had held a foreign secretary by the button-hole; and that Imperial lips had distilled compliments and confidences in his ear. He was the favourite who was admitted to the intimate soirées, and who had the *pas* of common paper ambassadors. It was fine weather then—and the creature spread his brightest feathers in the sun, and strutted and fluttered to cast the rarest tints at his command upon the laughing, magnificent court. His journal basked in Imperial favour, and was warm and happy in it. Great and glorious to behold, was Cæsar—regenerator, benefactor, heaven-sent ruler of happy France!

A month of misfortune passes over Cæsar. The *salons* of the Tuileries are closed: silent. Not a footfall is heard in the furlongs of corridor. A solitary lady sits waiting her doom. And afar off, amid the blood, the turmoil, the pestilence, and all the frightful sin of war; fallen Cæsar is borne—fighting still heroically with the mortal disease which has battled with him so long—to deliver himself up the prisoner of his arch and bitter enemy—who laughed at him last night in the moment of supreme agony, through his bands.* Then steps up the sometime-feasted creature, to spit upon his host whose knife and fork he can never hope to play with again. Cæsar is now "an invalid adventurer."

We have been in the habit of dwelling with scorn on the ease and brass with which Frenchmen and French journalists—their representatives, sing the song of the Vicar of Bray. We point with disgust, and proper disgust, to the friends of the Orleans princes who, on the morrow of their departure from Paris, turned to the Republic, and then to the Second Empire. Our papers describe M. de Villemessant as one "who has been everything by turns, and nothing long, from Legitimist to Imperialist, and from Doctrinaire to Republican;" and declare the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, the *Paris Journal*, and the *Liberté* to be unscrupulous journals, casting about for subscribers at any price—but in the very journals which denounce French writers as unprincipled and sordid, are articles on the hero of yesterday, the great statesman of May last, and the best ally England ever had; which could not be surpassed in the very qualities which they denounce, and hold up to public detestation. Three months ago the entire English press recognised in Napoleon the Third a sovereign who deserved well of his country, and an ally in whose fidelity England might trust. Under the relations established by him with this country, the ancient barriers of hate between the English and French were fast disappearing. Under the genial influence of his alliance, broad masses of our people had learned to form a just estimate of their neighbours; and the French people had ceased to jeer at the Anglais in the streets, and to caricature him as in the early years of the century. The *Anglais à Mabille* is as good-natured in conception as Leech's sketch of Parisians watching the *friture* fishing in the Seine: and between it and the Englishman refusing to pass the buckets at a fire—a sketch of the First Empire period—there lies a century. This advance from a general animosity between the leading Teuton and the leading Latin races, to a friendship that was permeating every class, was a bulwark behind which Peace was secure, Liberty was stable, and intellectual progress was certain of leisure and quiet. It was a positive and valuable gain to the world. To hold it safe, to guard it against assault through the terrible passes of the last two months, should have been the care of all Englishmen who could in any way influence public opinion. England, who had held to a peace policy so many years, and had made sacrifices of influence and prestige, if not of honour, to it; was interested more than her neighbour in the maintenance intact of the real Anglo-French alliance which was, for the world, the best result of the Second Empire.

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* The Prussian bands mocked the defeated foe with *Partant pour la Syrie* and the *Marseillaise*.

When the ill-omened war between France and Prussia was declared, what was then the duty of the guides and exponents of English opinion? Surely to maintain the alliance between the two nations, in the first place. The war was not only ill-omened: it was a wicked, reckless unchaining of the hates long nursed, of the two foremost military nations of the world. He who loosed the dogs, or who was forced by his people to loose them, has felt the severest bite. His punishment is overwhelming. But because the origin and originator of the war were reprehensible, was it just to wipe out with it the great deeds of eighteen years; to withdraw every past word of commendation; to drown the echoes of every old cheer, with hisses and hootings? More, was it prudent? Will it redound to the advantage of England, when men's minds shall have resumed their normal calm, and her actions in the hour of France's greatest misfortune is analysed, that the first blow which struck the sick lion, was dealt by English hoofs? It was even worse. The moment the lion showed signs of weakness, British backs veered towards him. On the morrow of the first disaster, English pens wrote abdication. The writers who most had fawned and flattered, were the first to revile. The most fulsome panegyrists of Cæsar were the first to calumniate the ex-Emperor, Louis Napoleon, as military mad-cap—nay, coward. The special correspondents took the cue willingly—and spent their spare baggage of wit upon him. Not a generous word could I find through twenty columns: not a memory of the old days—not an admission that the fallen monarch had been England's hearty friend, honoured guest, and liberal host. When the bitterly hostile French papers wanted a hard blow for the sick lion, they used an English hoof. Dwelling fondly on the valour and hardihood of King William, sleeping on the battle-field with his soldiers, at the age of seventy-three, and supping on a plate of rice and soup after sixteen hours spent on horseback; English correspondents gathered every item of invented news which came within their reach—solely with the object of staining deeper and deeper the character of Napoleon. Their malignity took a hundred forms, directly it became evident that Prussia's was the winning side. The Empress was stealing her valuables away in ambulance waggons. A correspondent who knows no more about the interior life of the

Tuileries than he knows of the after-dinner gossip of the Queen's drawing-room at Windsor; recounted day after day scandalous anecdotes of the Imperial Court, and wound up the list on the morrow of the Empress's flight, by describing that kindly and charitable lady, whom every Republican of fair breeding respects, as one who made the Tuileries the centre meeting-house of the *demi-monde* of Europe. Amid all the hateful jests and shameless slanders and *voyou* acts that marked the 4th of September, and the week following, there is a solitary decent one. The Empress Eugenie in her flight had forgotten a bust of the Prince Imperial, and, ceasing their rage and violence for a moment, the tribunes sent it to her. Let the reader ponder a while the positive wickedness of this random and reckless assertion that the Empress Eugenie made her court the centre of the *demi-monde* of Europe. Is it true? Every gentleman who has had the privilege of visiting that court, should answer. Did Napoleon or did he not receive nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, to begin with? Is there a great or illustrious contemporary of his, who has not been his guest? Run through the Compiègne lists, year after year, and you will find, the gifted as well as the socially great;—the gentlemen accompanied by their wives and daughters. The Imperial couple were liberal hosts, and in their invitations they comprehended the leaders in literature, art, and science. They brought painters, and men of letters, and professors, and academicians together; to meet princes and peers and senators, and ambassadors and deputies and prefects. To say that such a court was simply the central rendezvous for the *demi-monde* of Europe, by way of throwing a stone after the poor Empress on her way to Hastings, is, to my mind, to turn journalism to the basest uses. To talk about "that scourge of mankind who was the French Emperor," is to utter nonsense that can do no harm to reflective minds; but to strike at the fame of a lady in the bitterest hour of her life, as the leading entertainer of courtesans of her time, is to inflict a wound that is not easily healed; and that such a wound should have been dealt by an English journalist is a fact that tends to level the morality of our press with that of France. To write of Count Palikao, on the 5th of September, as Louis Napoleon's agent; of the majority of the Corps Legislatif as "*valets*," is merely weak and coarse; but when a writer asserts that the minister of war, who had been called to power under a constitutional *régime*, after the overthrow of M. Ollivier, and had acted honourably and firmly, and was known to be a man of truth and of courage; merely proposed to the Chambers a council of defence, with himself as Lieutenant-General of it, on the morrow of the

Emperor's surrender, "either for his damaged master's benefit, or his own," he commits an error which deserves severe general reprobation. Suppose we, in England, treated our statesmen in this fashion? Suppose we met any shortcomings of our royal family, as English correspondents have treated Napoleon and his family, since their downfall; would the injustice be tolerated for a day? Some of our correspondents abroad have not ceased to hint that plunder has been the sole object of Napoleon's relatives, ever since his throne has been in danger. Now and again, we have been told that they were smuggling treasures through Boulogne and Calais, and they were talked about as robbers upon whom it would be well for the French police to lay their hands at once. Well, the "sovereign people" get the upper hand. The Tuileries belongs to Gavroche. He is Master of the Mint, and Governor of the Bank, and keeper of the crown jewels. Ungenerous, malignant, ungrateful, he would rather miss the finest jewel in the French crown, than the opportunity of spitting once again upon the memory of the man whom he cheered, and whose carriage he drew yesterday; and what is his disappointment? Every jewel is in its place. There is not a flaw in any diamond. The Bank cellars are safe, and there is not an article missing from the State inventory of the contents of the Tuileries. Then what becomes of all the covert hints, of the daily inuendoes, of the bold assertions against the common honesty of the now exiled Imperial family of France? "I hear," says a correspondent,* "that very few articles of value were in it (the Tuileries) when the sovereign people took possession yesterday. But whatever else the Empress sent away, she has left the lustres, which I could see through the open windows from the Carrousel. There was hardly a window that was not wide open. This circumstance did not escape the sharp eyes of a Parisian mob. 'Il faut donner de l'air à ce bouge-là,' said a man who looked like a blacksmith. They do well to open the windows, but they would do better to let us in to clear away such a *foyer d'infection.*'"

This is to write about a blacksmith, like a blacksmith. Observe all that is hinted in this short paragraph, and let the candid reader say whether such writing is justifiable. The correspondent has heard that the Empress has pretty well sacked the Tuileries. From whom has he heard it, and is it true? I find in the *Figaro* of Sept. 9th a paragraph to the effect that the Palace is exactly as it was, only that there is one Frenchman the less in it. In the *Gaulois* of

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* Of the *Daily News*, Sept. 7, 1870.

Sept. 8th—another unscrupulous turn-coat paper—it is stated positively that none of the objects or furniture properly belonging to the Tuileries had been moved away. But let me give the paragraph.

> "Aucun des objets inventoriès aux Tuileries n'a eté enlevé ; l'Imperatrice dans sa precipitation du départ, avait oublié un buste de son fils qu'on s'est empressé de lui renvoyer.
>
> "Toutes ces mesures font l'éloge de la courtoisie parfaite avec laquelle le nouveau préfet de police s'occupe de ses fonctions."

Who told the English correspondent that the Empress had taken away all she could carry? A man I met on the port of Boulogne yesterday, told me that M. Pietri, the prefect of police, had been literally torn to pieces by a French mob. I confess I have no high opinion of the mercy or morality of French mobs, and I have seen a good deal of them. But should I be justified in using this gossip of the street (since proved to be pure invention) to their disadvantage? In this quaint and pleasant watering place where I am writing, there is a very strong Bonapartist public, and I have heard many coarse and angry things said against the Republican gentlemen who are now good enough to afford their countrymen an example of their idea of perfect government. But I do not accept and endorse and publish the *cancan* of a fishing town, and serve it up, in order to damage the Third Republic of France. I am not prepared to say that M. Gambetta is a mountebank with a fatal gift of fluency; that he only looks upon France as a very deep pocket, into which he has got his hand at last. I am far from hinting that the republican governor of the Bank of France should be sharply looked after, and that the sovereign people would do well to see the national balance every evening with their own eyes before going to bed. I am not ready to hint that M. Arago is a shady custodian of the municipal plate; and that the city service by Froment-Meurice, which was one of the glories of the exhibition of 1867, is a costly work of art upon which that republican has had his eye. Should General Trochu, Jules Favre, Jules Simon, Gambetta, and the rest of them, however, remain governors of France, the French public will soon be well provided with scandal about and against them. The measure which they through their organs have dealt to the fallen political foe, will be fully cast to them. They will be caricatured in the *Eclipses*, and the *Cloches*, and the *Journaux pour Rire*, and they will have their day of slander, and their load of sarcasms and of *persiflage*, in the *Gaulois* and the *Figaro*. It is the turn of Victor Hugo to see citizens harnessed in his carriage. But how long will his turn last? The people are not to be fed with phrases in 1870, any more than they were in 1848; and let it be observed, the phrases were of infinitely better quality in Lamartine's time than now. But my protest is against England's share in the reckless vilification of Napoleon which is the popular food of the present hour. If he is not all that Belmontet painted him, he is certainly not the figure, limned in implacable and unreasoning hate, by Hugo.

It has been related to me, and I give the story only as a bit of gossip which I find in my journal, but whence derived I cannot remember,—that when Louis Napoleon first advanced to power, Victor Hugo sought an interview with him. The calm and penetrating mind of Napoleon saw in Hugo the politician, merely, a "*tapageur*"; and left him aside; hence, the note goes on, the poet's hate, *Napoléon le petit*, and the rest of it. In the hands of some correspondents this would make a letter. I remember that when I heard it, I was very much impressed by the vraisemblance of the surroundings. But far be it from me to say that Hugo's republicanism has disappointed vanity for its mainspring, albeit he was a peer under Louis Philippe, and that he has been the chief sinner against right and reason by his unflagging political violence. The conduct of the journal with which his name was connected, throughout the last general elections, must be fresh in the minds of the public. More scandalous misuse of power, and lower pandering to the worst passions of a mob, I cannot remember to have read. Those English readers who are anxious to form an idea of the party which has made a *coup d'état* by eleven men instead of by one man, should read the French opposition journals of last autumn and winter. That it is the old writers of the *Rappel*, the *Reveil*, the *Marseillaise*, etc., who have reached power, who are now excellencies and prefects, and commissioners, and ambassadors, should be borne in mind, by every man who wishes to study the political situation in France as it progresses. Already, indeed, the world has an example or two of the description of freedom and kind of liberalism which France would enjoy if MM. Favre, Gambetta, Ferry, and their friends, were left to rule her destinies. Since the 7th of September, acts of official violence against private individuals have been committed in Paris to an extent that can be compared only with the early days following Napoleon's *coup d'état*. *La France* of the 9th, a moderate Liberal journal, says, that the violently formed Republic is only three days old, and has already begun to compromise itself, and this in spite of the obvious sop thrown to journalism in the shape of the remission of the stamp on newspapers.* How such a remission of taxation can further the defence of France against the enemy, I confess that I am at loss to imagine, and I have no doubt that it is one of the errors to which *La France* is impartial enough to refer. But one of the earliest results of the fall of the Emperor Napoleon, was the re-appearance of the *Marseillaise*. Let us glance at it.

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* *Paris Comique* proposes that the void in the Treasury should be filled by taxes on *chignons*, and Falstaff paunches.

The *Marseillaise* confesses that the government which took forcible possession of the Hôtel de Ville on the 7th September, is not the government of its dreams. "Most of the men who compose it, are for good reasons more than suspected by the social democrats." Some of them, we are told, played a most harmful part in the councils of the republic of 1848, and others took a criminal share in the civil struggles of that epoch. I observed, before looking through the *France* of the 9th, that the turn of M. Favre and his friends would soon come, and that the strong and even foul language of which they have made weapons, against the fallen dynasty, would quickly reach their own persons. The *Marseillaise*, which is their own child, spits at them from its go-cart. Speaking of his Excellency, M. Gambetta, the *Marseillaise* says that, "the ex-candidate of the people at Belleville begins by giving hostages to his new allies of the Chaussée d'Antin, 'Ye poor, be silent,' said the monarchy of July. 'Back, *canaille*,' says M. Gambetta, the elect of the people. Presently, life-preservers, Mazas, and exile! By keeping the people out of the National Guard, by treating them as suspected like the Garde Mobile, Gambetta has done more for King William than Steinmetz. He deserves well of Prussia; let the people say whether he deserves well of the country."

The reader will agree that this is pretty well as a beginning, within a week of the birth of the republic. But the *Marseillaise* (with which, M. Rochefort become a governor, carefully informs the people, he has no connection) is determined not to be misunderstood. Having hit a blow just to try its strength at his Excellency M. Gambetta, it prints a paragraph headed, "No Generosity,"—in which suppression of the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, and the *Nord* is demanded. This is the Belleville idea of free institutions. And then it explains in ominous words "All our patriotism against Prussia, but for our enemies within the frontier, the TERROR!"

La France declares that these are most regrettable exaggerations. But this is not all, nor nearly all of the bitter fruit which a week has grown. We find an article (that from which I have already quoted) in the *Marseillaise* which even M. Rochefort describes as odious, and entitled "The Re-action." This effusion, which the ex-deputy of the first circonscription describes as a veritable provocation to civil war, is from the pen of a French general—General Cluseret; who tells his fellow-countrymen that he holds a thousand cannon and two hundred thousand muskets at the disposition of the Provisional Government. The general is too strong for M. Rochefort, member of government; but he was not at all too pronounced for that gentleman when he was stirring up the bad passions of the least reflective part of the Paris population, a few months ago. Rochefort being planted in the Hôtel de Ville with a red scarf about his loins (a decoration he has put in his pocket by this time, I apprehend), bids his dear fellow-citizens to remember that he is no longer connected in any way with that violent organ of *émeute* and unreason of which he is the parent.

But let me turn from the first to the third page of the *France* of the 9th. I find that a public meeting was held on the previous evening, in the hall of the *Folies-Bergères*. Rochefort was appointed honorary president, and Millière, of mild and pleasant memory, effective president. I thought so; Lissagaray is to the fore again. He opens the ball with a letter from his friend Rochefort, who excuses himself from attending, and has become reasonable enough to recommend that political and social questions be adjourned until after the war:—and then the business begins, in the old style. A sharp-shooter rises to state that General de Failly was playing at billiards at Mouzon, when his army was surprised. M. Millière's recommendation is, let us wage a war of savages against the enemy,—all means being good—in his opinion. He announces that through the initiation of the International Society, a central organisation has been formed, to which delegates from every arrondissement in the capital will be sent. The object of the organisation is to confer with engineers, and chemists and scientific men, indeed with all men whose skill, or aptitude, or learning, will help to create new destructive engines with which to attack the enemy. He who should be infamous enough to propose surrender should be immediately shot by citizens, formed into a council of war. Another old friend advances, to demand the dismissal of the Comte de Kératry. The citizen Sullier deposits a series of propositions which he desires may be at once carried out. Among other minor matters, he requests that the Church may be immediately separated from the State; and all his propositions are adopted. Next, these valiant friends of free thought, and free speech, and free printing, carry a command to the National Government of Self-Defence, that certain journals shall be suppressed. At another meeting held on the same day at the Ecole de Medecine, it was resolved that republican committees should be constituted in the various *arrondissements*, and should be put in conjunction with the Maires, so that every Maire should be night and day under the eye of every citizen whom he, municipally, represents. General Cluseret, author of "The Re-action," and who speaks behind a thousand cannon and two hundred thousand muskets, insists that delegates of the people shall be placed beside the military commanders of the forts, and indeed, near all who hold important military commands, in the defence of the capital. All this to prevent re-action! And now follows the crowning fact of the first days of liberty, fraternity and equality, in 1870.

The National Defence Committee, it is gravely reported, without comment, had been warned that a private political meeting was to be held on this same evening, in the hotel of M. Johnston, ex-deputy of the Gironde. *La France* reports—an order was hereupon immediately despatched by the prefect of police to the military, to surround the hotel, and prevent any person from leaving it. The officer in command was received by MM. Johnston and Calhouët. "On the word of honour of these gentlemen being given that they would not debate questions antagonistic to the line of conduct which the actual government had followed, the officer retired, leaving the gates of the hotel free."*

Here are a few facts collected from the papers of the Thursday and Friday immediately following the establishment of the third French Republic. The personal government of Eleven is exceedingly like the personal government of One, in regard to its severities; and the appearance of a mob of two or three thousand men on the Boulevards on the 8th to protest against the violence of the tone of the *Marseillaise*, only suggests a coming conflict—more days of June, after these days of February.

"This makes me think," wrote Madame Emile de Girardin, in her *Lettres Parisiennes*, "of a young prince, prisoner at Strasburg, whose audacious attempts we were far from fore-seeing. Louis Bonaparte is full of honour and good sense; it could only be the *ennui* of exile which inspired him with the foolish idea to war, and be Emperor in France. Poor young man! it was more pleasure to him to be a captive in his own country than free in a foreign land. When one has blood and a name like his, inaction is hard to bear. Had they but given him right of citizenship in France, he had perhaps been contented. We have often heard him say that all his ambition was to be a French soldier, and gain his grade in our army—that a regiment would suit him better than a throne. *Eh! Mon Dieu!* it was not a kingdom he came to look for here, it was only a country.

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* These gentlemen have since denied that they gave any assurance of the kind.

"We have often known him to laugh at the royal education which had been given him. One day he gaily told us, that in his childhood his great pleasure was to water flowers, and that his governess, Madame de B——, fearing lest he should catch cold, had the watering-pot filled with warm water! 'My poor flowers,' said the prince, 'they never knew the freshness of the waters! I was but an infant then, and still the precaution appeared ridiculous to me!' He never could speak of France without a tender feeling, and in this he resembles the Duke of Bordeaux. We were at Bonn when he heard the news of Talma's death. Everyone began at once to deplore his loss, and to tell all they knew about the great actor, and speak of all the characters in which they had seen him. Whilst he was listening to us, who was then scarcely sixteen, he stamped his foot with impatience and said, with tears in his eyes, 'To think that I am a Frenchman and have never seen Talma!'

"They say that on the day of his appearance at Strasburg, Prince Louis, intoxicated by his first moment of success, despatched a courier to his mother to say he was master of Strasburg, and about to march on Paris. Three days after he received in prison the answer of the Duchess of St. Leu, who, believing him to be entirely victorious, entreated him to preserve the royal family from the fury of his partisans, and to treat the king with the utmost possible respect. This shows us how far illusions can be carried among those who live far away from us; and that exiled princes are deceived as much as others."

This extract might be taken for a text, for it is an admirable summary of the character of Louis Napoleon. It discovers him in all his moods: it shows every side of him. The sound sense of the child, protesting against the warm water for the flowers; the military ardour and ambition of the young man; the passionate love of France which, as Madame de Girardin says, he shared with the Duke of Bordeaux; the adventurous spirit, too prone to estimate others by his own standard, and therefore often deceived, and at last, lost; with a mind capable of delighting in the charms of literature, the beauties of art, and therefore stung with regret at the idea that he could never see Talma; tender as a woman in his domestic relations, braving every peril to reach the bedside of his dying mother; and withal, stern and steady of purpose, dominated by a fixed idea, and faithful to it through childhood, youth, and manhood, and in the sickness of approaching age; with an intellect cool, and piercing and orderly; the world is now led to contemplate the spectacle of such a man, overwhelmed by a misfortune, for the parallel of which, we must recall the closing chapter of a great life which opened on the deck of the *Bellerophon* in 1815. But even the fall of the first Bonaparte was not equal in the anguish of mind which it suggests, to that of the woful man who is now the prisoner of King William of Prussia.

A child of genius comes to you, walking upon air in his enthusiasm; and lays his picture in every light of which lies an atom of his soul, before you. His face is flushed, his glowing eyes seek yours, he is striving with might and main to read in your heart of hearts. What say you of this outpouring of the divinity within him? You fall to praising his verse, turning your back upon the picture. You dwell on its noble cadences, its purity, its brightness, the many facets of its dazzling truth. And every word stabs him,—for his soul lies in the painting. To such agony in his later day, Ste. Beuve confessed. He gave the world his prose, because it made light of his poetry, but with how sad a heart did he write that rich and massive French in which he crystallized a life of untiring scholarship. It was in the nature of things that Ste. Beuve, the scholar and the poet, should have warmed to such a man as Louis Napoleon; for it is impossible for a poetic mind to approach such a figure, about which a tremendous history is massed, without feeling a strong interest in it. It has struck me that the suffering, the yearning, the disappointment which shadowed the lives of both, was the same suffering, the same yearning, the same disappointment, in both. You see, Madame de Girardin relates that Louis Napoleon as a young man told her at a time when it never appeared likely that words of his would much disturb the world's ear, that all his ambition was to be a French soldier—that a regiment would suit him better than a throne. And the world will not have him as a soldier. The world never would accept him as a military genius. Even when most successful as a general, he found himself opposed, derided, defamed. Never was a commander-in-chief of a great victory treated with such impetuous, persistent, searching hatred and contumely, as befell the conqueror of Solferino, under the hands of Mr. Kinglake. The chapters in which the brilliant English writer has dealt with the soldiership of Louis Napoleon in Italy, will stand forth now imposing witnesses against him. They who delight in dances round sick lions, will hold up Mr. Kinglake's book, and ask what you say now? They will have no more judgment of their own building in military science than the last *Moblot* called under the republian flag of France. But unfortunately the vast proportion of people now-a-days wear ready-made opinions just as they wear ready-made clothes, and therefore Kinglake's verdicts on Louis Napoleon's Italian campaign will be henceforth accepted in this country, without examination, as the general verdict on Louis Napoleon the soldier. I am not in the least prepared to argue that Napoleon the Third was a great or even a good general. Recent facts are overwhelmingly against him, so far as we know. The miscalculation of the French military strength, apart, his entire campaign from Paris to Sedan, begun and ended in a month, appears to have been an unbroken series of blunders. It would be inconceivable that the chief of the state should have been misled as to the number of his troops, had not the very anger and virulence of his enemies in his misfortune almost proved that it was so. Can anything to the English mind be more absurd than the declamatory harangues of the Left on this subject? Every deputy who convicted the Emperor of wilful deceit, or of incompetency in declaring war against Prussia with little over two hundred thousand effective soldiers at his command; condemned himself. The sources of knowledge were open to all. It should have been surely the duty of every paid deputy of France to inquire for himself into the exact strength of each arm of the military service. When Marshal Lebœuf asserted that not a strap would be wanted to a *piou-piou's* gaiter, if the war lasted a year, why was there no independent deputy ready with information to convict him? How was it that when the Duc de Gramont was about to declare war, there was no opposition member of the legislative body, who had provided himself with exact information on the force which the Emperor would command in the field? That Napoleon himself was the dupe of false servants, of traitors to their country, of men who deserve the execration of humanity, there is this best proof: He had more than any other man to lose by failure, and by failure he has suffered a fall greater than that of his uncle. It is not unjust that he should bear the whole weight which bows him to the earth. He should not have been deceived. His error has caused rivers of blood to flow, has desolated great provinces, spread mourning through the pleasant land of France, and planted a sorrow in every home of the Empire that only four months since hailed him sovereign for the second time.

But this being said, the worst is said. When we find his late panegyrists not content with recording his error, and chronicling the immense extent of his punishment; covering him with mud, calling him thief and coward, and charging him with treason to the nation which he has passionately loved through his life, and of which he was the brilliant ruler for eighteen years, it is common honesty to enter a protest. A list of the French journalists who fell upon the sick lion, and a notice of their forms of violence, would occupy too much space. We are told that when the mob was in the Tuileries' gardens, the Empress Eugenie was alone in the palace with Madame Lebreton and M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. The waves of the storm were up to the gilded windows, and every rat was out of the ship. M. Pietri rushed in to tell his Imperial mistress to save herself, and then decamped to keep his own skin whole. The lady was absolutely abandoned, and crept through the silent corridors to the street, to a cab, to the house of her one trusty friend, to whom all honour, and thence in the night to Deauville, and through the gallantry of an English gentleman to England. Where were the crowds of dignitaries who had been wont to fill the Hall of Marshals, the bestarred hosts of the Second Empire? When this question shall be answered, it will be time to ask how it came about that on the 4th and 5th of September there was not a pen in all France to defend the honour of Napoleon III. From the sinking ship ran not only spangled rats, but rats ink-begrimed and with quills between their sharp teeth. It is a sorry, sorry history, that men should in the sacred name of Liberty commit the most dastardly acts; that the cultivated and highly gifted should use all their power to selfish ends, and revile and defame to-day the man they fawned on yesterday. It was sickening to read in the *Figaro* the shameless jests of its witlings levelled at King William's prisoner. When I quote the *Siècle* as affording the best sample of the violence with which writers of repute did not scruple to speak about Louis Napoleon on the morrow of his fall, it is not because I would confound the opposition of this journal with those of the literary rats. *Le Siècle* has always and consistently opposed Napoleon's *régime*, and denounced even his most improved methods of government. But let the reader judge from this specimen what the average of Republican journalism has been since the 4th of September :—

> "Now that the shame of serfdom is abolished, now that justice has been done on the despotism imposed by the traitor of December 2nd, by the sinister mountebank who lost the army; now that France has raised the unconquerable banner of the Republic; now that we can die for a free country,—to arms! to arms! every man."

Further on the Emperor is called, "the wretched hero of Strasburg and Boulogne and the 2nd of December," and reference is made to his "dastardly abjection." He is described as skulking in Sedan, and delivering himself up as a prisoner to the King of Prussia after getting the heroic French army massacred. The *Siècle* continues :—

> "If even he had had the courage to get himself killed at the head of a regiment. But no. This man preferred to deliver himself up like a coward. History will brand this ignoble flight of the last of the Bonapartes. It will efface their names from the roll of the army, to enrol them in the category of cowards. It is reported that the King of Prussia, on receiving the Emperor's sword, said, 'Take back to him that virgin sword: it was never the sword of a French officer.' An hour after a *calèche*, with green and gold liveries, brought to the German head-quarters a man dressed as a general, with a *képis* on his head and a cigarette in his mouth. It was Napoleon III. Not a word more of him."

Who reported that the above were the King of Prussia's words? What justifies the assertion that the Emperor delivered himself up like a coward or that he skulked round Sedan? Is it likely that one syllable of the speech put into the King of Prussia's mouth would have been uttered by him under any circumstances? If the *Siècle* had no authority for this onslaught on a defenceless man who had been the honoured sovereign of the country for eighteen years, where shall we find the words strong enough to qualify the publication of such a paragraph as that I have quoted? The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, however, is responsible for the chief part of the material on which French writers (Imperialists yesterday and Republicans to-day) have embroidered pictures of Louis Napoleon the Coward. It would seem that we were determined to have more than our share in the mischief which was brewing for the future, at the battle of Sedan. The *Pall Mall* correspondent from the battle-field is not solemn nor even serious over the three great days of blood. He chirps and twitters and hops about the field, and where he touches upon the great prisoner, must remind many readers of the bitter lines in the "Rhin Allemand":—

> "Combien au jour de la curée,
> Etiez-vous de corbeaux contre l'aigle expirant."

To sympathetic men, there is something inexpressibly sad in the words, with which the Emperor Napoleon laid his sword at the feet of King William:—

> "Ne pouvant pas mourir pas à la tête de mon armée, je viens mettre mon epée aux pieds de votre majesté."

But the *Pall Mall* raven chatters, "Why Napoleon III. could not die as did thousands of his soldiers, sword in hand, with his face to the foe, is not clear." The idea which it is the design of the writer to suggest, cannot be mistaken. He calls Louis Napoleon a coward by implication, and gives not the least reason for the charge. It is the same pen that describes the Emperor as the "invalid adventurer" whom he saw on his way to lay his sword—"his unsheathed sword"

—at the feet of King William. I ask is a public writer justified by anything short of conclusive evidence in piling insults like these upon the head of a sovereign with whom his country had been in close alliance for many years, and who had been the guest of the Queen?

And now, for the truth of this charge, implied by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and deliberately and fully stated by the *Siècle* without the smallest authority or justification that the whole body of Republican journalists in France or of Prussian advocates in England are able to find. The official *Staatsanzeiger* of Berlin, of September 8th, says, "According to reliable information—the statements, viz., of eye-witnesses—the Emperor Napoleon, at the battle of Sedan, exposed himself to our fire in such a manner, that his intention indubitably was, to seek death."

This is the way in which his enemies speak of him, explaining chivalrously his words—the sad words—with which he handed his sword to their king. It redounds indeed to the honour of the Germans that they have rescued the fame of their prisoner for courage from the slurs of English correspondents and the reckless and base malignity of the literary rats from his own sunken ship. One German correspondent gives evidence that the Emperor charged the Bavarians four times at the head of his troops at Balan. Another avers that he was in the fight from six in the morning until three in the afternoon, and that his staff had the greatest difficulty in drawing him from the field when the battle had become hopeless. It is established beyond doubt that on the morning of the battle of Sedan, Louis Napoleon rose with the fixed idea of reaching his grave that day. But death would not touch him. Men were killed all around him. One fell at his side. He was at hand when M'Mahon was struck, and the balls and the shells and the splinters spared him to be the sport of these cruel, heartless shameless *chroniqueurs* whose hand is against all men as they fall.

I have said that the fall of Napoleon the Third* is even a more terrible one than that of his uncle; it is so, for these reasons. Napoleon the First was a military genius of the highest order, and fifty glorious fights and conquests of unprecedented magnitude and magnificence were laid in the page of history, to prove it to all posterity. He had quaffed his cup full of glory, and of the glory which he most coveted. He had been famous in the way in which he had hungered to be famous; and when he fell, and had been put aside to die on a rock, he could feed still upon the past as in the winter, it is said, the bear feeds upon its fat paws grown in summer time. The world had praised him for excellence in that which he held in the highest reverence, and which had been the passion of his life. Heart and soul a soldier, he had made himself the greatest captain of modern times.

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* An occasional correspondent of the *Times* (September 6th), writing from Bouillon, says, "I noticed, among the members of the military household, M. Caumont, the well-known hairdresser of the Rue Rivoli. M. Caumont, like other Frenchmen, holds theories, and he communicated to me his views respecting the want of discipline for which the French army seems to have been remarkable throughout the war. 'Communism,' according to M. Caumont, is at the bottom of it all. The soldiers hate superiority, think themselves the equals of their chiefs, and, without refusing to obey them, do not execute orders. 'The spirit of Communism, after destroying civil society in France, is now,' argues M. Caumont, who has been in attendance upon His Majesty from the beginning of the campaign,

I am much mistaken in my estimate of the character and genius of Louis Napoleon if it has not been the passionate hope of his life to be as great a warrior as his uncle. Madame de Girardin shows him to us when he was a boy, and tells us how his longing was to be a French soldier, and to be at the head of a regiment rather than on the throne of a kingdom. Let those who are curious as to his early history consult Mr. J. A. St. John's spare and thin life of him; for even there they will find that he was adventurous and courageous as a youth, and that he knew what fighting and hair-breadth escapes meant, in Italy, and long before he went to Strasburg or Boulogne. But every epoch of his life, so far as I have been able to examine it, appears to me to show that with many other intellectual qualities of more than a common order, he had before all, and deeper than all, those of a soldier.

I remember that during the Crimean war, happening to breakfast with my friend, Commandant Minié—inventor of the famous rifle—in the fort of Vincennes, he told me that, having been on the previous morning to the Tuileries to submit a series of models of bullets to the Emperor, His Majesty had gone so thoroughly into the subject that he kept him to breakfast, and that afterwards they were occupied testing the relative force of various forms of bullets. The commandant was at the moment very confident about the astonishing results to be obtained from a screw bullet which he projected with his breath through a steel tube, and down into a deal plank, with ease. The Emperor and he, as he told me, had spoiled some beautiful wainscotting in their experiments at the Tuileries.

'corrupting or has already corrupted its military system.' 'Where was the Emperor during yesterday's battle?' I asked M. Caumont. 'For several hours, towards the end of the action,' he replied, 'he stood behind a battery and pointed guns himself.'"

The care with which Napoleon associated himself with every military improvement, the patience and anxiety with which he examined every new weapon, and caused it to be tested; his laborious life of Cæsar; his early study of artillery; and the untiring zeal with which he looked after all that concerned his soldiers; the formation of the magnificent camp at Boulogne in 1855, and his yearly sojourn at Chalons; proclaim that his heart was in military life, and that he understood how, albeit he had announced the Second Empire to be peace, the French people still insisted on associating the name of Bonaparte with their military glory—and how they looked to him to make his reign memorable by a "supreme vengeance" that should efface the humiliation of Waterloo. It is now the interest of his enemies to say that the war with Prussia is purely a dynastic war; and by this to throw upon him the whole responsibility of recent disasters. The truth, and the whole truth, about the deficiencies in the numbers of men and the supplies, cannot be known for some time to come. But this very impossibility serves the turn of Napoleon's unscrupulous maligners, and they unhesitatingly put him forth as captain of the forty thieves of France. Deriving the boldest statements, as usual, from English journals, under the words, "Treason and Pillage," in big letters, the *France du Nord* of the 17th pretends to give a key to the whole mystery. Of late years, we are told, Napoleon's civil list could not meet the expenses of his extravagant court; his bounties to his creatures, and the cost of the enormous secret service he was forced to maintain. To cover the deficiency two millions sterling were coolly deducted from the Minister of War's budget, and handed to the Emperor. This theft—it would be preposterous to call it by any milder name—was covered by false entries of purchases of material, &c., for the army, and by putting paper soldiers in the place of the conscripts, who paid money into the public treasury for substitutes. Thus it came to pass that regiments which appeared to be two thousand strong often could not muster fifteen hundred men. The clothing and rations of the paper soldiers were, it is alleged, entered in the yearly budgets; so that it is easy to see how the two millions sterling which the Emperor pocketed were covered. When the Emperor found himself compelled to become a constitutional monarch, he is represented to have been in the position of a fraudulent clerk, whose books were about to be examined. In order to avoid the discovery of his frauds through his parliament, he and his creatures resolved to go to war. A glorious campaign would enable him to put parliamentary government aside, or to scrape up the Imperial defalcations in the expenses of the war. Marshal Lebœuf hoped to obtain just one victory with his limited army, and then to sign a glorious peace. He was, together with the Emperor's creatures, in the secret, and they all knew that they must sink or swim by this first victory. When the master steals, the men also steal as they please. The Emperor and his Minister of War found that they could not rely even on the men whom they had bought. There were neither food nor ammunition to enable the army to cross the Rhine and achieve this indispensable first victory. The correspondent who sent this explanation of the French *fiasco* on the Rhine to the *Daily News* gives it with the usual explanation, that he had had it from persons behind the curtain who were in a position to know the truth. He adds that it is confirmed by the sudden fortunes of which the adherents of the Emperor became possessed. You see how the French editor jumps to a conclusion, and fortifies his sudden Republican zeal (he was Imperialist yesterday) by quoting from an English newspaper. The Emperor is a thief on a great scale, and what more or less is stated against the Princess Mathilde in another paper? Republicans are informed that cases filled with millions were stopped at Dieppe, and that thus the vigilance of the authorities has prevented so much plunder by her Imperial Highness. It happened, unfortunately for the scandal-mongers, that the princess was at the time the guest of M. Alexandre Dumas, the younger, who is not a gentleman to be trifled with when any persons under his roof are concerned. He has the habit of putting his dots on his i's sharply. He saw the slander in the *Journal de Rouen*, and answered.

> "I have had the honour of visiting the Princess Mathilde for more than ten years. I have learnt to know her, and this I can tell you. I don't know whether the cases which have been seized contained fifty-one millions in gold and silver or not; but I think not. People who wished to export fifty millions are not clumsy enough to part them in cases, knowing very well that there are not porters at railway stations strong enough to carry them. But that which I take upon myself to state, without further instruction than my observation during ten years, is that if the cases seized contained anything whatever which France had a right to claim, they were not in the possession of Madame la Princesse Mathilde. If the Princess has left our country, be certain that she has left much behind her, and has smuggled nothing from it. There is not one who knew her intimately but is ready, like myself, to be garantor of her disinterestedness, and of her loyalty."

But the Rouen newspaper would not be satisfied, reiterating the charge with greater precision; saying that after an embargo had been laid upon the Princess's luggage, two large cases containing property to the value of two millions were put into luggage van No. 50. But this is not all. On the morrow of the seizure more of the Princess's seized luggage arrived at Rouen, on its way from Dieppe to Paris. These cases, the *Journal de Rouen* alleges, contained some of the important pictures missing from the Louvre. The *Sémaphore*, another disseminator of scandal, announced at the same time that the Princess had been arrested at Arcs, just as she was about to escape with thirty millions in cheques! Alexandre Dumas the younger is audacious enough to return to the charge, in defence of the accomplished friend whom he has known ten years. He bites his words in, beginning by reminding the editor of the *Journal de Rouen* that his first communication in defence of the Princess was also his first contribution to his journal. He laments that he is most unfortunate.

"I beg you, sir, to contradict an accusation, and not only do you reiterate it—in very courteous terms, it is true, but you bring a fresh one. Here am I, then, compelled to defend the Princess Mathilde again, although she is a Princess, and we are under a republic. As I don't wish to protract this discussion, I will limit myself to the following declaration:—If it be averred that the Princess Mathilde has carried off, or only attempted to carry off, out of France, anything—gold, diamonds, pictures, or works of art, or other property not known to have been her property for years, purchased out of her private purse; I demand to be accused with her, as her accomplice. If the alleged fact be false, I only ask from your good faith, which has been imposed upon, the plain and simple statement in the columns of your paper, that you have been misinformed."

Quoted afterwards in the *Figaro*, I find M. Dumas's letter printed with a note, to the effect that the cases seized at Dieppe contained only some of the correspondence of the Imperial family. More, according to the *Moniteur*, the Princess left Paris with five thousand francs—which she borrowed from a friend!

People who can behave with this fickleness, this lack of generosity, this meanness, towards all members of a family covered by one tremendous common misfortune; are not likely to be nice when letters fall into their hands. We are told that it was the correspondence of the Imperial family that fell into the grip of the authorities at Dieppe. In France, the light is fierce indeed that beats about a throne,—fierce and scorching. In dealing with the fallen dynasty of Napoleon, the republican authorities have not shown one isolated little incident of consideration or compassion. Why should the correspondence of the Imperial family be seized at Dieppe, carried back to Paris, and put into the hands of a hostile and savage republican commission? In such a proceeding, where is to be seen veneration for the principles of liberty; where is the fraternity; above all, where is the equality? Would it not have been worthier of the memory of the republican heroes of France and of England, had M. Favre and his colleagues respected the correspondence of the exiled family, and shown that at any rate under free institutions like those which they were pretending to establish, the seal of a letter is a holy bond? Instead of this chivalrous conduct, that would have been an honourable trait in the character of the leading men of the third Republic, we find an indecent haste exhibited in the rifling of Napoleon's correspondence, and a positive yell among the obscurer papers for a first taste of anything scandalous and defaming which it might contain.

But the crowning example of the recklessness of public assertion when levelled against Napoleon is that which followed the capitulation at Sedan.

Napoleon was not only a coward and a dolt—he was a traitor. He had drawn Marshal M'Mahon away from Chalons, and towards Sedan and Bazaine; not because he deemed it the best strategical movement, to save Paris the shame and ruin of a siege; but because he judged it the best plan to serve his own interests. He knew that he could not return to Paris after his defeats, without having struck a great blow and obtained a brilliant victory in the provinces. By drawing M'Mahon off to effect a junction with Bazaine, he gave himself the chance, on the one hand, of fighting a great independent battle, that would enable him to over-ride triumphantly the hostile politicians in Paris; and on the other, to make good his retreat from France, with a large body of devoted adherents. Treason! shouted all the organs of the press, and

"Napoléon
Est un fainéant"

sang Gavroche in the streets. People could not pause to weigh the truth or falsehood of the report. The man who was a coward, would naturally be a traitor, and having sold his country, would ride away in a spendid carriage, with outriders, to prison, twirling his moustache, and smoking his cigarette. This story was greedily accepted, for another reason. It saved the *amour-propre* of Frenchmen. They could say that France would have beaten Prussia with ease, and would have marched direct on Berlin, had her armies been loyally and skilfully led. The Prussians had not beaten France, they had bought her, and Louis Napoleon had struck the bargain. Not only was he an execrably bad general, but he was morally, a monster. Treason! and Pillage! The *France du Nord* explains the misfortunes of the country in these words, making the Bonaparte both the traitor and the despoiler. For days the falsehood passes current, spreads, and sinks through every class, and is soaked up by every mind. It serves the Republican turn admirably well. It is any number of nails in the coffin of Bonapartism. It had been reported that Marshal M'Mahon was dead; the hero of the two great disasters of the campaign. Had it been so, had the splendid soldier who fought Magenta been killed on the murderous 1st of September, this story, dishonouring Napoleon, might not have been cleared up within the time of the living generation. But fortunately, the Marshal survives. Recovered sufficiently from his wound to write, he unconsciously disposes of the charge of treason against his late Imperial master. He states that he received the orders to break up the camp at Chalons, and to proceed to the relief of Bazaine, from the Government of Defence in Paris!

This statement is, let it be understood, a wholly fortuitous destruction of the calumny which had been industriously circulated. Unfortunately, calumnies travel apace, and their refutation, however complete, comes limping very slowly after them.

The direct charges against the Emperor, which followed closely upon the capitulation of Sedan, were, however, few when compared with the crop of vague insinuations and detestable suggestions with which the public mind was fed day by day! A paper that lies before me asserts that all foreign papers and correspondents agree in their sentiments of profound disgust for the shameful attitude assumed by Louis Napoleon at his fall. It is alleged that he showed a complete absence of dignity, and that neither by word nor act, nor expression, did he betray the slightest sensibility in presence of the innumerable victims of his folly. He had not a single word of regret for the condition to which he had reduced France. "Ah," cries the provincial journalist, hoping to touch the villagers of his department, "will this lesson succeed in curing certain of our rural population of the Napoleonic idolatry?" The evidence of foreign newspapers and correspondents, violently hostile as it is to the ex-Emperor in the main, is conclusive as to the profound dejection of King William's prisoner. He was written upon through almost every league of his journey from Sedan to his brilliant prison; and at every point we find him bearing profound marks of his fall,— at one station touched to tears, but ever supported by that dignity for which, when he was master of the Tuileries, his enemies of the press could not refuse him credit. He has always been distinguished among his fastidious countrymen as retaining that which is now so rare among them, namely, the fine and polished manners of the French gentleman of the old school. A master of courtesy, and of forms, was he likely to fail in these? But everything at hand is a fair weapon, when our neighbours have a government, a dynasty, or a favourite of whom they are tired, to overthrow. Let us remember how they treated poor Lamartine—how indeed they have always treated those whom they have exalted; for, it is in this study we shall light upon the key to their history since the first Revolution. They are fond of flowers, and they are the first to cast them out of window when the earliest faint brown line appears upon the edge of the petals. They carry their intellectual men high, and we applaud them as they do homage to genius; but while one faction is hitching the statue upon the pedestal on the north, the opposite faction is adjusting the scaffolding to haul it down, on the south. We take twenty years to forget a public servant, and they two journeys of the hand round the clock. At this very moment they are paying the penalty of this radical defect in the national character. One of the reasons which England gives for not venturing far in peace negociations is this national fickleness, of which Napoleon is the last victim. It is difficult to treat with a government that may not last till the return of the post.

I have run rapidly through a few of the reckless charges that have been brought against Napoleon the Third since the 1st of September. He is a strong man; he knows the French character to the core. He is of patient mind, and sick as he is, will wait to put himself right in regard to the malversation, the deceit, and the selfishness which are alleged against him. But his sorrow's crown of sorrows remains behind: outweighs and overshadows everything. Laud him to the skies as an administrator, set out all his merits as a statesman, estimate his high deserts as a courageous free-trader; present him to the admiration of his contemporaries as a clear and masculine writer, and as an earnest and able student of social questions; and he will receive the panegyric sadly—sadly as his friend St. Beuve met the applause which greeted his rich and graceful prose. The poet was heavy-hearted under his laurel. And now, Bonaparte is bowed to the earth, remembering that, let his final measure of glory in history be what it may, it cannot be as a soldier that he will command even a peppercorn of praise. It was the passion of his being when he was a boy, when in exile, when in prison; when commanding legions of the finest soldiers in the world, to become illustrious in the wake of his uncle, as a born captain of fighting men. He has shone in the council-chamber, and in the study; but—here is the unutterable woe, which is lead upon his heart; he has failed, utterly failed, in the field.

The Bonaparte bears quartered,—the right square with six golden stars placed two by two; the left gules, with golden lions rampant,—and a sable eagle scared issuing from it. Scared, indeed, is that well-known sable eagle, that has been ever rising since, as we are told, it was carved centuries ago on the entrance door to the tomb of the Bonapartes at Majorca!

QUAIL SHOOTING IN THE BEAUCE.

IN France, on the day fixed by a Préfet for the opening of the shooting season in any particular department, it is customary for the sportsmen of the neighbourhood to get up together what is termed an *ouverture de chasse*, which simply means an organized shooting party on the first day of the season, with a dinner at the end of it. Often, these meetings are prolonged for days together; and in the Beauce, where the rich flats are interminable, and the sameness of the sport intolerable, the sportsmen at times give up from sheer satiety, with half the ground unshot.

During the sultry autumn of 1849, whilst waiting for despatches in a country town in France, I received a letter from a friend, informing me that the ouverture for the Eure et Loire was fixed for the 27th of August, and inviting me to accompany him to La Terrière, an estate on the borders of the Beauce belonging to a retired agriculturist, at whose house he assured me of an honest welcome. My friend was not an old acquaintance, but he was allied to me by that most cordial of all profane friendships, joint success in a common enterprise: I therefore took his word readily in regard to the welcome, and wrote off immediately to appoint to be with him at Trignolles on the evening of the 25th.

On arriving at his house I found my friend uneasy. He would have liked to start that same evening, which the lateness of my arrival prevented. He informed me, with a touch of impatience in his tone, that our host, le Père Bonneuil, was an impartial old chap, and invariably gave the best bedrooms to the first comers without distinction of persons. To my friend this was nothing; but he had imagined that to me, an Englishman, it would be a grave ingredient in the day's reckoning. I assured him of my total indifference to all but damp sheets, and at four next morning the horse was in harness at the door, and the *bok* surmounted with a triple wrapper to protect the guns and tackle from the searching dust of that country.

The *bok* is an invention of some centuries ago, and is at best but a severe convenience. You hurt your back in getting into it, and your knees in getting out of it. Once inside, however, you get along without fear of any serious contusion, provided you keep your mouth shut and sit back with precaution.

On leaving the courtyard, my friend's dog, which was chained to its kennel, set up so piteous a wailing at being left behind, that I could but intercede for her to go with us. It appeared, however, that during the period which is termed *le fort du passage*, the sport proceeds best alone, and that dogs are mostly excluded till after the thick of the migration. We nevertheless took with us poor *Gueuse*, whose delight at being allowed to go was positively deafening, the horse appeared quite touched with it. My friend had reflected that perhaps no one would bring his dog, and that *Gueuse* might be found useful at some unlooked-for pass.

After an excruciating journey of fourteen hours, mercifully relieved by two dinners at different villages, we at last came in sight of the chimneys of the old farmhouse. It seemed to me indeed a rare retreat, and just the inviting resting-place most welcome to a dislocated sportsman. Erected in the reign of Louis XIII., it was quite the sort of building to recall the memories of times not possible to be revived. The mansion stood alone, and was surrounded by mews and kennels, and all the ancient appointments, not for hunting only, but also for hawking, which it is well known remained in France a local pastime, long after it had ceased to be a national institution. On one side the windows looked out upon the open country, and on the other were almost blocked up by a copse of fir trees, which grew sloping from a tall hill to the very entrance of the back parlour.

The proprietor was a retired farmer, well known and dear to all the sportsmen of the department. His delight was to keep open house during the passage of the quails, and on the day of each successive ouverture, he still sat surrounded with old faces, the friends of his youth, spared year after year in vigorous rusticity, and, like himself, bearing lightly the burden of an advanced age.

On our arrival a goodly party were already assembled; the guests were seated round a long dining table in the farm kitchen, some smoking, some chatting, and some playing at cards. Round the room were guns and game bags of every description, and sporting dogs were lying about in all directions. My reflection turned out to have been that of at least two-thirds of the company, and as some of the guests had brought with them a couple, the gathering of the dogs was almost as numerous as the guns. In the chimney-place was an oak settle, capable of seating comfortably sixteen persons, and in the midst was a pair of enormous fire-dogs, garnished with dusty logs of huge dimension, waiting for employment in the chilly nights of mid-September.

Though introduced a stranger, I soon found myself at home amongst congenial tastes, but there was a serious piece of work to accommodate the dogs. *Gueuse* was treated by the others as an offensive quadruped, and in spite of the smacking of the masters' whips, there was no end of small growling under the chairs and tables. Presently, however, another gentleman arrived with another dog, whereupon *Gueuse* was admitted at once into firm friendship with the original party, and forthwith joined them in growling at the new dog.

The new arrival, who seemed to be known to every one, produced a general stir amongst the guests, and as I am alike averse to smoke and cards, I profited by it to slip off unnoticed, and retire to my chamber on the second floor.

On entering my room, which looked on to the wood, my notice was attracted by what appeared to me a bird of some sort perched on the window ledge outside. Immediately putting out my light, I approached the window with caution, and found it was the *grande chevèche*, or lesser short-eared owl. The bird was sitting on the ledge, composedly arranging its soft plumage, and uttering now and then a cry resembling that of the daw, but shorter, and something more internal in tone. Once it flew off, but returned immediately, after disappearing round the house. It then stayed some minutes longer, still occupied in preening its feathers, and at last it flew away suddenly, and though I waited long, I saw no more of it.

Buffon mentions a similar instance, at the old château of Montbard, where one of these birds sat outside a window, and kept uttering a cry which so much resembled the word "Edme," that one of the farm servants imagined that some one was calling him tenderly by that name. The lad opened the window, and replied softly, "Je ne m'appelle pas Edme, je suis Gilles."

A gentleman in Normandy once shot a fine male specimen of the *grande chevèche* on the roof of his own house at Percy, near Caen. The bird had been perched there for hours, and kept attracting attention by its constant cries.

By half-past three next morning the farm was in active movement. More sportsmen had arrived, and the whole party, consisting of six and twenty guns, were speedily assembled in the farm kitchen. The reports as to the quantity of game were very promising, and in their nature characteristically French. One farmer had for days past heard the croak of landrails in unusual numbers; quails had never been known to be more plentiful; there were no particular tidings as to furred game, and pheasants had been unknown in the neighbourhood for some years past; but gray partridges were said to abound, and large flocks of lapwings had been seen in the fallows. With us the lapwing is held in small esteem, but in France there is a saying: "Qui n'a vanneau mangé, n'a rien mangé de bon."

Before starting, a large bowl of *schnike* was placed on the table, and a ladleful served to each person in a small silver goblet. *Schnike* is a compound of pure cognac, with new milk and tincture of myrrh, and is supposed to be an unfailing specific for the painful nausea produced in some stomachs by the crude morning air.

A basket of cabbage leaves was then brought in from the garden, fresh and dewy. Of these each guest took one, which he cut round with a pair of shears, so as to fit exactly into the crown of his hat. This is said to be an effectual preservative against the effects of the heat, and a sportsman so fortified may brave any amount of exposure without fear of sunstrokes in the head, and what is more, the cabbage leaf, after the most sultry day, will in the evening be found to have preserved its freshness inside the hat.

All being now ready, the signal was given for starting, and the whole company issued forth into the fields. The open country lay at the very gates of the homestead, and the gunners drew up immediately outside, forming a single line from right to left, with about a hundred and fifty paces between each gun. Advancing thus straight onward, a large tract of country, of every kind of culture in succession, was beaten with terrible effect for the poor birds, which had no chance of escape, when once fairly on the wing within range. Dire execution was rapidly done, the quails were as tame as domestic fowls, and got up under the feet of their pursuers. Out of every dozen birds killed, ten at least were quails. The shooting to my taste was tame, there being abundance of sport without labour. Now and then a family of gray partridges, a hare, a little bustard, or a bird of prey, effected a diversion, but on the whole, I think, the sportsmen were one and all relieved infinitely by the sound of the horn which summoned them to *déjeuner* at twelve o'clock.

There being no shade, a tent was spread in a piece of clover, and cold fowl and bordeaux supplied in profusion. The bags were then emptied, and servants carried the game to the farm. After an hour's repose, the sportsmen returned to their sultry toil, and prepared with intrepidity to kill more quails. The birds were as numerous and tame as ever, and got killed by dozens at a time. The five dogs which had been allowed to accompany us could as well have been dispensed with, as they were kept in full employment without being of any service. The game rose without them, and the bird killed was bagged by the nearest sportsman, without reference to the gun which had brought it down. Wounded and straying birds were not followed up, the ground being afterwards to be scoured by villagers, who were allowed to keep what they found. Retrieving was therefore unnecessary. The sporting dogs in France are all retrievers by education. Frenchmen are at a loss to understand why in England retrieving is considered a defect in a dog which is not by birth a retriever, as they deem it impossible for a dog, any more than a man, to have too many good qualities. They regard the English sportsman as necessarily very rich, and they suppose it to be his peculiar vanity to have each different office performed for him by a separate servant.

At four o'clock the sportsmen agreed to consider they had had enough of it for one day, and the birds were let off till next morning. The dogs were whistled in, the guns slung over the shoulder, and each man sauntered back to La Terrière, which had only been left a quarter of a league behind. The birds had lain so close and thick over the ground, that not a third of the *chasse* had been yet shot over.

On the road homeward I had the means afforded me of believing what I had been told the evening before, namely, that the peasants, and even their children, often catch the quails alive in their handkerchiefs. On passing a patch of stubble, I caught the eye of a quail, as it ducked its head quite close to me in the act of dusting its feathers. I stood still to look, and then perceived another crouching by the first. I approached with caution, and throwing myself suddenly forward, I captured them both in my hat, and might have even taken a third had I perceived in time that there were three together.

The two birds I had caught were the plumpest I had yet seen, and where they had been nestling were positively pools of grain in the small hollows of the ground. The Beauce is styled in France the granary of the Empire, and it sufficiently justifies its name. It consists of an immense tract of table land between Chartres, Etampes, Pithiviers, and Orléans. The ground lies high, and forms a plain approached by arid slopes, which are in some parts irregular hills. It was no doubt formerly a forest, but now not a tree remains, the eye wanders over seas of corn that seem to blend with the horizon. The grain ripens rapidly, and must without delay be cut and garnered, for the fowls of the air arrive in countless congregations, and, if left in possession, would thin the harvest speedily, without compensation for either the owners or the soil.

As we approached La Terrière, my two quails began to get uneasy in my pockets. They were too old for taming, and I could not kill them in cold blood; I therefore resolved to let them go, and take their chance of escape from the guns of to-morrow. It was but a chance, for I saw them dip on ground beyond the limits of the range of to-day, and they were far too plump and idle to profit by the perilous experience they had had.

On arriving at the farm, each one put down his afternoon's game, to be added to that brought home by the servants in the morning, the whole being to be made up together in one imposing collection. A frame was raised in the courtyard by tilting hurdles one against the other, so as to form a pyramid. On this frame were hung the larger game—such as hares, rabbits, partridges, &c.—until the woodwork was completely covered, and in the middle were piled up quails, wheatears, and other small birds, in one immense heap. Each sportsman then placed a small sum of money in a little trough fastened on purpose to the frame by means of two forked sticks, and the amount was afterwards equally divided between the keepers and farm servants. Then came the ceremony of dividing the game amongst the sportsmen—for it is a point of honour that none shall be consumed on the spot in aid of the amphytrion's hospitality. There being but few hares and rabbits, lots were drawn for them, and one hare fell to my portion. The birds were divided equally without distinction of kind. Amongst them was a chevalier, which the owner, a notary from Chartres, seeing me examine with curiosity, politely offered me. As I was really anxious to possess it, I consented to deprive him of it, on condition he would accept my hare, and the bargain was so concluded after a little formal hesitation; but I believe the notary thought I was a poet, or some one not fit to be trusted with the care of his own interests.

At six o'clock dinner was announced by the host himself, who requested his guests to take their seats without ceremony. Four fuming potages were rapidly absorbed. Stewed eels followed, with truffled pigs' feet; and these were replaced with choice meats and game cooked every way but roast. The roasts were of game exclusively, and consisted of hares, partridges, canaepétrières, or little bustards, and above all quails. These latter were served by fifties at a time, and replenished as soon as eaten. A quail is about two mouthfuls and a half for a keen sportsman after a day in the stubble, and from six to nine for each person is considered to be no particular excess. None of this game was the produce of the day's shooting. The whole had been supplied by neighbours, who looked to the host for similar accommodation some other day. The roasts were succeeded by a course of vegetables cooked to absolute perfection, and the feast concluded with a huge dessert. The wine, meanwhile, had been doing arduous duty. A cask of the *vin du pays* had been engineered up from the cellar, hooped round with green vine, and surmounted with an image of St. Hubert. From this the guests had quenched their first thirst, the wine being drawn in stone pitchers, and plied round by assiduous domestics. The old Burgundies had made their appearance with the *rôties*, and received sustained attention from the company until the arrival of coffee. After coffee came cigars, and finally cards were introduced, and parties made up for finishing the evening with whist and bézique.

Many of the farmer's guests intended to remain some time longer at the farm, to continue day after day the same war upon the luckless quails, but neither my friend nor I found the sport sufficiently attractive to bear much repeating. After one more day we therefore resisted our good host's attempt to detain us longer, and prepared to return to Trignolles, where we had been promised a day's shooting of a harder and more exciting kind.

For me it was a piece of real good fortune that we had decided on remaining the second day. A gentleman of the company, with sporting views apparently the very opposite to ours, had found the shooting so much to his taste that, having come for two or three days at most, he had resolved to stay out the week. But he was embarrassed with a mare, borrowed of a friend for three days only, and returnable at La Ferté-Truand, a village exactly midway between La Terrière and Trignolles. It was a delicate matter to mention to a host, who would doubtless place a man at his disposal at whatever cost of convenience. He was therefore charmed at my offer to ride his mare for him to Truand, and was quite profuse in his acknowledgments. He moreover assured my friend "que la jument avait les allures si douces, que monsieur serait aussi bien sur elle que dans sa propre voiture." This assurance amused my friend not a little, aware as he was that my politeness had no other motive than to abridge by half the tortures of (as he himself expressed it) his most infernal *bok*.

J. L.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

No. III.—LORD MACAULAY.

MACAULAY represents the second generation of Edinburgh Reviewers. He stands at the head of that race of professional and semi-professional men of letters by whose pens the *Edinburgh Review* was transformed from a mere journal of slap-dash criticism and political pasquinades into an organ of brilliant speculation, of original thought, and of polished writing. He was a recruit of Sydney Smith's. The troop of Chancery barristers, University professors, College tutors, and Yorkshire vicars, who constituted the original band of Edinburgh Reviewers fell off one by one; and concurrently with the increase of his practice at the bar, Jeffrey thus found the work of the *Review* falling more and more every year upon his own shoulders. He loved the *Review*, and he loved criticism, but he loved his profession and the honours of that profession more than either; and in his correspondence we find him pressing Smith, and Allen, and Horner, either to send more of their own articles or to beat up fresh recruits. "I am sick of furbishing up other men's rubbish." "I have only been able to write a single article in the present number of the *Review*. All the time I have had to spare has been occupied in vamping up the materials of stray contributors." "Can you not lay your hands on some clever young men who would write for us? The original supporters of the work are getting old, and others too busy or too stupid to go on comfortably; and in Edinburgh the young men are mostly Tories." These sort of sentences crop up repeatedly in his letters. He thought as much of "a clever young man" as Frederick of Prussia thought of a tall grenadier. It was the most acceptable present that you could offer him; and of all the clever young men that were picked up in this way in Westminster Hall, in Lincoln's Inn, at Charles Lamb's supper parties in his smoky chambers in the Temple, and in the gilded saloons of Holland House, none apparently gave Jeffrey more gratification than Macaulay. To listen to "a young fellow named Follet" arguing a point of law is said to have been the highest pleasure of Lord Ellenborough's old age, and to look through the MSS. of Macaulay's articles, to correct his proofs, and to hear him read a page or two of his history in MS., and to talk it over after a quiet breakfast in the Albany, formed the pleasantest of the critical labours of Francis Jeffrey during the closing years of his life.

And Sydney Smith was as proud of his recruit as Jeffrey was of his contributor. "Yes," he said, speaking of him years after, when Macaulay's articles in the *Review* were the talk of half the dinner tables at the West End, and when Macaulay was the most brilliant of his own rivals as a diner-out—"Yes, I take great credit to myself. I always prophesied his greatness from the first moment I saw him, then a very young and unknown man on the Northern Circuit. There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great. He is like a book in breeches." And no one, I presume, will deny Sydney Smith all the credit that he claims on this account, for the contributions of his recruit renewed the youth of the *Edinburgh Review;* and it is no exaggeration, I believe, to add that the Vicar of Foxton changed the whole current of Macaulay's thought, and fixed his mind upon literature as the profession of his life, when he sent his card to Jeffrey as that of a clever young man whose pen might be turned to account in the pages of their buff and blue.

Till then the bent of Macaulay's mind had been to the law, with a seat in the House of Commons and the Great Seal in the future; and perhaps no man ever possessed higher qualifications for success at the Bar. This was the opinion of Dr. Peacock, a man who had known most of the distinguished lawyers then to be found in Westminster Hall, Alderson, Park, and Pollock; and all that Brougham thought "old Zackary's son" needed to ensure the reversion of the patent of the Lord Chief Justice or of the woolsack was to read Demosthenes, to get Dante by heart, and to go through two or three years' drudgery in an attorney's office. Macaulay had distinguished himself at Cambridge by his plodding industry and by his brilliant and fascinating eloquence. The ornate and glowing rhetoric that afterwards carried the House of Commons off its feet, placed the young Trinity Commoner, even as an undergraduate, at the head of the rhetoricians of the Union; and the tradition is still cherished how the rooms were crowded when it was known that Macaulay was to take part in one of the debates, how the undergraduates were pushed aside by the Dons, how Masters of Arts trooped in by the dozen, and how that incarnation of college discipline, Dr. Wood, the master of St. John's, threw aside his *Calculus*, and strolled into the rooms with a week's beard on his chin to sit for an hour with his mouth wide open and listen to Macaulay pouring forth his torrents of polished rhapsody with the vehemence and passion of a Greek sophist reciting the Shield of Achilles from the *Iliad.* Outside the walls of the Union, however, the brilliant declaimer was known as the most hard working of students. He won the Chancellor's prize for English verse in his first year, and in his contest for the Craven Scholarship, a contest turning upon the abstrusest points of grammar, upon a close acquaintance with Latin and Greek idioms, and upon composition in these tongues, carried off the prize against men who were pre-eminently distinguished by their classical acquirements, and by these almost alone, against men like George Long, to whom King's College owes its greatness as a seat of learning, and Henry Malden, afterwards Professor of Greek at University College. Uniting these powers of close and persistent industry in grappling with the mystery of particles and the irregular verbs, with a memory like an encyclopædia, with keen powers of analysis, and with all but the highest gifts of eloquence, Thomas Babington Macaulay seemed marked out by nature as the rival of the most accomplished and powerful advocates in Westminster Hall.

But his heart was not in the Law. His temper was short and imperious. He soon lost his coolness under a rebuff. He had little taste for the attorney's work of the courts, for the short scuffling fence of cross-examination, and for that higgling over petty points of law, where reason and authority are alike against you, which constitutes the staple work at *Nisi Prius.* Perhaps the two or three years' office drudgery which Brougham suggested might, like Maule's pot of porter, have brought Macaulay down to the level of the Barons of the Exchequer. But his literary instincts were too strong within him; and when the ivory gates of the *Edinburgh Review* were once opened to him, he threw away his "Term Reports," "Chitty's Practice," and his brief bag, and sat down at his desk, partly in the spirit of a devotee and partly in the spirit of a hard-headed man to business who, having set his hand to the plough, has no thought of looking back. Intending to live by literature, Macaulay made up his mind to make literature pay.

He was the first professional man of letters that took up his pen in the service of the *Edinburgh Review.* Till then most of the men upon it had been amateurs, men, that is, who wrote for pleasure, no for bread. Of late years most of the writers who have distinguished themselves in the ranks of periodical or of general literature have been authors by profession,—Charles Dickens, Carlyle, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Tennyson, Froude, Charles Reade, Mark Lemon, John Forster, Shirley Brooks, and Robertson. Men like Sir Bulwer Lytton and Charles Kingsley, and men like Stuart Mill, Anthony Trollope, Tom Taylor, W. R. Greg, and Arthur Helps, are the exception. But in the early days of the *Edinburgh Review* all this was reversed. You could hardly then have found a dozen professional men of letters of the slightest note within the four seas. Coleridge, Southey, Tom Moore, Campbell, Lockhart, and Gifford, almost exhaust the list. The rest were newspaper hacks, or what Jeffrey, with a touch of vulgarity, haughtily called "gentlemen writers." Scott and Byron were at the head of the gentlemen writers. The author of the Waverley Novels was a clerk at the able of the Court of Session; the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" was a banker in Lombard Street; Christopher North was a professor of moral philosophy; Malthus and Crabbe were country parsons; Charles Lamb was a clerk in Leadenhall Street. And most of these men—all of them, I believe I may say, with the exception of Charles Lamb—were half ashamed of their contributions to the literature of the day. Scott refused to avow his novels. Byron hardly knew what to do with his copyrights, and with the bailiffs at his hall-door, with his household gods all shivered around him, returned Murray a cheque for a thousand guineas for "Childe Harold," rather than pollute his hands by taking money for his writings. To be thought poets by profession, like Wordsworth or the author of "Christabel," was odious to these men. Scott turned out poems and novels by the score, entering into time-contracts to deliver them, as a Manchester manufacturer enters into contracts to deliver bales of calico, a couple of novels in six months, and a poem of two or three thousand lines in nine months; but with all this, the work of spinning poetry and romances he set down as a mere incident of his partnership with the Ballantynes—a matter of *£ s. d.*, and nothing more. And it was the same with Byron. The thought of being supposed to possess anything in common with "the *literati* of Murray's back shop," was gall and wormwood to him. "Elaborate," he says, protesting in a rage at the compliments of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Review* on "The Bride of Abydos" and "The Corsair," "elaborate—what do they mean by elaborate? You know they were written as fast as I could put pen to paper, that they were sent to the printer without the slightest revision, and that as they were printed so they were published. Elaborate, indeed!" Even the author of "The Borough," a man who but for his genius might have been a bookseller's porter, was not above this paltry affectation. "How odd," he says to Sir Walter Scott, "you wrote your 'Lay' to buy a new horse for the Volunteer cavalry, and I wrote 'The Village' to send my sons to college." Even journalists were not exempt from this foible. Tom Barnes hated to hear the *Times* spoken of in his presence, and thought it derogatory to his character as a gentleman to be known as the editor of the first newspaper in Europe. Thank Heaven, we have outgrown this silliness. Literature is now a profession. Authors are artists, and wish themselves to be thought artists. Style is a study; and the most popular of our men of letters cultivate the art of expression as assiduously as French critics. Here and there, perhaps, you may still find men who despise style, men who throw out their ideas as a hodman turns out bricks, and allow them to settle themselves by the law of gravitation. But as a rule the men who are now in the foremost ranks of literature and science—Kinglake, Froude, Ruskin, Newman, Lewes, Lytton, Huxley, Stuart Mill—are hardly less distinguished by their powers of expression than by their powers of thought. And at the head of these masters of style, at the head of these authors by profession, stands Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Tested by the Greek-like simplicity and directness which mark the highest artistic beauty, of course Macaulay's style is deficient. It is too garish. It wants light and shade. There is no perspective in it. It lacks repose. Now and then, too, it is tawdry. But when you have said this, you have said all. In the two cardinal points of style—in what De Quincey calls the art of brightening the intelligibility of a subject which is obscure to the understanding, and in the art of regenerating the normal power and impressiveness of a subject which has become dormant to the sensibilities—no man has surpassed Macaulay. And this was exactly what Jeffrey wanted. It was emphatically a "taking style." You can read Macaulay when you can read nothing else. He is at his best as exhilarating as a glass of champagne. His glowing description and his sparkling criticism, his freshness and vigour, affect you when you open his volumes for the first time like magic; and recollecting the sensation which his articles produced when they were originally published—how eagerly they were scanned, how their epigrams, their antithetical forms and their picturesque illustrations, were caught up and reproduced in the House of Commons, in the newspapers, and in the conversation of every dinner-table—one can easily understand how John Murray, in a fit of generous rivalry, opened his heart to offer the copyright of "Childe Harold" to "old Zackary's son" to quit the *Edinburgh* and write for the *Quarterly*. These articles of Macaulay carried Constable's *Review* everywhere, and placed their author at once in the highest ranks of literature and society.

"You must study Macaulay when you come to town," says Sydney Smith, writing to a friend in the country. "He is incomparably the first lion in the metropolis; that is, he writes, talks, and speaks better than any man in England." And this was only a reflection of the general opinion. Jeffrey thought his cleverness marvellous. Gifford eulogised the versification of his "Ode on the Deliverance of Venice from the Turks" as equal to Milman's best lines in its lofty harmony. Tom Moore met him at breakfast at Rogers's with Lord John Russell, Campbell, and Luttrell, and pronounced him off-hand "one of the most remarkable men of the day." "Macaulay," he says, noting down the pith of the conversation in his diary, "gave us an account of the state of the Monothelite controversy, as revived at present among some of the fanatics of the day. In the course of conversation, Campbell quoted a line,—

'Ye diners out from whom we guard our spoons,'

and looking over at me said significantly, 'You ought to know that line.' I pleaded not guilty; upon which he said, 'It is in a poem that appeared in the *Times*, which everyone attributes to you.' But I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence, and said, to our general surprise, 'That is mine;' on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib still better, on the subject of William Bankes's candidateship for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. 'That was mine also,' said Macaulay, thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess." Nor was this all. Tory and Whig vied to strew his path with roses. Lord Lyndhurst gave him a sinecure of £10,000 a year. Holland House threw open its portals to him. The Marquis of Lansdowne brought him into Parliament for the Borough of Calne; and in the House of Commons, as everywhere else, in the *Times*, in the *Edinburgh Review*, at Rogers's breakfast table and in Lady Holland's drawing-room, the flash and sparkle of his style swept everything before him.

Perhaps there is no assembly in the world where mere intellectual cleverness is thought less of than in the House of Commons. In what Mr. Bright is in the habit of calling the dark ages before '32, it was enough for a man to make a racy rattling speech in defence of the Church or the Crown, or to try his hand at seditious harangues upon rotten boroughs or Test and Corporation Acts, to force himself into the foremost ranks of his party either as a Tory or a Liberal. Pitt, as George the Third used to say, knew nothing of Vattel. The only history of England that he had read, if we are to take his own word, was Shakespeare. Fox led the Opposition without understanding a single principle of political economy; and if Sheridan could only have mastered the mystery of fractions, he might have been Chancellor of the Exchequer. Eloquence, and eloquence alone, was the only gift this race of statesmen possessed in a pre-eminent degree; but in the days of Pitt and Fox and Sheridan, this single gift was the passport to the highest offices of the State. Eloquence of course will never lose its charm; and in the House of Commons, as everywhere else, the man who can put his thoughts into terse and vivid forms will always find willing listeners. But except when allied with information, experience, and high personal character, the richest and most diversified eloquence will never again be what it has been in the state, the "open sesame" to the highest honours of the Law and of Politics.

Government now takes its rank among the sciences; and politicians are forming themselves into a sort of professional class. Most of the men who are now to be found in the front ranks of the Conservative and Liberal parties, are men who have made the arts of Parliamentary management and statecraft the business of their lives; and this will be the case more and more in the future. One of the most accomplished and persuasive speakers at present to be found in the Parliamentary ranks was pooh-poohed a year or two ago by Mr. Disraeli as a mere silvered mediocrity, a mere manufacturer of phrases, to use Napoleon's expression; and while scores of these accomplished and persuasive speakers are sitting on the back benches or below the gangway, men who can hardly put their sentences together in logical order, but who possess the special experience and information that these silvered mediocrities lack, take their seat on the Treasury Bench as Secretaries of State.

When Macaulay first appeared in Parliament, the House of Commons had not acquired that intensely practical tone of thought which characterises it at present. The shades of Fox, Burke, Plunkett, and Grattan still lingered about the Speaker's chair; and Macaulay's style of oratory, with its glitter and its antithesis, with its picturesque forms of expression and its wealth of historical illustration, revived the fading recollections of that polished and epigrammatic eloquence which had been but faintly kept alive through the dullest years of our Parliamentary history by the genius and culture of Canning. It was a new sensation to hear the most brilliant of Edinburgh Reviewers repeating his articles from the back benches of the ministerial ranks; and almost at a bound the author of the Political Georgics and of the articles on Milton and Machiavelli leapt into the foremost ranks of Parliamentary orators. His speech on India was pronounced by the Speaker, Mr. Manners Sutton, the best he had ever heard. Sir James Mackintosh spoke in still higher terms of the speeches on Parliamentary Reform. They were, he said, the finest ever spoken in Parliament. Of course this, like most of Sir James Mackintosh's eulogy, was pitched in too high a key. But Jeffrey hit the mark with his usual critical precision, in pronouncing them superior to everything except Mr. Stanley's, and inferior to his only in the style of their delivery. In closeness, fire, and vigour they surpass all the rest of the speeches on the Reform Bill to be found in the pages of "Hansard."

But every contemporary critic agrees in saying that it was very different to read these speeches in the *Times* and to listen to them in the gallery of the House of Commons. All you heard there was a harsh, shrill voice, a voice without a note of music in it, pouring out a torrent of words without the slightest variation of tone, without the slightest attempt at emphasis, without a single pause of any description. All you thought of in listening to Macaulay, said a keen critic at the time, was an express train, which did not stop even at the chief stations. "On, on he speeds, in full reliance on his own momentum, never stopping for words, never stopping for thoughts, never halting for an instant even to take breath, his intellect gathering new vigour as he proceeds, hauling the subject after him, and all its possible attributes and illustrations, with the strength of a giant, leaving a line of light on the pathway his mind has trod, till, unexhausted and apparently inexhaustible, he brings this remarkable effort to a close by a peroration so highly sustained in its declamatory power, so abounding in illustration, so admirably framed to crown and clench the whole oration, that surprise, if it has even begun to wear off, kindles anew, and the hearer is left utterly prostrate and powerless by the whirlwind of ideas and emotions that has swept over him."

And if there was little in his action or his voice to recommend Macaulay's speeches, there was still less in his personal appearance. What you saw when you fixed your eye upon the owner of that shrill, monotonous voice, was a short, thickset man, as stiff as an automaton, with a head and shoulders like those of a cod fish, standing with his left hand thrown behind his back, and using his right now and then without any particular grace to emphasise a sentence by a series of short, sharp jerks. All the expression of his face lay in his eye. This was of a deep blue, and distinguished, like Jeffrey's, by its keenness and brilliancy. His hair was of a beautiful jet black. Yet as you listened to this automaton, with its glittering blue eyes, its swarthy complexion, and its rounded features, chiselled apparently in miniature, pouring forth its stream of felicitous sentences, the stiff and boyish form disappeared by magic, and even the shrill voice ceased to grate on the ear, as you followed that masterly and symmetrical discussion of the question, so ingenious, so thoughtful, so rich in fine illustrations, that you held your breath to listen—to the excogitations of the moment? Hardly; for though Macaulay spoke without the slightest assistance from notes or MS. of any kind, no one could listen to him for ten sentences together and doubt that every word of his speech had been conned over in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn or the Albany, as carefully as if they were intended for the keen eye of Jeffrey in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review.*

Macaulay, like Demosthenes, never trusted his success to fortune. All his speeches, or at least the principal parts, were, like Lord Brougham's, written out beforehand, learned by rote, and then poured forth in the House of Commons in the style of a Pundit repeating the Vedas, without the omission of a particle, and at the same time apparently without anything but the very slightest appreciation of their meaning. There are but two speeches of Macaulay's that make any pretension to be impromptus—that in reply to Orator Hunt on the Anatomy Bill, and that on the War with China; and it does not require the eye of a critic to trace out considerable passages even in these that had been jotted down at his desk and turned over in his memory in the course of his walk from Lincoln's Inn to the House. This habit of preparing his speeches grew upon him so strongly in the course of years, that it was a positive pain and embarrassment to him at last to be called upon to speak even a dozen sentences off-hand.

You may trace these marks of labour, I think, in all his speeches and in all his essays. Glowing as they do with life—the work, apparently, of a man whose imagination bred thoughts and illustrations with poetic profusion, who never knew what it was to pause for an apt or picturesque expression—all his writings were, nevertheless, the work of a deeply meditating mind and of a laborious pen. With a group of friends like those he met at Lansdowne House, at

Bowood, or in St. James's Place, with Tom Moore and Dean Milman or Campbell at his side, Macaulay never ceased to talk till he had reduced everyone else to silence, unless Sydney Smith or Jeffrey happened to be within earshot. He was the tyrant of the table, and rarely tolerated any talk but his own. Jeffrey used to quiz him on one of his achievements in this line at Sir J. Stephens's, where he first silenced his host by a disquisition on the Monothelite controversy, afterwards sent Lord Monteagle to sleep with an account of the classical acquirements of Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, and spent the rest of the evening very pleasantly in pure soliloquy. And this is borne out to the letter by Sydney Smith's suggestive compliment to his rival upon his occasional flashes of silence after his return from India. "But I do not believe," Sydney Smith used to say, "that Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, 'Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that.'" His thoughts were like flashes of lightning. "While other men were thinking what to say and how to say it, Macaulay said it all and a great deal more." His memory was prodigious. It surpassed even that of Sir James Mackintosh, and his powers of illustration were equal to those of Jeffrey. Teeming with thought, criticism, apt quotation and racy illustrations, and endowed with high animal spirits, a quick and pugnacious temper, Macaulay sat still only when compelled by sheer force, and then only for a few seconds. A professional talker or a rival he put down in an instant, without the slightest hesitation or compunction, and trampled upon him into the bargain if he showed any signs of resistance. Casting his eye round the table with his quick glance of penetration and decision, he threw up his thumb with a jerk of impatience, after his fashion in the House of Commons, and broke in at the first pause with "I can tell you something better than that." "Of Macaulay's range of knowledge," says Tom Moore, "anything may be believed, so wonderful is his memory;" and as an illustration he tells us how, at a breakfast at Monckton Milnes', Macaulay astonished and amused the guests by his familiarity with the old Irish slang ballads, "The night before Larry was stretched," &c., many of which he ran off as glibly as his own Political Georgics. "He certainly," says Moore, "obeys most wonderfully Eloisa's injunction, 'Do all things but forget.'" The hearer often longed for Macaulay's memory, says one who had often sat by his side, to carry off what he heard in a single morning, in an after-dinner colloquy, or in a few hours in a country-house.

And yet with all the enthusiasm that Macaulay inspired by his talk, no one has made any but the meagrest attempts to preserve a few scraps of it. "Anecdote, touches of character, drollery, fun, excellent stories excellently told," is all that Dean Milman takes the trouble to say of it; and Moore gives us very little more. "He seized upon an idea," Mrs. Beecher Stowe says, "and turned it inside out and shook it on all sides, just as one might play with the lustres of a chandelier, to see them glisten." This was his forte; and with the aid of a memory that never failed, and with powers of illustration that were all but overwhelming, Macaulay, in his conversation as in his speeches and his writings, surprised and charmed everybody by his sparkling and epigrammatic eloquence.

What part of this was the inspiration of the moment, as in the case of Sydney Smith's sallies, and what part the result of preparation, as in the case of Sheridan, it is, I suppose, impossible now to say, unless Sir Charles Trevelyan or Mr. Ellis will rifle his desk and publish every memorandum and every hint to be found there for our information. Even without this, however, we know enough of his *secrets d'atelier* to know that at his desk the most profuse and brilliant of table talkers was as laborious and painstaking an artist as ever took up a pen to earn a guinea by a political squib or an ode in a newspaper. Take up a page of Jeffrey or Sydney Smith, and you can hardly distinguish it from their hastiest notes of chit-chat and criticism upon the topics of the day. Pen in hand these men wrote exactly as they talked, and in their most off-hand conversation you may trace the critical acuteness and the wild rollicking wit that marked all their writings.

But Macaulay at his desk and Macaulay at a dinner-table formed as striking a contrast as Sir Alexander Cockburn in a shooting coat and a bowler hat, chatting with a group of laughing girls at a picnic, and Sir Alexander Cockburn in the scarlet robes, the gold chain, and the full-bottomed wig of the Lord Chief Justice. Macaulay no sooner takes up his pen than he becomes as stiff and stilted as literary pipeclay and buckram can make him. Where he has been easy and flowing, he is epigrammatic and antithetical. Illustration is piled on illustration till the thought is lost in a sort of Rosamond's bower. He must be vivid. He must be striking. He must be picturesque. Every sentence must be revised, and pruned, and burnished, till it has attained the highest gloss that a set of words in that form can bear. You never catch Macaulay in his dressing-gown and slippers. He is always in full dress, with his sword and his bag and wig. You never detect his thought in the process of making. He never permits you to see a page of his writing in the form in which it has left his desk. It must be all copied out in a fine Roman hand before it meets your eye. You never see his hand in his work. What he offers you is the work complete. And in this complete form it has but one fault. It wants a touch or two of Nature. It is too artistic, too cold. The style is too impersonal. Of its kind it is of course perfect; and perhaps no man ever wrote with more precision than the most brilliant of the Edinburgh Reviewers. I do not believe it is possible to find a single loose or slipshod sentence in all his writings. You might as well search for a halting line or a false quantity in "Virgil," as search for a solecism in Macaulay's English. Perhaps now and then you may detect him using an *ad captandum* illustration, as in the case of his comparison of Mourad Bey and Napoleon and his description of the astonishment of the Mamelukes when they found a man who was scarcely five feet high, and rode like a butcher, the greatest soldier in Europe. But, as a rule, every suggestion even in an illustration of this kind is as authentic as one of Hallam's notes; for with all his powers of imagination, Macaulay preferred to take even his most trifling touches of portraiture from the personal recollections of contemporary critics to developing them, like the novelist, from the depths of his own consciousness. He had a keen eye for the slightest hint that could be turned to account in sketching the portrait of a man, and you have only to turn to his essays at random, to Addison, Chatham, Clive, Hastings, or Machiavelli, to see at a glance how thoroughly he read up his subject, how he ransacked the top shelves of old libraries for political squibs, for old diaries, and volumes of correspondence, for folios that might appal even the heart of the stoutest commentator, and for novels and poems that had been sent to the trunkmaker by their own authors as soon as they had passed through the press, to pick up hints that might enable him to form a more vivid and picturesque conception of a scene, or to get closer to a great statesman, a soldier, or a man of letters; any hints from which he could gather the chit-chat of Lady Killigrew and her sisters as they sat in the lonely oriel over their embroidery while the horns were sounding and the dogs in full cry; or how Queen Anne's maids of honour killed their time a hundred and eighty years ago, how far their minds were cultivated, what were their favourite studies, what degree of liberty was allowed to them, what use they made of that liberty, what accomplishments they most valued in men, and what proofs of tenderness delicacy permitted them to give to favoured suitors; or any suggestions by which he could add a fresh touch to his portraits of Walpole, Addison, Clive, Hastings, or Temple.

To the tastes and industry of an antiquarian Macaulay added an imagination as vivid and picturesque as Sir Walter Scott's, and some of the most striking and brilliant bits of portraiture and description to be found in his writings are obviously the result of an amount of reading and research that would have broken the heart of an ordinary bookworm. Most of his essays are thus histories in miniature, historiettes, reproducing on a small scale a succession of scenes and a series of portraits that might with a little amplification in the details be worked up into a volume.

Upon what models Macaulay formed his style it is not easy to say with precision. You may trace the influence of many writers in its growth,—of Plautus, of Livy, of Thucydides, of Petrarch, of Dante, of Milton, and of Scott. And yet when you come to compare it with the style of these men, you find so much in Macaulay that you find in none of these, taken by themselves, that you are driven to the conclusion that his style, after all, is what it generally is in the case of every man of genius—a development of his own intellectual tendencies. His style is his own; and his style is the man. Take up any of his boyish contributions to *Knight's Magazine*—his paper on the Italian Poets, or that on the Athenian Orators—and you find there the same rapid and picturesque narrative, the same vivid sketches of men and scenes, the same condensation and point that you find in richer and more varied forms in his contributions to the *Edinburgh* and in his History. And there, too, you find almost as conspicuously what Sir George Lewis called the touch of the showman—that girlish affectation of tinsel ornament which offends the eye so frequently, even in his latest writings. These touches of the showman seem to me to prove that Macaulay's taste, after all, was not as keen and critical as one might have anticipated in so accomplished a scholar and so laborious a workman; for Macaulay never wrote in haste, and revised everything that he wrote with the greatest nicety. His first rough draft was absolutely illegible from erasures and corrections. It was written on official foolscap, with the lines full an inch apart. This, however, formed but the rough outline of the essay. When the keel had thus been laid down, Macaulay began the work of amplification and revision; and when that was complete, you could hardly find space on the page to stick a pin's point. Prescott saw two or three of these pages of the MS. of his History. "You have no conception," he says, "of the amount of labour that one of these sheets of foolscap represent." But this MS.

was never sent to the printer. It was copied out by Macaulay in a hand almost as bold and legible as large pica. Of his habits and hours of work, little is known. When in London, he generally spent most of the morning in the reading-room of the British Museum, and his evenings at his desk. His favourite hours of work, I believe, were those of the morning. But upon this point he "humoured his disposition," like Gray. If the work palled upon him, he took up his hat and stick and started off for a stroll, generally taking a book in his pocket when in the country. Plautus was his favourite, and in a note to one of his poems he tells us how he spent many an idle hour rambling on the beach with his book in his hand, turning the Rudens of the Roman poet into what he supposed to be the original Greek. In London, he varied this diversion by visiting the book stalls, to pick up rare or original editions of old books, or by strolling through the Seven Dials in search of ballads. He was as fond of these as Sir Walter Scott, and spent the whole of one long vacation, it is said, in a stroll through the northern counties collecting a set. When living alone in the Albany, Jeffrey tells us that Macaulay, like Charles Dickens, often threw down his pen at midnight, and strolled out into the silent streets, to walk about for two or three hours. He thought the silence and solitude of a great city favourable to meditation, and generally returned to his desk with a fresh stock of vivid and picturesque thoughts. A keen eye, in looking through Macaulay's essays, may, I think, trace many images and illustrations struck out in the course of these rambles. Johnson, in his criticism on Gray, laughed at this habit of his and Macaulay's of writing only when what Byron called the estro was on. But it is, I suspect, the habit of most men with whom writing is anything more than a mechanical employment. It was the habit of Byron, of Shelley, and of Burns; and it is a habit that is commended by one who understood the artistic temperament in all its moods. "When you begin to tire of your work," says Leslie, "leave off. Otherwise you will probably injure it. You will certainly injure yourself."

I intended to say something of Macaulay as a thinker, as a critic, as a historian. But I must close. It was as an Edinburgh Reviewer that the commoner of Trinity College won his spurs in the field of literature; and it is as the most brilliant of Edinburgh Reviewers that he will be recollected. His History, in itself but a fragment, is for the most part an elaboration of his Essays; and, except as specimens of style, his speeches have no more value than the first dozen speeches on the Irish Land Bill that you may select from the *Times* blindfolded. The Essays are of their kind superb; and they promise to live as long as the English language. They have influenced the style of English writers more, perhaps, than the writings of any man of our time, except Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens; and with all their faults, they have not yet lost the charm by which their author won his unexampled popularity thirty years ago.

If Francis Jeffrey was the critic and metaphysician of the *Edinburgh Review*, Sydney Smith its wit, and Brougham its statesman, Macaulay may be called its rhetorician; and it speaks significantly for the influence of a sparkling style that Macaulay has been able by his style, and by his style alone, to carry off the highest honours that have been won in our day by a professional man of letters.

CHARLES PEBODY.

THE SINGERS.

CHERRY-BLOSSOM nested
Sweet the thrushes sing,
Thrushes freckle-breasted—
Lifting heart and wing
For joy of cherry-blossoms evermore they sing.

Comes the time of berries,
They will sing no more,
Feeding under cherries,
Happy in their store.
In the time of cherries thrushes sing no more.

Thus, O poet, singing
In thine own delight,
Ecstacy upspringing
Tunes thy lips aright,
Evermore to music shaping thy delight.

Even while thou starvest
All thy heart is song,
After comes the harvest,
Comes thy fame erelong,
But the hours of fulness are not hours of song.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

OUR COAST DEFENCES.

A WAR on the Continent generally revives public interest in our coast defences, which in time of peace are looked upon with little favour. Ten years ago the Italian war caused something like a panic, and defensive fortifications were commenced, on which millions have been lavished and thousands more will have to be spent. With peace came the reaction, the result of which is to be seen in the fact that these fortifications are still incomplete, some of them having lain in their present condition for years. The Franco-Prussian war has, however, again roused anxiety. In Parliament and out, by pamphlet and paragraph, this anxiety has been displayed. In all directions one hears the questions asked, What is the condition of our defences? Can nothing be done to add to our security? Are our arsenals and out-ports safe? Inventors have, as might be expected, seized the opportunity for urging their pet schemes on public notice, knowing that now they will not lack an audience. The criticisms so rife in time of peace on the folly of incurring vast expenditure in order to guard against a remote contingency have been hushed for the time; and the sentiment seems general that money is well spent when it secures the country against the descents or invasion of hostile forces. In fact, the national wish has been so clearly expressed, that the Government have already taken steps to secure its realisation, and out of the supplementary vote of two millions which the "faithful Commons" passed, almost by acclamation, no small sum will be devoted to strengthening our coast defence.

Under these circumstances there need be no apology, we think, for glancing rapidly over our present means of defence, and attempting to estimate their value by the light of recent experience. In doing so, however, it must be understood that we are not discussing the question of an invasion in force, which many persons appear to consider quite within the range of probability, but of which there appears no reasonable prospect so long as we maintain our present naval supremacy. Those who hold the contrary opinion talk much of the change which steam propulsion has wrought, and insist on the possibility of a French fleet crossing the Channel under cover of the night, and landing an army before the alarm could be raised; or of a

German force being quietly transported to our shores. They do not make allowance, however, for other features of all such attempts, in forming this estimate. Entire secresy could not be preserved in assembling the forces, for example; and our first step, if intelligence of the gathering arrived, would, of course, be to despatch a strong fleet to the enemy's coast, where it could be maintained as long as might be necessary, coals and provisions being supplied by attendant store-ships, and wind or weather having no power to drive the ships from their posts; seeing that a steamship need not run for shelter as a sailing ship must under some circumstances. In face of such a fleet as we could muster, what enemy would be foolhardy enough to venture out of port? And, in addition, it must be remembered that the transport of a large army requires an immense number of ships—such a number as, perhaps, no other nation but England would have to dispose of. Prussia or France, then, may have half a million of armed men ready to throw on our coast, but the Channel is our protection so long as we can hold it with our fleet: and this power we are not at all likely to lose.

Setting aside then the idea of a grand invasion, what are the attacks to which our coasts are most liable in war time, and what are our best means of defence? It seems obvious that the attacks may be classed under two heads: First, attempts by war-ships to destroy our naval arsenals; second, descents upon our mercantile ports and open coast towns by small squadrons, or by privateers. Both these methods of warfare are quite open to an enemy possessing any naval force. Both would be productive of serious damage to us, unless measures were taken to prevent their success. That these descents are possible and probable will be seen if we put a case or two. The bulk of our fleet on the home station might be engaged, for example, in watching the preparations for an invasion on the French side of the Channel, while a French squadron, that had escaped notice, was making a descent on Liverpool, and there levying contributions, making prizes, and doing a world of damage, unless its action was impeded by some means of defence. Or, to take another case, while our ships were blockading the German ports a Prussian squadron might, if unopposed by harbour defences, make a descent on Plymouth, and destroy one of our greatest naval arsenals before assistance could arrive. Granting that such attacks are possible, it needs no argument to show that they should be guarded against in every possible way. An arsenal destroyed would mean the serious crippling of our naval force, the very backbone of our defence; a great port sacked would entail fearful losses on individuals, and be humiliating to the nation. Have we yet taken measures to prevent such occurrences, or have we the power to do so on occasion? In short, what are our means of defence?

They may be briefly summarised as follows: Permanent fortifications, extemporised land batteries, floating batteries, and coast defence ships, submarine mines or torpedoes, and passive obstructions. Let us glance at each in turn.

It is obviously impossible to protect all our ports and coast towns by permanent fortifications. Millions have been spent, as we said, on such fortifications during the last ten years, and as the chief result our arsenals are well defended, or are supposed to be: what then would be the expenditure which the complete fortification of the coast would entail? But there is not the least necessity for considering this supposition. The line of martello towers along the south coast furnishes a warning that is not likely to pass unheeded, and we have besides other and better means of defence for general application. The proper use of permanent fortifications is, we think, that to which they have been recently applied, viz., the protection of those places of the most vital importance to ourselves, and, above all, our naval arsenals. At the last-named places defensive works have been advanced towards completion, which would undoubtedly make them safe against attacks either from the sea or from the land, if the forts were finished. But unfortunately they are not at all in a finished state. Take, for instance, the forts at Plymouth intended to resist a naval attack. This attack would, of course, be made by armoured ships, if made at all; and to render the forts efficient the guns are intended to be mounted behind strong iron shields. It is not beyond the truth to say that none of these shields were in place at the time when Mr. Cardwell made his *couleur de rose* statement respecting the possibility of soon placing our naval ports in an efficient state of defence; and we may add that the heavy guns intended to be mounted in the forts are not procurable. Here there is surely cause for inquiry. Why, we may ask, are not the guns forthcoming when it has been known for so long a time that they would be required? Why are not the shields made, and in the openings now filled with bricks or boarding? Can there be question still as to the character of the shields to be fitted? This can scarcely be, seeing that so long ago as 1868 the specimen shields intended for Gibraltar were tested, and after trial improved upon considerably. If economical considerations have caused the delay, then it has been an instance of very false economy, for it has involved the necessary inefficiency of works on which vast sums have been spent, while the shields could be produced at less than a thousand pounds apiece, according to the estimate of Colonel Jervois (the Deputy-Director of Works for Fortifications).* It may be urged that both shields and guns could be produced rapidly in case of war; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the tendency in modern warfare is to strike swiftly and heavily, so that no sufficient interval might elapse for the remedy of these deficiencies. Surely this state of things in the fortifications of our arsenals ought not to continue longer. The forts are where they are wanted. When finished they will be most formidable, but as they stand they are almost unarmed and unprotected, and comparatively useless. It will be the truest economy to complete them as speedily as possible, even if the budget should be somewhat heavier in consequence.

Although permanent fortifications cannot be extended along our coast, it is possible to do much in defending it by means of extemporised batteries. This seems obvious, but if proof were needed we might refer to the experience obtained during the Civil War in America, and to the very recent construction of such batteries along the German coast threatened by the French fleet. Suffice it to say that the Confederates again and again availed themselves of this means of defence, and opened fire upon Federal ships from points whence no danger was apprehended, doing serious damage in many cases before their batteries could be silenced, and in others actually getting the best of the fight. In this respect we possess greater facilities perhaps than either the Prussians or the Americans. Our lines of railway along the coasts would afford excellent means of transporting guns and *materiel* to the threatened points; and we have besides in the Moncrieff system a plan which lends itself readily to the special circumstances of the case. To sink a pit is a very simple matter, and that is all which is required for the heaviest guns when mounted on the Moncrieff carriage. It would be out of place to go into detail respecting the plan now; we simply wish to draw attention to its probable usefulness in coast batteries when they have to be rapidly constructed, and to point out the desirability of having in store a number of these carriages in case of emergency. If batteries of the character we have described did not succeed in doing much damage to an enemy's fleet, they may at least be expected to prevent any successful attempt at landing, if well placed; and this would be no mean achievement under any circumstances.

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* In a paper on "Coast Defences" read before the Royal United Service Institution in 1868.

A scheme for locomotive forts has also been put forward and has received some attention, although it has not been adopted. It consists in constructing lines of railway along the more accessible parts of the coast, and upon these lines mounting locomotive forts carrying very heavy guns. By this means the defence might be made to advance parallel to the hostile squadron as it moved along off the coast, and the fort might be made available at any point to which its railway was extended. The scheme may be feasible in most respects, but it is open to many serious objections, and there is no likelihood of its being carried into practice.

A far better means of effecting the advance parallel to the hostile squadron is found in the use of coast-defence vessels, or floating batteries. These may be either armoured or unarmoured, but all of them ought to carry heavy guns capable of piercing the sides of armoured ships at long ranges. On such vessels—supplemented no doubt by extemporised land batteries, torpedoes, and obstructions of all kinds—we are likely to be mainly dependent for the defence of our chief mercantile ports, and if we had a sufficient number of them there need be no serious cause of complaint. But we have not the number we want. On the contrary, we have remained for years with scarcely any vessels fitted for the service, and have done more towards supplying the want during the last ten weeks than has been done in the preceding ten years. Previous to the year 1868 our armoured coast-defence flotilla consisted of two turret ships and four or five batteries built during the Russian War. In 1868 our first coast-defence monitor, the *Glatton*, was commenced—she is still building at Chatham. In addition to this vessel we have recently built three other monitors for harbour defence, two for Bombay and one for Melbourne.* Since the present war has been raging, four more coast-defence monitors have been ordered to be built, and as they are strongly armoured, carry heavy guns, and draw little water, they are excellently adapted for the work. With one or two such vessels posted at Liverpool, and aided by the other means of defence just mentioned, little fear need be entertained of danger resulting from the sudden descent of an enemy's ships, which would easily be held in check, at least, until further help arrived. In adopting the monitor type, too, a wise choice was made, for all naval men agree that for coast defence that class of iron-clad ship is preferable to all others, such vessels being difficult to hit themselves, and having great power of training their guns.

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* An engraving of one of these vessels is given in the September number of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1869.

Ironclads of any class are, however, costly structures, and they take a long time in building, so that it would be difficult, under the immediate pressure of war, to produce them quickly. On this account attention has of late been given to the construction of very small unarmoured gunboats, propelled by steam, built of iron, and carrying one very heavy gun. The merit of introducing these pigmy vessels belongs to Mr. Rendell, of the Elswick works, who designed the first about two or three years ago. The success of this vessel was complete, and it led to the design of four or five similar gunboats during the next two years. When the present war broke out, and measures were taken to increase our forces, six more gunboats were ordered; they are now building, and will be useful, as well as cheap, additions to our coast-defence squadron. To all intents they are floating gun carriages possessing powers of locomotion. Their small size constitutes their only protection, and their very light draught enables them to keep close in-shore under the protection of batteries, where sea-going ironclads could not follow, while the guns they carry are powerful enough to pierce almost all ironclads afloat. Perhaps a better idea of the qualities of the class will be gained if we refer to a recent occurrence. On the 17th of August last three small Prussian gunboats had the audacity to steam out from Wittow, and attack the French blockading squadron of ironclad ships. Being lightly armed, the gunboats failed to damage the sides of the armoured ships, and returned to the shelter of the batteries, after a running fight of three hours. A correspondent of the *Daily News*, in describing the event, says:—"Though the French pointed their guns in a good direction, they fired either too high or too low; but it was difficult in a fresh breeze to take a steady aim at the little gunboats lying low in the water, and painted grey so as to be almost invisible. Several shots from the gunboats hit their mark, and a shell from the *Salamander* was seen to explode on the deck of one of the ships, and must have done some damage to the men at their guns. The German flotilla suffered no losses whatever." This practical illustration of what unarmoured gunboats may venture to do against powerful ironclads, when fighting off a coast to which they can retreat in case of need, needs no comment. Had one of our gunboats, carrying an 18-ton gun, been engaged, the result would have been still more striking; the French ships would not have escaped so free from damage as they did, while the gunboat would have been more free from the chance of being struck than the Prussian vessels were. Backed and supported by a few monitors, or by strong shore batteries, these new gunboats are likely to do good service, and as their cost is small their number may be, and we hope will soon be, largely increased.

Thus far we have been dealing with defences which bring artillery into play against the attacking force, but in submarine mines, or torpedoes, and in passive obstructions, we find what are undoubtedly the most effective and generally applicable means of defence. With respect to passive obstructions little need be said. They have been used from the earliest times, and quite recently have been in use, or ready to be used, on the German coast, where stone-laden barges were either sunk, or held in readiness to be sunk, in order to prevent the entrance of the French vessels into the ports and roadsteads. At Sebastopol the Russians sunk their men-of-war at the entrance of the harbour, to form passive obstructions. During the civil war in America, too, the Confederates largely availed themselves of such defences, forming marine *cheveaux de frise* by means of piles, chains, and logs, or having numerous strong hawsers submerged in such positions as made it probable that they would become entwined around the propellers of advancing ships, and render them unmanageable. There may, of course, be an almost infinite variety in these obstructions, and when properly and strongly constructed, they are of very great service. But their use renders the passage of friendly vessels in and out of the port defended as difficult as the entrance of the enemy's ships; in other words, if passive obstructions are used all navigation is rendered impossible, and on this account it would be only in circumstances of great emergency that we should be likely to employ them at any of our ports. Under such circumstances, and lacking other means of defence, passive obstructions, or any other device, would be welcome.

In submarine mines, or torpedoes, however, we possess a means of defence that seems likely to supersede passive obstructions entirely. These terrible engines of destruction were first used by the Russians during the Crimean War, and were then known in England as "infernal machines." During the civil war in America they were again extensively used, and under the pressing exigencies of the Confederates, much was done to improve and develope their construction. At Charleston especially they proved of great service. The forts were battered down by the Federal batteries on shore and by monitors afloat, but the place continued to hold out, mainly in consequence of the torpedo-defences and obstructions. Colonel Jervois states that "there are official records of the destruction of no less than twenty-four ships of the Federal States, and of the injury of nine others by means of torpedoes" during the war, a fact which speaks volumes. Some of these vessels were so suddenly destroyed, that only two or three minutes elapsed between the explosion of the torpedo and the disappearance of the ship, all the crew perishing of course. And it must be remembered that the present state of our knowledge is far in advance of that of the Confederates, although they made great strides in torpedo-warfare towards the conclusion of the war. European engineers have since devoted great attention to the subject. France, Russia, Austria, and other countries have taken precautions and made experiments, in order to be on the alert in case of war. During the campaign of 1866 Venice was strongly protected against naval attack by the Austrians, torpedoes of a very excellent design being employed, and since that time reports have been published of further experiments made at Pola and Trieste. We have not stood still either. As early as 1862 Earl de Grey appointed a committee to investigate the subject of "Active and Passive Obstructions;" but the apparent slowness with which the labours of this committee advanced was such as to cause no end of bad jokes suggested by the subject of their inquiries. It may, of course, be proper and advantageous that silence should be preserved on the subject, seeing that other Powers are extremely reticent respecting the similar operations carried on by them. Let us hope that Colonel Jervois is right when he assures us that the labours of the committee "have been conducted none the less efficiently because they have been prosecuted quietly."

It may be interesting if, in passing, we state a few facts relating to torpedoes which, though well known to professional persons, may not be so well understood by the general reader. A torpedo is best described as an iron case containing a very large charge of powder, or gun cotton, and is constructed in such a manner that it can be exploded when submerged several feet under water. The means of explosion are various, but the simplest and first used is that in which explosion resulted from the collision of a passing vessel with the submerged torpedo, which was therefore termed "self-acting." The Russians employed self-acting torpedoes in the Baltic, and so did the Confederates, to a large extent, at Charleston and elsewhere. Of late, however, what are called "electrical torpedoes" have found most favour, and this kind was used by the Austrians at Venice. In them explosion results from the passage of an electric current, and it is usual to lead the conducting wires to the shore, so that the time of the explosion is regulated entirely by an operator ashore, placed in some safe position whence observations can be made. The advantages of the latter arrangement are obvious. Friendly vessels can pass in and out in safety notwithstanding the presence of the torpedoes, when the explosion does not necessarily follow collision, but is regulated by the cool judgment of the operator on shore; and this advantage is of the highest importance when coast-defence vessels are used in conjunction with torpedoes. In addition, there need be no fear of electrical torpedoes being picked up at night by the enemy's boats, while there is that self-acting torpedoes may be. In fact, although the risk was great, there are numerous cases on record where the Federals did succeed in fishing up torpedoes in Confederate harbours, and similar daring would undoubtedly be displayed against our defences if they were of the same character. But no one is likely to be so foolhardy as to attempt to raise a torpedo that he knows can be exploded at the will of an observer on shore; and it is proposed to prevent darkness from shielding such attempts by using the electric light at times when boats might otherwise approach unseen. Electrical torpedoes are more expensive than the other class, and they are more complicated in their arrangements; but their superiority in other respects much more than counterbalances these disadvantages. At the same time mechanical torpedoes are not at all likely to go entirely out of fashion; for in places where forts and torpedoes only are employed as defences, they can be put down in great numbers and at little expense, without fear of injury to friendly vessels. Whatever be the character of the torpedoes used, however, they should be aided, wherever possible, by the guns of forts or floating batteries, in order to prevent the enemy from making attempts to raise or explode them previous to the passage of his ships.

Torpedoes are not only used as stationary defences, but are applicable also as a locomotive means of offence, and were successfully employed in this fashion by the Confederates, who equipped submarine torpedo boats for the purpose, and did damage to the Federal fleet on several occasions. Of late other attempts to produce a similar effect have been made the subject of experiment at our ports, and the results are said to be successful. We may, therefore, expect to hear more of this means of attack whenever a naval war takes place, and it is quite within the range of probability that, by rendering armour plating of no avail, torpedo attacks may necessitate another reconstruction of our own and foreign ships of war. Armour plating came into vogue in order to secure ships against the effect of artillery fire, and to a great extent it has succeeded; but no ship can be armoured much below the level of the water, and the bottom, being left weak, lies open to the effect of torpedo-explosions to an extent which is scarcely appreciated. The more extended use of torpedoes, therefore, is likely to cause the disuse of armour plating, if not entirely, yet to a large extent. With her bottom blown in by the explosion of 150 or 200 pounds of gunpowder, what avails the strongest armour on the sides of a ship? The inrush of water must prove fatal, and the ship is lost. By means of armour ships were made more than a match for defensive fortifications a little more than ten years ago; now, by means of torpedoes, this advantage is neutralised, and defence again obtains the lead. How long it will keep the lead it is impossible to say.

After such elaborate investigations and experiments on the part of our authorities, one naturally expects to find that a good store of torpedoes has been accumulated, and that the sudden outbreak of war would find us at least prepared to use this means of defence at all our principal ports. But what is the fact? It has been stated authoritatively in public prints, and has not been officially contradicted, that at the present moment we have actually no torpedoes in store or ready for use, while English firms are executing large orders for foreign governments, and exporting hundreds of torpedoes. It may be said that if war arose these very manufactories would devote their resources to producing torpedoes for home defence, but time would be required even for this, and time is not always to be had. It is not too much to assert that in the interval required to prepare our defences, starting from our present condition, very serious events might happen; and again we say that it is false economy that defers expenditure on essential means of defence until war has actually begun.

Here we must close our sketch. The facts stated in it will show that, although some action has been taken recently to supply our more pressing necessities for defensive purposes, very much yet remains to be done; and we much mistake the feeling of the nation if it does not desire to gain security by any reasonable expenditure. Votes for the naval service are not complained of, because the nation is convinced that in our naval supremacy lies our greatest safeguard. Our second line of defence lies on our coasts, and ought not to be neglected, even though we have every confidence in the prowess of our fleet. With possessions and dependencies scattered over the world, it is always desirable that our foreign squadrons should be strong, and the stronger our coast defences are the larger will be the number of vessels available for foreign service. All must hope that it will be long before any occasion arises for testing the powers of our coast defences; but we cannot rest satisfied under the conviction that all proper precautions are not taken, and at present this is evidently the case.

THE ARAB HORSE.[*]

THE Arabs believe that God created the horse from the wind. It was an Arab horse that was first made. After the time of Adam the horse lived in a wild state. The first man after Adam who mounted the horse was Ishmael, the father of the Arabs. Allah taught him to call the horses, and when he did so, they came. He took possession of the finest and most spirited and broke them in. But after a while many of the animals trained and employed by Ishmael lost something of their purity. One single stock was preserved in all its nobleness by Solomon, the son of David, and it is that which is called *Zad-el-Rakeb* (the gift, the support of the horseman), whence all real Arabs derive their origin in this manner.

There is a tradition that some Arabs of the Azed tribe went up to Jerusalem the Noble to congratulate Solomon on his marriage with the Queen of Saba. Having fulfilled their mission they addressed him as follows:

"O Prophet of Allah! our country is far distant, and our provisions are exhausted: thou art a great king; bestow upon us wherewithal to take us home."

Solomon thereupon gave orders to bring from his stables a magnificent stallion descended from the Ishmael stock, and then dismissed them with these words:

"Behold the provisions which I bestow upon you for your journey. When hunger assails you, gather fuel, light a fire, place your best rider on this horse and arm him with a stout lance. Hardly will you have collected your wood and kindled a flame, when you will see him return with the produce of a successful chase. Go, and may Allah cover you with his blessing."

They did so, and nothing could escape the hunter. This stallion founded the famous breed called *Zad-el-Rakeb*. There are now, however, several branches of this stock, but there is a peculiar oneness still in the Arab breed which cannot be mistaken. The horse of pure descent is distinguished by the thinness of its lips and of the interior cartilage of the nose, by the dilation of its nostrils, by the leanness of the flesh encircling the veins of the head, by the graceful manner of the neck, by the softness of the coat, the mane, and the hairs of the tail, by the breadth of chest, the largeness of the joints, and by the leanness of the extremities. According, however, to tradition, the thoroughbred is still better known by its moral characteristics than its physical peculiarities. The outward signs will indicate the race, but it is by the moral qualities that full confirmation is given of the extreme care displayed in coupling the sires and dams, and of the pains taken to prohibit all misalliances. Thoroughbred horses have no vice. A horse is the most beautiful of all animals, but his moral qualities must correspond with his physical, or he will be regarded as degenerate. The Arabs are so convinced of this, that if a horse, or a mare, have given indisputable proof of extraordinary speed, of remarkable endurance of hunger and thirst, of rare intelligence, or of grateful affection for the hand that feeds them, they will make every imaginable sacrifice to get their progeny, under the persuasion that the points by which they were themselves distinguished will reappear in their offspring.

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[*] "The Horses of the Sahara," by E. Daumas, with Commentaries by the Emir Abd-el-Kader. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

Dark chestnut is the favourite colour with the Arabs. They consider the horse's coat an index to his character. Red shaded with black is invariably associated, and truly, with speed. A good horse in the desert ought to accomplish for five or six days, one after the other, distances of twenty-five to thirty leagues. After a couple of days' rest, if well fed, he will be quite fresh enough to repeat the feat. With a horse that on arriving at a resting place shakes himself, paws the ground, and neighs at the approach of the barley, then pushing his head into the nosebag begins to munch eagerly three or four mouthfuls of the grain, there is no occasion to pull up in a journey. The distances to be traversed in the Sahara are not always of such great length, but at the same time it is no very rare occurrence to hear of horses doing fifty to sixty leagues in four and twenty hours.

The Arabs of the Sahara sum up the perfection of a horse in the following manner. He must carry a full grown man, his arms and a change of clothing, food for both his rider and himself, a flag, even on a windy day, and, if necessary, dragging a dead body behind him, keep up at a good pace the whole day through without giving a thought to food or water. In their opinion a horse lives from twenty to twenty-five years, and a mare from twenty-five to thirty.

A thoroughbred horse has three things long, three things short, three things broad, and three things clean. The three things long are the ears, the neck, and the fore-legs. The three things short are the dock, the hind-legs, and the back. The three things broad are the forehead, the chest, and the croup. The three things clean are the skin, the eyes, and the hoof.

He ought to have the withers high, and the flanks hollow and without any superfluous flesh.

The tail should be well furnished at the root, so that it may cover the space between the thighs.

The eye of a horse should be turned as if trying to look at its nose, like the eye of a man who squints.

The ears should resemble those of an antelope startled in the midst of her herd.

The forelock, abundant.

The nostrils, wide.

The cavities in the interior of the nostrils ought to be entirely black. If they are partly black and partly white, the horse is of only moderate value.

The fetlock, thick.

The fetlock joints, small.

The hoof, round and hard.

The frogs, hard and dry.

If by protruding his head and neck in order to drink from a stream that flows level with the ground, a horse can remain upright on all fours without bending either of his fore-legs, be assured that his form is perpect, that all parts of his body harmonise with one another, and that he is thoroughbred.

Among the horses of the tribes of the Sahara, those of the Hamyân, the Arbâa, the Oulad-Naïl, and their respective branches, are the most patient of hunger and thirst, the most capable of enduring fatigue, the fleetest gallopers, and the most able to keep up a good pace for several days together without stopping—very different in that respect from the horses of the Tell.

Grooming is unknown in the Sahara. The horse is merely wiped down with woollen rags and covered with rugs that envelop the croup and the chest. In hot weather the horses are washed morning and evening. In winter the covering is kept on during both day and night; and in summer until three o'clock, when it is taken off, but put on again at eight for the whole night, to preserve the animal from cold and dew, which the Arabs consider all the more dangerous because the skin has been heated throughout the day by a burning sun. The diet of the horse is a matter of serious attention. Camel's and ewe's milk forms a portion of their diet. The Arabs never give their horses that mixture of bran, barley meal and water which we call a mash, and of which we make, without doubt, mistaken use. They accuse this compound with relaxing the tissues and weakening the system, while favouring the growth of fat, an evil which the Arabs dread above all things.

The horse is to be valued that has no white spots except a star on the forehead, or a simple white stripe down the face. The latter must descend to the lips, and then the owner will never be in want of milk. It is a fortunate mark. It is the image of the dawn. If the star is truncated or has jagged edges, it is universally disliked, and if the animal adds to that a white spot in front of the saddle, no man in his senses would mount it, nor would any judge of horse-flesh deign to possess it. Such a horse is as fatal as a subtile poison. If a horse has several white spots—three is the preferable number—one of the right feet should be exempt, but it matters not whether it be behind or before. It is a good sign to have stockings on both the off forefoot and the near hindfoot. It is called,

The hand of the writer
And the foot of the horseman.

The master of such a horse cannot fail to be fortunate, for he mounts and dismounts over white. The Arabs, it must be remembered, generally mount on the off side and alight on the near side. Two hind stockings are a sign of good fortune:

The horse with the white hind feet,
His master will never be ruined.

It is the same with white forefeet, his master's face will never turn yellow. Never buy a horse with a white face and four stockings, for he carries his winding-sheet with him.

The Arabs are charged with loving their horses more than their own children. In times of famine and distress they have been known to give them food in preference to their own family. This is borne out not only by historic narratives but by the chaunts of the Arab poets. Let us quote one as an example. It is addressed by the learned Ben-Sassa to the great tribe of the Beni-Aâmer.

Beni-Aâmer, why do I behold your horses
Blemished and changed by misery?
Such a condition cannot be right for them.
Though death has an hour that no man can put back,
Horses are your safeguard:
Give them the good things you yourselves like best;
With pure barley fill their nosebags,
And with iron furnish their hoofs.

Love horses, and take care of them ;
In them alone lie honour and beauty.
In taking care of them, you take care of yourselves,
The Arab who has not a good horse can never aim at renown.
For my part, on this earth, I know no other happiness.

And had I hundreds of gold *soulthanis*,
I should enjoy them only by sharing them with him.
I would also support my family with them.
And when they came to fail me,
I would humble my pride
Even to beg alms proudly for my friend.
All the treasures of Karoun, without a horse,
Would not make me happy.

Does the north wind begin to blow,
Do the heavens open upon the earth,
Secure your horses from the cold rain.
Keep them warm, they deserve these attentions.
For sports, for war,
Adorn them with your richest saddles,
With bridles embroidered with gold, with superb garments,
And the prophet will love you.

Sympathise, too, with, the mares of your poor dependants,
When in spite of all their efforts
They have not sufficed for their wants;
Bestow upon them a generous hospitality,
Share with them your ordinary food ;
Associate them with your own families,
Many sins will be forgiven you.

The sabres are drawn,
The warriors are in their ranks,
The horse is about to become more precious than a wife.
The fire of battle is kindled,
I guide him into the midst of perils,
He protects me with his head, and his croup,
And makes my enemies to flee.
May Allah preserve this well-maned horse,
Whose eyes flash fire!
Love horses, take care of them ;
In them alone lie honour and beauty.

In the Sahara the horse is the noblest creature after man. The most honourable occupation is to rear him. The most delightful pastime is to mount him. The best of all actions is to tend him well.

* * *

SWIMMING FOR THE MILLION.

IN the Gentleman's Magazine for 1868 we made some observations upon Bathing, descanting upon the different kinds of bath, the mode of using them, and their value in a hygienic point of view. We now propose to supplement that article by a few observations upon Swimming, a mode of using the "liquid element" which must be looked upon as the proper complement to the former, since it carries that use up to its culminating point. And, at a season when a large portion of our city populations are courting the renovating influences of the sea-breezes, it will scarcely be out of place to direct attention for a moment to an exercise which may be enjoyed to perfection at the seaside, and which yields to none in enjoyability, and in the healthfulness and vigour to be derived from it.

In these days, when athletic sports of almost all kinds are in the ascendant, when the culture of the body is looked upon as of equal importance to that of the mind, and the "muscular" divides the favour of, at least, the *cognoscenti* with the "Ritualistic" form of Christianity, there surely needs no long argument based upon mere physiological grounds to recommend for more general use an exercise which possesses the double advantage of developing the forces of the muscles, whilst it contributes largely to strengthen those of the nervous system, and, through it, the operations of the mind.

The reason for this is not far to seek. The nature of the employment of a large majority of an urban population now-a-days is such as to dwarf and diminish the muscular, whilst it developes and excites the nervous element of the body. The race after wealth, which keeps an ever-increasing number of the ambitious in a turmoil of alternate hope and despair; the competition for the means of living which pervades the great middle class, and the rage for excitement and sensuous pleasure which finds employment for a large part of those who are blessed, or cursed, as it may be, with abundant means and leisure, all these tend to produce an irritable and unstable condition of the nerve element, that element which ought to regulate and harmonize all the operations of the system, from the digestion and assimilation of the food, up to the highest operations of the mind. These are the classes, our overworked artizans, shopkeepers, and busy men of commerce, pent up, as they are for the most part, in close and ill-ventilated rooms for many hours a day, whose frames require the stimulus afforded by the impact of fresh air and cold water. Their lungs, oppressed with the dust and mustiness of close rooms, crave for the stimulus of the country breezes, and their relaxed skins for the friction of the soft but exciting touch of the crystal wave.

The healthfulness of swimming in cold water will be questioned by none who are strong enough to use it with safety. The unaccustomed impact of the cold element upon the whole cutaneous surface of the body at once produces, after the first moments of immersion, an excitement of the circulation which tends to resist the effects of that momentary depression which is caused by the determination of the blood from the surface towards the internal organs. This depression, however, passes so quickly away that practised swimmers are scarcely conscious of it; and even the novice, if he leave the water after a few minutes' immersion, feels a glow of warmth rushing through his veins, which proves the powers of the circulation to be equal to the demand upon them.

The practised swimmer, who remains a much longer time in the water, assists this reaction by the exercise he takes to keep himself going, and hence swimming proper is far more healthful than merely disporting in the water by floating, and other ornamental manœuvres. By this exercise, calling into action, as it does, muscles which are seldom employed at other times, the body is peculiarly refreshed and invigorated. By its frequent use the muscles acquire firmness and tone, the result of all exercise in a moderately cold element; whilst the reaction upon the nervous system is of the most healthy and bracing nature. Increased powers of attention, steadiness of the thoughts, an inclination to sleep, with diminished irritability of temper, all attest the beneficial influence which this exercise has taken upon the whole nervous system. Then, as to its pleasures, we cannot do better than briefly describe them—in the eloquent words of Dr. Dudgeon, whose pamphlet upon the swimming baths of London we shall notice presently,—as *peculiarly its own*, and quite equal in degree to those to be derived from any other outdoor amusement:—

> "To feel oneself completely at home in a new element, to lose the sense of ponderosity, to be able to move one's limbs in any direction through an unresisting medium, is to enjoy for the moment the pleasures of existence of a different order of animals. To feel not the weight of the flesh which we often find 'too, too solid' on *terra firma*, to dart hither or thither at will, roll over on side or back, or dive into the depths beneath us, is little short of ecstacy; we are no longer a terrestrial animal; we have entered a new phase of existence, we are a fish, our limbs are

fins, and the water is our element. He who passes through life without learning to swim misses one of the purest pleasures life affords, and deserves to be drowned in a six-foot pond."

Then, in a philanthropic point of view, who would not learn to swim if he could only realize what it is to see a friend, perhaps a child, perish because he cannot swim to save him,—can anything be more painful? Or to be drowned oneself by the upsetting of a mere pleasure boat within a few yards of the shore, or the river's bank,—can anything be more pitiful? Then think of the number of lives that have been lost by inability to swim, of the numbers that have been saved by the possession of this simple faculty! He who cannot swim is as far from being perfectly educated as he who cannot walk.

And yet what is the proportion of our male adults who *are* able to swim, able to save the lives of themselves or of others, able to enjoy this pure, innocent, and health-giving pleasure? Is it one half, or one quarter? Nay, is it one in a hundred? Even of those whose lives are spent amongst all the perils of the deep—our sailors and seafaring people—how many are able to save themselves or others in case of the capsize of a boat, or of being washed overboard by the waves? We shall be within bounds if we say that not one half of such persons have learned, in anything like perfection, the simple art of securing their own lives in the event of the commonest and most every-day peril with which such a mode of life is fraught. In fact, of those who "go down to the sea in ships," a large proportion daily tempt Providence by risking their lives, in circumstances over which they have little or no control, rather than take the trouble of learning an easy art, and one which, once learned, can never be forgotten, inasmuch as the pleasure to be got out of its exercise is sure to lead to its frequent practice. Again, what shall we say of the recklessness so constantly exhibited by landsmen venturing on the water in dangerous craft without any provision against the accident of an upset. Three tailors, or spinners, or other Lancashire operatives, out for a holiday, take a boat at Chester so leaky that they perceive the water rapidly rising in it; whilst, so great is their ignorance, that they seem to have no idea that when the boat fills with water it must go to the bottom. They are drowned, of course, and some one else, friends or the public, have to pay the penalty, in keeping their widows and children. A party of gentlemen in the hunting field get into a ferry-boat with restive and high-mettled horses, whose plunging capsizes the boat, by which several valuable lives are lost, and all England is called upon to lament the sad catastrophe. If these persons had taken the trouble in youth to learn the simple art of swimming, how many tears would have been spared!

Although provision is now made in the regular training-ships for teaching swimming to the men and boys about to enter the Royal Navy, both in that and in the merchant service, we believe the art is very imperfectly known. Even the very fishermen on our coasts are, many of them, unable to swim. How many lives amongst all these classes are annually sacrificed from the mere inability to perform an easy exercise would be well worth knowing. In France, they manage these things better. There, learning to swim is a necessary part of the education of *every* sailor, and we believe that the troops are also taught an art which, in some situations, may be equally valuable to them. Certainly, it is an astonishing phenomenon that we should send thousands of men and boys to sea, careless whether they have learned to protect themselves from the merest casualty incident to their calling. The Government steps in between employers and employed to protect the lives and limbs of factory operatives; it provides that work-people shall not be poisoned by the emanations from their own bodies in workshops and mines, nor done to death by too long hours of work. Surely, without going so far as to take upon itself the duty of seeing that its subjects shall habitually use all the means which conduce to health and longevity, it might, without risk of being charged with over-paternalism, take care that all those who enter for a seafaring life, whether in the royal or in the merchant marine, whose widows and orphans, in case of their loss by drowning, must be supported by the alms of the nation, have learned the simple and easy art of swimming.

But is it simple and easy? If so, how account for that neglect of it which we have so greatly to deplore? That it *is* simple and easy, will appear from the following description, which we find in Mr. Marshall's excellent work on the "Physiology of Man and Animals," and which we take the liberty of transcribing for the benefit of our youthful readers:—

> "In the act of swimming the body lies with the abdomen downwards, in, but near the surface of the water, and not quite horizontally, the head being inclined somewhat upwards and thrown back, so as to sink as much of the hinder part of the cranium as possible, and to throw the face above, with the breathing apertures, the nostrils and mouth, upwards and forwards out of the water. A progressive motion is accomplished by placing the hands together in front of the sternon or breast bone, darting them forward in the middle line, and then sweeping them outwards with the fingers in contact, the palms everted and turned slightly downwards, through a part of a circle; and, lastly, bringing them quickly

inwards to the front of the sternon again. In the meantime, whilst the arms are being extended forwards, the legs are drawn under the body, close together, with the feet extended, and then are thrust powerfully backwards and outwards with the feet flat, at the same moment that the arms describe the part of a circle backwards. This combined propulsive action of the anterior and posterior limbs moves the body forwards, and slightly elevates the head at each stroke. This is the moment inspiration and expiration should be accomplished. Swimming may also be performed on the back with all four limbs, or on the side, using only one arm, but both of the legs." Vol. I., p. 227.

Surely all this is simple enough.

It is nervousness and timidity which are the chief deterrers of youth from learning to swim. But these may easily be got over. Let such persons, and all that are delicate in health, together with females, learn their swimming in *tepid* water, or in water not lower than 70° of Fahrenheit. The bath should be shallow at one end, like most of the covered swimming baths of the metropolis, passing from 3 feet 6 inches to 5 feet in depth. No one need have any fear in a bath of this kind. If he goes to the bottom he will immediately rise again, and he has only to keep his arms below water, and his head well thrown back, to be secure of floating. It is the throwing up the arms in despair or fright which sinks the body to the bottom. Cramps may be guarded against by taking care to enter the water when the body is in a glow from exercise, and when the stomach is nearly or quite empty of food. Dr. Dudgeon, very properly as we believe, insists that it is seldom cramp in the limbs which sinks the swimmer. "Those who are drowned in this manner," he believes, "are seldom *good* swimmers; or if they are, it is seldom cramp that sends them to the bottom." The *Lancet* suggests, that a sort of spasm seizes the respiratory muscles, whereby the air is suddenly expelled from the lungs, and the specific levity of the body being lost, the swimmer sinks like a stone . . . . We are inclined to think with Dr. Dudgeon, "that the so-called cramp may be a spasm of the heart and respiratory organs, produced in this way. The swimmer (if not a novice and nervous) may be accustomed to swimming, but he may never have thoroughly mastered the indispensable *first step* in swimming, that of committing the support of his body *entirely* to the water. He exhausts himself in efforts to elevate his head and shoulders above water. As he gets into deep water, these efforts, which are of the nature of nervousness, are increased; the cold of the water sends the blood in upon the heart, he feels choking, fear gains the mastery of his mind, he *throws up his arms* with a loud cry, and goes to the bottom at once. This is the more likely to happen if the swimmer has been accustomed to swim only in the tepid waters of the London swimming baths. The cause of the fatal seizure is believed to be a compound of nervous exhaustion, anxiety, and cold."

Let us now inquire what provision has been made by private enterprise or by the guardians of public hygiene, to supply so necessary a want as this simple art of swimming.

"London is now absolutely without a real open-air swimming bath." So says Dr. Dudgeon, in the useful pamphlet from which we have just quoted. The doctor has, with great pains and assiduity, visited all the public swimming baths now existing in London, and given a very impartial and useful description of their condition and capabilities for the guidance of those who are glad to know where they may get a dip in clean and wholesome water. After lamenting the destruction of the old "Peerless Pool" in the City Road, which was the only open-air swimming bath London *ever* possessed, specially constructed for the purpose, and available at all hours of the day; he proceeds to enumerate those that are under cover under the two sections of cold and tepid swimming baths.

Under the head of *cold* swimming baths, he mentions four, viz.—the Old Roman Bath, in Strand Lane, Strand; the Old Royal Bath, Bath Street, Newgate Street; the Cold Bath, Coldbath Square, Clerkenwell; and the Camden Swimming Bath in Hampshire Grove. "These are *all* the cold plunge baths London possesses." Three of them, the three first, are too small for swimming in with comfort, and the last is reported to be, though sufficiently long, narrow and of mean appearance. The Old Roman Bath, said to be 2,000 years old, is only about 9 feet long, by 5 in width, scarcely large enough to wash a poodle in. The others are from 7 to 20 yards in length, by from 3 to 7 in width. They are all under cover, and have a dark and dismal look which deters any but the determined devotee of this exercise from entering them. Those baths are next described in which the water is purposely rendered tepid. Upon these Dr. Dudgeon has the following observations:—"If the water be but moderately heated, say not above 70°, and frequently renewed, and if the ventilation of the bath be good, swimming in it would be refreshing and salubrious, and, if not possessing all the charm or all the hygienic power of open-air bathing, it may still be a health-giving exercise, not altogether despicable. But if, as often happens, the water be too warm, say about 80°, seldom renewed, and the ventilation bad, in all, or either of these conditions, swimming, in place of being a healthy exercise, becomes just the reverse. On coming out of such a bath we feel no refreshment, but on the contrary, we feel limp and exhausted from the heat of the sodden water, which has lost all its vivifying air, and from the confined atmosphere of the bathing room, tainted with the exhalations from the bodies of the bathers."

But how stands the fact? Giving all credit to the various parochial authorities, by whom, for the most part, these baths have been erected, for providing the only swimming schools which exist in London accessible to the industrial classes, nearly all of them labour under serious defects which render them far less conducive to health and enjoyment than, with better management, they might easily become. In order to derive the full health-giving advantages from swimming, it must be performed in *cool* and *deep* water, with plenty of room, and surrounded with the wholesome accessories of fresh air and sunlight. Now the London swimming baths satisfy none of these requirements. "They are, with one exception (for we cannot count the three ancient plunge baths above-mentioned amongst swimming baths, from their puny dimensions), all tepid, and this temperature varies in every bath, and in the same bath at different times. It may mean any temperature, from 65° to 80°, or upwards." They are, moreover, all too shallow, prohibiting diving, and the salutary pressure of a deep column of cold water upon the surface of the body. They are also, for the most part, too small. They are defective in the arrangements for ventilation, and admitting fresh air and light, and some of them have a stuffy, fœtid smell, redolent of the cleansings of many bodies of the great unwashed. Moreover, the water is not changed with sufficient frequency to counteract these disagreeable accompaniments, and the mode of warming it is not always so cleanly as it should be. An attendant at one of these places naïvely informed the doctor that when it was necessary to heat the swimming bath rapidly this was done *by letting into it the water which had been already used in the warm baths.*

We must not, however, be guilty of injustice in thus pointing out how far short these baths come of providing the real requirements for the healthful and enjoyable exercise of swimming. Dr. Dudgeon, who has visited and bathed in them all, states his opinion that "As a rule, they are highly creditable to the parochial authorities by whom they have been mostly erected. And, if not equal in hygienic influence to open-air swimming baths, they are, at all events, excellent swimming schools; and, as they are to be found in every quarter of the town, and their price is extremely moderate, it is the fault of the Londoners themselves if they do not learn to swim. The art, acquired even in a tepid bath, will be serviceable under all other circumstances; and although one accustomed only to these artificially warmed and shallow pools may at first feel not altogether at his ease in cold deep water, yet the power of swimming will not forsake him under these novel conditions, and familiarity will soon enable him thoroughly to enjoy a swim in river, lake, or sea, and lead him to despise the languid joys of a tepid tank."

There are at present eighteen of these useful but indifferent swimming establishments in the metropolis and its immediate environs. We must refer the reader to Dr. Dudgeon's pamphlet for an enumeration of them and an estimate of their respective capabilities; passing on to consider what provisions are made in this metropolis, and throughout the large towns of the Empire, for enabling the "masses" to enjoy the exercise of swimming in the only perfect baths accessible to them, viz., the artificial lakes which are to be found in various parts of London, and the rivers which flow through or by so many of our larger towns.

And here let us say a word or two upon the almost prohibitory restrictions which our municipal authorities, backed up by an affectation of very questionable "propriety" on the part of the public, have hitherto laid upon the practice of bathing and swimming in public waters; that is, in the only waters accessible to ninety-nine hundredths of our town populations. It appears that the love of cold water, upon which we, as a nation, have lately prided ourselves, comparing, with no little self complaisance, our morning "tub" with the half-pint basin of tepid water which it is the fashion to allow to continentals in general, and Frenchmen in particular, to perform *their* ablutions in, has not descended very far down the social scale. If it began at the top, it has yet only reached down to the more educated and refined portion of the middle classes. There are still old fogies, in high places too, who call all this fuss about bathing and swimming rubbish. If a man can ride across country creditably, or kill his "right and left" cleanly, it matters little, in their estimation, whether he has a clean or a dirty skin under his checked shirt. It is not so long ago that a general officer of the old school made this answer to the complaint of a youngster that the narrowness of his quarters did not admit of his taking his "tub" properly, "Look at me, sir, I have not been in a bath this thirty years."

Whilst we would guard ourselves against being supposed to advocate any relaxation of police regulations which are intended to secure *modest* persons of both sexes against injury to their proper feelings from careless or indecent exposure of the person on the part of bathers and swimmers, we do say that a good deal of false modesty, and of mock delicacy, has been fostered, whereby the claims of bathers and swimmers to a fair share of our public waters have been ignored, and their just privileges usurped for the idle promenades of not over-scrupulous or cleanly nursery maids and shop girls. If it be true that "beauty unadorn'd is adorn'd the most" in respect of the softer sex, the adage does not hold equally good as regards the rougher sex, and the naked savages, who have not all the figure of an Antinous, whose presence is supposed to render the neighbourhood ot the Serpentine unfrequentable at certain hours, certainly do not add to the charms of the sylvan scene by which they are surrounded. Nevertheless, we quite agree with Dr. Dudgeon that the said savages would be rendered harmless in an æsthetical point of view if care were taken that they should never be seen except whilst their bodies are almost entirely submerged, as they are in the act of swimming. Seriously speaking, we maintain that no modest person would object to the swimmers being allowed to proceed out into the open lake provided they started from, and returned to, a properly constructed swimming bath. Why should we bestow so much labour and money to provide beautiful promenades, bedecked with fragrant flowers and shrubs, chiefly for the benefit of our nursery maids and their youthful charges, whilst we almost ignore the wants, equally imperative, of the same young people, when they grow a little older? Bathing, and swimming also, are as important a part of the hygienic management of the person as walking, and those maids themselves are not universally so cleanly in their persons but that they would be as well employed in taking a refreshing and purifying bath, along with the children they have in tow, as in chatting with Policeman X, chat he never so enticingly. The fact is, that until the uses of cold water in all their varieties shall have made themselves felt and acknowledged by the average vestry or town councillor mind, bathing and swimming will still be pushed aside, or driven into dangerous corners, and treated generally as unnecessary and somewhat indelicate operations.

To put it even in the vulgar light of pounds, shillings, and pence, there can be no manner of doubt in the mind of any one who has bestowed a little attention upon the subject, and formed any adequate idea of the money loss to the community from the hundreds of lives annually lost by preventible drowning, that to popularise the use of open-air bathing and the art of swimming would prove a great saving to the community at large; and, if this be so, why should not the authorities enclose spaces in all the park lakes of the metropolis, and erect swimming baths within them for the use of those who have no other means of getting a dip in clean cold water? Putting economics aside, surely the devotees of this useful exercise—a rapidly-increasing proportion of the people, let us hope—have a right to demand that their wants in this respect should be attended to equally with those of the idle promenaders who frequent the parks of the metropolis. Then the municipal authorities of our country towns, where there are rivers or lake-like ponds, have a still easier part to play. In many cases, no expensive erection is needed at all. A fixed and covered stand, on the banks of a river or large pond, for the entrance and exit of bathers from the water, unseen by those without, with proper security for their clothes, is all that is wanted. Should anyone outrage the demands of modesty, he might easily be dealt with in such a way as to deter others from following his example. As the case is now, the poor swimmer is obliged to take his exercise at some unseasonable hour of the early morning or late evening, when the air and the water are often so cold as to deprive the pastime of all its health-giving charms, if it do not render it actually dangerous. Only provide means for the swimmer to make his exit from the *enceinte* of the machine *whilst in the water*, returning to it in like manner, and there can be no difficulty, on the score of propriety, in allowing the use of these swimming baths during all convenient hours of the day. The person appointed to teach novices to swim at a small charge might be the person to look after the morals of the bathers and of *their spectators;* for we hold that a policeman would be quite as much in order in taking in tow a female spectator with too prurient eyes, as the not greater offender who forms the attraction.

Let us here put in a word for the ladies; meaning, by the term, modest women of all classes. There is quite as much necessity for their learning to swim as there is for men. Exposed as they are in boating, skating, or simply in bathing, to an almost equal risk of drowning, they ought equally to be able to save their own lives without depending upon the uncertain and often fallacious aid of their male companions. Dr. Dudgeon suggests that, in the improved arrangements which he so opportunely advocates for the accommodation of swimmers in the public parks, one or two stations should be given up to ladies. The lake in the Regent's Park, being a shallow one, would answer admirably for one; and, perhaps, the St. James's Park lake for another. To conclude, we cordially echo the words of Dr. Dudgeon's pamphlet, which we recommend to the perusal of all lovers of the limpid element: "That London is to set the example, and that our provincial towns will quickly follow the lead of making open-air swimming and bathing general throughout the land, so that we may cease to deserve the reproach, that though we live in a sea-surrounded, and lake and river-abounding country, a much smaller proportion of its inhabitants can swim well than is to be found in many continental countries which have none of our aquatic advantages."

Since the above was written we find that Mr. Ayrton has postponed for another year taking any decisive steps with respect to a proper swimming bath in the Serpentine. We are glad, however, to hear that some private speculators propose to moor a swimming bath in the Thames opposite to Battersea Park. We may hope that, as the purifying of our noble river proceeds, rivals of the machines to be seen in abundance on continental rivers may rise in numbers in the upper reaches of the Pride of London.

WILLIAM STRANGE, M.D.

WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH.

REMINISCENCES OF MARK LEMON.

No. IV.—"HOMEWARD BOUND."

AFTER Greenock, a Saturday morning performance in Edinburgh was to close our visit to Scotland. If shaping our course homeward had not conjured up pleasant glimpses of our respective counties, Sussex and Worcestershire, I suspect we should both have regretted leaving the land o' cakes. As for the boys, Bardolph and Shallow, the Prince and Poins, they thought about the parting with real sorrow. Let me except Poins. He had a wife. How soon Bardolph and Shallow might have followed suit in this respect, is a matter of speculation. Bardolph had made desperate love to one of the prettiest girls in Glasgow, but she had hardly recovered from the shock of his "make up" in the entertainment, "when the parting days came." "I never saw such a dreadful man in all my days as ye were," said the pretty girl when Bardolph presented himself after the play. "Why did ye not tak' the part o' the Prince?" This gave Bardolph a twinge of jealousy which threatened the peace of His Royal Highness. "I would hae liked ye better if ye had played the Prince. Whatever did ye do to your nose?" Bardolph's nose was an incessant trouble. Nobody saw the actor for his nose. If the part were criticised, the writer forgot everything but the nose. On the stage and off the stage, Bardolph's nose was girded at with a savage delight. The hardest cut of all was the pretty Scotch lassie's objection. I believe Bardolph would have proposed for the young lady's hand, but for this shadow which fell upon their intercourse—this terrible shadow of "the burning lamp."

An incident of thrift closed my financial intercourse with Greenock. At an establishment that shall be nameless, presided over by a Scotch lady who shall not be mentioned, occurred the following conversation. Let me preface the dialogue by saying that the lady had in the course of business received a large sum from the Falstaff party.

Amateur Impresario.—I want to send fifty pounds to London, it is after bank hours. Here are fifty one-pound notes; will you give me your cheque for them?

Enterprising Financier in Petticoats.—Ye dinna ken one-pound notes in Angland?

A. I.—No, we have no paper money less than five pounds.

E. F. P.—And ye'll be wanting them changed do I onderstand?

A. I.—I can send your cheque to London by post, for which I give you fifty pounds: you will have the benefit of the money for a few days.

E. F. P.—(Counting the notes.) Will ye tak' a cheer? (unlocking her desk).

A. I.—One-pound notes make a man feel richer than he is.

E. F. P.—That's jest the only fault ye can find wi' em: I have felt it mysel' (filling up the cheque).

A. I.—I shall just catch the post, I think.

E. F. P.—Yes ye'll hae plenty o' time for the post. It was fifty pound I think ye said? (hesitating).

A. I.—Yes.

E. F. P.—(Fidgetting with her pen.) Hae ye got a penny?

A. I.—I think I have, yes.

E. F. P.—(Hesitating no longer.) That'll mak' it reight. It's better ye paid me for the stomp; it would look queer to fill the cheque up for forty-nine pound nineteen and elevenpence.

Falstaff was amused at this incident, and advised that we laid it to heart for future guidance. "Thrift is the talisman of fortune, but we will e'en draw the line at the penny stamp," he said, "there is another matter, however, which is troubling me. Here is a telegram asking me to fix the dates for Birmingham, or rather to accept the dates mentioned for Birmingham and Wolverhampton. I will not go to either place."

"Not go," I said. "Why?"

"I said at the outset that these towns and Ireland should be excluded from the tour."

"Well, it rests with you of course, but I think you are wrong. You can have no feeling against the people."

"Certainly not. I have no feeling against them; on the contrary. But I will not go, and there is an end of the business."

"Excuse me," I said, "you are making a great mistake. Sleep on it."

The next morning he fixed the dates for Birmingham and the neighbouring town, and we left Greenock for Glasgow. A few people came out to see Falstaff off, and we received the usual amount of kindness from the railway officials. Mr. Johnston told us a good story *en route*. There is a handsome public building close to the railway station at Paisley. It is the Paisley and Greenock Gaol. Before it was built the two towns fought for the privilege of possessing the gaol. A Paisley and Greenock man are travelling by train. They stop at Paisley. A stranger asks what that fine building is. The Greenock man replies, "It's jest the Paisley College ye ken." The Paisley man rejoins, "Yes, but we get all our students from Greenock."

Arrived at Glasgow we are received by the directors of the Athenæum, who proceed to show us their famous city, commencing appropriately for luncheon, by a visit to Laing's, the best and most complete establishment of its kind in the kingdom. There are thirty different sandwiches, ham, beef, spiced egg, lobster, crab, anchovy, salmon, potted meats, and various other kinds that might puzzle Fin-bec himself. Collops, cockaleekie, and other hot dishes are here also, and drinks of every kind. You help yourself as fancy or appetite dictates; you draw your own wine, spirits, and beer, pour out your own tea and coffee. No one interferes with you. When you have finished you go to the counter and rehearse your luncheon, and pay according to your own record. The proprietor has only on very rare occasions suffered through the defective memory or morality of any of his customers. The disgrace of a Glasgow merchant, who was found defrauding the treasury, is a tradition of the establishment. He was a rich man. During many days he paid threepence for his luncheon. One morning an attendant noticed that he consumed considerably more sandwiches and collops than would be covered by his modest threepence. He was watched. For a whole week he was allowed to go on, paying threepence, or occasionally sixpence, for luncheons amounting to five times those sums. At the end of this time his conduct was publicly exposed by the proprietor before a crowd of customers. The merchant paid a large sum of money to the funds of a local institution. Being sent to Coventry by the commercial community, he was, however, compelled to leave Glasgow.

From Laing's we went over Messrs. Arthur and Company's warehouse, which is said to be the largest in the world. We wandered through labyrinths of shawls, long cloths, linens; we went upstairs and downstairs, through tunnels beneath streets, now amidst catacombs of cloth, now through rooms gay with the picturesque plaids of Scotland. Falstaff, "a good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent," struggled through this grand commercial tour with a zeal worthy of the highest praise. Tired? No, he was not tired, he said. He complimented the foremen of rooms, talked about warp and weft, and freights, and was as merry as man could be. From Arthur's famous establishment to the ship-building yard of Messrs. Napier was a pleasant drive. We were most courteously received. The place was bright with blazing forges, and noisy with ringing hammers. There were tools of every kind at work upon metal of every shape. The ponderous planes doing work of rare delicacy, the punching tools, and the steam hammer with its elephantine capacity of power, excited Mark Lemon's greatest interest. The perforating machine reminded him of a scheme which he thought the *Times* might adopt. "Before sending the paper to press let the sheets be perforated on the same system as postage stamps, so that they could be torn open without the use of a paper knife. This would be a great boon to railway travellers." Messrs. Napier had on the stocks an iron war-ship of peculiar construction, which was being built for Her Majesty's Government.

"Glad to see this kind of work going on," said Falstaff, "this is the only thing the Tories are good for, they do try to keep up the fleet; and after all that is our only national defence."

We next visited the Cathedral, a magnificent church, built upon a commanding site, and full of historic and archæological interest. Murray quotes a quaint Scotch description of it. "A brave kirk—nane of your whigmaleries, and curliewurlies, and open steek hems about it; a solid weel-jointed mason work, that will stand as long as the world, keep hands and gunpowther off it." The crypt is full of strange beauty and has many peculiar and solemn associations. Thence to the necropolis was an appropriate and short walk. The University is close by. We saw the students in their red gowns, and were on the point of entering the building when Falstaff confessing himself tired, we adjourned to the "George."

We had a fine house that night at the City Hall, a well-dressed house, gay with colour, and warm with life. Mr. David Masson was present, I believe, and many men of literary and dramatic taste. I noticed in the front seats a very solemn-looking gentleman, evidently "a minister ye ken." It was very soon apparent that he had mistaken the character of the entertainment. He came to see "readings in costume" and found himself in a play-house. With an apparent effort he remained until the hostess entered; nay, he dared to witness that lively person go off in company with Falstaff. But at this point he triumphed over satan and fled from the evil place, no doubt shaking the dust from his feet as he left it. An incident of this kind occurred at Cheltenham. Mark Lemon used to speak of it after dinner. He had "stuck" in his part twice through observing the unhappy gentleman, who rushed out while Bardolph was telling the Prince how he had blushed at Falstaff's monstrous devices. The Glasgow audience enjoyed the entertainment; they took every point; and were even demonstrative in their applause. Miss Garland played Dame Quickly with rare tact and spirit, and the gentleman who during the Scotch tour doubled Poins and the Chief Justice, forgot to talk of Falstaff's "hoss," and was as lively and spirited a Poins as he was judicial and dignified in the part of the Chief Justice. It was the result of nervousness more than anything else that made Poins invariably pronounce horse "hoss," and lads "leds." He knew when he did it, and was duly laughed at behind the curtain if not in front; it was one of those little verbal peculiarities which often require a great deal of practice and criticism to overcome.

In the evening the directors of the Athenæum waited upon us at the "George" to say a few parting words, and to hand over a cheque representing the financial result of the tour. It was my intention to be quite garrulous about this meeting. I made notes of the rise and progress of the Athenæum; but the length to which these papers have already arrived, induces me to generalise the facts and figures of the committee's report by saying that the Institution is one of the best and most successful in the three kingdoms. The building is worthy of the association, the association is worthy of Glasgow. The enterprise of the committee in the way of lectures and entertainments is shown in their numerous and important engagements. In the case of "our show," for example, they paid for this luxury fifty pounds a night, I believe, and all the company's expenses. The latter were by no means trifling, and yet the committee made a very handsome profit for the Athenæum. They worked the business details of the engagement admirably; their bill-posting and advertising generally was masterly in conception and execution; they never made a mistake; and they combined, so far as their intercourse with Falstaff went, business capacity with kindly grace and courteous consideration. Upon the occasion of this farewell meeting some of the committee evidently expected Mark Lemon to be funny. There was a complete set of *Punch* in the "George" book-case, and the editor sat in the shadow of his own familiar volumes. He would surely sparkle and bubble over with wit in presence of such a mirth-provoking library. But Mark Lemon, like many other genial men, could never be genial to order. He required time for the development of his conversational powers, time and perfect ease. My friends of the Athenæum committee must have been a little disappointed with their guest as a humorist at this last meeting. One of the gentlemen was unfortunate in a remark intended to be instructive and provocative of talk. Just as Falstaff was inspired with the happy thought of a pleasant anecdote, which he had evidently caught after a desperate search wandering in his memory, a committee-man spoke of the sanitary arrangements of Glasgow. Now Mark Lemon had a hobby. He was a director of a certain company which is becoming celebrated for its manufacture of a patent sanitary arrangement founded upon a sanitary law of the Israelites. The Glasgow committee-man unwittingly led out Mark Lemon's hobby-horse, and the Editor of *Punch* mounted the favourite animal on the instant; mounted it and rode it solemnly through an Israelitish camp, through the Levitical laws, through the government establishments of India; mounted it and trotted it through the camp at Wimbledon, gallopped it over the Sussex meadows, and into the village of Crawley; finally pulling up, tired and sad, at Bedford Street, Strand. That hobby-horse was like a nightmare upon the meeting, which closed solemnly with votes of thanks of the deepest gravity. It is a dangerous thing to plunge into conversation without a knowledge of the hobbies of those whose tongues you desire to loosen. Mark Lemon often laughed afterwards at the Glasgow discussion on sanitary science; but he always referred to the northern city and the Athenæum committee in words of pleasant and happy import.

I find it so difficult to get away from Scotland, and yet fear to be tedious. I have numerous suggestive notes lying before me. Perhaps my best plan will be simply to let them lie before the reader also. Here they are, my closing memoranda of the tour in Scotland.

Saturday morning...to Edinburgh...View of modern Athens from the railway station...A stormy morning...A few words on luck...The only house in which Falstaff had a direct interest was that of Edinburgh, morning performance: it was the only poor house throughout the tour; did not pay expenses..."Better to be born lucky than rich"...Door-keeper had too much whisky...Lost key of hall... Back again at night to spend Sunday in Glasgow...Bright, genial, appreciating Glasgow...Cold, proud, classical Edinburgh...Mem. for an article on the two cities ...The Broomielaw...The river...Within the memory of many persons when river at this point could be waded...Energy of the Scotch...Wonderful works on river... A Scotch Sunday...Landlord's pretty daughter said, in the sweetest voice, with just a romantic suspicion of dialect, It would nae do to play the piano on the Sabbath...No, but sacred music...Would not mind it, but the neighbours would hardly think it right...A Scotch dinner, sheep's head (a splendid dish as done in Scotland)...Cockaleekie (fine!)...Mem.: To come to the "George" another time, the very first opportunity...Excellent port, i' faith...A chat after dinner, and a nap...Sorry this is our last day in bonnie Scotland...Plots for plays ...Bardolph good at plots...Our Prince a capital fellow, handsome, and carries a gorgeous rug about with him...One of the best-dressed actors I know...M. L. said a good thing: the Prince "doth give us bold advertisement," is a credit to the company...S. winked at B., because M. L. did not like them to be gadding about in those rakish Scotch bonnets...Importance of dress...Scotch plaids...Discussion with Shallow about the clans...Bardolph proposed the introduction of a good broadsword encounter, à la Rob Roy, in the Gadshill scene...Shallow to describe the tapestry after the manner of Artemus Ward...Tapestry as in the days of Shakespeare...Was Shakespeare part-proprietor of the Globe Theatre?...M. L. very sorry could not inspect the cheap cooking establishments for the working classes... Athenæum directors gave some interesting particulars...These establishments not successful in London: why?...Laing's would not do in London: why?...In the University a statue of James Watt, and a model of Newcomen's engine repaired by Watt: also a lightning conductor over the cupola fixed by Benjamin Franklin... Mem.: Watt and Boulton? the latter said to have been as great as Watt; the firm at Birmingham was Boulton and Watt. Boulton a plodder, encouraged Watt and forced him on. Mark Lemon had this faculty, always spurring others on. M. calls on M. L. "The *Times* has quoted my article from so and so." "Indeed!" says M. L. "Write at once to the *Times*, and say you can furnish that class of article to the *Times*." Happy thought! M. did so, and was engaged...Once M. L. determined to give a musical composer a last chance of reformation. Wanted a libretto set quickly. Composer came—would sit up all night and do it. Mrs. L. objected, and the more so when a bottle of gin was to be left out. Composer went to work: the L.'s went to bed. In the morning libretto untouched, composer gone, ditto gin. "Last time I saw him," said M. L., "he had married the Marchioness at a Strand cook-shop, and his boots were black-leaded."...We leave Scotland in the morning (Monday) for Newcastle-on-Tyne...This has been a green spot in the desert...Scotch thrifty, but generous, strong-backed, strong-brained people...M. L. full of admiration of the northern character.

Monday morning was cold and wet, and we turned out from the "George" with real feelings of sorrow. We bought all the newspapers we could procure. One of the Glasgow critics took exception to the performance. The only unfavourable notice during the tour, it served to show up in bolder relief the criticism of the more appreciative journals. Arrived at Newcastle, we drove to the "Queen's Head," an old-fashioned hostelrie, not in the main street. We had hardly lunched before a waiter entered with somebody's compliments to solicit Mark Lemon's autograph.

"Excuse me, sir," said the waiter, "it is just sixteen years ago since I came to you in this very room, and I believe with this same book, to ask you to put your name in it."

"Indeed," said Mark Lemon. "Sixteen years ago, is it?"

"Yes, when Mr. Dickens was here," the waiter replied.

"And you have not made your fortune yet?"

"No, Sir, it's hard to make at waiting. Lady Don is in the house, in the very next room for that matter."

Mark Lemon visited her ladyship, whom he had known when she was a child. Lady Don was always a favourite at the Newcastle Theatre.

After the evening's performance Mr. Hare, the local agent who had engaged "the show," came in. He entered the room upon crutches. Falstaff inquired the nature of Mr. Hare's malady. "O, it's a long story that," said the local agent, "I had an accident, broke both my legs."

"Will you join us in a glass of whisky, our usual night-cap, and tell us the story?"

Mr. Hare, nothing loth, complied, and gave us the following remarkable narrative of his accident. I have headed it in my notes

A STRANGE STORY.

"I had been staying at Tynemouth, and had to go to Cullercoats in the evening. I started to walk when it was growing dark. After I had gone a little distance on the road I saw a man walking in the same direction. It occurred to me that we might both be going to the same place. I said, 'Are you going to Cullercoats?'

'Yes,' he said.

'Which way are you going?' I asked.

'I am going across the fields,' he said.

I changed my steps to that direction, and then turned round to make some other remark. The man had gone. He had utterly disappeared. I could see him nowhere. I thought it very strange. It seemed as though Fate had decreed that I should come to grief. I did not go across the fields. I suddenly changed my mind, and went along the road, why I cannot tell, unless the sudden disappearance of the man I had spoken to influenced me in some way. When I had gone along the road about a mile, this same man as suddenly re-appeared. He was at my side before I knew he had turned up again.

'I thought you were going across the fields,' he said.

I replied, 'So I am.'

At my left hand there was a sort of bye-way, a bye-path, and the gate was open. I thought that was the way across the fields. I entered the gate, and began to walk quickly, impelled by what strange influence I knew not. The next moment I found myself falling, falling, falling. I had stumbled into a pit. The thought came into my mind that I should never get to the bottom. Strange to say I fell upon my legs. The concussion was terrific; the light from my eyes seemed to show me where I was. I had fallen into a stone quarry about forty feet deep. I lay there for some time, and then called out for help; no help came. I had sufficient presence of mind to know that it would be unwise to waste my breath in bellowing. I might want all the breath I had. At intervals, after a very long time, I called 'Help! help! I have fallen into the quarry.' I lay there for hours. Towards the grey of the morning several men came and looked at me. I said, 'For God's sake, give me some water, I am dying—I have fallen down the quarry.' They gave a great horse laugh, and left me."

"The brutes!" exclaimed Mark Lemon, who was watching Mr. Hare with sympathetic interest, "The brutes!"

"I thought my time was come; I felt that I could not possibly recover," continued the local agent. "By-and-bye, however, some other people came round to me, found me out where I was lying; but they were afraid to touch me. I told them I would not hurt them, they need not be afraid. I had all my consciousness. I told them what to do, to get a shutter or a board and some water. I could hardly drink the water, not being able to move my head. I wetted my lips, and told them to lift my legs. At first they had no idea that both my legs were broken; I felt sure they were. Then I told them when they had lifted my legs not to lift my body, but just to push the board under me. I directed the whole of their movements, and they carried me to a wretched little public-house, where for some time they refused to take me in. Eventually they consented to my being placed in a smoking and drinking room. I was laid upon the table, and a doctor was sent for. It was found that I had broken both my legs and fractured my back bone. The doctor said if the men who had laughed at my cries and gone on their way had come to me, I should have been a dead man. They would have lifted me no doubt, and if they had I should have died. I had saved my own life by directing that my body should not be lifted. I lay in this wretched state at the public-house for six weeks. I could not move my head. I had lumps of ice, dipped in brandy and champagne, put into my mouth. I had starch bandages on my legs—the most terrible things you can possibly imagine. The pain and misery of starch bandages is something terrific. As I gradually grew better I told the doctor I must have the bandages off. He said he could not allow it; but finally he removed one. I amused myself all night when he was gone by cutting off the other with a knife, the pain and misery were so unbearable. This was in August last (1868), and this (February, 1869) is my first appearance in public since the accident."

"A remarkable story—a wonderful story," said Falstaff; "very wonderful indeed."

"It is true, every word," said Mr. Hare; "and now I will say good night—it will not do for me to be out late."

Mark Lemon gave our visitor his crutches, and, walking gently by his side to the door, watched him down stairs.

JOSEPH HATTON.

(*To be continued.*)

IN A WORCESTERSHIRE MEADOW.

A HEDGE-ROW filled with apple trees; a meadow dotted with sheep; the blue outline of the Malverns in the far off distance; beneath an old elm a group of sportsmen at luncheon. It is a September picture which is repeated almost in every parish of the country. Close at hand runs the highway to the little railway station in the valley. A neighbouring squire, who has never got over the hankering for news which he imbibed during twenty years of city life, pulls up at a gate two fields off; he sends a messenger to us with a telegram. "The Emperor has surrendered to the King of Prussia, M'Mahon's army is cut to pieces."

Yet the shadows continue their march over the grass, a squirrel swings from the branch of an apple tree, the swallows dip their wings in the river, the sun shines calmly upon us, and we steadily consume our luncheon. It is curious how tamely, for the moment, the most tremendous news will come to you when you are hunting or shooting. War, bloodshed, prisoners, the fall of Empires, advancing armies, burning cities? Where? We only saw the blue line of the Malverns, the nut-brown ale in the silver-tipped horn, only heard the calling of a covey of birds in the stubble. Yet it came upon us now and then like a solemn voice, that telegram, in the Worcestershire meadows. The more so when we thought of the *Times* holding up the grander occupation of the French and Prussians as compared with the Englishman shooting grouse and partridges; the more so when we looked to the right and saw the woods of the Orleans family, near Evesham, with their fat pheasants waiting for October; the more so when the memory brought back sundry runs with the Duke D'Aumale's hounds over the very country through which we were hunting our partridges. We say hunting advisedly and with satisfaction. To our mind, there is no sport in shooting, unless the game be hunted. We have no more sympathy with the battue practice at Woodnorton, than we have with pigeon murder at Hurlingham. Sport, as it was understood in the days of our fathers, is dignified, healthy, manly; but the sport of pheasant and pigeon slaughter puts into play the worst passions of humanity, panders to the worst instincts of our nature. The *Times* would have us believe, that to be locked in the deadly embrace of war is a noble occupation, but surely it should be no reflection upon Englishmen, that in the absence of war, they indulge the natural instincts of man to hunt and shoot. "In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility." There is nothing enervating to mind or body in grouse shooting, nor in keeping the feast of St. Partridge. Now and then we hear of a great slaughter of partridges in turnips or mangolds, but in most cases a man has a good walk before he makes anything like a bag. Then shall nothing be said for the good influences of the time and the season, the fresh air, the glorious scenery, the laying aside of worldly cares, the free companionship of lunch, the social meetings at night in country houses? Even William Howitt, with his tender and gentle proclivities, sees a noble and humane influence in the crack of the gun, that resounds through the stubble fields of September:—

> "Ask a sportsman if he be an admirer of nature—he has perhaps never thought of the subject; but the moment he goes forth, he gives a practical testimony of his attachment. Whither does he go? To the free and fresh air, to the solitude of the heath and the mountains, to dells and copses, where the fine dogs plunge amid the red fern and the fading leaves, and the pheasant, the partridge, the hare, start forth in their wild beauty; where the tall, dry grass and the autumnal tree fill the soul with their richness—to the clear and tinkling stream that stretches on alternately through the bowery brake, the obscurity of the wood, and the riant sunshine of the open fields. Is it merely the possession of his game that delights him here? The enthusiasm with which he dwells on a sketch of Landseer's, which merely pictures the same thing to his eye, is a sufficient refutation of such a notion. . . . . Yet to my thinking, shooting is, of all field sports, the least cruel; the brutal mind will exhibit its ferocity in everything, and in nothing has that brutality been more evinced, than in that wholesale butchery which many *gentlemen* have, of late years, thought fit to boast of in the newspapers, deeming it an honour to slaughter some hundred brace of birds in a day."

Let the *Times* bring down the weight of its power against these degenerate notions of sport, and some good may be done. Better still, let His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as the leader of our English sports, set his friends the example of hunting their game before shooting it. His Royal Highness rides across country with the grace and courage of a thorough country man; he is a crack shot, he has shown all the best characteristics of a sportsman and a gentleman. We met him only the other day riding through the green lanes of Worcestershire, the Duke d'Aumale by his side, after a splendid spin with the hounds, and we confess to a sensation of pride that England had a prince so bound up in the manly pleasures of her national sports. Moreover we believe that His Royal Highness will justify all our hopes. He might earn for himself lasting fame if he would supersede Hurlingham and *battue* shooting with a new fashion. Our only fear is that the Prince is too amiable to oppose friends who vie with each other in providing him with what they call good sport. The Orleans family at Woodnorton have carried the modern system of pheasant slaughter to an excess which makes cover shooting only a little more romantic than firing into flocks of farm-yard poultry. But the smallest hint from our Prince that a little more beating, hunting, and walking would be better sport than driving the birds into a corner and then shooting them down by the score, and the Duke would give orders accordingly. We make these remarks with all due submission, and without for a moment desiring to cast the smallest reflection upon the Prince of Wales or the princes of France. The noble owner of Woodnorton and his royal relatives have made themselves loved and respected throughout the Vale of Evesham. The Duke rides as well as any Englishman, he encourages the best institutions of the country, presides at the hunt dinners, visits the farmers of the district, and all the country turns out to do him honour when the Prince of Wales visits him. Our English prince found his way to the hearts of all the Worcestershire people by his affability, his excellent riding, and the way in which he handles a gun. Such a prince may regulate the fashion and principles of our field sports as he pleases. The household of Woodnorton is just now occupied with the serious duties of their exalted position abroad, but the pheasants are being preserved and tended and fattened all the same. The last time we saw the Duke in the field, a friend of ours came to grief through that inborn jealousy of Frenchmen which still distinguishes many countrymen of the past generation. He was mounted on a very common-place hack. The Duke came flying past us at a hedge and ditch, which he took with an easy grace, that fairly staggered my companion, who had resolved upon a short cut to an open gate. "Humph," he said, pulling himself together for a supreme effort, "what a Frenchman can do, an Englishman has no business to shirk." He rode at the hedge full-tilt, and the next moment was lying in the ditch on the other side.

When we shot over this estate a few seasons ago our companions in arms were Stephen Miller, Esq., Q.C., Mr. Gordon, the artist, young Marston, Earl Veringo's son, and the Rev. Martin Masters, Vicar of Littleton. We described our adventures in the first number of a popular magazine, in an anonymous paper, to which we look back with peculiar sensations. Not one of our friends but expected almost immediate advancement in life. Miller is still as far off a judgeship as ever; Earl Veringo has married again, and gone in for a new lease of life; the Vicar of Littleton is not yet a bishop; and Mr. Gordon is at Rome, bent on producing that wonderful historical work which is to make his fortune. This year only the Vicar out of that goodly little company is with us. His notions are as old-fashioned and sportsmanlike as ever. He sticks to his muzzle-loader. "Never fire when the birds are coming with the wind fairly in your teeth; turn round upon them, and get a steady, long shot," we hear him saying, as he stands almost knee-deep in the turnips. "And depend upon it old Markham is right," he says, on our way home, "from three until six is the best time of day for shooting partridges. The birds don't lie well first thing in a morning; they are on their feed, and if you disturb them away they go altogether, and deuce a bit do you get at them again."

Our party had excellent sport. A double shot right and left gave the Vicar almost as much happiness as the sudden announcement of his appointment to a bishopric would have done. A Londoner who had come down to Worcestershire with a Whistler in fine order, and a small rifle, to say nothing of sealskin coats and rugs, and every luxury, revelled in the fame of never missing a hare all day long. A youth fresh from Woolwich was made supremely happy by twice wiping our eye when we ought to have killed easily. There never were three men who enjoyed their shooting more. The Londoner attributed all his pleasure to *le sport*, but he owed much of it to the fine climate, the beautiful scenery, the healthy exercise, the holiday, his freedom from harassing telegrams and business affairs. He was as buoyant as the lad from Woolwich, and he walked as briskly after ten miles as he did when he flung his gun over his shoulder and marched to our shooting ground in the morning. A bright, sunny autumn day in Worcestershire has a peculiar charm of its own. But when the air is humid commend us to higher land. The depression of a wet season in Worcestershire is hard to bear; the elastic joyousness that comes with a bright, breezy day is the experience of all visitors to Malvern. It has been said of the natives of Andalusia, living in a delicious clime, and conversant with picturesque and tranquil scenes, that they are strangers, not only to fretful discontent, but to that undefinable species of uneasiness which, without any perceptible derangement of health, embitters the enjoyment of multitudes in less favoured regions. A pleasant prospect has undoubtedly a soothing and healthful influence. We feel this at the close of the day, with the calm landscape lying before us like a dream of trees and meadows. But imagination will turn it into a panoramic map of France, such as we see in nearly every shop window, with those invincible black and orange flags moving day by day nearer to Paris.

All day that telegram had been in our mind. It would have been better to dismiss it in a digester of brandy, as our London friend did, after luncheon. Though it did not trouble the other members of the party, we confess it broke in upon us continually. Our mind would wander away to those other fields where Napoleon III. had given up his sword to that self-same King who played so important a part in the defeat of the famous founder of the family name. Every crack of the sporting guns suggested the rattle of chassepots and needle-rifles; every puff of blue smoke drifting over the stubbles was a shell; the cry of every smitten hare carried us to the battle-fields and hospitals.

How is it we seem unable to realise the horrors of this great war? We are within a few hours' journey of the scenes of bloodshed. The seat of war is so near that the guns can almost be heard thundering their death warrants upon our shores. Our newspapers are full of the terrible details. We are collecting lint for the hospitals. We know that thousands of men are suffering from hideous wounds. Taking up our paper at breakfast time, we chip our egg and read that the wounded at Gorze lay out all night, without a drop of water to moisten their lips, their wounds untended, their cries unheeded, and no one to say a kind word, to offer up a prayer for their souls, or to receive a parting message to those they loved. The moon shone pale and calm upon the scene. The wounded envied the dead around them. Later on and the adjacent town is crowded with mutilated men, some with their cheeks shot away, their eyes shot out, their skulls cloven, their lungs staved in, their legs and arms smashed; all of them suffering agonies, all of them away from wives and mothers and sisters, who would give worlds to tend their dying friends. The force of surgeons and sisters of mercy and kindly peasants is not enough for the mere administration of cooling drinks, let alone the dressing of wounds. They lie there, the wounded men, for hours, while their attendants, half dead with fatigue, go on from night till morning, from morning till night, vainly endeavouring to stem the frightful avalanche of pain and misery. And yet another battle and another is being fought out in the plains. That other field, this town of hospitals, these heaps of dead, this cargo of wounded, only represent wayside incidents in the deadly marches of the belligerents.

What a contrast this quiet Worcestershire country, with the hips and haughs red on the hedges, and the valley resounding with the crack of the fowler's gun; what a contrast to that country on the Moselle, with its burning homes, and its thousands of newly-made graves! The war-fiend in the ancient days passed over that very meadow where we lunched. But time has obliterated the marks of his desolating hand. It is a sad thought that so short a period will serve to smooth over the little mounds which dot the fields of the Moselle. Vegetation is of rapid growth, and man is ever looking forward. A few months served to cover the battle fields of Italy with flowers, and the lessons of the time are forgotten with the heroes of the battles. Five years only have elapsed, and fresh graves are being dug. Let us pray a merciful Providence continually to spare England from the horrors of war; and that we may always justify ourselves in His eyes, let us take care that no single person is ever exalted by us into the position of Napoleon or Bismarck. Let us keep our authority as a people over our acts as a nation. At the present time, an important diplomatic discussion is going on between England and America. Why, in Heaven's name, cannot this *Alabama* business be settled? Is it resting upon a mere question of punctilious honour, or is it a matter of money? If we are wavering on a point of national pride, let us meet our brothers and be magnanimous. In the *Trent* affair, surely we did enough for our honour, our pride, and our courage. We can afford to deal tenderly with the susceptibilities of a nation still suffering from civil strife. If it is a mere question of money, the delay is criminal. England has plenty of money, and not all the money the world ever saw, not the fabled wealth of Peru, nor Sinbad's valley of diamonds, would compensate for the misery of one battle between England and America. We cannot for a moment think such another fratricidal war possible. The people would prevent it. But the smallest indication of shadow upon the amity of the two nations, should induce the Government not to rest a moment until the light of friendship is undimmed. There are epidemics of all kinds. The worst is the epidemic of war. Let the English ministers jealously watch its approach. The stronger they are in physical power, the heavier their guns, the more numerous their war ships; in short, the more confidence they have in the result of an invocation to Mars, the more magnanimous can they afford to be in their concessions and sacrifices to the Goddess of Peace.

That Worcestershire meadow in which we learnt the news of Sedan will be historic in our memory. "The Emperor has surrendered to King William; M'Mahon's army is cut to pieces." And yonder in the distance amongst the trees lies the pretty shooting box of the exiled royalists of France. Will these princes be happier for the fall of their foe? Has the long-looked-for change in their fortunes really come? Is not Napoleon III. happier for the time being than they? Xerxes wept in the zenith of his glory. Philosophy says that he was no longer melancholy after the defeat of his forces. It must have been a relief to the Emperor to have come to the end, to lay down his sword, and with it the pangs of watching and waiting. There is always a certain kind of peace at the end of everything. Even the great Cardinal's apostrophe to closing greatness has a smack of comfort in it. The banker who has struggled against a run upon his coffers till the bitter end, must find a sensation of relief in the closing doors. The debtor who is taken at last and proclaimed a defaulter finds a present sense of pleasure in the end of his petty shifts. The culprit standing through a long trial sits down at the last with a calm sense of relief at the adverse verdict. "The end." For good or for evil there is much to be thankful in "the end." If it be success, the anxious strife is over; equally, if it be failure the conclusion of our labours has come. Often "the end" only means the beginning of new hopes, new aspirations; the turning over of a new page. If the incident of Sedan hath this reading in the Emperor's mind, let us hope that his ambition may lead him into those "fresh woods and pastures new" which have afforded the Orleans family so many years of happiness that might have had no other hopes had not ambition and the exile's passion intervened. Napoleon III. can hardly look for happiness. He may find peace in English meadows, but if we who never saw a battle-field could not go out in September and shoot partridges without visions of battle, murder, and sudden death, what dreams must haunt the soul of him who sought in vain for death amidst the blood-stained ruins of Sedan!

Osiris.

SALMON CULTURE IN SCOTLAND.

MANY a savant, enjoying his formal relaxation in the autumn time; many a sportsman, on his way to the Highland moors and forests; many a votary of what gentle Isaak felicitously termed the "contemplative man's recreation;" and many a spruce tourist, bent on hunting up every possible "lion" in or out of his path, have made pilgrimage to the Stormontfield ponds, on the banks of the Tay, where the salmon-propagation process has been in active working order since the close of the year 1853. For, sooth to say, Stormontfield has acquired something better than merely local celebrity. Its reputation is, in a sense, European—the experiments having solved various important points in the natural history of the salmon, besides contributing materially towards increasing the stock of fish in the river, and so exemplifying to all the world a cheap and simple method of fostering a valuable branch of our food-producing resources.

"There is nothing new under the sun:" and the system of Pisciculture is no new thing. The ancient Romans were conversant with it, as with kindred arts that ministered to their luxurious tastes. The Chinese practised it time out of mind. But eventually it became lost to Europe for ages till re-discovered, about the middle of last century, by M. Jacobi, a continental experimentalist, who having made the subject his study for the space of 30 years, gave the fruits of his research to the world in 1763. Yet, singularly enough, the novelty seems to have excited not the faintest interest in Scotland on becoming known there. The old-fashioned *Scots Magazine* for June, 1764, contained a paragraph announcing that "M. Glenditch has lately presented to the Royal Academy at Berlin, his observations upon the artificial method of increasing the fecundity of salmon and trout, invented by M. Jacobi:" after which followed an exceedingly meagre description of "this secret method." But our great grandfathers treated the matter with supreme indifference, probably for the very good reason that their own rivers so abounded with salmon and trout that there was no need for any "secret method" from Germany to augment a supply which already was superabundant. Mr. Pennant was in Scotland in 1769, and found that salmon were taken in the Tay, at Perth, "in great abundance: three thousand have been caught in one morning, weighing, one with another, sixteen pounds; the whole capture forty-eight thousand pounds." During many previous centuries salmon had been plentiful and cheap, entering largely into the ordinary home consumption, besides being exported in considerable quantities to the London and foreign markets. "Salmond," says a writer of the British Solomon's time, "is more plentifull in Scotland than in any other region of the world." The earliest statutory regulations of the Scottish salmon fisheries date upwards of six hundred years back. The "Liber Albus, or White Book of the City of London," compiled 1419, mentions the Scottish export of salmon and other fish. A great Scottish merchant, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, was William Elphinstone, founder of the commerce of Glasgow, and father of the celebrated Bishop who founded the University of Aberdeen; and the trade by which he made his fortune was chiefly the exportation of salmon. Indeed, this fish, which is now a costly delicacy, and obtainable only by the better classes, was so constant an article of diet amongst the common people, that they valued it very lightly. Servants and apprentices, loathing it as the Israelites did the manna in the wilderness, were in the habit, it is asserted, of stipulating with their masters (in whose houses, of course, they boarded), that they should not be called on to partake of salmon oftener than twice or thrice a week. Captain Burt, in his famous "Letters from the North of Scotland," *circa* 1730, gives an amusing instance in point:—

> "The meanest servants, who are not at board wages, will not make a meal upon salmon if they can get anything else to eat. I have been told it here, as a very good jest, that a Highland gentleman, who went to London by sea, soon after his landing passed by a tavern where the larder appeared to the street, and operated so strongly upon his appetite that he went in—that there were among other things a rump of beef and some salmon: of the beef he ordered a steak for himself, 'but,' says he, 'let Duncan have some salmon.' To be short, the cook who attended him humoured the jest, and the master's eating was eightpence, and Duncan's came to almost as many shillings."

Prices in Scotland were kept low from the impossibility of sending fresh fish to any great distance—the ice-packing process being as yet unknown. The fish were generally exposed to sale on the spot where they were caught, and what remained, after the home demand was supplied, were *cured* (pickled by being parboiled in brine) for export. The spearing of salmon was a common amusement. A tribe in Strathavon, Banffshire, were in the habit of taking their *leisters*, or fish-spears, with them when they went to the kirk of a Sunday, that they might strike a salmon or two on the way. The current price of the fish in Pennant's time was about 3*d.* per ℔. Rents appear to have been in fair proportion; for we hear of no tacksmen experiencing such losses as were so frequent in recent times. The easy position of tenants on the Tay, a century ago, will be best illustrated by an anecdote. A douce, decent farmer at Friarton, near Perth, was tacksman of the Friarton fishings in the Tay, and likewise occupied the reputable office of Elder in one of the Secession Congregations. On a spring Fast-day he repaired betimes to the meeting-house, leaving his ploughmen in charge of the farm-steading, all labour being suspended for the day. After he had been gone for some time, the hinds, wandering out of doors "to snuff the caller air" on the grassy bank overhanging the Tay, observed signs of salmon in the water, and were unable to resist the temptation to "draw a shot," maugre the imputed sanctity of the day. The venture was made, and proved highly successful—twenty or thirty good-sized salmon being hauled ashore. The master coming back in the evening from "the preachings," his men took him to the barn, where they had laid out the fish in a glittering row, and telling him the story, expected commendation for their pains. But his ideas of Sabbath and Fast-day observance were very different from those which had been prevalent in Strathavon. He held up his hands in unfeigned horror, and in agitated but indignant tones commanded that "the abomination—the accursed thing" should be instantly taken out of his sight, and out of his premises; and accordingly the whole of the fish were flung back into the river. Few tacksmen of the present day, burdened as they are with heavy rents, could afford to act thus, and lose 300 or 400 ℔s. of salmon, worth 2*s.* or 2*s.* 6*d.* per ℔., in deference to any sort of scruples.

The ice-packing process, which was introduced about 1785, brought the long period of cheapness to an end, and effected a sudden and startling revolution in the salmon trade. Fresh fish were now conveyed to London by fast-sailing smacks, and prices rose to such a pitch as drove salmon from the labouring man's board. We seldom appreciate the value of a blessing until we are deprived of it; and so it proved in this case to the mass of the community. The fisheries became an apparently inexhaustible source of gain to proprietors and tenants. Fortunes were rapidly accumulated. Some of the more successful tacksmen raised themselves by-and-by to the rank of landed gentry. The spirit of speculation was aroused. New appliances were adopted for the more thorough and speedy capture of the fish—the old net and coble being voted too slow; and so the stake net was stretched for miles along the shores of the estuaries. Still prices ruled high, and rents were proportionately enhanced. But at last the excessive netting told upon the supply: the rivers became subject to fast-recurring scarcities; and when the Legislature was applied to for a corrective measure, erroneous theories obtaining the ascendancy, shaped the Act of 1828 into a new element of mischief. Figures will speak for themselves. The rental of the Tay, which was 14,574*l.* in 1828, had sunk to 7,973*l.* by the year 1852.

It was now evident that something effectual should be done to arrest this alarming depreciation of river property, and artificial propagation was suggested as a remedy. The system had previously been tried at two places in Scotland—namely, at Drumlanrig by Mr. Shaw, and at Invershin by Mr. Young—not, however, in either case with any special view to the improvement or re-stocking of rivers, but rather for the purpose of settling the *questio vexata* as to whether parr were the young of the salmon. In England and Ireland the subject was attracting attention. About 1851 Mr. Ramsbottom, of Clitheroe, had produced young salmon from ova placed in boxes under running water; and two years afterwards the Brothers Ashworth introduced pisciculture in connection with the Galway Fisheries—an experiment which was attended with the best results. Looking to these facts and the satisfactory progress of the science in France, the proprietors of the Tay Fisheries resolved on the construction of works at Stormontfield, and these were completed and fully stocked with 300,000 ova by the 23rd December, 1853.

The Stormontfield Works are situated on the east bank of the Tay, about five miles northward from the city of Perth, occupying a gentle slope, along the base of which glides the broad and silvery river. In the immediate neighbourhood are the Stormontfield Mill and Bleachfield, supplied by a lade or aqueduct from the river, which has been made available for the use of the ponds. The boxes for the reception of the ova were at first 300 in number, but are now increased to 360, each usually containing rather upwards of 1,000 eggs, but quite capable of holding double that stock. They are arranged on the slope in 30 parallel rows—12 boxes to the row; and the water, carefully filtered, is equably distributed over them by gravitation. Originally there was but one pond for the young fry after they had quitted the boxes, but in 1864 a second and larger one was formed, which adds very much to the general efficiency. It would be tedious to describe minutely the different parts of the works, and that, too, in the absence of a ground plan. Enough to say that within a very limited area—only a little more than an acre being under water, and the whole establishment extending over about a couple of acres—

everything has been done that could possibly be done to promote the success of the experiment. But, circumscribed as is the space, we may judge what results would flow from works laid out on a scale commensurate with the requirements of such a river as the Tay.

The primary object of pisciculture is to assist the operations of Nature, and this it has attained in an eminent degree. The spawning season on the Tay, which is an early river—the earliest in Scotland, commences about the middle of November and continues throughout the following month and part of January. It has been computed that salmon average about 1,000 ova to the pound-weight—a fecundity which might induce us to wonder how there should ever be a scarcity of the fish. But the fact is that a thousand dangers beset the ova when deposited in the river in the natural way. A flood may scatter the eggs on the spawning beds, or causing the parent fish to deposit near the banks, the ova will be left dry when the waters subside. Aquatic insects, and the larvæ of insects, devour the eggs. Trout prey upon them incessantly: several have been caught gorged to the top of the gullet with from 400 to 1,000, according to the size of the fish. In short, such is the destruction of ova in the rivers that scarcely one egg out of every thousand comes to life. Then, the young fry are decimated by enemies equally voracious, amongst which may be enumerated—

> "The springing trout, in speckled pride,
> The salmon, monarch of the tide,
> The ruthless pike, intent on war,
> The silver eel, and mottled par;"

for the salmon itself is one of the destroyers of its tender offspring. Now, very much of this sad waste is saved by the piscicultural system. The ova are kept in the ponds in perfect security, and the consequence is that few ever prove addled. Year by year from 300,000 to 360,000 young fish have been hatched at Stormontfield, and at the proper times transferred to the river, which they immediately descend towards the sea.

The hatching of the Stormontfield fish takes from 90 to 130 days, according to the temperature of the season. Cold, frosty weather protracts the bursting of the egg: an open, mild winter facilitates it; but the ova have never been known to be injured by the severest frost. The winter of 1813-14 was excessively severe—the most severe within man's remembrance—and yet 1815 and 1816 were the most plentiful years of grilse and salmon respectively ever experienced throughout Scotland—the fish selling so low as from 3*d.* to 4*d.* per lb. Nature herself provides for the sustenance of the fry for some time after emergence from the shell; but when the umbilical bag is absorbed and they are fully formed and removed to the feeding pond, in the month of May, they are fed daily with bullock's liver ground to powder, which they devour with avidity; and it is amusing to a stranger to observe what shoals rise to the surface when the keeper dispenses handfuls of this attractive food. What they feed on in the river, in their natural state, is unknown. At this stage, and during the next twelvemonths, the entire brood are "mottled par;" but when the "merry month of May" comes round again, the one half are found to have assumed the silvery scales of the *salmo salar* and become smolts, while the other half undergo no change whatever; and it need scarcely be added that the selfsame thing takes place in the river. The smolts immediately manifest a strong desire to leave the pond, and accordingly, in a few days, they quit it for the Tay, to which they have free access by an open service pipe. At this period they are generally about 2 oz. in weight. But after being several weeks in the sea, they return to the river as grilses of 5, 6, or 7 lbs. weight. The parrs remain for other twelvemonths—though they might leave at any time by the open pipe, if so disposed—when they also put on the silver coat (a week or two earlier, however, than fry of the first year), and then take their departure. It was at Stormontfield that the fact of the parr being young salmon was first indubitably demonstrated; but the cause of their remaining two years before they change their livery and seek the sea, is as yet a profound mystery.

Before quitting the ponds, a considerable proportion of the young fish are marked, so as to be recognizable if caught in the river as grilse or salmon. At the outset, much difficulty was experienced as to what mark would be most permanent and least injurious. Various devices were tried—notably, small zinc or copper rings; but such rings proved altogether useless, owing to the rapid growth of the fish. Besides, they hampered the motion of the smolts, and, in fact, by their glitter, pointed them out to their finny enemies in the river. *Excision* was at last hit upon: that is, cutting off a slight portion of what is called the "dead fin;" and it is surprising that so simple and effectual a mode was not sooner thought of, for it was in practice in the north of Scotland in the early part of last century. Captain Burt in his *Letters*, already quoted, records that the people of Inverness, in proof that salmon return to the river of their birth, "affirm that they have taken many of them, and, by way of experiment, clipped their tails into a forked figure like that of a swallow, and found them with that mark when full grown and taken out of the *cruives.*" Cutting the dead fin, however, is preferable to cutting the tail (which is of so great use to the fish in swimming), and fully answers the purpose desired. Many grilses bearing the Stormontfield mark, have been caught in the Tay.

Such is a cursory sketch of these interesting operations, under which the Tay fisheries have rapidly improved beyond all expectation. In 1852, the year before the experiment was set on foot, the total rental was 7,973*l.* In 1856 it was 10,000*l.*; in 1860, 13,800*l.*; in 1864, 16,740*l.*; and, ever since, it has been 17,000*l.* Of course, it is not insinuated that this immense increase is wholly attributable to pisciculture. No such thing. A large share is due to the enlightened legislative changes of recent years. Still, when we know that thousands and tens of thousands of smolts, in prime condition, are annually discharged into the river, in addition to its own proper brood, it must necessarily be acknowledged that pisciculture has had a good deal to do with the improvement. The number of heavy or "monster" salmon in the Tay also seems on the increase. A fish of 50lbs. used to be rare. One of 56lbs. was remembered as having been caught half a century ago. But now such weights are not uncommon. In April last, a superb salmon of 61lbs. was brought ashore by an angler; and, in June, one of the unprecedented weight of 71lbs. was taken in the net. These facts are significant. And at what cost is the Stormontfield establishment upheld? Will the reader credit us when we state that the average annual outlay scarcely comes to 100*l.*?

The Stormontfield results ought to encourage the river proprietary of the country generally to follow the example set forth on the Tay. As yet, however, it has not been followed, even in Scotland, to anything like the extent that might be anticipated. This is much to be regretted; for, as a question of national economics, the improvement of our salmon-producing waters is deserving of the most serious attention. Only consider how many fine rivers in England, once famous for salmon, now yield next to nothing; and that rivers in foreign countries have been successfully re-stocked of late by the artificial method. To increase our food supplies in bread, meat, &c., we lay the markets of the world under contribution, while at our very doors we have a source of food-supply which has suffered from long and gross neglect, but which might speedily, and at small expense, be restored to what it was in its better days.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

A RECORD OF NOBLE DEEDS.

WHILE little bands of our devoted countrywomen are going forth to soften the sufferings of the wounded in the present campaign, report comes of the death of one of the prominent members of the small army of volunteer nurses who went out to do battle with neglect and mismanagement in the hospitals of the Crimea. Emily Anderson, who closed the fifty-third year of her self-denying life on the 30th of August, was one of that second corps which was headed by Miss Stanley, the Dean of Westminster's sister. She took charge of the smaller hospital of Scutari for a while, and then transferred her tender and consoling services to Kulalie, where, after a few months, the hospital fever laid her low, and compelled her return to England. Health restored, she offered her aid first to the Lincoln County Hospital, and then to the Gainsborough Union. To this last establishment her energies became devoted: she built a chapel for the workhouse from her own purse, and worked disinterestedly night and day among those around who needed her succour. She first proposed a county sea-side hospital: she took occasional charge of a ward in King's College Hospital, and in tender-heartedness performed acts of benevolence which became numberless long ere the time of passing to her happy rest drew near.

Our tribute of recognition is due to M. Ferrand, a pharmacist of Lyons, who, deputed by his government to reorganise the French system of life-buoys, has given the world his experience and advice on what he calls the most magnificent of feats—the rescue of a drowning person by a man single-handed and without apparatus. In the absence of a system of rescue, sailors and boatmen consider that a drowning man must be caught hold of wherever possible, and dragged or pushed to shore as best he can be, without respect to the position of the body or the immersion of the head. Suffocation is too often the consequence of this inconsideration. The great aim should be to keep the victim's head above water; and after examination of the various means of securing this condition, M. Ferrand decides in favour of that used by an Englishman, Hodgson of Sunderland, and which consists in grasping the drowner by the hair or any part of the head, and turning him on his back—the salvor immediately turning face upwards also, and placing the head of his burden upon his breast. In this state he can swim with ease to land. M. Ferrand has experimented fully upon this plan, and finds it so simple and easy, that he confidently recommends its practice wherever possible. He has himself been able to carry two persons simultaneously to shore by it; and he has shown the rationale of the process by full arguments based upon the displacement of the floating bodies. A matter of great difficulty in attempting a rescue is that of gaining a hold of the struggler. Knowing the dangers of a drowning man's clutch, many salvors keep aloof until the first struggles have subsided. A seemingly cruel caution, yet a justifiable one. M. Ferrand objects to such an excess of prudence, and recommends that a rescuer watch his opportunity and seize the struggler from behind, keeping him at arm's length, and compelling him, if possible, to fix his inevitable grip upon the left hand, thus leaving the right hand and all the rest of the body free. The man can then be held until, if the distance from a landing-place is great, sufficient sense of safety (if there is sensibility), or sufficient exhaustion, enables him to be turned over after the manner alluded to, and borne to safety. These directions are of course available only to swimmers: M. Ferrand desires to make all such practised rescuers, and impresses upon them the importance of making his methods part of their natatorial education.

The death of Sir Frederick Pollock—"merciful Pollock"—at the full ripe age of eighty-seven years, would have filled many a column with well-deserved eulogies had that death not come at a time when the journals are overfilled with the clamorous echoes of inglorious war. Scant has been the justice done to the bright nature of that most honourable member of an honourable profession: and there was the more need to dwell upon the glittering points of his career from the circumstance that these shone brightest in times which can be remembered only by those whose years have kept their memories green. Sixty years ago he was called to the bar: it is more than forty since his steady professional rise, upon steps which were causes of the highest importance, culminated in his accession to the dignity of King's Counsellor, thirty since Huntingdon sent him to Parliament, and twenty-six since he took his seat as Chief Baron of the

Court of Exchequer, which he occupied till he told four-score years, when he vacated it, in the pristine vigour of intellect, and retaining much of the fresh buoyancy of spirit which marked his character years ago when he made his influence felt upon all with whom he was professionally, politically, or socially connected. And he was the son of a saddler in Piccadilly.

Last month, chronicling the dauntless services of some rescuers of life from fire, we omitted to mention several performed by members of the Fire Brigade during the past year, so meritorious as to have been rewarded by the Society from whose report the cases we noticed were gleaned. The men of this service save life as a duty, but that duty does not command them to risk their own safety: when they do this, a higher sense than that of duty impels them, and higher rewards than common pay and general praise are their due. Testimonials on vellum, accompanied by gifts of money, have been won by George Palmer, who was instrumental in saving five persons from one fire in Bishopsgate Street, London; by Philip Kench, who saved three people from a burning house in Greenwich; by James Hotson, but for whose prompt efforts a man and his wife and child would have been burnt to death in Barnsbury Road, London, last June; and by William Jones, whose intrepidity saved two men from imminent death at Barking last December. The first two of these firemen were of the second class, the third of the third class, and the fourth held a superintendent's rank. But the most meritorious exertions were those of Francis W. Boon, a third-class man, who, while off duty, and on the road to Lewisham, encountered a fire from which several persons had been endeavouring to rescue a child, but without success, one and all being driven back by the intense heat and smoke. Boon procured a ladder, made his way to a first-floor window, entered and searched the house, with the fire raging in the basement. He found the child in a helpless condition upon a landing, and in spite of great difficulty regained his window, conveying the little one forth in safety. A silver medallion has been his reward.

"Toll for the brave." Crosses of valour and badges of honour hung upon the breast of the commander of the ill-born ship that, in mockery of the vaunted perfection of her architecture, heeled keel upwards off Cape Finisterre on the morning of September 7th, before a breeze through which a squadron proudly rode. Captain Burgoyne, with his picked crew of five hundred men, were the victims of a gigantic experiment—a steam ship carrying a fortress, but so totteringly that a squall could throw the centre of gravity of the iron mass over the area of support, and sink it like a stone, in two minutes, making of a hive of resting life a catacomb. But severe comment is silenced; for he who committed the error perished with the manifestation of it. The *Captain* might have been Captain Coles's monument: it has been his coffin. We need not the proverbial apology for speaking well of him now: he had won distinctions long before this his last work was designed. He had fought his country's battles and laboured hard for his country's naval glory. His last mistake will not hide the honours that are his due.

If our warrior seamen are happily debarred the manifestation of their bravery in the fight, they lose no opportunity of showing it in the nobler service of saving peaceful lives. Instance John Hurley, able seaman of the *Serapis*, who rescued a shipmate from death in Dover Bay on the 16th of July. The vessel was hauling alongside the pier, steaming at about five knots an hour, and the starboard boats required lowering. A carpenter, Hawkes by name, was working at the davits when he lost his balance and fell overboard. He could not swim, and the concussion from his fall rendered him temporarily blind. Without the least hesitation Hurley sprang after him, and held him harmless until he could be hauled on board the lifeboat.

Instance again Joseph Dollimore of the *Star*, able seaman also. His ship was working down Channel at sunrise on the 22nd of the same month, when a thick fog came on. The engines were stopped and sails were unfurled. A seaman, George Davey, was setting the foresail, when the clew struck him, knocking him out of the fore-rigging overboard into thirty-three fathom waters. He was wounded and disabled. Dollimore saw the accident, and immediately jumped over after him, caught and brought him alongside, and sustained himself and burden till the whaler was lowered and picked them up.

MALVINA.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

THE laws of hospitality, respect for Sophie, respect for himself, all forbade that Alfred should endeavour to see Sophie again that evening. If mutual attraction could have brought them together, they must somehow have met of their own accord. But to say nothing of moral obstacles, there was a physical impediment between them in the shape of what was to Alfred a floor, to Sophie a ceiling.

Mr. Arnold's house consisted of two wings. In the left wing on the ground floor, communicating with the garden, was the drawing-room, where the card-playing was now going on. Next to the drawing-room, in the same wing, was a billiard-room; next to the billiard-room a small library, well furnished with bookshelves, on which a good many French novels, one or two standard works in English (uncut), and several stray numbers of *Baily's Magazine* and *Ruff's Guide to the Turf* might be seen.

The right wing was separated from the left by a broad passage which divided the house in two, and connected the main entrance with an entrance leading to the garden. In the right wing was the dining-room, a room for linen, and a large room opening upon the garden which had been furnished specially for Sophie as a sitting-room, and which she had afterwards converted into a sitting-room and bed-room.

Sophie had also her library, consisting of English works of various kinds (chiefly, however, novels in the Tauchnitz edition), a few readable religious books, such as the "Imitation" and the "Confession of St. Augustine;" a volume of German tales; "Mignon," by M. de St. Germain, one of the few authors in France who can write *ad usum puellæ* without becoming puerile; and five novels by Balzac—"Pierrette," "Ursule Mirouet," "Modeste Mignon," "Eugénie Grandet," and "La Recherche de l'Absolu."

The first floor of the house was all disposed in bed-rooms, and there was no second story. Mr. Arnold and Dr. Rowden had rooms in the left wing. Alfred slept in the right wing, in the room above Sophie's, with windows looking out upon the garden.

Alfred, however, on this particular evening could not and did not wish to sleep. He began to walk up and down the room, little thinking who was underneath, though it was with Sophie alone that his thoughts were occupied.

How was he to see her before his departure early the next morning? That was the problem he was endeavouring to solve—a problem which Mr. Arnold flattered himself he had rendered insoluble. For he had prevented Alfred from talking alone to Sophie that evening, and at six the next morning she was to leave the house, so as to be back at the convent before seven. Sophie, to whom all the household arrangements were familiar, knew perfectly well who was her restless neighbour overhead, and was glad to find that, like herself, he was unable to compose himself to rest.

After a certain amount of useless promenading, performed in a very violent style, Alfred went to the window, threw it open, and looked out upon the night.

"What a moon! What a soft silvery light! What a transparent atmosphere!" he said to himself. It was, in fact, one of those nights with which those alone are in perfect harmony who are deeply in love.

Sophie had also gone to the window. Her feelings, like those of Alfred, were in harmony with the night.

Love is certainly not moonshine. But moonshine is love's appropriate accompaniment; so appropriate that it, of itself, suggests the melody to which it is so exactly suited.

Alfred, while undergoing the influence of the scene, made a careful survey of the garden and all its surroundings. At the end of the flower garden, which was about fifty yards long and of the same breadth as the house, was the summer-house (of happy memory). On each side of the summer-house there was a laurel hedge; beyond the hedge an orchard, a portion of which was cultivated as a kitchen garden; beyond the orchard and kitchen garden a field; beyond the field more fields, then the horizon.

In the left wing of the house everything was dark, or lighted only by the rays of the moon.

In the right wing everything also was dark except in the one room underneath Alfred; where, through the white curtains, the reflection of a light could be seen.

If Alfred had been certain that all the servants had gone to bed he would have known that this room must be Sophie's.

Sophie had only left the drawing-room about a quarter of an hour before himself. She was going away the next morning; and, probably, like himself, was pre-occupied. It was now about eleven o'clock. She had been in her room then—if this was really Sophie—for about an hour; and that he deemed was no time at all for a young lady with such long hair as Sophie's, and so much of it. But Sophie had not been doing her hair. She had been dreaming, wondering, speculating when and where she should meet Alfred again.

"Papa is prepared to do everything," she said, "to prevent my meeting him again; and will never, I am afraid, consent to my marrying him at all. But I will never marry any one else! I will never listen to a word relating to marriage that any one else may say to me!"

Sophie had no idea of giving herself in detail, like so many girls, to a great number of admirers. Such as she was, she preserved herself like a treasure for one only; hoping the gift—it was herself, it was all she had—might be appreciated; determined that on her part it would not be squandered. If imperious circumstances rendered it impossible for her to marry Alfred, she was resolved never to give her hand to any one else. The risk was too great, too painful. Indeed, risking everything all at once as she did now, what afterwards would there be to risk at all?

She had said to herself, in the midst of her confusion after their first suggestive meeting at the convent, that perhaps, after all, Alfred was destined to marry her; and if life, as one is sometimes inclined to believe, was arranged on dramatic principles, facts did indeed point to that conclusion as the natural result of what had gone before.

But drama or no drama, Sophie had sworn to reserve herself, even to the slightest embrace, for one man; and as this one man, this prince who had waked her from her dream, was a very presentable prince; indeed, quite capable—apart from the circumstances under which he had first met her—of inspiring her with love, she felt more than ever convinced that her cherished idea was practically sound as it was intrinsically noble.

There is no saying how long she would have continued her reflections had she not been startled at this moment by a tap at the window.

She went to the window, opened it, and looked out. There was no one.

She had just closed the window when she heard a second tap. This time she saw at a glance what had caused it. In front of the window dangled a cork suspended by a string. Attached to the cork by a pin was a scrap of paper, which Sophie soon unfastened and read.

"Will you be in the garden the first thing in the morning?" was written on the paper.

The cork was waiting outside for an answer. So Sophie wrote on the same scrap of paper, "Yes, if possible," and sent it up.

"I cannot—I ought not to ask her to meet me there to-night?" said Alfred to himself; thinking, as is the nature of men, that inasmuch as his request had been granted so very readily he might as well have asked for something more.

Then it occurred to him that even in the morning it would not be easy for him to get into the garden without disturbing the whole household. The garden door was bolted and locked every night, and he was not at all sure that the key was not taken away. If he waited until the servants came down his early rising would be thought suspicious and it would be impossible to meet Sophie without occasioning grave scandal. What was he to do, then? He could not let himself down from his bed-room window, like the aforesaid cork, by means of a bit of string, nor could he enter the garden, in the ordinary way, from the house, without disturbing at least some of its inmates.

Sophie's road to the garden was simple enough. She had only to open her window—it was a sashed door—and walk out.

It was considerably past twelve o'clock and Sophie was still watching her friend the moon, when, in the hazy distance, just above the laurel hedge which ran across the garden on each side of the summer-house, she saw what seemed to be a man's hat, covering what looked very like a man's head.

Her father had represented to her more than once that she ought not to sleep in a room communicating directly with the garden, and now, when it was perhaps too late, she understood how imprudent she had been in paying no attention to his words. It was nearly one o'clock. Everyone must be in bed, and if she rang it was doubtful whether her bell would be heard. It seemed to her, however, that the only thing to do was to ring as violently as possible and then retreat as hastily as possible to her father's room.

But before taking any steps towards rousing the household she thought she would look once more to see whether her eyes had not deceived her. No. There was the hat. There was the head. There in the full light of the moon, was the figure of a tall and not inelegant young man, walking slowly to and fro, but keeping always on the further side of the laurel hedge.

"How fortunate I did not ring!" she said to herself. "But what am I to do? He cannot call this the morning. It is scarcely one o'clock. It will not be daylight for at least four hours. Does he mean to wander about the garden like a ghost all that time——? Perhaps I had better go out to him. If I meet him at all why not by moonlight as well as by daylight? I have a hundred, a thousand things to ask him. I must know, above all, what papa has been saying to him, and must tell him what papa has been saying to me. In the morning, after sunrise, there will really not be time. I am to breakfast at half-past six, and the servants will be moving about the house by six at the very latest."

It is certainly very imprudent for a young lady to meet her lover at night: she might catch cold. However this was the month of September and the weather was unusually warm.

After due reflection Sophie thought she would run all risks. She was prepared to do so once in her life for one man only; and she said to herself that if she had enough confidence in Alfred to engage herself to him as his wife, she might surely have enough confidence in him to go out and speak to him privately now that she had an opportunity of doing so which might not present itself again.

If Sophie had been surprised and alarmed at the sudden apparition of a hat behind the laurel hedge, Alfred was astonished when he saw the sashed door of Sophie's room thrown open and Sophie, attired in bonnet and scarf, walk out. He advanced towards her, but Sophie motioned to him to remain where he was. When she was close to him he wished to take her to his arms. But she presented her forehead, and taking him by the hand begged him not to force her to return at once to the house.

She had so many things to say to him. And first of all how did he get there?

Alfred explained that, being afraid he might be locked in, he had gone out at the street door before twelve o'clock, while Mr. Arnold and his guests were still playing at cards; that he had then made his way to the fields at the back of the orchard, scaled the orchard wall, and thus made his entry into the garden.

"And why did you come back from India?" asked Sophie.

"That is a long story," answered Alfred.

"And why did you go to India?"

"That is a longer story still."

"Well, you have plenty of time," said Sophie, "and I have come out on purpose to hear all you have to tell me. You know papa won't give his consent. But it is no use speaking about that just now. Tell me why you went to India, and that you were never engaged to be married, that you never thought of marrying anyone before you saw me?"

"I will tell you why I went to India," replied Alfred.

"No, you must tell me everything!" cried Sophie.

"I will tell you everything," said Alfred.

They walked together, in the moonlight, through the garden into the orchard, and from the orchard back into the garden; and sat down more than once in the summer-house, while Alfred told Sophie all it was fitting she should hear of his life and adventures before going to India, and up to the happy time of his meeting her in the *parloir* of the Augustines Convent.

There is no reason, however, why the curious reader should not be informed of those particulars in Alfred's career which were not communicated to Sophie at all. So instead of repeating Alfred's narrative exactly as he presented it to his intended wife, I will give it in full, with those very passages brought freely into light, which Alfred thought best to leave, as much as possible, in obscurity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALFRED'S STORY.

ALFRED'S father, who, like a great many other fathers, was of a very obstinate disposition, had taken it into his head that his son, whether he liked it or not, should enter the Indian Civil Service. There were reasons, no doubt, for this determination, which may have been prompted above all by the fact that Dr. Leighton had some interest at the India House, and little or no interest anywhere else. However that may have been, the youthful Alfred was given to understand, almost as soon as he could understand anything at all, that it was his destiny to enter the Indian Service in a civil capacity, and that it would be wise on his part to prepare himself at every opportunity for the fate which inevitably awaited him.

Not that this inevitable fate was painted to him in gloomy colours *alone.* If the climate was bad he was assured that the pay would be excellent, and that at a comparatively early age he would be able to retire on a good pension.

But this set-off no more reconciled him to the idea of taking up his residence in India than the prospect of a happy future beyond death reconciles the majority of mankind to dying. He was not afraid of India, but he did not like being constantly reminded that he must go there. The Trappist formula of salutation, "*Frère il faut mourir*," announces an indisputable truth, but to those who happen not to be Trappists what could be more tiresome than to hear it constantly repeated?

The end of it, or rather the beginning of the end was, that when, at the age of twenty, Alfred was about to go up for his examination, his father said to him very seriously that if he passed it would be a good thing for him and he would be sent out to India at once; but that if he did not pass ——!

The alternative was really something dreadful.

If he did *not* pass then, as he would have proved his unfitness for the only distinguished career in which his father could give him a start, and as the notion of such a dunce getting on in medicine, at the bar, or in any professional pursuit at home, was too absurd to be entertained for one moment; therefore, his father, in consideration of such unfitness, would apprentice him, without ceremony or nonsense of any kind, to Mr. Gribble, one of the most respectable linen-drapers in the town of Hillsborough, where Dr. Leighton resided and took fees in the character of physician and surgeon.

"If you do," said Alfred, when his father held out this threat to him, "I will marry Malvina Gribble—I saw her looking at me very attentively in church last Sunday—and then old Gribble, being my father-in-law, will be some sort of relation to you. At all events you will have to invite him to dinner."

"It pleases you to be jocular about a matter which to me is very serious," said the Doctor, quite gravely.

Dr. Leighton did indeed mean what he said; and when Alfred a few days afterwards returned to Hillsborough, plucked like a fowl for the roasting, his father neither swore, nor cursed, nor dreamed for one moment of condoling with his son. He simply called for his horse and drove round to Mr. Gribble's, where his presence, as indicating illness, threw for a moment a certain gloom over the establishment.

"I am always glad to see you, except when I generally do see you," said Mr. Gribble, as he advanced to welcome the physician.

"No, this is not a professional visit," responded the Doctor. "I have called to-day on a matter of business."

"Certainly! What can we do for you?"

"Oh, I don't want to make purchases," exclaimed Dr. Leighton. "I mean a matter of private business between you and myself."

"Most happy, I am sure," said Mr. Gribble, who thought, however, that if Dr. Leighton wanted to see him about private affairs, he might as well have asked for him at the private door. He conducted his visitor from the shop, or series of shops, in which some sixty or eighty assistants were employed, to his private dwelling-house at the side. Arrived in the drawing-room the Doctor was entertained with biscuits, sherry, and polite conversation—the last article being furnished by Mrs. Gribble, from that lady's vast resources. After the briefest possible delay he unfolded his project to the linen-draper and his wife, who, on hearing it, stared at one another with astonishment.

Mr. Gribble thought the Doctor's cousin, Sir Edward Leighton, and his brother, Colonel Leighton, and all his relations in the neighbourhood, would be very much annoyed. But as the Doctor assured him that he did not care whether they were annoyed or not, and as Mrs. Gribble kept making signs to him which clearly meant that he was to accept forthwith, the worthy linen-draper ended where he might as well have begun, and told Dr. Leighton that he would receive his son with great pleasure; that he, Gribble, would do his best to push the young man on in the branch of commerce which his father had been pleased to select for him, and that Mrs. Gribble would certainly make him comfortable in regard to all domestic arrangements.

Gribble (advised by Mrs. Gribble) would not hear of a premium.

"Let him at all events come for a little while," he said, "just to see how he likes it, and how we like him."

"Everyone," interrupted Mrs. Gribble, with a reproving glance at her husband, "likes Mr. Alfred Leighton."

"Malvina does," observed a little child, Mrs. Gribble's niece. "She told me so last Sunday when we were coming home from church."

The servant having been rung for, and the child removed, Mr. Gribble declared himself willing to receive Mr. Alfred Leighton on any terms and at any time. He thought, however—and here Mrs. Gribble nodded approvingly in assent—that it would be "most agreeable to all parties" if no payment were made on either side. The question of premium he would not entertain, and he thought this was a case in which no salary would be expected. He should not think of employing Mr. Leighton, he said, "in any but the highest department of the business;" from which the father inferred that his son would have to make out the accounts.

It was further arranged that Alfred should leave his father's home and take up his abode with the Gribbles that very evening.

"The sooner the better," said Alfred, when he found that his father was really in earnest, and that he had already made arrangements for his reception as a sort of pupil-assistant in the house of Gribble the linen-draper.

Dr. Leighton was rather astonished to find his son ready to go into penal servitude without so much as a protest. "What an obedient boy!" he said to himself, as he wished Alfred good bye, and slipped a fifty pound note into his hand. "It's rather hard for him, but perhaps he'll like it. At all events he has brought it upon himself."

As for Alfred, he had at once accepted the position—ironically, and perhaps maliciously. But he had accepted it.

"If the Gribbles want me," he said to himself, "the Gribbles shall have me, and I hope they'll be pleased. I will send the father into Parliament; he is rich enough and foolish enough. I will make the mother a comic woman of fashion; she is silly enough and vain enough. And the daughter? I don't know what I shall do with the daughter—but she's quite pretty enough."

Malvina was thinking at this very moment how "awfully jolly" it would be to have Alfred Leighton staying in the house. "And how it will rile Stubbs and Gibbs and all those cads downstairs," she reflected.

Malvina had the run of about seventy young men who all worshipped her, but with the sort of feeling that worshippers might be supposed to entertain for a divinity who never gave the least sign of being touched by their devotion.

"She is a little stunner," said Stubbs one day, who might be regarded as the chief worshipper or high priest of the tribe, "and shouldn't I like to kiss her! But Lor' bless me! she treats us as if we were dirt."

Malvina used to try her eyes on them now and then as she walked down the shop, and she once declared to an intimate friend, that she could strike any one of them to the heart, or the whole lot if she thought fit.

Stubbs, who was an apprentice nearly out of his time, and Gibbs, whose father had been a linen-draper on his own account, were the only two who ever dared enter into regular conversation with her, and they generally came away from the brief interviews with the little enchantress feeling very much alarmed of themselves. Like Jacob, they were not strong enough to meet an angel at close quarters.

"They are such guys," Malvina once wrote to a friend at school; "they don't even know how to put their cravats on, which, at papa's, is just the very thing one would expect them to learn. And their fingers bridge out at the tips and their nails are twice as broad as they are long, and look as if they had been put on the wrong way. As for talking, they can't say a word, and they call me 'Miss!' 'I hope I see you well, Miss,' one of them, named Stubbs, said to me the other day. 'I hope you do, Mr. Stubbs,' I replied; and I looked at him quite calmly, as if I had been looking at myself in the glass, until he became so red that he was obliged to turn away."

"I wonder what sort of style," she said to herself, the evening that Alfred Leighton was expected, "I wonder what sort of style is most attractive to the youthful Leighton? Ladylike, of course—*cela va sans dire*—but rapid or sentimental? He can be accommodated with either, that's one consolation. I fancy very young men are most taken by excessive fastness. There, look at young Alsager, who went into the hussars, you couldn't be too fast for him! What a nice fellow he was, but a dreadful villain! It was all through him that I got into that row at school about smoking. However, Leighton seems a quieter sort of man. Fast, but natural! that's the style for him; and it is the easiest style for me, and the style I like best. I wonder what he will call me? 'Miss Gribble,' to begin with, as a matter of course—oh, that detestable name! But he won't call me 'Miss,' that's one comfort. Then, in a little while, it will be, 'Malvina, oh, *may* I call you Malvina?' 'No, Mr. Leighton, you really must not!' and so on."

Malvina was just beginning to rehearse a little scene in which she played the principal and most successful part, when the door was opened, and Mr. Leighton in person was shown in.

On this occasion, whatever Miss Gribble herself may have thought on the subject, the style which she really adopted was the natural *and* coquettish; it being the ineradicable nature of that young lady to be a coquette. Not that any process of eradication had ever been tried upon her. On the contrary, education at a too fashionable boarding-school had developed Malvina's promising natural disposition; and now that she had obtained the mature age of seventeen, and had been expelled (for smoking), she was not only an accomplished flirt, when it pleased her, on the "art for art" principle, to flirt for the sake of flirting, she was also a coquette by conviction, decided to make the most she could of her very attractive appearance, and to ensnare into marriage the first eligible young man of good position whom fate might throw in her way.

Malvina's parents had determined to give her "the best possible education." "All that money could do for her," to quote Gribble's own words, "had been done." But there are a few things necessary in the education of a young lady which money cannot do at all, and these in the case of the pretty and praise-devouring Miss Gribble, had been omitted.

However, she had really learnt a good deal—without counting such knowledge as it would have been better for her not to have acquired. She played the piano very brilliantly—and oh, so badly! But her showers of false notes were applauded by all who heard them, and considering, as she herself admitted, that she never counted, and that she never practised, and that she never gave herself trouble about anything, it was really astonishing that she did not play much worse. Being an actress born, she sang with good dramatic expression, and the little siren had a charming voice. She talked French well enough—"like a Parisian," her parents said; but parents exaggerate. She knew her "Kings," she had heard of the wars of the Roses, she had not yet forgotten the date of Charles the First's execution, she could tell you in a moment who succeeded James the Second, and why Queen Anne came to the throne. She was acquainted, moreover, with the names of the principal capitals of Europe, and was well aware that you could go to Paris in eleven hours by the South Eastern Railway *viâ* Folkestone and Boulogne, or twelve *viâ* Dover and Calais. She had a talent too for executing supposed national dances of her own invention, which talent she had been in the habit of displaying to a select circle of school-fellows late at night in her own bed-room.

Finally, she had acquired from the aforesaid Alsager, who went into the hussars, the complete art of making and smoking cigarettes, including the notable feats of swallowing the smoke and blowing it out through the nostrils. It was at a picnic that she picked up these valuable accomplishments, in which, on her return to school, she was generously instructing a few admiring young friends, when the mistress of the establishment broke in upon the sanctity and smoke of her apartment, and the next morning wrote to Mrs. Gribble requesting that lady to remove Malvina from beneath her care.

Malvina used to maintain that this was all stuff, and that the true reason for sending her away was that at a breaking-up party, when some jam tarts were being handed round she had maliciously taken one and eaten it, well knowing that the said jam tarts were not intended for the girls at all, but solely and exclusively for the visitors. There was also a story of Malvina's having on the same occasion broken through a gauze screen which had served to separate the school girls and their female friends, from the male friends and acquaintances who had also been invited to the ceremony.

It is evident then that Malvina was what some call a very "forward," others a very "fast" girl. She entertained a sort of good-natured contempt for her parents, who had given her a much better education than they had received themselves, and had thus taught their ungrateful child to look upon them as her inferiors. The father, however, was rather amused by her little airs of superiority, and the mother was convinced that her manner and bearing and her taste in dress, added to her charming personal appearance, would enable her to marry a real gentleman, and perhaps even a man of title.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Gribble—*faute de mieux*, as Malvina would have said—would have been quite willing to put up with Alfred Leighton as a son-in-law. Not that he was rich—she knew that he had absolutely nothing—nor that he was likely to inherit much from his father, who was supposed to live up to his income and just a little above it; but simply because the Leightons were very great people in the neighbourhood. Sir Edward Leighton held most of the land about Hillsborough, Colonel Leighton was also somebody. Dr. Leighton himself was a proprietor and a justice of the peace, and Alfred his son might, if his father only chose, aspire to anything.

This sending him to a linen-draper's was a mere piece of eccentricity on the part of the doctor, she fancied, which in a little time would wear off. It was not likely that Dr. Leighton could wish seriously that his son should become a linen-draper, when *her* great desire was that Gribble should cut the business and become a manufacturer, or put his money into the wine trade, or retire altogether upon the large capital which he had amassed. That the young man himself should fall so readily into his father's views did, however, seem odd. He knew very well how Malvina would receive a recommendation to accept the hand of a grocer, or a cheesemonger, or of any one connected with trade. "Moustaches and not in business" were the two essential qualifications that Malvina looked for in a husband. (It must be remembered that this was in the year

1851, before the Crimean war, when the use of the razor was still common in England.) If in the army, then, oh, how much nicer! But a commercial man was not, under any circumstances, to be thought of.

Alfred little knew how everything had been made smooth for him in his proposed expedition against the heart of Malvina. It was an assault upon an open city. After the first show of resistance, which the honour of the sex required, she was resolved beforehand to give in—not unconditionally, but on such honourable conditions as she took it for granted must, in the ordinary course of things, be proposed.

Affairs, however, did not go on in the manner originally proposed on either side. Alfred, at his very first interview with Malvina, felt himself disarmed, and abandoned the unjustifiable plan which, in a moment of spite and indignation, he had formed against her happiness. This, however, only facilitated his success in regard to love-making, pure and simple. He spoke to Malvina with that accent of sincerity which it is so difficult to counterfeit, though Stendhal is of opinion that by force of imagination it may be adopted for a special occasion; and Malvina was really touched by his attentions and by his general manner towards her, which—in her character of heartless coquette—she, of course, ought not to have been.

But she was only seventeen, and she improved as she grew older.

As for Mrs. Gribble, she behaved to Alfred like a mother. She was also as an elder sister to him, as a big and beneficent cousin, as an affectionate young aunt. She overloaded him with attentions, studied all his wishes, and said to him in effect, twenty times a day: "Everything here is yours; everything—especially Malvina!"

The position of Mr. Gribble himself was rather a difficult one; and he wished, before Alfred Leighton had been a week in his house, that he had never consented to receive him at all. The presence of Leighton made itself felt as a sort of dissolvent on the household. One o'clock dinner had to be given up—Mr. Leighton could not dine in the middle of the day—and a regular banquet took place daily at half-past six. Mrs. Gribble had suggested seven; Malvina had said half-past seven; but Gribble maintained that six was already quite late enough, and that people in the town would say he was giving himself airs if he presumed to dine a moment later than the half-hour. The ladies of the family now led a much more fashionable life than the great majority of ladies living at and about Hillsborough. They lunched between one and two; in the afternoon they drove out; they took tea at five o'clock, to the disgust of the servants, who wondered, since they had tea before dinner, why they didn't have pudding before meat, meat before fish, and fish before soup. The domestics also thought that Miss Malvina had better mind what *she* was up to.

"She was a little minx, that she was," in the opinion of one.

Another called her "a young hussey;" and all agreed that there was "about as much chance of young Mr. Leighton's marrying her, or the likes of her, that there was of his jumping over the moon."

The servants had nothing to say against Mr. Leighton, who treated them with more consideration than they got from the Gribbles, and, moreover, feed them magnificently. They were convinced, however, that he was "after the young missis," and they didn't see that any good could come of it. As to his becoming a linen-draper, they would like to catch him at it! But he never meant anything of the kind, not he! Did he ever go into the shop? What he did at all, and what the meaning of his presence in the Gribble family could possibly be, were points as to which they expressed themselves very anxious to acquire knowledge.

The assistants literally raved against Alfred. Stubbs wanted his blood, and the milder Gibbs called him a "confounded young puppy," and pretended that he also had been replaced by Alfred in the affections of Miss Gribble. Malvina's eyes shot no more arrows into the too-easily-reached targets of these young gentlemen's hearts. Sometimes, when her father called her, and insisted upon her coming, she would appear for a moment in the shop; but she no longer seemed to know that such a thing as an assistant had any existence. She had eyes—brilliant eyes, but saw not.

The commercial effect of Alfred's appointment (Mr. Gribble called it an "appointment") may be described in a very few words. Beyond sitting down at a table with Mr. Gribble and helping him to go over his books—a process to which Alfred contributed by turning over the leaves, and now and then making a note of a doubtful item or a memorandum of an ascertained total—he really did nothing. On the other hand, the fact of Alfred's having entered the house of Gribble had already deprived the establishment of several valuable customers. Six or seven months had now elapsed since Alfred's arrival, and neither Sir Edward Leighton nor the Colonel, nor any one connected with them, had given Gribble a single order. Nevertheless, Sir Edward had been seen in person buying shirts at Baker's round the corner; and it was certain that Colonel Leighton wanted an outfit for his son Algernon, who had just received a commission, and was going out in a couple of months to India.

If Malvina had not been very much in love with Alfred, the presence of his cousin Algernon, the only one of his relations who ever visited him, would have sorely tried her constancy. The uniform, and all who wore it, had a strange fascination for this pretty but depraved little girl. Algernon, however, was too proud (she said) to please her altogether; and, probably, the fact that he was obliged to leave England in a few weeks had some effect in regulating her demeanour towards him. Algernon, of course, paid her a considerable amount of attention, to which, according to her wont, she did not fail to respond; but nothing took place between them that went beyond the bounds of strictly legitimate flirtation. He gave her his photograph in the uniform of a cornet of lancers, and she gave him two photographs of herself, one with her hair in *bandeaux*, the other with *bandeaux* in front and ringlets at the back. Altogether she had been photographed at least twenty times—in morning dress, in evening dress, and once in the costume of "Rosalind," a part she had played with great success at private theatricals.

Without losing his heart to Malvina, Algernon became a little attached to her; and, when the time for leaving England had nearly arrived, spoke to Alfred about her very seriously.

"I don't want to ask you whether your intentions are honourable or any of that bosh," he said; "but I can't see what you are up to, and I really believe that you don't know yourself. Isn't it a great mistake to be staying at Gribble's at all? What can it lead to?"

"You know," answered Alfred, "under what circumstances I first came here. The doctor thought he was sending me to a place of punishment, and I wanted to show him that I didn't particularly mind, and that I should be able to make myself quite comfortable and jolly."

"But you are going up for your examination again?"

"Of course I am. Of course I am not going to become a linen-draper. In about three months I shall have another chance, and this time I shall be sure to pass. I could pass now with the greatest ease. I shall be in India almost as soon as you are if you are going out with troops, for of course I shall go overland."

"Then Gribble is not going into Parliament?"

"No, he is too good a fellow. I had arranged everything for him, but it would have cost him a lot of money, and perhaps at the last moment he would have funked. He was to have founded a mechanics' institute, built a new bridge over the Hillstream, erected a drinking fountain, and done I don't know what besides. I thought at one time of a medical dispensary—anything that would have enabled me to put forward Gribble as a public benefactor. I meant to write him a course of lectures: one on our landed gentry, with allusions to Sir Edward; another on military expenditure, in which the finger of economy would have been pointed at the multiplicity of well-paid offices held by your governor; another on fashionable physicians, and the impropriety of admitting medical men actually in practice to the commission of the peace—as to the special import of which I will say nothing. But Gribble has been so kind to me, and Mrs. Gribble is such a jolly woman, and Malvina——"

"Oh, you call her Malvina, do you?"

"Yes; we got as far as that some time ago."

"Well, look here, Alfred. You have given up your practical political joke?"

"Oh, I only thought of it when I was in a rage; but I could have carried it out all the same."

"Well, you have given it up. Gribble would have made a first-rate radical member of Parliament, I admit; but you have abandoned the idea. Now what about the little girl? You are not going to marry her?"

"Most certainly not. I'm going out to India."

"The two things might be combined. But of course you are not going to get married at your age."

"No; and, above all, not to Malvina. She is very lively and amusing, and she is deuced pretty, and I shall be very sorry to leave her; but I shouldn't dream of making her my wife."

"And you have no intention then of taking her away from her parents?"

"No, I am not such a blackguard."

"I didn't say you were; but you ought to do one thing or the other. To go on spooning habitually is one of the most silly things I know of. There is no meaning in it unless you are perpetually advancing; and, in that case, where are you to stop? I like Platonic love as much as any man, because it leads to the other. All I say is, see where you are going. If you want to carry off your Malvina it is not my affair, and I don't want to spoil sport."

"Not on any account whatever!"

"Then," said the wise cousin, "your conduct is very feeble, and you will end by getting yourself into a mess."

"I don't want to behave badly, and I don't want to behave foolishly," Alfred protested.

"But, my dear fellow, you are doing both. You are behaving badly towards the girl, who thinks at the very least that you are seriously in love with her. She might forgive you if you took her away from home, and afterwards abandoned her; but I am sure such a girl as that will never forgive you if you don't even pay her the compliment of running away with her."

"What bosh you are talking, Algernon!" exclaimed Alfred.

"No, I am not, indeed. She'll actually despise you if, after making love to her for nearly a year—and you really don't seem to do anything else—you have nothing to say to her at last, except that you wish her good bye, and that you are going off to India for the rest of your life."

"I am going to India merely to show that I can pass this idiotic examination if I please, and to see how I like it. I don't suppose I shall stay there more than three or four years at the utmost."

"In any case you will have to give up your Malvina altogether. Now I will tell you what will happen. You have no bad intentions towards the girl, but you will go on spooning with her until the very last moment. Then you will not like leaving her. She will weep, sob, throw herself round your neck, faint in your embrace, and you will not have nerve enough to unclasp her arms, put her quietly down on the sofa, and as soon as you see that she is being properly attended to, leave the house."

"I will not behave to her like a brute, certainly."

"No, you will end by marrying her; which, as you do not wish to marry her, and know you ought not to marry her, will be behaving like a fool."

"I will tell her at the first good opportunity," said Alfred, "that I am studying to pass my examination—she is always asking me what occupies me so much late at night—and if she doesn't understand then that I am going out to India, it really wont be *my* fault."

"That will only be the beginning of your difficulty," answered the cousin. "She will think, perhaps, that you mean to marry her and take her out; and you can't very well tell her beforehand that you have no such intention, though, sooner or later, that is what you will have to do."

(*To be continued.*)

THE LOSS OF THE "CAPTAIN."

"Toll for the brave."

As in the watches of the night
Some spirit takes its sudden flight,
Rapt, to the silent land,
When all its tenement of clay
Seemed full of hope and strength to stay
The fell Destroyer's hand:

O'er it a stricken household's eyes
Are strained in agonising guise,
In awe too deep for tears;
A speechless grief, whose furrowed track
Shows ever clear in tracing back
The cycle of the years:

So, with no cry to pierce the gale,
No warning gun to flash its tale
Of danger and despair,
In all her youth and all her pride,
Remorseless Ocean's latest bride,
The brave ship foundered there:

There, while around in armour'd sleep
Her consorts proudly rode the deep,
Nor dreamt the watery gale
Floated the dusky vans of death
Upon its current's icy breath
That doomed a sister sail.

Then broke the morn: each gilded wave
That rolled above the warriors' grave
Sparkled as bright and free
As if it hid but shells and weed,
And recked not of the fearful deed
Its depths alone might see.

There rest the noble and the good,
The stalwart pride of manlihood,
And youth's unfolding bloom;
Labour of busy brain and hand,
That England only can command,
Snatch'd to an early tomb.

Sole relics of that Ocean war,
A shattered boat, a broken spar,
A remnant of her crew,
To tell the story of her fall
To widowed homes and hearths, and all
Britannia's grief renew.

What if no battle thunder rang,
No hurtling bolts of slaughter sang,
Shall they unhonoured lie?
Unheard though Triumph's notes, we raise
A nation's voice in Duty's praise,
Who taught them how to die.

And sailors, as their course they shape
Around the solitary Cape
A prosperous track to keep,
Its rugged outline torn and rent
Shall hail their comrades' monument
Who in its shadows sleep.

The changes of the heaving swell
Shall ring their everlasting knell
Against the echoing strand;
And o'er them roll Atlantic waves,
Green as the grass on mounded graves
In their own native land.

ASTEROID.

THE INVESTOR.

BY A CITY AUTHORITY.

WHAT we have always said and felt in connection with the state of business in public securities is now becoming thoroughly confirmed, viz.:—"That money will beat the war." What we mean by this is, that the first shock created by the hostilities having passed, and trade having become prostrated and thoroughly harassed, the influx of capital has so increased, that prices have perforce advanced, and investments have been made, rendering the several markets bare of the sound leading securities. This circumstance has been chronicled twice before, and prior to the close of the year it will have to be chronicled again and again. It has been extremely apparent during the Account of the 15th, just terminating, that almost every kind of Stock and Share has been freely withdrawn. Such a state of things is not surprising. With the Bank of England rate reduced to 3 per cent., £8,000,000 in sterling, bills, and securities received from France and Germany for safe employment and custody, the money market may be well conceived to be supplied beyond all precedent. No wonder, with capital pouring in at this rate, and with important amounts still on their way from India, Australia, and America, the official *minimum* is expected to descend to 2½ per cent. Some of the most sanguine of the operators think it not improbable that the terms in Threadneedle Street will recede to 2½ per cent., or if the war should continue, to 2 per cent. Should this in reality prove the fact, the further spring in quotations must be remarkable. If peace should on the other hand be arranged, there would at once be an absorption in various channels, and the improvement would be averted.

For the moment we must look at the actual situation of affairs, and hope the best we can for the future. The value of securities, no question, will rise, even the most miscellaneous must be affected by the steady purchases going forward. But while financial movements may produce good results, and Stocks and Shares return large interest for sums temporarily placed out, it must be allowed that the serious check to trade and enterprise is producing most lamentable consequences. They are not immediately felt, and perhaps December and

January may have to arrive ere the fatal effects will be perceived. That they will come, and that they will turn out disastrous, must not be doubted—for the course of business in India, the cotton frauds, the panic in China, and the absence of protection to life and property in the remote East, are all events fraught with mischief, the progress of which time alone can properly solve. It is nevertheless satisfactory to know that the banking and mercantile community are prepared for the worst; money ruling fortunately as low as it does, will assist all but the weakest of the weak out of this startling difficulty.

It is the same "old dull round" in the English Stock department. Prices are supported, and through quiet purchases values have advanced. But there has been no great extent of activity. Consols have improved and Reduced and New are higher. Colonial government securities have gone up, but the investments in these have not been of the importance anticipated. Nevertheless, it must be allowed that there is a desire to take these descriptions, although the principal classes already are placed at full quotations. The Government broker will, by the end of the quarter, have exhausted the surplus of revenue to be applied to the Sinking fund. Upwards of £1,000,000 has thus been expended in the purchase of Consols, New and Reduced, the amount taken latterly having been £34,000 on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in each week.

The Bank of England reduction in the rate of discount to 3 per cent. shows the general state of the money market. With the present accession of bullion we shall have a greater abundance than ever. From every direction supplies are being received, and it will be difficult to arrest this influx. Paris, which was said only a few months ago to be the centre of the European markets, is now deposed; and Berlin stands aloof at present through the general demands of the war. Holland takes steady rank among the financial countries of importance, and following the course of England, has lowered the rate of discount to 5 per cent. The disparity between the Amsterdam and the London quotations is at once explained through the circumstances regulating the different markets. The accounts of the Bank of France will in future be issued in Tours, and the terms for advances are quite exceptional, owing to the disturbed position of Paris. Speculative business in the other Continental cities is quite prostrate, and will doubtless remain so till we approach a settlement for peace.

The Khedive (Egyptian) loan has once more cropped up, being now announced as recognised by the Sultan. It may be remembered that this operation, when it was first brought out some time ago by Messrs. Bischoffheim and Goldschmidt, encountered the most severe

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It is the same "old dull round" in the English Stock department. Prices are supported, and through quiet purchases values have advanced. But there has been no great extent of activity. Consols have improved and Reduced and New are higher. Colonial government securities have gone up, but the investments in these have not been of the importance anticipated. Nevertheless, it must be allowed that there is a desire to take these descriptions, although the principal classes already are placed at full quotations. The Government broker will, by the end of the quarter, have exhausted the surplus of revenue to be applied to the Sinking fund. Upwards of £1,000,000 has thus been expended in the purchase of Consols, New and Reduced, the amount taken latterly having been £34,000 on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in each week.

The Bank of England reduction in the rate of discount to 3 per cent. shows the general state of the money market. With the present accession of bullion we shall have a greater abundance than ever. From every direction supplies are being received, and it will be difficult to arrest this influx. Paris, which was said only a few months ago to be the centre of the European markets, is now deposed; and Berlin stands aloof at present through the general demands of the war. Holland takes steady rank among the financial countries of importance, and following the course of England, has lowered the rate of discount to 5 per cent. The disparity between the Amsterdam and the London quotations is at once explained through the circumstances regulating the different markets. The accounts of the Bank of France will in future be issued in Tours, and the terms for advances are quite exceptional, owing to the disturbed position of Paris. Speculative business in the other Continental cities is quite prostrate, and will doubtless remain so till we approach a settlement for peace.

The Khedive (Egyptian) loan has once more cropped up, being now announced as recognised by the Sultan. It may be remembered that this operation, when it was first brought out some time ago by Messrs. Bischoffheim and Goldschmidt, encountered the most severe opposition. Had it not been for the indomitable energy and perseverance of this firm, the Viceroy would have never obtained the money, and the bonds would never have been floated. Notwithstanding the opposition, of course from interested parties, the transaction was a success, and both in Paris and London the subscriptions were large. Being brought forward at a period shortly antecedent to the war, the price, when the panic came, naturally went to a discount, and for a time the bonds were almost unsaleable. At length, when values recovered, there was some business transacted, and a wide quotation of 15 to 20 discount was made. Since then a further rally has ensued, and a greater disposition is manifested to deal in the Stock. The nearest price now is 6 to 4 discount, and a further rise is anticipated, because of the approaching dividend on the 1st October and the prospect of an absorption of the Bonds as ranging among the category of low-priced securities. If Turkish stand at good values, Egyptian of all classes should be decidedly better than at present. The resources of the country are large, its productive powers unquestioned, and the dividends and sinking funds are regularly arranged and provided for. There can, therefore, be no better basis for the credit of Egypt than the existing condition of things, seeing the friendly relations maintained between the Sultan and the Viceroy.

Such has been the stagnation of business in the general Foreign Stock department, that brokers have had to report from day to day "a very limited market and scarcely any fluctuation in prices." Still a gradual rise has followed through small steady purchases, and with the increased easiness of money, the rise has been sustained. Every half-monthly Account Stock continues to be withdrawn, and the improvement is invariably apparent about the 15th, or the end of the month. Most persons have been quietly getting into Stock, and the majority appear to believe in a further considerable upward improvement on the conclusion of peace. Those who have bought at very low values, should not, however, wait for that event, but realise and take their profit, since no doubt the speculators have partially "discounted" that important and devoutly wished-for announcement. The various foreign classes exhibit great strength. Turkish, Egyptian, Argentine, Brazilian, Peruvian—even Spanish, which have been unduly depressed, making quiet progress in the favourable direction. For steady and future investment at the present average rates, the greater number of Stocks will yield good interest. San Domingo will again shortly come into notice; it has already gone up, but it must yet stand at a much better price. Honduras is supported. Mexican have been firmer on the recent negociations with the President. If not at present successful, they will eventually be so, and at the current price this Stock is cheap to buy and place "in the Box." We have a strong attachment for Venezuela. It is very low, and an arrangement must, before long, be made. The revolution in New Grenada has made that Stock rather heavy. At the same time there is a large trade with Germany, which now, through the war, is vastly crippled.

Railway shares are, as a rule, stronger. There have been occasional fluctuations, but not of a character to create severe depression. The accident on the London and North-Western produced flatness, and the principal kinds for twenty-four hours were quoted at lower prices. The subsequent traffics being in almost every instance favourable, have induced purchases, and they now remain in a very satisfactory position. The next half-yearly dividends will be encouraging if the war is not further protracted, as trade will then have a chance of reviving. When the revival takes place it will be sharp and decided, as throughout France and Germany they will be bare of most things. Canadian shares have been pretty steady; Lombardo-Venetian have been dull through the apprehension of the *interim* dividend not exceeding 12fr. 50c. instead of the usual 20fr. Antwerp and Rotterdam and Great Luxembourg are rather higher.

In American Securities the great feature has been the endeavour to pull the Atlantic and Great Western Railway through its difficulties. It was thought amongst the "machinations" of Fiske, Gould, and Co., this would be almost impossible. Mr. James M'Henry, the president, has "struggled and fought" and "fought and struggled" against all cliques and all opposition; but for the material assistance he has received from his own London agents, Messrs. Bischoffheim and Goldschmidt, he must have succumbed, and the property with him. It is now fairly on its legs again, and prospects exist of the undertaking coming once more to the fore, and proving profitable. If the directors of the Erie would only be honest, and give the Atlantic and Great Western credit for its proper earnings, the task of restoring its fortunes would be less difficult. It will, however, be shortly accomplished, and, with the introduction of vigorous management, every class of bond and debenture holder may be expected to rank in a more advantageous situation than recently.

Banking Shares have scarcely been maintained at the best point, because the reduction in the rate of discount, which has been as rapid as the previous rise, leaves less margin for profit. It is in this way that the value of these securities is gauged. Dull trade with low terms for discount cannot produce good dividends, and at the close of the year, through the Franco-Prussian contest a few failures may have to be recorded. The foreign establishments, such as the Anglo-Austrian, the Anglo-Hungarian, and the Imperial Ottoman, suffer through the war; but the changes in these have been less violent than before, and the basis of business is decidedly stronger. The disturbance of mercantile engagements throughout the length and breadth of the globe, owing to the paralysis of French and German commerce, cannot be yet appreciated. It will only be realized after the war has terminated and peace has been concluded.

There is a steady disposition exhibited to pick up and select a few of the Miscellaneous Shares. The market for Telegraph Construction has recovered in a great degree from its late heaviness. Hooper's Construction Works have rallied, and legitimate purchases have been made at the recent depreciated quotations. We shall see the best of the Telegraph Shares return to a higher point, since the traffic has been good, and the revenue of the various routes will steadily augment. Greater activity has been exhibited in Mining Shares. The Californian, Nevada, and some of the Welsh Companies are attracting a moderate amount of business, but the variations in prices have not been extensive. Favourable reports have been received from the Eberhardt, the Sierra Buttes, and the Taquaril (Brazilian) Companies, and prices have advanced. The Welsh Mines in many cases are making fair returns of ore. The end of the year will see one or two more paying dividends.

September 20, 1870.—Strong rumours of peace, the German houses buying Stock in the belief that it must come. A speedy settlement of terms, however, not anticipated. Bank of England dividend confirmed to-day at the rate of 4½ per cent. for the half-year.

* * *

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

A DISCOVERY, which portent seekers may regard as significant, if they please, has been made concerning the architecture of the basilica of St. Peter—the "pride of Rome." The wonderful edifice has been found to be out of symmetry. For generations men have looked upon the stately dome with all sorts of eyes: architects have planned and artists have painted it; and no one till this year has suspected that there was a hitch in the structure. Lately, however, a French tourist—a venerable *abbé*, holding an official position—with a keen eye discovered that there was a want of uniformity between the dome and the axis of the building; not a questionable want of architectural harmony, but an absolute malformation or defect of building. A close examination showed the line cutting the centre of the dome to be a métre and a half to the left of the central line passing through the western entrance door; in other words, that the dome is about five feet out of position. The announcement of this discovery aroused surprise in some breasts and indignation in others. One architect, Martinucci, was for preventing the publication of the fact; others were for officially recognising it. A learned father, Secchi, declared that a general unsymmetry was known to exist (!); that the chapel of Saint Sacrement was a metre out of place; that the arcades near the tribune differed one from the other, and that this latest addition to the known deformities was not worth cognizance. Evidently the Romans are a little annoyed at the disclosure, and they handle the *abbé* rather roughly. The latter affirms that Pius the Ninth, upon ascending the Pontifical throne, declared that if ever he became rich he would reconstruct the façade of the building, which exhibits many imperfections. A disputant on the Roman side denies this affirmation. Whom shall we believe? So far as the possible fulfilment of the alleged promise is concerned it does not much matter.

THE centenary of the birth of Beethoven, which event happened on 17th December, 1770, at Bonn, will this year be celebrated throughout Germany by many musical festivals on a large scale, unless indeed the Franco-Prussian war should change the arrangements that have for some time past been in preparation. At Bonn, the festival performances were announced to commence on September 11. Ferdinand Hiller, whose name is universally identified with all that is excellent in Art, is conductor, while Charles Hallé and Joachim will take part in the programmes drawn up for the occasion. In Vienna the celebration is to take place some time during October. The Berlin musical authorities have chosen December as the month in which to do honour to the memory of the great composer. In London Mr. Ella anticipated the anniversary by celebrating it at the last meeting of the Musical Union on July 5. Following Mr. Ella's example, the Philharmonic Society devoted the programme of its eighth concert this season exclusively to Beethoven, so that phlegmatic Englishmen may be said to have been somewhat beforehand with the Germans in honouring the illustrious tone-poet. To the founder and director of the Musical Union is undoubtedly due the credit of having familiarised the London public with Beethoven's chamber music. By the performances given under Mr. Ella's direction the trios, quartets, and other classical works of the master, have become as well known to those who attend the Musical Union as any of the most popular operas of the period. That which the Philharmonics and other societies have done for orchestral composition, Mr. Ella was the foremost to attempt and succeed in doing for exclusively intellectual compositions.

CHUNDER SEN might well be bewildered at the degree to which advertising is carried with us, for it affords matter for wonder even to ourselves who have seen the giant mania growing. The art of puffing has become so intricate that we doubt whether a casual visitor like the bronzed Indian could get an insight into it. You need to make a study of what most men treat with contempt, hoardings and fly-sheets: and you need to look with hypercritical eye on everyone and everything you meet, to detect if he, she, or it, is or is not, a puff in disguise. Then the magnitude of the system: it is astounding. Paltry little articles are advertized to such an extent, that one would think a year's gross takings from the sale of them would not cover a week's advertisements. Who has not seen somebody's mustard leaves announced upon the walls of the principal railway stations, where space is very costly, and in a style that could only be paid for by every Briton having a plaister on every night, supposing the profit on the article not enormous? Who that has seen a panacea in the shape of an electric chain, puffed by whole pages of newspaper advertisements day after day, has not puzzled himself to think how this superfluous thrusting under the public nose can possibly pay; considering that not one man in a thousand can want the article, and that a day's advertising must cost the price of a score of the things sold? But some puffs are more subtle than costly: think of a suburban tavern and garden keeper offering prizes to barmaids, and getting some fifty of them together ostensibly on show, occultly for the sake of inducing visitors to stop and sip at each of the fifty bars, at which the ladies of the corkscrew and beer engine preside! Think of a tailoring firm—not the old offenders—sending out, post free, an admirably got-up history of woollen manufactures, in a cloth bound, well-printed volume of 170 pages, with no syllable of puff in it beyond their name on the title page. This is costly and genteel. As a mysterious advertisement, fulfilling its purpose of keeping its subject on people's lips for long before the said subject makes its appearance, we have as yet had nothing like "Ozokerit." Conversationalists owe the originator their patronage for having in that mysterious word furnished them with a topic to be introduced upon an emergency. The score of guesses at its meaning we will not allude to more than to say that it is curious no one has noted its apparent connection with the Greek verb signifying to smell. Even the proprietors of the new light must have overlooked this. They certainly do not hope to have "to smell" associated with "to burn."

JUST before the French empire fell, a newspaper writer complained that the skies had been indifferent to the commotion on earth, that the sun had not hid his face in eclipse, and that no comet had opportunely appeared to show the wrath of Heaven at man's bickerings. The murmur was uttered too soon. Whether the comet-seekers thought of their own accord or by others' suggestions that they ought to find a bearded star for the occasion, and were vigilant till they detected one, whether one intruded itself upon their gaze as a true celestial messenger, or whether the appearance was a mere coincidence, we will leave everyone free to judge for himself according to his faith. But certain it is that on the night of August 28, a keen telescopist descried a little visitor from the depths of space coming into our system. And this telescopist was a French official one, imperially appointed to the sky-searching task. His eyrie was at Marseilles, but his headquarters were at Paris. The comet he found was a poor little thing to look at; certainly not

> "A *blazing* star,
> Threatening the world with famine, plague, and war;
> To princes death; to kingdoms many curses;
> To all estates, inevitable losses;
> To herdsmen, rot; to ploughmen, hapless seasons;
> To sailors, storm; to cities, civil treasons."

It does not blaze now, it only looms; but it may happen to shine forth grandly in a few weeks, and then what a fine thing it will be for fantastic historians to connect with mundane affairs! If fatalism influences the leading actor of the tragedy now playing out, as it did his prototype, whose lucky star was a comet whereon an astronomer of the period wrote a pamphlet, this messenger of fate that has just appeared ought to be an object of peculiar interest. Louis Napoleon has been cometically lucky. The year of his birth marks the apparition of two of those vagarious bodies; and in his great year, 1851, no less than four coursed our skies. But all were comparatively puny lights. It is to be hoped that the present one will grow to a magnitude of importance; not for the astrologers' sakes, however, but for the delectation of the curious watchers who are wanting a comet to scrutinize in the interests of science.

A STORY comes across the sea, from one of the numerous light-ships that define our coast, which is highly curious if the inference from the facts be correctly drawn. A light-keeper relating his experience of the common tendency of sea birds to dash towards the lanthorns and settle upon the rigging of light-vessels, adds that he has noticed the birds remain on the ship if the night has been cloudy, but take their departure as soon as the stars have become visible. Hence he infers that the birds are enabled to shape their course for land by the stars, thus proving themselves astronomers by instinct. Strange if true: and it may be true, for animals have powers of observation of which we have small conception. But we rather suspect that the bird eyeing a star, flies towards it as towards a terrestrial light, ignorant of its distance. They who have studied the seemingly mad flight of winged things against lamps and bright windows, are pretty confident that the light is rushed at as at an aperture of escape from darkness. The tendency of animate things is to seek light spaces; and when we see a bird or a moth dash at a flame, we may be sure from the very force and rapidity of its motion, that it regards the bright spot as a hole or window, through which it can dart into some space more brilliantly illuminated than that in which it is flying. Put a few flies into a bottle, and lay it uncorked with the bottom towards a source of light; the flies will crowd to the lightward end and never attempt to escape by the open neck. Turn the glass prison neck to light, and the flies will escape directly. Glass is a substance out of a low creature's cognizance. Flies, birds, and animals dash stunningly against windows, because they know not of the invisible barrier. Lighthouse-keepers see birds maimed and killed by the force with which they come against the lanthorns. In all such cases the behaviour of the animal shows that it mistakes the light for a hole. And we can easily conceive a night bird rising after rest upon a ship and directing its flight in the direction of a star. We commend this subject to the study of naturalists; if examination should confirm the old light-ship keeper's notion that sea birds are guided by the stars, all the more interesting will the study become.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE
NOVEMBER, 1870.

THE PASSAGE OF THE MONT CENIS.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ROAD, THE MOUNTAIN RAILROAD, AND THE GREAT TUNNEL OF THE ALPS.

BY PROFESSOR ANSTED.

FROM the time of Hannibal—who is said to have smoothed the way over the rugged path across the Alps by melting the rocks with vinegar—to that of the great Napoleon, who conveyed troops, stores and artillery, over the same route with the indomitable energy that marked his character, the way from Gaul to Italy by the valleys of the Rhone, the Isère and the Arc, across a narrow and not very lofty mountain crest into the valley of the Dora, and so into the rich plains of Piedmont, has been a common and favourite route for commercial and warlike purposes. This pass, one of a large number not very different originally in point of accessibility, but now the best and most convenient of all, crosses close to the Mont Cenis, the highest part of the road being 2,100 metres or 6,890 feet above the sea. At the beginning of the present century it still remained as it had done for ages, altogether inaccessible for wheel carriages, and it was not till 1803 that the construction of a practicable road commenced. In 1810 this road was completed, at the cost, it is said, of seven and a half millions of francs (300,000*l.* sterling), and the road thus formed is perhaps still as remarkable among works of its kind as any mountain road in existence. From the foot of the mountain on the French side almost to the summit, it consists of a succession of zigzags, so that the rise for carriages consists of an easy and regular slope. On the other, or Italian side, the descent is naturally easier and more gentle, and the run down to Susa offered no considerable difficulty to the engineer. But if the road is easy and well engineered, it must be admitted on the other hand that it is not remarkably picturesque; the glimpses of lofty mountains covered with snow being in summer few and distant. The Mont Cenis road is, in fact, as common-place as Alpine scenery can well be, and nothing was wanted but a railroad and tunnel to remove it altogether from the regions of romance, and reduce the journey from France to Italy to the absolute level of modern civilization.

But, after all, the Alpine valleys cannot be made to lose their interest by any amount of facility in getting from one place to another. It is quite impossible for any intelligent person to travel along the modern line of railroad from Culoz by Amberieu, and Chambéry to Aiguebelle and St. Michel, without being charmed with the magnificence and grandeur of the mighty Alps, amongst whose valleys he is making his way. He is met at every turn with phenomena nowhere to be found in Europe but in this great mountain system. The charming lake of Bourget, the views from Chambéry, the gradual closing in of the mountains when the Iséran valley is left and that of the Arc is entered, the change in the character of the scenery with the change of the rocks, the pine forests and other vegetation, and a hundred details of great and varied interest, make the time pass rapidly in spite of the slowness of the train. St. Michel is reached but too soon, and it is then that the serious business of the passage of the Alps may be said to commence. It is only within the last two or three years that there was much choice from this point in the selection of conveyances. A long range of massive diligences, somewhat reduced from the standard weight and clumsiness, but still heavy and lumbering enough, were till then always to be seen drawn up in a row in the wide court yard of the railway station, and carriages of lighter build were also there for hire. But the latter commanded very high prices, and no other varieties of accommodation presented themselves. In winter old diligences, the wheels being removed, served as sledges, but they rarely came down into the valley. The road then continued along the valley of the Arc to Lanslebourg, through a wild, scarcely cultivable tract of small width, with a rushing torrent on one side and a steep precipitous mountain slope on the other. It has always been subject to injury and interruption, both after heavy rains in spring and from winter avalanches. A few years ago, communication between France and Italy was seriously interrupted by an accident of this kind. At

Lanslebourg, a small hamlet of a score wooden huts, the road up the mountain side commenced. Lanslebourg itself is 4,630 feet above the sea, and therefore the rise from this point is only 2,360 feet. The mountain side is very steep, and the facility with which the ascent is made is entirely due to the zigzags, which are most ingeniously constructed. Near the summit is a large lake celebrated for its trout: it is frozen half the year, being 6,290 feet above the sea. From the summit into Italy the descent is long and easy. The whole distance from Lanslebourg to Susa is 23 miles. There are no especially fine points of view in any part of the ascent or descent, and although Mont Blanc is distant only about 40 miles, there is no indication anywhere of the scenery of this important part of the Savoy chain.

Along this same road, generally occupying a portion of it, and nowhere at a distance of more than a few yards from it, has been constructed the ingenious and remarkable railway known as the "Fell" or mountain railway. Its inventor is an American, and on the spot the line is called by the common people " e train Americain." The peculiarity of this railway consists in the contrivances by which extra horizontal wheels, attached to and worked by the engine, are made to clasp, as it were, a central or third rail, and carry on the engine and train up or down an incline of one in twelve without much difference of speed, turning also the whole train on a curve of as little as 40 feet radius. The engine and the separate carriages are short and low, and to each carriage are attached powerful breaks, which can also be made to clasp the central rail and thus stop the whole train if required, even when going at a quick pace down a steep incline. This railway is now laid along the whole distance from St. Michel to Susa, and the whole distance (between fifty and sixty miles) is traversed at the rate of ten miles an hour under ordinary circumstances.

The traveller has, however, still the choice of proceeding by the diligence, and there is never wanting a sufficient number of passengers to render this a profitable speculation. In the first place the rail though under ordinary circumstances in good working order, is subject to little accidents involving great delays. The diligence, if slow, is tolerably sure. In the next place the diligence is far better than the railway for those who desire to enjoy the scenery. In the third place it is decidedly cheaper, and this is no trifling consideration in the case of a journey which is always, and of necessity, very expensive in proportion to the distance.

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The alternative of the diligence is not altogether without its drawbacks. The *coupée* is pleasant enough, and the *impériale* and *banquette* perhaps even better in some respects in fine warm weather, but the *intérieur* is not to be advised, and the terrible *rotonde* is, as usual, suggestive of the Black Hole. Starting from St. Michel before the mountain train, it does not reach Susa in much less than eight hours; and there is thus always an important part of the time in darkness. But the most interesting part of the route is passed when the descent has well commenced, and thus there is not much lost on the whole; and the impression left on the imagination is perhaps even greater than it would be if the eye were fatigued with the comparatively tame scenery of the Italian slope of this Alp.

The only very pleasant and satisfactory way of crossing this and all other carriageable passes is to hire a private conveyance—an open carriage, if possible—and give up an entire day to the work. In this manner, and by stopping at various points, the general character of the pass may be studied, and all that is interesting may conveniently and without fatigue be visited. Those who cannot endure the fatigue, or spare the time to cross the much more grand but less accessible passes may form at least some notion of Alpine beauty, vastness, and wildness, while reposing in a comfortable carriage on a road equal to any in Europe, and traversing this mountain crest between France and Italy.

But the traveller who would thus make an easy journey, and yet see the scenery of the mountains, must hasten thither while there is time; and should know that, before long, no such chance will be offered. In the Alps, as on the plains of Europe, the railroad is rapidly superseding all other modes of conveyance. The line of rail which now meanders through the valleys reaching only to St.

is often incapable of carrying the weight attached to it, which does not exceed three, or at most, four small carriages in the valley and two on the mountain. There are also occasionally trifling derangements of machinery, of no serious moment, but involving delay. Even in summer this happens constantly; but in winter the delays of this kind are very much more frequent and serious. Every one who has the opportunity should travel over the line once or twice to do justice to its extreme ingenuity, and the success with which it overcomes the most serious engineering difficulties, in mounting the steep slopes and rounding almost impossible curves. The great danger occurs in winter, when the snow covers the ground thickly and there is doubt as to whether the route is practicable. It needs no little nerve to start on the ascent of the mountain on a dark winter's night, when there is snow enough on the ground to make all travelling difficult, when there is a chance of heavy falls of snow on the mountain top, and when the condition of the weather on the other side is altogether uncertain. At such moments everything depends on the coolness and intelligence of the engineer in charge; and the ascent and descent of the steep slopes and small curves must be managed rather by intuition and long-acquired habit, than by anything seen or felt at the time. There have been, however, no serious accidents, and, on the whole, few delays of importance.

The scenery of the Mont Cenis route, though undeniably inferior to that of any of the great mountain passes of Switzerland and the Tyrol, is still sufficiently important to be well worth visiting, and those who have not made acquaintance with it will naturally desire to see as much as possible. Owing to the time of arrival and departure of the trains from Paris, the hours devoted to the passage by the trains and diligence are fixed quite independently of the convenience of the tourist who desires to pass the mountains by day for the sake of the scenery. The express train, however, now leaves at half-past one in the afternoon, and should reach Susa about seven in the evening; thus ensuring daylight for the whole journey in summer. The second or omnibus train leaves at 3.15, to arrive a little before nine; and thus the latter part of the descent is in the dark. Returning, the trains leave Susa at 7.17 a.m. and 8 a.m. respectively, and therefore the journey is made entirely by day. But, in the first place, the carriages are narrow, small, low, and uncomfortable omnibuses, with but few windows, which only open by sliding. These carriages are almost always so crowded as to render it no easy matter to see much of the prospect without going to the door, and during the greater part of the ascent the road is protected by galleries entirely enclosed by a roof and wall of corrugated iron, which as effectually cuts off all view as if they were tunnels. There is another inconvenience not a little disagreeable. On approaching one of these galleries or tunnels the guard rushes to close all the windows and doors of all the carriages; the object being to exclude the sulphurous air and smoke from the chimney of the engine. The result is anything but pleasant. The omnibuses being small and low, as already described, they become, when thus shut up, almost too close for ordinary throats and lungs. Thus the railroad transit, though useful and comparatively quick, is not pleasant, and certainly does not permit the traveller either to enjoy the prospect of the mountain scenery or to breathe in comfort during the time he is shut up.

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The only very pleasant and satisfactory way of crossing this and all other carriageable passes is to hire a private conveyance—an open carriage, if possible—and give up an entire day to the work. In this manner, and by stopping at various points, the general character of the pass may be studied, and all that is interesting may conveniently and without fatigue be visited. Those who cannot endure the fatigue, or spare the time to cross the much more grand but less accessible passes may form at least some notion of Alpine beauty, vastness, and wildness, while reposing in a comfortable carriage on a road equal to any in Europe, and traversing this mountain crest between France and Italy.

But the traveller who would thus make an easy journey, and yet see the scenery of the mountains, must hasten thither while there is time; and should know that, before long, no such chance will be offered. In the Alps, as on the plains of Europe, the railroad is rapidly superseding all other modes of conveyance. The line of rail which now meanders through the valleys reaching only to

Michel, and that which continues from St. Michel up the valley, and then breasts the hill and crosses the mountain regardless of the steepness of the ascent, will soon be merged into a continuous line, turning off out of the valley about half way between St. Michel and Lanslebourg. Boldly entering the hill, by a tunnel about seven and a half miles in length, it will penetrate the very bowels of the earth among these mighty Alps, emerging on the other side of the axis, and abandoning all that is interesting together with all that is dangerous and troublesome in the mountain trip. When once this tunnel is completed there will be little need of the Mont Cenis road, and it cannot but be neglected. It is difficult to say in what time the road, once superseded, will be so far out of order as to be unusable. The expense of keeping it in repair is exceedingly great, and every year considerable mischief is done by avalanches; so that, in all probability, there will be little travelling on it by ordinary travellers. As a road for local purposes, however, and perhaps as a military road, it may be kept in some sort of repair, though hardly in the state that has hitherto been judged necessary.

It is evident that for a long time to come the tunnel through the Alps near the Mont Cenis pass is likely to supersede all other roads, and convey a vast number of passengers and goods through, instead of across, the great natural barrier which the Alps present between northern and southern Europe. Much has been recently said about other Alpine tunnels, but none has been seriously undertaken; nor in the present state of political affairs in Europe is any likely to be commenced for some time to come. Meanwhile, the work we are referring to is on the very point of completion, all the possible or real difficulties having either been avoided or overcome; and it may be predicted, with a confidence approaching to certainty, that the present year will witness the actual piercing of the mountain, and the opening of a way between the valleys that carry water to the Gulf of Lyons and those that drain into the Adriatic. The reader who has followed the official returns of the progress of the tunnel may think that, as there still remains nearly half a mile to bore through, this statement is premature, and that accidents and delays may still occur. No doubt, if, by any sad complexity of political affairs, the war that is now raging should involve Italy as well as the northern powers, the requisite human labour might cease to be available; but without such a crisis there is no probability of interruption. Provided only that the machinery, which has been so well tried, and which is now in admirable working order, should continue to hold out another six months, there cannot be much doubt that the two ends will meet. One more year will, perhaps, be sufficient to complete, not only the tunnel but the approaches, and connect the lines of France and Italy by a continuous rail little liable to interruption.

A recent visit to the immediate neighbourhood of the tunnel, and to the resident engineers at both ends, and a study of the collections of rocks that have been made during the progress of the works, has enabled me to appreciate fully this state of approximate certainty as to the further progress and completion of the work, and also the causes of the difference in progress at the two ends. What may be called the physical history of the tunnel, as distinguished from its history as a work of engineering and mechanics, is now nearly complete, and possesses considerable interest.

The great tunnel through the Alps passes under the Mont Frejus about 16 miles west of the Mont Cenis and the pass known by that name. It is therefore very incorrectly termed the Mont Cenis tunnel. It cuts through the watershed of the Rhone and the Po, which in this part of the Alps is a crest varying from seven to ten thousand feet above the sea. Mont Tabor, the highest part of this crest, is a few miles to the west of the tunnel, and is 10,430 feet above the sea, while the Mont Cenis pass, the lowest point, is about the same distance to the east, and is 6,890 feet above the sea. The height of the observatory on the summit of the ridge over the tunnel is 9,676 feet. The levels of the valleys to the north and south of this crest or watershed are respectively 3,612 and 4,380 feet. This difference of level, upwards of 750 feet, by which the valley on the south, or Italian side, exceeds the northern or French side, would seem at first sight to offer some difficulties in constructing the tunnel, especially if much water had been met with. By taking advantage, however, of the form of the valley, the railway will be carried by a zigzag on the mountain side to some hundred feet higher level before entering the mountain on the French side, reaching the entrance of the tunnel at 4,046 feet. There thus remains a difference of 334 feet, which when distributed over the seven and a half miles, is found to be equivalent to a gradient of 44 feet in a mile, or one in 120.

The tunnel has not been in course of actual construction more than twelve years, but it had been suggested as long ago as in 1841, in a pamphlet published at Lyons by Signor Medail of Bardoneche. This pamphlet was brought under the notice of Charles Albert, at that time King of Sardinia, in whose dominions were included the whole valley of the Arc as well as both sides of the mountain crest. The work was thus from the first exclusively Italian, and France only became interested in it when it took possession of Savoy. The work has been carried on throughout from both sides by Italian engineers, according to the terms of the treaty by which Savoy was ceded to France. The King referred the matter to the Minister of the Interior to make due inquiries, and the engineering and physical questions involved were submitted to the consideration and judgment of M. Maus, a Belgian, who was engineer-in-chief of the Turin and Genoa railway, then in course of construction, and Professor Sismonda, a very eminent geologist employed in the preparation of a geological map of Sardinia, since published. These two gentlemen, after visiting and carefully examining the whole of the chain between Mont Cenis and Monte Ginevra, reported favourably of the line selected by M. Medail, which was ultimately adopted. The matter then went into the hands of other engineers (who have now undertaken the work for the Government), but as on further investigation and calculation, based on the rate of progress of similar works already undertaken, it was estimated that at least thirty-five years would be required for the tunnelling, even if no unexpected difficulties and no accidents supervened, it was natural enough that the Government should pause before deciding on a work of such magnitude entirely for the benefit of a future generation. Then came the question whether by some mechanical contrivance it might not be possible to accelerate the progress. It was soon found altogether out of the question to attack the tunnel at any point between the two extremities. In most cases when railway tunnels are required, a shaft or many shafts are sunk from the surface, and the work goes on from each shaft towards both ends, at the same time that the two ends are being driven. In this way, by means of two shafts a tunnel of three miles might be divided into six sections of half a mile each, and so in proportion. But in the case before us the height of rock above the tunnel would be as much as 1,500 feet at a distance of less than half a mile on the Piedmont side, and almost as much on the Savoy side. To sink two shafts to a depth of 1,500 feet in an Alpine country, and after all leave an interval of more than six miles, was not to be considered for a moment. The whole distance (7½ miles), must therefore be pierced from the two ends. A machine was contrived by M. Maus which, taking advantage of the water power abundantly available on both sides of the mountain, was expected to reduce the time required for the work by one-fourth, but owing to the political events of 1848 this machine was never actually put together and used. After the disturbed times had passed, and when Italy became a kingdom, the engineers charged with the execution of the work had perfected the ingenious and most effective machinery that has since been used for perforating the rocks. Some time, of course, elapsed before operations could be carried on with steadiness and vigour; but for many years past the tunnelling has been going on, not only steadily but with gradually increasing certainty and facility, and the work is now, as we have already seen, almost in a complete state.

A visit to the tunnel works in their present state is interesting and instructive, and is well worthy of the time and trouble involved. Leaving Turin by the evening train the journey to Susa in summer time is full of interest, the road passing first across the plain with the mountains at a distance, but soon entering the valley and shut in by the lower flanking chain of the Alps on each side, with ruins of mediæval castles occasionally crowning the hills. The counterforts of the chain consist of serpentine, which is almost immediately succeeded by gneissic rocks and mica schist, and then by altered schists of the oolitic period altogether changed so as to resemble the oldest rocks of the Alps. These continue across the mountain axes and reach to St. Michel. Picturesque old castles and equally picturesque dirty villages succeed each other pretty rapidly; the valley is moderately wide and cultivated, and after passing the small town of Bussoleno the mountains close in and soon the little town of Susa is reached. Here the main line of railway ends, and when the tunnel is completed it will avoid the town and present station altogether. The works are seen in passing, and are well advanced.

The view of the valley from Susa is very striking. Looking from the town there is a vast amphitheatre, almost closed except towards the east, where the torrent of the Dora makes its way to join the Po at Turin. The narrow gorge up whose sides the mountain road rises to reach the pass of the Mont Cenis, seems to be shut in entirely behind, and the upper valley of the Dora, turning towards the south, is concealed from view. The result something resembles those curious *cirques* common in the Pyrenees, and the effect is grand. Susa itself does not contain much beyond a number of hotels, but near it are the remains of an old triumphal arch, built in honour of Augustus a little before the Christian era. There is also a cathedral of the 12th century, but not much of it remains.

From Susa a diligence takes you to Bardoneche, the point where the tunnel works commence on the Piedmont side. The road first rises considerably by zigzags to a terrace about 170 feet above the valley.

up to which level there is a large quantity of river gravel cut through here and there. The views of Susa and the cirque behind it are very fine. The road continues to rise for a long distance, passing the village of Chaumont, a little beyond which is a strong fortress destroyed by the French. The valley is generally well cultivated, and yields corn and fruit, besides a vast amount of chesnuts, but it continues to rise steadily, and where the road descends and crosses the river at a distance of about eight miles from Susa, the aneroid barometer shows a difference of level of 680 feet.

The road continues to rise with the valley and the vegetation changes. The vine ceases to ripen a little below 3,000 feet above the sea, but the chesnuts remain. The wood, however, on the mountain side loses by degree its forest character, and the river becomes a torrent meandering over a wide, rocky and stony bed. The scenery is fine and characteristic without being strictly mountainous in its aspect, and the railroad is seen from time to time, now emerging from a tunnel, now creeping along the hill side, and occasionally running on a bank in the valley. It is evident that little fear is felt of accident from the torrent, and yet it is equally certain that within a comparatively short time there has been river action at some distance above the river valley on the hill side. A little further on is Oulx, one of the principal places in the Dora Valley, and here the road branches. The main valley turns to the south, and the road continues to a small town (Cesanne), whence there is a pass over the Mont Genévre to Briançon on the Durance. The height of the top of the pass is 6,560 feet, and the watershed of the Alps is here perhaps reduced to the narrowest breadth. The other valley is that of Bardoneche. It is comparatively open, and lends itself readily enough to the construction of the railroad, but the elevation above the sea continues to increase rapidly. At Oulx it is already 3,340 feet, and at Bardoneche 4,380 feet.

These Alpine valleys are memorable as the scene of the contest between the Vaudois Protestants and their Catholic persecutors, but little now remains of these exploits. The sites of the battle fields are covered with wheat crops. But the Bardoneche Valley, unlike most of the subordinate valleys, which are mere mountain gorges, is wide and very convenient, and the rise, though considerable, is spread over a distance of seven miles. At the end of this the mountains are reached and rise almost abruptly to a considerable elevation. The valley diverges to the right and left and retains afterwards a direction almost at right angles to that observed lower down.

It is precisely at this point, where an abrupt barrier rises boldly at the end of a valley of moderate width, that the works of the tunnel commence. In front of, and at some little distance from the works, a hamlet has risen up for the supply of such entertainment as man and beast may require in such a place. The accommodation is not first rate, and the beds are better supplied with fleas than the kitchen with meat. As may be supposed also, there is not much choice in the way of food, but the traveller does not come to Bardoneche to feast, and there is no danger of starvation. The buildings connected with the works are on a scale proportionate to the magnitude of the work and the length of time it was certain to take. They include a capital house and offices for the resident engineer, another large house including private apartments for several persons, and also a casino or club for the principal employés. There are several other buildings affording excellent accommodation. The club is provided with a billiard room and news room, and is well supplied with everything needful.

Besides the dwelling houses and offices there are workshops of various kinds, and a very large shop supplied with numerous lathes and everything required for constructing and repairing all the details of machinery used in the works. The perforating machines are made and repaired here, and everything needed in the way of metal work, not involving extra dimensions, is constructed on the spot. Immediately outside and also within this shop one is struck by the odd appearance of gigantic blocks of stone riddled through and through with large holes. The stones are the hardest and toughest that could be found. The holes were bored with the steel chisels of the perforating machine. Entering the shop and looking around among the scores of machines at work, the visitor sees in a corner a similar gigantic block of extremely hard quartz in which comparatively few perforations have been made. This block is ready for further experiment. The slender frame work of iron supporting two instruments like small cannon, and working a long mining chisel placed before it, is one of the machines used for boring and intended to illustrate the process for the benefit of visitors. Nothing can apparently be more simple than this ingenious contrivance to perforate the rock. The power made use of is air greatly condensed by a set of large and powerful machines, worked by water power, and arranged in a series of four on the hill side, one below another. The same water, falling from one to another, works all the machines, and the condensed air, retained for a time in vast iron cylinders in each machine house, is distributed by long iron tubes to a convenient spot within the works, whence it is conveyed to the perforating machines by elastic tubes, without losing power by the distance to which it is conveyed.

It is a curious and instructive sight to see a workman connect an elastic tube of about half an inch diameter with one of these machines and watch the result when a small tap is turned. A piston-rod, working in an exceedingly small and short cylinder, immediately flies backwards and forwards with wonderful rapidity, regulated by a small but rather heavy fly wheel. Immediately a ponderous chisel, six or seven feet long, and more than an inch in diameter, is set in motion, and having been previously placed in position strikes a succession of heavy blows against the stone. Fragments begin to fly in all directions. Each time that the chisel strikes it is withdrawn a little way, very slightly turned, and immediately strikes again in the same hole. The stone experimented upon being of the hardest and toughest kind the effect is not seen for several strokes; but within two minutes, during which the writer watched the experiment, a steel chisel was completely blunted and rendered useless, and there was a hole made about two inches deep in the mass of quartzite placed to operate upon. It is evident that nothing can resist such an attack; and, indeed, holes are bored in this way in an hour that would formerly have taken a day. The machines occupy very little space, and are by no means cumbrous. They can very easily be moved when and where they are needed. As many as seventeen are at work together in the end of the tunnel where the advance is being made. As the power is compressed air, they not only add no heat to the interior, but render it cooler by the absorption of heat during expansion. The air, when it escapes, is available for ventilation. It would be quite impossible to carry steam at a high pressure through pipes four miles long, but little diminution of force is experienced in working with the air, although all the engines and condensers, as well as the cylinders for storing the air, are outside the mouth of the tunnel. The length of pipe at present on the Piedmont side is about four miles and a quarter. The pressure of air commonly employed is about six and a half atmospheres, or nearly a hundred pounds on the square inch.

The entrances of the tunnel at each end are not far from the hydraulic machines for compressing the air. These, as already stated, are arranged in a series rising one above another on the mountain side, but all communicate with the great reservoirs of air and power at the lowest level, which is that of the tunnel at its entrance. The machines are very fine. They were constructed at Liège, at the works of the John Cockerill Company, and are kept in repair on the spot. The water-wheels are magnificent, and hardly involve the waste of more than a few gallons of water in each revolution, so steady is the work, and so well balanced the supply and rate of motion. The contrivances for ventilation are not less interesting, and have hitherto been perfectly efficacious; but the temperature of the interior is very high and the air foul—partly from the naturally increased heat due to the depth beneath the surface, and partly to the large number of human beings and horses and the repeated firing of blasts. The actual temperature is about 80° Fahr., and has varied little for some time. The works are carried on incessantly, day and night, summer and winter, week-day and Sunday; the only intervals being at the great festivals of the Church. The number of hours of idleness in the year is thus very small.

The work-people appear well cared for and active. The number at present employed at each end, including those completing the railway communications, amounts to nearly a thousand; but they are widely distributed, and you do not see many in any one place. They lodge in the hamlets that have arisen close to the works at each end, at some little distance from the old villages of Bardoneche and Modana, which preserve their primitive simplicity.

Having visited the works on the Italian side, my companion and myself made, as we supposed, distinct arrangements to start next morning early to cross the mountain pass of La Roux, which connects Bardoneche with Modana. For this purpose we ordered mules to be ready at 4 a.m., and hoped to get across by ten o'clock. We went to bed in the full expectation of finding the animals and guide ready for us at the hour appointed; but partly owing to the effects of some effervescing muscat wine of Asti—the effervescence not being of the nature of that met with in champagne—and partly from having a number of active and not pleasant companions in the room and bed, I did not sleep much, and both of us were up and ready to start before four. No mules, however, appeared; and nothing could be heard of them beyond the fact of their having been ordered from the village of Bardoneche, about half a mile further up the valley through which our path up the mountain lay. Thinking that we might expedite matters, we walked on with our luggage, expecting to meet them. When we got to the village the church clock was striking four, and we hoped that our cattle might be in preparation. All was still as death. Presently a window opened from an upper story in a small cabaret, and soon two or three of the natives m their appearance, saddled their respective donkeys, and wended their way on their daily avocations, whatever these might be. But still no news could be heard of our promised animals, and we soon determined to hire anything we could get. We accordingly made the acquaintance of a mule and a very ancient donkey, under the care of an old woman and a young girl, who were to take us to the top of the pass; the donkey being left in charge of the little maiden to carry our small luggage down to Modana on the other side. We started before five, with small chance of arriving so soon as we had hoped. Very slowly indeed did we proceed up the ravine of La Roux towards the pass. The ravine is wild and rugged, and the path excessively bad. The mule was tolerable, but the donkey of very little use; and we toiled along, stopping occasionally. The path rises steadily and rapidly; but there is nothing worthy of special remark, except indeed the study of the rocks, which, being the same as those cut through in the tunnel, were very interesting to the geological eye. We reached the top of the pass in about three hours, having risen 3,400 feet. The village of Bardoneche at the bottom of the ascent being 4,340 feet above the sea, the pass is therefore 7,740 feet. As high up as 5,240 feet we passed a miserable village, and there was feeding ground almost to the summit. A few patches of snow remained from the winter on both sides of the pass, though chiefly on the northern side; but there was a good deal of snow on the mountains opposite.

At the top of the pass the view is extremely grand, as the mountains on the east, including Mont Frejus—masked during the ascent—are very well seen, and to the west is the Mont Tabor, the loftiest point of the chain, rising between France, Piemont and Savoy, to the height of more than 10,000 feet above the sea. This mountain is surrounded by glaciers. Towards the north the view is equally fine, including the chain on the other side of the Arc valley, but not reaching any of the Mont Blanc chain. Seen in early morning, with a mist hovering over the summits, forming occasionally into cloud and drifting away into space, the effect was particularly fine. The descent towards Modana is through a valley at first wide and terminating upwards in one of the peculiar semicircular valleys that appear to prevail in this part of the Alps. The valley, however, narrows rapidly and becomes a mere ravine. A number of chalets are seen in the upper part of this gorge; and there is a village, or at least a group of permanent habitations, in the first hollow. When the valley closes in it becomes thickly clothed with tree vegetation, and here and there are narrow clefts through which water falls in broken cascades. The rocks—in some places hard quartzite, in others soft gypsum—either project in naked jagged fragments, or recede and are weathered into heaps of rotten earth. The descent takes almost as long as the ascent, and fully six hours must be calculated on as the time that will elapse between leaving Bardoneche and arriving at Modana. The latter part of the descent is a fair road, and passes a curious little chapel cut out of the rock, full of votive offerings, where there is a pleasant seat for those descending or preparing to mount. Near it is one of the narrow gorges already alluded to. The scenery is pretty throughout, and is even romantic in some places.

The level of the tunnel at Modana has been already alluded to as being considerably above that of the valley of the Arc. To equalise as far as possible the levels at the two ends of the tunnel, the entrance on the north or French side, as has been already explained, has been placed at a considerable height above the river, and therefore much higher than the level of the road at St. Michel. In other respects there is little difference in the arrangements, and the constructions both for the works and the employés are nearly the same here as at Bardoneche.

So much has now been effected, that the final completion of this great work is as much a certainty as any engineering operation in progress can well be. It has been carried through from the beginning with great steadiness, and not one of the numerous drawbacks that might have interfered to delay its progress has been experienced. The machinery has been so far perfected during the construction, that in spite of the enormous distance of the power from its application, the rate of progress has rather increased than diminished. There have been no breakages of machinery, no falling in of the roof, no rush of water. There appear to have been no strikes of workmen and no failures in the supply of money and material. It remains only that the two ends should be happily brought together without divergence, to complete the good fortune that has hitherto never failed. Every precaution has been taken for this purpose that could be suggested. There are observatories at each end, and one on the mountain top immediately above the tunnel; but there are great practical difficulties in observing, and a very small error would become serious when carried through so great a distance as three or four miles of underground work. The approach is now so near, that it is no doubt possible for sounds to be heard through the intervening rocks. This has not yet been attempted, but it is the intention of the engineers to try the experiment on the first occasion when the works are stopped. This will afford an additional illustration of the very near accomplishment of the undertaking. In conducting the work there is a small heading or gallery always carried on in advance of the great tunnel, and the interval between the actual end of the tunnel and the part bricked in and completed, is two or three hundred yards. It is in this last space that the work is of course being carried on.*

Such then is the state and such the history of the great tunnel under the Alps. It is a work altogether exceptional, being the first instance of the perforation of a great mountain axis; the first in which an important tunnel has been attempted exclusively from the two ends without shafts; the first in which the ingenious machinery for boring the rock preparatory to blasting has been carried into effect. It will probably be completed within the time originally contemplated. It has been carried on throughout by Italians; the original selection of the site and the suggestion and perfecting of the machinery by which it has been possible to carry it through in reasonable time, are also Italian. The countrymen of Galileo and of a host of ingenious inventors known to fame, have shown that they are no unworthy descendants of these great men.

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* The following figures concerning the length of the tunnel, the rate of progress, and the depth of the central part, will be interesting :—

	Feet.
Portion completed from the north end, 15th July, 1870	15,624
Do. do. south do.	21,796
Uncompleted portion	2,674
Total length of tunnel	40,094

	Feet.
Progress of excavation, July 1—15, 1870, north side	125
Do. do. south side	130
Total excavation in a fortnight's work	255

Maximum month's work was in May, 1867, on the Italian or south side, and amounted to 297 feet.

The average month's work from both ends together is now about 500 feet.

The central part of the tunnel is about 5,546 feet below the observatory on the summit, and 4,130 feet above the sea level. It has been passed on the Italian side.

WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH.

REMINISCENCES OF MARK LEMON.

V.—"OVER A SEA-COAL FIRE."

NOT with the brave old editor, not with the genial amateur actor, but alone in the firelight with memories that people the room strangely and sadly. Who could have dreamed when he talked of Falstaff's death that we should so soon be packing up our show for ever? Falstaff in his last hours babbled of green fields; Mark Lemon of old friends; of Leech, and Jerrold, and Hood, and Brooks. Not the faintest indication of the shadow that was coming made itself apparent in those northern days. We were too happy perhaps. One often pays dearly for being happy. It seems like a dream now, that northern tour, calling over the incidents as I do by the fire on this calm October night. The show is over, the actors are dispersed, never to meet again; here by my side is the leader's flask, yonder his text of Falstaff, there his letters, and here my rough notes of the closing days. The firelight flickers tenderly upon these sad memorials, and I call to mind other firesides and other times; firesides made merry by jest and fun; times made pleasant by friends whose chairs are empty, whose voices are heard no more. So close upon those last hours of that last journey, I feel inclined to repeat my experiment of last month, and give the reader my rough notes, instead of any further modification or development of them. It is a liberty which I hope the reader will forgive :—

Tuesday...To Bradford...The ride through the district in neighbourhood of Leeds; like a glimpse of Pandemonium...In the evening a splendid house, but prices lower than M. L. had yet played to; was amazed when he saw the figures. Agent said Dickens could get no higher prices. Tried it, and was obliged to issue large number of free passes...Election petition just concluded; great excitement. Ripley said to have spent £30,000, his published election bill £7,000, and he has had to pay all the costs attending his competition for and against. A self-made man. Came into the Hall just as entertainment was commencing, and received a tremendous ovation...M. L. had some friends in the green-room, old B friends, who were excited about election affairs...Promised to come again to Bradford...Next day we all parted; Mark Lemon to London, myself to Worcester, Bardolph and Shallow to Birmingham...Alone from Bradford to York...Birmingham late on Wednesday night, determined to go to Worcester by the mail...Found Bardolph and Shallow at the Queen's. Expected the real Impresario to relieve me of the show here. My amateur labours at an end...With Bardolph and Shallow to see the sights of Birmingham. Excellent theatre Simpson's...Day's Music Hall, one of the largest in England, the usual softening-of-the-brain kind of entertainment; but the management good. Several fortunes been made here. Mem. the degeneracy of modern taste. Better, nevertheless, that the working man should spend his evenings here than in merely "soaking." No drunkenness allowed; children in arms not admitted, but girls of thirteen and fourteen are taking their beer and imbibing their morals with evident enjoyment...*Post* and *Gazette* have excellent preliminary notices of Falstaff.

Thursday..."Home again" at four o'clock, and M. L. is once more at Crawley ...The tour has been a success, but not made up for the money lost at St. George's Hall...At Gallery of Illustrations, show paid a good weekly profit...St. George's Hall (an unlucky house, though a fine handsome room for acting) was a heavy loss to the management...Friday back to Birmingham. Good business there. M. L. much pleased with his reception...Walter Maynard, the Impresario proper, in charge...The Birmingham Market on Saturday. Everything to be bought here, from acid-drops to travelling bags, travelling bags to peacocks. A rare market, fish, flesh, fowl, sweets, vegetables, dogs, rabbits, boots, shoes, shawls, buckets, pickled onions. Walter Maynard entertained himself and a small crowd in the purchase of canaries and hedgehogs. Opportune appearance of Bardolph and Shallow. Delight of the "Brums" at Shallow's Artemus-witticisms...Home at night, and write "Finis" to my first and last journey "with a Show."

I fold up my notes in the firelight. They bring to mind the old familiar face, the genial voice, the merry laugh. They carry me back more particularly to a Sunday in May three or four years ago. I spent the day with Mark Lemon in Bedford Street. After breakfast we sat over the fire and had a Sunday morning chat. The sun came lazily in through the venetian blinds. A cab now and then disappeared from the stand in front of the house. The voices of children could be heard in the adjacent court, and at intervals the sound of the organ in the church where morning service was being conducted. It was a quiet London Sunday morning. The change from the customary noise of the week, and the consciousness that business could not disturb him, gave to Mark Lemon's chambers an atmosphere of repose which was full of soothing calm. We talked about a hundred wayside subjects. My friend was in one of those dreamy fits of looking back, which now and then gave a special charm to his conversation. It was not egotism which induced him to talk of himself at these times, but the old man's delight in the pleasures of memory. The young look for joys in the future; the old have their happiness in the past. Mark Lemon was happy in revisiting his early days. On this quiet Sunday morning his reminiscences were particularly bright. I regret that this record of the day is more an exercise of memory than a transcription of notes. Speaking of the plot of a new story which I was then writing, and describing to him how my hero ran away from home, Mark Lemon was reminded of the history of his grandfather, who left home when he was a boy, because home was not as happy as it might have been, owing to what he conceived to be the unkindness of his father. "He started off on the highway," he said, "to walk he knew not whither. By and by he grew tired, and sat upon a gate to rest. A gentleman riding past pulled up and questioned him, 'What are you doing there, my boy?' 'Nothing,' said my grandfather. 'Would you like to do something?' 'Yes,' said my grandfather. 'Can you read and write?' 'Yes,' said my grandfather. 'Can you ride?' 'Yes,' said my grandfather. 'Then come with me, and I'll give you something to do,' said the gentleman. 'What is it?' asked my grandfather. 'Groom,' said the gentleman. 'No, thank you,' said my grandfather; for he had been well brought up, and was accustomed to ride his own horse. 'You have nothing to do, you say?' 'No,' said my grandfather. 'Then come along,' said the gentleman, kindly. My grandfather went. Between my grandfather and this gentleman and his master there supervened the master's daughter. My grandfather fell in love with her and married her. She died in child-birth. My grandfather's father forgave his running away, and left him a large sum of money. This was his start in life. Many years afterwards, during a single-stick match at some village sports, my grandfather recognised in a sailor his own brother, who had run away from home at the same time that he did."

Single-stick was common enough in Mark Lemon's boyhood. "I belonged," he said, "in my early days, to the ancient fraternity of St. George. I remember Master Betty. He was a capital Friar Tuck at single-stick. They talk of handsome salaries for actors now; why Master Betty had fifty pounds a night before he was thirteen years old." I think he said he remembered Bartholomew fair. He remembered Richardson. "I was once presented by that famous showman with a free admission to his booth. I don't think I enjoyed it much. The play had a murder and an accusing spirit in it."

Talking of the night houses of London, he spoke of "The Finish," in Covent Garden. When this house was kept by Mrs. Butler, it was a very celebrated establishment. Fox and Sheridan frequented it. But when Mark Lemon visited it he simply regarded the place as one of the curiosities of the night-side of London, which young men desired to see at least once in their lives. It was then a late rowdy house, the receptacle of the riff-raff of London after a night of debauchery. From "The Finish" to the prison is a natural step. Mark Lemon remembered the poor debtors of the Fleet Prison begging at a grating just as they did at the free prison of Ludgate, where Stephen Foster, who was Lord Mayor in 1454, won a rich widow while supplicating charity in this abject fashion.

Mark Lemon years ago edited *The Field*, and Leech drew some of the illustrations which then appeared in that well-known paper. He prepared the first Christmas supplement of the *Illustrated London News*, and for some years had a share in the management of the paper. For a short time he edited *The Family Herald*, and made such an earnest effort to give its subscribers high-class reading that he reduced the circulation by many thousands a week. One of the features which assisted to bring about this result was the republication in its pages of the "Waverley Novels." Almost since its commencement he wrote each year a Christmas story for *London Society*. He was the author of forty plays and some hundreds of ballads. Amongst his best known dramatic pieces may be mentioned "Hearts are Trumps," "Silver Thimble," "Domestic Economy," "M. P. for the Rotten Borough," "Bob Short," and "Gwynneth Vaughan." His most humorous farces were "The School for Tigers," "The Ladies' Club," and a "Moving Tale." Some of his plays held the stage very successfully, and "Hearts are Trumps" might be revived with advantage in the present day. Mrs. Stirling invariably played Mark Lemon's leading parts. The Keeleys were very funny in "A Moving Tale." In one of those quaint little text-books of "Cumberland's British Theatre," with their clever criticisms by "D—— G——," I find "Honesty the Best Policy, adapted to the English stage by Mark Lemon." The cast included Mr. W. Farren, Mr. Leigh Murray, Mr. Compton, Mr. H. Farren, Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Compton, and Mrs. Leigh Murray. Mr. Lemon was in the height of his popularity then as a writer for the stage. "When we announce," says the critique introducing the play, "that Mr. Mark Lemon has adapted this drama from the French, it is a guarantee for its fidelity and also for its fun. The man who has made merry so many by his eccentricities in *Punch* could hardly fail to exhilarate an audience on the stage. Mr. Mark Lemon has also the happy faculty of drawing tears as well as provoking smiles." Some of the author's smaller pieces have been worked up into short stories, collected together in popular books, amongst which may be mentioned "The Christmas Hamper" and "Tom Moody's Tales." He wrote several successful books of fairy lore for children.

When the modern novel mania set in Mark Lemon was a veteran in letters, and it seemed late days to begin novel writing. But the prospect of increasing his fortune induced him to enter upon a new career, and he wrote "Wait for the End," in three volumes. This was followed by three other novels of equal length, "Loved and Lost," "Faulkner Lyle," and "Golden Fetters." Of these "Faulkner Lyle" is far the best work. While "Golden Fetters" is mere bookmaking, "Faulkner Lyle" is a work that any man might feel proud of having written. If Mark Lemon had been a rich man, these books would never have been produced. He might have struggled through one novel for the love of it—a novel in which he could have indulged in the narration of some of his own adventures, but he would have done no more. William Benton Clulow, in a work too little known, pertinently says that "competence of fortune and a mind at ease have in thousands of instances given the death blow to literary ambition and success." Men in the full and secure enjoyment of the elegancies of private life are rarely found purchasing happiness by hard literary labour. Swift's works were the result of an ambitious desire for wealth and a title. Defoe wrote best when he was despoiled of position and means. Lord Bacon's most important works were chiefly composed during his exclusion from public employment; and Machiavelli wrote "The Prince" and "The Discourse on Livy" under similar circumstances. Mark Lemon was under no other pressure to write however than the common pressure of the times, the desire for advancement and competence. He was in receipt from *Punch* of a salary larger than had been paid to any other editor of a weekly production, and he had other sources of income. His last novel I have mentioned previously. He called it "The Taffeta Petticoat." It is announced under the title of "The Blue Petticoat." He had finished it some months before he died. I have in my possession his latest work, his last composition, which has never yet been published. I propose to print it next month in the closing paper of this series.

To return to that pleasant Sunday in May. After our chat over the fire we walked down to Waterloo Place, round by the Strand, and back through Covent Garden to "The Garrick," my companion pointing out houses of special interest as the residences of celebrities, many of whom he had known. "The Garrick" was celebrated for its beef-steak pudding, to the ingredients of which was added maccaroni. He ordered this *specialité* and a claret cup, over which we continued our wayside talk. It was here that he spoke with almost the longing of despair of two works which he hoped to write. The first was "A History of *Punch*," and the second his "Personal Recollections of London." The Falstaff entertainment had its birth soon after this. When it was finally settled that the scheme should be carried out, Mark Lemon entered into the work of preparation with his accustomed energy. The revision of the text occupied much thought and attention, and after that the dresses and engagement of the company necessary to support the chief. Mark Lemon's chambers in Bedford Street were full of histrionic excitement for weeks. Falstaff was continually entertaining not a score of tailors, but a host of all kinds of theatrical people, costumiers, agents, printers. In the midst of his trials of costume other matters would occasionally supervene to draw the actor's attention from the business immediately in hand. I see him now in his dressing-gown, slippers, and spectacles, poring over a letter at breakfast, having forgotten for the moment to remove from his head a tinpot-looking helmet which the costumier had brought for approval. It was a comical sight and amused the veteran immensely when he was asked to survey himself in the glass.

The dress rehearsal to which the leading men in London were invited, was an utter failure. Mark Lemon was nervous. Not an actor knew his part. They were all more or less influenced by the unmistakable nervousness of the leading man. It was a cold, critical audience too. The ordeal was tremendous, and Mark Lemon passed through it unhappily. It was not until he had got the text well off by heart and his coadjutors understood his points, that the play went smoothly and well. Those gentlemen who saw Falstaff on the first night did not see the literary actor, who, being a fat man himself, had made a special study of the famous fat man of the great dramatist. There were seasons in the history of this Falstaff entertainment which were gloomy and uncomfortable. Now and then Mark Lemon was physically unequal to the occasion. Any hitch in the management or a bad house fidgetted and oppressed him. Not an actor to the manner born, he was often influenced by questions of detail which should have been left entirely to others. During the first provincial tour he sustained a great shock. Mr. Clarke, who had for years acted as his secretary, and who did the duty of dresser, besides walking on as an apparitor, was taken seriously ill at Bath. He died a few weeks afterwards, leaving a painful blank in the little company. Since then, within comparatively a few short months, what changes the great Scene-shifter has brought about in the life-drama of Whitefriars!

The two commercial chiefs of the classic land behind Fleet Street, the founder of the *Punch* firm (Bradbury and Evans) and their editor and contributor of the golden days, have all made their exits and disappeared from the stage for ever. Three men who knew each other intimately in the early times of *Punch* died within a few months of each other—Mark Lemon first, then Charles Dickens, and last, Frederick Mullett Evans, who, with his late partner, undertook *Punch* when it was in difficulties, and who published the most important works of Charles Dickens. The shadows come and go in the firelight. They make the quiet of a quiet room, with flickers of red and yellow on the picture-frames, seem almost oppressive, these shadows of past actors so recently in the flesh gathering amongst the more accustomed tenants of memory. How silently the great Scene-shifter works. He obeys no noisy signal. You cannot tell when he will begin to move in his everlasting drama. He needs no prompter. His scenes never hitch. He makes no mistakes, though we are sometimes tempted, like Tennyson's Farmer, to question the wisdom of His irrevocable decrees. He works by inscrutable laws. It is for us humbly to accept the inevitable with a firm and lively faith in the mercy and wisdom of Him "whom time can never change."

JOSEPH HATTON.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

A SUNSET.

THE sunbeams on the billows,
What time the setting sun
Went down behind the willows,
His daily duty done,
They wove such purple pillows
As no loom ever spun—

For snowy swan and cygnet—
For glowing boat and barge—
And mantled, with a thick net
Of golden twine, thy marge
Old Thames: while with his signet
Sol sealed his own discharge.

And Cloudland held its revels,
And flecked the pale green sky
With pink and gold—blue devils
Were fairly forced to fly
From those green Fulham levels,
That evening in July.

The moonbeams on the river
Came shyly forth, and played;
We saw them shoot and shiver
Beneath the darkling shade,
Like shafts from Love's own quiver
Shot in a serenade.

And oh!—I'm not romancing—
I saw the Fairy Queen!
Her eyes, so soul-entrancing,
Lit up each glowing scene,
Its every charm enhancing,
You know her name?—Claudine!

FRANCE AMONG THE NATIONS.

"IT is in Paris that the beating of Europe's heart is felt. Paris is the city of cities. Paris is the city of men. There has been an Athens, there has been a Rome, there is a Paris." The words are Victor Hugo's, addressed to the victorious German army marching upon the French metropolis. There is something inexpressibly mournful in them. One may read in them all the pride of France, its history so brilliant and so sad, its gigantic mistakes, its colossal misfortunes, its lofty genius, its glory, its splendour, and the insupportable pain of its latest humiliation. If there is a sublime egotism in the collocation of the name of Paris with those of the capitals of Ancient Civilization, there is also a terrible suggestion. Athens fell; Rome was destroyed; the Goths of the nineteenth century were at the gates of Paris when M. Hugo spoke. The fate of the nation which has believed itself to be the leader of the world hung in the balance. For aught that she could do for herself, she must be crushed in a conflict with only one of the many countries by which she was surrounded. In that moment of suspense, the questions must have arisen to many minds —What relation does France bear to modern civilisation? Is she a leader? Has she been a leader? Can we say that her history, her genius, the work she has been doing since she began to be great, are typical of that form of civilisation which our age hopes is permanent: the form that has superseded the fleeting civilisations of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome? There are times when we grow anxious about the destiny of the cycle of progress in which we are moving. The convulsions and disasters and new beginnings in mankind's career have been the consequences of mistakes not found out soon enough, or not repaired when they were discovered. France has been for many ages very prominent and very powerful among the nations the most advanced in the world. If there has been any error in the opinion entertained by Frenchmen—or in the estimate formed by Europe—of the position France has occupied, the work she has done, or the place she may hold in the movements of the future, it is at a crisis like the present that the misconception should be corrected.

In judging a nation, it is easy to impute too much to the influence of race. There is a great deal of uncertainty about the origin of tribes, and we never know what to allow for the mixture of blood. With regard to France, however, this much may be taken for granted, that the Gallic element predominates, and the Gauls came from Asia. It is an Asiatic empire planted in Western Europe. The fact explains a great deal in the history and character of France. The gay manners of the people, their display, their position in the world of fashion, their peculiar style of luxury and extravagance, their remarkable range of imagination—are Eastern. So are their vices, their cruelty, their little regard for the sacredness of life, their forms of government: sometimes regal, sometimes imperial, sometimes republican, but always despotic. Their religion is Asiatic: a religion of form and tradition; a religion for the plebeian poor and ignorant; a religion of caste, which the patrician order and the learned only affect to believe in for political and class ends. In war, the old influence is strong upon the race. They rush down upon their enemy like the wind; they are more given to panic than any other European soldiers; and their demoralisation in a rout is a sight of shame. Those old Celts were undoubtedly in many respects a splendid people. In Gaul, in Spain, in Ireland, Scotland, and England, they have shown great qualities, and have done important work. But they are not the foremost race. They did not drag us out of the Dark Ages, and start a fresh civilisation upon the ruins of the old. They are still Eastern in spirit and mediæval in character. In Great Britain, the populations most distinctively Celtic are in the rear ranks of the march of improvement, and those of them who go westward fall generally into an inferior place in the New World. The Gauls were a numerous and settled people on the skirts of the Roman Empire when Rome was at its grandest, but they did not learn civilisation. They were a numerous and settled people, powerful and distinguished in arms, in the Middle Ages, but they did not initiate that modern principle of national life which we call progress. For aught they did to emancipate the human mind from the slavery that fell upon mankind when the glory of the Roman Empire was extinguished, we might by this time have advanced no further than our forefathers of the thirteenth century. Whatever may be said for the French as a leading people, it is impossible not to admit that race is against them. But for a certain amount of Teutonic influence—first Frankish, and afterwards Norman—we might never have seen them occupying anything like so distinguished a place as that which they have held down to the present time.

The ruling power in France has been mainly detrimental. The history of the kings and queens of any nation is not delectable reading, but that of the sovereigns and sovereign authorities of France is a heart-sickening tragedy. As individuals there were some monarchs not wholly hateful, but there were few indeed whose influence upon their country was at once wholesome, powerful, and effective; and until within the recollection of living men little or nothing was ever done to compel the masters of France to perform their duty by their subjects. Compare any date in French history during the last four or five hundred years with the same date in the history of England, or in that of any nation that now stands exalted, and it will be seen tath France was always moving in an unfortunate political track. When King Charles IX. sat at a window of the Louvre with a fowling-piece in his hand, firing at stray Huguenots in the street below, Queen Elizabeth was laying the foundation of the modern greatness of England, and offering help and encouragement to Holland struggling courageously against the tyranny of Spain. Just then the dukedom of Prussia was getting itself joined to the electorate of Brandenburg, Both Great Britain and the country of the Hohenzollerns were making themselves strong by siding with the religion of the future. In the year when England expelled James II. and welcomed the Prince of Orange, Louis XIV. sent an army across the Rhine, burnt half-a-dozen great German cities, and so impoverished his own exchequer that his nobles and clergy had to coin their plate into money. The cause in which France then spent her wealth and blood was a failure; the movement in England was the inauguration of the birth of political liberty. A hundred years later, when Madame Pompadour was building the Parc aux Cerfs Seraglio at Versailles for Louis XV., King Frederick the Great was preparing for the Seven Years' War, which made Prussia what she is to-day; the United States had begun the struggle for Independence; and Lord Clive was conquering India. In all the important Governments of the world not stagnating or sinking there was in the latter part of the seventeenth and throughout the eighteenth century either a germ of constitutionalism quietly at work for the future, or an effort on the part of authority to render concession to popular demands unnecessary by a more judicious exercise of arbitrary power. Not so in France. For the coming progress and enlightenment of the nineteenth century no preparations were making there. As if the world were going backwards instead of forwards, as if the darkness were getting darker and no dawn were coming, the sovereign authority in France grew at the same time more absolute in theory and more tyrannical in practice. When Henry of Navarre, the hero of the Huguenots, permitted himself, with a sad heart, to be received into the Roman Church, only three years after the battle of Ivry, France had virtually thrown in its lot with the past, and resigned its right to rank with the nations of the future. Feudalism was a plant of Germanic growth, and with all its faults it was a barrier against the excessive power of monarchs. It was introduced into France by the Franks. In Teutonic countries it gave place, when its purpose was served and its course was run, to some elementary form of popular rights; in France it yielded to the personal despotism of the King. "The noblesse," says Mignet, "lost all their power while they retained their distinctions; the people possessed no rights; royalty had no limits." When the English Bill of Rights was a century old, the French Crown "disposed of persons by *lettres de cachet*, of property by confiscation, and of revenues by regal imposts." It was the misfortune of that beautiful country to possess, during that crucial period in the history of Europe, a race of kings who were, as Carlyle puts it, "histrios, not heroes;" but there was another misfortune, and a worse: the people let the curse endure till it could only be removed by a political earthquake. Louis Quatorze was contemporaneous with our Charles I. The Stuart believed himself to be divinely ordained to rule as he pleased, independently of Parliament or people: he lost his life, and his family became outcasts. Three quarters of a century of strife wrought the defeat of the maleficent dynasty. The Capet had advanced a stage or two further in sanctification than his cousin of Whitehall. The martyred King fell a sacrifice to mere divine anointment; the Grand Monarque announced his actual divinity, and survived. The incidents are indicative of national tendencies. England was moving on towards the safe and wholesome government by public opinion, of which our Parliament is still the best example; France awaited the modern era of *coups d'état*. A dynastic *coup d'état* is a purely barbaric device; a popular *coup d'état* is the act of a nation in the twilight of political enlightenment. The country in which the one or the other is resorted to in our days is a laggard in the race of nations. There may be need enough for these tricks of State among a people who are late in awakening to a sense of the demands of modern progress, but a *coup d'état* in Paris, imperial or republican, is not connected with the phenomena of the "beating of Europe's heart." The true heart of Europe beats to a nobler measure. Defects of national character have perpetuated and aggravated the evils consequent upon hapless accidents of dynasty, and hence the political history of France is a melancholy story, and its people have yet to learn the elementary conditions of popular government.

For the misfortunes of her political history France has often sought consolation in her military glory. From their cradles Frenchmen are soldiers—from its cradle France has been warlike. The old Gauls were often a match for the Roman legions, and their commanders were worthy of measuring strategy with the generals of the empire. More than two thousand years ago those barbarian tribes possessed themselves of the Eternal City, and more than once the cry of terror ran through Rome that the Gauls were at the gates. To them the masters of the world owed more disasters in the field than to any other races. It took Cæsar the Invincible eight campaigns to subdue them. And when they were conquered their spirit was not quelled. If it was hard to vanquish them it was harder still to hold them in subjection. That was a lesson that was learned in succession by Romans, Franks, and Normans. It will never be forgotten that France saved Europe from the Saracens. In eighteen hundred and seventy years there has been no such important triumph of arms as that when Charles Martel drove back from the centre of Europe the victorious and terrible army of the followers of Mahomet. The races which had previously overrun the West, by adopting Christianity had adopted the spirit of the civilisation of the future. The success of the Saracens would have turned back the tide, perhaps for another cycle. There was Frankish blood among the Gauls and Frankish feeling in council and in camp when that stupendous service to modern civilisation was performed, but the mass of the people then, as now, was Gallic. In the history of the wars of Europe, before the splendid success of Tours, and since the time when Charlemagne made himself master of an empire in the West as great almost as that of the Cæsars, France has figured continually, and won such military honours as do not belong to any other land; for she began ages earlier than any nation now ranking among the great powers. She has several times conquered the conquerors of the world, and twice, at periods a thousand years apart, she has held the place of dictator among the nations. But *cui bono?* Again, again, and again through these many centuries, if that question had been asked of France, her answer must have been as sad for her as to us sound the words addressed within these few weeks by Victor Hugo to the fell battalions of Germany. Her reaches of greatness have always a hapless ending. Through her successes against the Saracens she became the champion of the Church, and the Church was doomed. She made herself the pioneer of republicanism in Europe, and European republicanism became through her a name of horror. Having been the first to proclaim the doctrine of fraternity, social and international, she bartered both freedom and brotherhood for the sake of conquest when the days of conquest should have been over, and the very glory which she purchased so dearly ended in the capitulation of Paris. As the splendour of the *grand siècle* ended in the dynasty of the *sansculottes*, so Liberty and Equality led to the military despotism of the first Napoleon, the glory of the Army of Italy, to the restoration of the Bourbons, the revolt against the mild tyranny of Louis Philippe, to the empire of 1852, Solferino in 1859, to Sedan in 1870. France in the nineteenth century has been true to her history, alike in her military successes and reverses. If she has won more great battles than any other modern power she has also lost more. Great Britain made its reputation in arms by its victories over France. The struggle which began with Crecy ended with Waterloo. The German empire shows a splendid roll of triumphs against her hereditary foe, to whom she has never yielded a continued supremacy; and in these last days Germany is avenged for all the reverses which chequered the conflict of centuries. France, if she has been far from blameless in her military career, has suffered much wrong at the hands of her rivals and her enemies. The Normans were a greater curse to her than if they had succeeded in subduing her. England's old glory across the channel was purchased mainly at the cost of bitter injustice. The wars of the Republic and the First Empire were provoked by an insane attempt on the part of Europe to dictate to a great, proud nation on a matter of dynasty. The war of 1870 is the act of the Count von Bismarck, by which he intends to tie up Germany with Prussia; but it was the vanity and the weakness of France that rendered possible the Pomeranian trick. Her folly and her mistakes have made her the mark for the shafts of her foes. And, worse than all, for her chances of holding a place in the vanguard of the nations, she took a wrong turn at a crisis in the history of Europe: the crisis of the Reformation.

How shall France repair that stupendous misfortune—that most monstrous blunder ever made by a great and intelligent people? Read by the light of the long and frightful strife of Protestantism with the religion of Rome, the history of France is the saddest and the hatefullest in the story of the progress of mankind. The part played by Spain in the tragedy of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may be passed by with a shudder as we close the book upon a narrative of Sepoy atrocities or Thuggee sacrifices. The Spaniards were a bad mixture of half-bred Africans from Carthage, Tartars, Saracens, Moors, and Goths. They had no pretensions to a high rank in art, learning, or enlightenment. It may almost be said of them that they fought avowedly in the interest of darkness and retrogression. But that France, the country of Clovis and Martel and Charlemagne—the nation that turned back the triumphant march of Islamism while Spain succumbed to it—that France, occupying the very vantage ground of western civilisation—should, so to speak, have risen in the night, in something like mere wantonness, and murdered free thought in its sleep, was a crime that never could pass without expiation, and it is being expiated to this hour. The spirit of the Celt and the spirit of the Frank strove awhile for the mastery, and the true glory—the real and lasting predominance of France, the honour of leading Europe in the times that were coming—hung in the balance. Catherine de Medicis, the Duke de Guise, and the Holy League triumphed. The light that was lit by the Huguenots was stamped out with a certain crass ferocity that was a warning of the bitter pains the nation was to suffer in ages after. It is impossible not to be struck with the splendid chance that was presented to that great people at the moment when the religion of the past and the religion of the future were appealing to the world for champions; it is impossible not to grieve for the nation that, having the good and the evil placed before it, deliberately casts in its destiny with the evil. There was France the brilliant, France the grand, whose kings had been heroes, whose battles had been fought with giants, whose history up to that time was nobler than that of any country of surviving greatness—the France of Joinville, of Froissart, of Rabelais, and Montaign—the land of romance and song, the land of wit and chivalry, the land of the code of honour: where refinement came by birth, and not by learning, and the women were gifted with genius as well as grace. What country then struggling to the front could have hoped to carry away the palm in the lists with France had France but chosen the right banner and marched forward in the right track? The time was ripe for the emancipation of thought. In Protestantism was the germ of free institutions and of those modern ideas which are gradually mollifying all social and political evils. The Reformation, had it been welcomed in France in the sixteenth century, would have spared the country most of its wars and the demoralisation of its Court in the seventeenth, its revolution in the eighteenth, the costly conquests of the First Empire, ending in humiliation; the calamities of 1870, and the political struggles and disasters which seem to be in store for it now. For an honest constitution established in Paris would have rendered a reign like that of Louis XVI. impossible, and the enmity of France and Germany, whose mutual hatred has grown out of and been nurtured by religious differences and religious wars, would have died. But France selected to be

Catholic then, and what a work it did for itself, and what a future it cut out for the world, so far as its power enabled it! The nation that now claims to be the centre of the pulsation of Europe's heart did its very utmost then to stop that heart from beating. At the Feast of St. Bartholomew 70,000 Huguenots were butchered during a truce. In 1545 the Protestants of Provence were almost exterminated. In 1628 Richelieu trod the life out of the Calvinists of Rochelle. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes 300,000 disciples of the new faith fled from their native country, of whom 50,000 families, industrious and ingenious artisans, settled in Germany and in England, introducing silk manufacture into Spitalfields and jewel-making and crystal glass work into St. Giles's and Soho. The facts are almost too trite to be repeated, but they are the sign-posts of an epoch. They inform the world why France remains Catholic, and why she has come in our days to lie bleeding and broken-hearted—a pitiful spectacle in the eyes of the world. It is not given in these times that any Roman Catholic country should be a leader among the nations.

In the matter of progress and civilisation France has more to learn than to teach, and it will be better for herself and the world that she should make the discovery early. How is it that so many of her foremost men are not conscious of their mistake when they make such large claims for their country? Is it not clear to them as to the world that the tone of morals runs lower in France than in any other country in Europe; that the character of the people is inconstant; that their doctrines are not the same yesterday and to-morrow; that they are faithless to their leaders when the tide of fortune turns against them; that having insisted on war to-day they next week heap curses on their warriors; that they vote "yes" in the morning and make the night hideous shouting "no;" and that what they promise to do for patriotism one hour may be belied by their actions the next? But the French have yet something in them better than all this. Their very presumption is a point in their favour. One may expostulate with M. Victor Hugo on his odd admixture of assurance and despair, and yet not be unconscious of the fine possibilities of greatness involved in his sublime egotism. A ray of promise glimmers in the heroic but fanciful philippics of M. Jules Favre. So much genius, so much intellectual power, so much lofty aspiration, so much daring in thought and in deed at the coming of great crises are not given to a people in vain. In the awful epic of the French Revolution appears now and then an inarticulate expression of some unshaped thought of progress not yet embodied in systems of government or political theories; but true always to their character, the French, after a season of stagnation, try a leap over space not yet covered by human experience, then retreat behind their age, and so never learn their steps. To the order of mind, to the strain of blood evolving these curious phenomena, is given, doubtless, a mission. If modern history seems to show that the Teutonic tribes are moved by a purpose in civilisation whose work began with the Reformation and whose task is not yet completed, modern history does not speak clearly enough to warrant the theory that to the Teutons is given the sole guardianship of the grand, far-reaching future. Capable as they are of culture, finely endowed with the gift of labour and patience, there is no suggestion in them of the supreme exaltation of intelligence and refinement which are associated with our imaginings of distant ages coming. Those vague suggestions, which occur to all men thinking of nations and tribes and progress, should protect us from superstition in the matter of race; but no broad considerations of the unknown wants of eras in remote perspective ought to blind us to the fact that certain sets of ideas are more than others essential to the work now requiring to be done in the world, and that certain nations and classes of peoples have shown themselves to be the superior, and certain others the inferior, embodiment of those ideas.

There are signs abroad of a coming time when, in the great business of the world, the Latins of Southern Europe, the Greeks, Magyars, Czechs, Sclavonians, and all the tribes that have followed westward the track of civilisation but are not of the family which predominate in Northern Europe and its colonies, will have higher relative duties to perform than those with which they have been occupied since the Germanic races have led the van; but not much may be expected of them till they loosen around them the toils of the Latin and Greek Churches. Between the great Teutonic peoples on the one side, and the races and nations of Southern and Eastern Europe, but partially emancipated from mediævalism on the other, stands France, great in character and prestige, understanding, in these days, something of the character, the feelings, and the aspirations of each. There is a medium of union between the half antagonistic forces, which ought to indicate France's place among the nations in our era. The situation suggests a great part for France to play. It is to the interest of Europe that she be left strong enough.

TREES.

"Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extraordinary multiplication of books in recent times, it is questionable if there is more exact knowledge, or any reasonable approximation to it now, than there was a generation back, when literature was less ubiquitous and universal than it is. There are certainly more readers, and the area accessible to educational influences is daily widening. But the depth of the intellectual rainfall, if the figure may be allowed, seems to be in an inverse ratio to its breadth. Apart from professed men of science, it is to be feared that we are, for the most part, only smatterers, knowing a little of many things, and nothing very profoundly.

The subject of this paper affords, probably, as apposite an illustration of this prevailing shallowness as any we could select. Except professionally, arboriculture, or that part of botanical science which relates to trees and shrubs, is, with few exceptions, little known in anything like an accurate or scientific sense. Of the growth, the habits, the history, or the introduction of the various genera which form so important a part in the scenery of the country, most persons are profoundly ignorant. In many cases the most common trees are not known by sight and name. One man can recognise, perhaps, an oak or an ash leaf; another has been told that the tall tree with nearly perpendicular branches, rearing its pointed top over its round-headed companions, is a Lombardy poplar; but anything like a decent amount of information on the subject is not by any means common; less common, indeed, than in many other branches of knowledge, or even in some other divisions of the same science. Natural history, for example, in some of its departments, such as "the common objects of the sea-shore" is, we should think, better known, and the study of ferns and floriculture, both much less noble pursuits, are, undoubtedly, more popular than arboriculture. The greater popularity of these latter branches, and especially of flowers, is doubtless owing to the fact that the taste may be cultivated without difficulty in a practical way. The planting and rearing of trees is a privilege confined to a few, but anybody, even those "in populous city pent," with only a window for a flower-box, can do a little amateur gardening. And there are few more pleasing sights to be seen anywhere than the little window flower-bed in some humble dwelling, bravely holding its own amid the smoke and impurity of a great city. It is a communing with nature under difficulties—an evidence, alike touching and impressive, of its perennial charm;—

> Are they not all proofs
> That man, immured in cities, still retains
> His inborn inextinguishable thirst
> Of rural scenes?

Frequently, however, the cultivators of flowers both in town and country, are, strange to say, quite ignorant of trees. We have known amateur florists, intimately acquainted with nearly all kinds of flowers, who could not distinguish a lime from a poplar, or a cedar from a larch. Loudon, in his great work "Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum" (the most wonderful mass of information ever published on the subject), remarks that "the general taste of the country for trees and shrubs bore no just proportion to the taste which prevailed in it for fruits, culinary productions, and flowers." Evelyn, too, who had a keen sense of the superior dignity of trees, satirically complains of the undue attention devoted to floriculture. He thus indignantly dilates on the matter in the preface to his "Sylva:"—"Now, in the meantime, how have I beheld a florist or meaner gardener, transported at the casual discovery of a new little spot, double leaf, streak, or dash extraordinary in a Tulip, Anemonie, Carnation, Auricula, or Amaranth! cherishing and calling it by their own names, raising the price of a single bulb to an enormous sum, till a law was made in Holland to check that Tulipamania; the florist, in the meantime, priding himself as if he had found the Grand Elixir, or performed some notable achievement, and discovered a new country."

It is also curious to observe that ignorance of arboriculture does not seem to be in any way incompatible with a genuine love of the beautiful, and taste for the picturesque. This is scarcely what might have been expected, but there are analogous cases in other departments of science and art. Critical acumen sensitive and appreciative to the last degree, in regard to poetry and music, does not necessarily presuppose poetical and musical abilities in the constructive sense. On the contrary, such a critic may have very indefinite notions of the meaning of a fugue or a contrapuntal effect, and may never have attempted a rhyme in his life. And so in the present instance. To most persons, like Peter Bell and his yellow primrose, a tree is a tree, and nothing more. The individualities of trees—their wonderful similarities and dissimilarities are unknown. Yet these same persons can appreciate the effect of the presence or absence of trees in a landscape—can feel with the poet,—

> Some vague emotion of delight,
> In gazing up an Alpine height,

or see the charm of

> A gleaming crag, with belts of pine.

The taste, however, for natural scenery, so noticeable a feature of modern culture, does not date farther back than the present century. As we shall see by and by, in reference to another point, there is a remarkable contrast between the literature even of the last century and the present in this particular. Nature and the charms of the country, as depicted in the pages of Dryden and Pope, and even in those of Thomson and Cowper, is a much more artificial thing than the high, ideal, yet realistic, beauty characteristic of a later school, of which Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, and Tennyson may be taken as representatives. Some of these latter poets may be open occasionally to the charge of intangibility and mysticism; but, as a whole, their view of our physical surroundings is a larger, truer, and more spiritual interpretation of nature than that of most of their predecessors. Shenstone thus happily describes the feeling:—

> Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
> By her auspicious aid refined;
> Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
> Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
> Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
> Or purple heath is tinged in vain:
> For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
> The mountain swells, the dale subsides;
> Even thriftless furze detains their wandering sight,
> And the rough barren rock grows fragrant with delight.

If, however, arboriculture is less enthusiastically pursued, it offers as solid and enduring attractions as any of the more popular branches of natural history. It never palls. "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale its infinite variety." As long as seasons change, and summer and winter come and go, an inexhaustible source of interest is for ever open to the student. He is brought face to face with nature—with the great mysteries of birth, and growth, and decay—with the profounder secrets of life and death. And the objects of arboricultural study are in themselves peculiarly noble and worthy. As has been happily said, "trees constitute an order of nobility."* Their antiquity, size, strength, and associations are all commensurate. As to age, Dryden's thrice three hundred years is, in many cases, an altogether inadequate period. There are trees now on this earth—such as the *Wellingtonias* of California—planted long before the Christian era. Here is a lineage, compared with which that of the descendant of "a hundred earls" is but of yesterday. Passing over more material and economical views of the subject, the associations of trees are peculiarly interesting. As far back as history goes, trees are associated with much that is memorable in the annals of the world. By a tree "came man's first disobedience and all our woe," and by a tree the Deliverer, in the fulness of time, "the great redemption from above did bring." The latter tree, the subject of "Paradise Regained," has also furnished a theme for one of the finest hymns of the Latin Church :—

Faithful Cross ! above all other
  One and only noble tree !
None in foliage, none in blossom,
  None in fruit thy peers may be !

Of associations of a less sacred kind, there are the academic planes of Plato, the cedars of Lebanon, the willows of Babylon, the Dodonian oak, and many others. Connected with our own country, there is the "Parliament Oak" in Clipstone Park, that of Charles II. in Windsor Park, Shakespeare's mulberry tree (destroyed in 1756), Napoleon's willow, Cowper's "Yardley Oak," Tennyson's "Talking Oak," and other real and imaginary instances.

Among popular delusions in regard to the study of trees may be included the common notion that it is only during summer, when the foliage can be seen, that they really possess any interest. No greater mistake could be made. Summer is certainly the time when the leaf is at its maturest stage, but the periods of its advent and decay, if less impressive as a spectacle, have both much more interest in other ways. Winter itself, to the careful observer, has many charms of its own. It is both an interesting and agreeable occupation to discriminate between the various genera when divested of their leafy adornments. Indeed, it is only then that the structure of a tree, in stem, branches, and sprays, can be properly observed. Dissimilarity is quite as marked a feature in the branches and twigs as in the foliage of trees. There is a great difference between the regular, uniform branches of firs and poplars, and the tortuous, irregular arrangement of those of the oak. Sometimes, too, as in the case of the ash, there is an almost ludicrous contrast in the appearance of the tree with and without its leaves. Who could tell, except by observation in winter, that those long, thick, ungraceful sprays, bent up at the extremities like the smaller claws of a crab, belonged to one of the lightest and most feathery-looking of forest trees? In general, the verification of species and genera is more difficult without the foliage. Oaks, sweet chesnuts, sycamores, and some others, are apt to be confounded by the unpractised eye. Besides the disposition and size of the branches and branchlets, there are several other means of identification, such as the colour and texture of the bark, the buds, length of leaf-stalk, the form of the seed vessels, and so on. Of the latter, the clusters of small circular leaves hanging from the elm in May, and by and by strewing the ground like a threshing-floor, the samara of the sycamore, the green pods of the laburnum, the nuts of the beech, and the round sooty balls of the plane, so common in London squares, are familiar examples.

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* See a most interesting work by Mr. Leo Grindon, entitled "The Trees of Old England."

Undoubtedly, however, spring is the most attractive season for botanical study. Very interesting it is to watch from day to day the almost imperceptible development of nature,—

> In those blind motions of the spring,
> That show the year has turned.

Sycamore and elm buds begin to swell, so do the curious spikes of the beech, and the great bulb-like buds of the horse-chesnut. In due time follow the "ruby-budded lime," those of the oak, yellow-tinted, and, to complete the circle, the ash and the acacia. Then come the leaves, varying infinitely in shape and size and mode of extrication from their envelopments. At this stage the larch and the beech surpass all the others in vernal beauty. Nothing can be finer or more delicately beautiful than the pendent, feathery clusters of the one, and the filmy, translucent texture and pale green tints of the leaves of the other. All the more beautiful, perhaps, from contrast with the, as yet, brown sprays of their later companions.

The average dates of the leaves coming out is another rather interesting point. Linnæus constructed a table of the budding, leafing, and flowering of all the trees in his native country, and, following his example, a similar table for England was compiled in 1765, from observations made in Norfolk, by Benjamin Stillingfleet (a grandson of the bishop). It is printed in his "Miscellaneous Tracts." But the dates vary we suspect in different localities. Our own limited experience would suggest several alterations in his table.

He puts, for example, the abele, or white poplar, and the oak, before the beech and the lime, which order should certainly, we think, be reversed. The ash is usually regarded as the latest in coming and the first to go; reminding one of Charles Lamb's famous excuse for his perfunctory attendance at the India House. The statement, however, is only half the truth. The lime, although not the latest arrival, is really the first to fade. In early September, and sometimes before, when most other trees are not much past their prime, the lime leaf is already brown, and the tree half denuded of foliage. Dr. Hunter, in his edition of Evelyn, remarks that from this circumstance the tree had come to be less thought of than at one time it was. At the other end of the scale, the sycamore, among forest trees of the first rank, is the earliest to put on the livery of spring (about April 9); although the English elm and the horse-chesnut follow suit very closely. The birch is earlier than any of those, but it can only claim a secondary position.

The leaves themselves are an interesting study; probably, to beginners in botany, the most attractive branch of the subject. The shape, tint, texture, venation, serration, are all of importance in judging of varieties and species. Some are cordate, or heart-shaped, like the lime and the poplar; others palmate, like the plane; lanceolate, like the willow; or needle-shaped like the fir. As to colour, there are shades of every degree, from the almost black leaves of the pine or yew to the pale green of the ash. And so with the other distinctive qualities of leaves. Sometimes a knowledge of all these and such like points is necessary for forming an accurate opinion, as occurred lately in the case of a gentleman who had for years, from the resemblance in the disposition of the leaves, supposed a pseudo-acacia in his garden to be a mountain-ash. Had he been acquainted with the *colour* and *serration* as well as the *shape* of the leaf, such a mistake would not have happened. The most remarkable botanical example, however, of the evils of half knowledge is to be found in the confounding of the sycamore with the plane. This is a mistake very common in England, but in Scotland it is almost universal; probably because there are so few plane trees in the north.* Half the practical gardeners (of the "meaner" sort, as Evelyn calls them) in the country do not know the difference, and make all sorts of ludicrous statements about the matter. Yet, except in the *shape* of the leaves, they are very different trees. They are distinctly dissimilar in the following particulars. The plane tree has, in botanical language, alternate leaves of a rather smooth texture, light in tint, and both sides nearly alike; its seed vessel is a round, fuzzy ball; the bark is usually very rugged, and the sprays are somewhat light and tapering, resembling those of the elm. The sycamore is nearly the reverse of all this. The leaves are rough and hairy, very dark on the upperside, and much lighter on the under, disposed in the "opposite" manner—its seed is contained in a double samara, the bark is nearly quite smooth, and the sprays are shorter and thicker than those of the plane. A further difference may be noticed in the black spot so common in sycamore leaves in autumn. Another mistake, although rather a misnomer than a confounding of things that differ, is the designation of the *Pinus Sylvestris* as the Scotch fir. It is, of course, not a fir in any precise sense at all, but a pine *pur et simple*, with the leaves growing in a sheath instead of singly; a radical distinction, easily remembered, between these two members of the great conifer family.

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* The fact of the absence of plane trees in Scotland affords, we conceive, a probable explanation of a well-known passage in "Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides," where he speaks contemptuously of the scarcity of trees. He had been told by Col. Nairne of St. Andrew's, when inspecting a fine plane tree in his garden, that "there was only this and another large tree in the county"—meaning, no doubt, that these two were the only large *plane trees* in Fife. The doctor,

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however, always glad of an opportunity of railing at Scotch poverty, caught up the remark in the wider sense, as referring to trees generally, and, magnifying a little, or a great deal perhaps, made his famous assertion that "he had not seen from Berwick to St. Andrew's a single tree which he did not believe to have grown up far within the present century." Scotchman, however, may forgive the doctor's *animus* for the impetus his sneering remark undoubtedly gave to planting in Scotland. He and Sir Walter Scott together may be credited with the planting of half the trees in the northern part of the island. Boswell, who relates the incident in his "Journal," professes himself unable to account for Col. Nairne's singular statement.

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DESCENT INTO A GOLD MINE BY PRINCE ALFRED AND OTHERS.

Precious in show are diamonds of the mine,
But truly precious is man's labouring hand.—*Old Play.*

WHEN H.R.H. Prince Alfred visited the great metropolis of the Australian gold-fields—viz., Ballaarat—he made a descent into one of their richest mines. Among the various wonders developed beneath the earth, there was one that never reached his knowledge. The miners did not work for wage or hire, but on the co-operative principle: all were partners and shareholders; and though the struggle was for gold, and the surrounding temptations without parallel (so much of the labour being carried on amidst dark shades, if not in semi-darkness), these partners were true to each other, and have long reaped the just, but not invariable, reward of honesty and industry.

Prince Alfred, with two or three of his suite, were invited to the Great Redan Reef, and made the descent of six or seven hundred feet, took their breath, &c., on one of the landings, and afterwards made a further descent of some hundreds of feet. We shall presently describe how this is effected. It is not everybody, even with pretty good nerves, that would very much relish the thing at first. Well, the Prince and his companions were taken along one of the deepest and longest drives—upwards of a thousand feet—amidst "darkness visible," till, arriving at the end, they were invited to "dig" for themselves, if such were the Royal pleasure: in other words, they were shown a "bank" whereon the wild gold grew. His Royal Highness and companions at once availed themselves of the proffered picks and shovels, and after a few digs and pokes, down came the shining yellow dust, coarse little knobs, and rough, dirty little flakes! The delight was excessive. Exclamations of boyish transport burst from more than one of the gentlemen of the Duke's suite—"O, look here! O, *do* see this! and this, too!"—as they gathered up and collected the tawny morsels, which the miners attending them, with equally delighted faces, begged they would retain, and, in plain English, "fill their pockets." Something like this was done, the proud and much flattered miners assisting in the operation. The actual value of all this dirty stuff was little understood by the recipients. The richest banks in these drives are not always, it may be supposed, quite so rich as the above, and the special occasion was, possibly, preceded by a little preparatory "salting." Be this as it may, every one was extremely pleased, and the Prince proceeded with his suite to the foot of the main shaft. Before he ascended, the Underground Manager, surrounded by a number of the miners, presented his Royal Highness with some dozen or a score of selected nuggets, the value of which, had they been sold, has been variously estimated at from £150 to £200. Perhaps the latter sum was meant to include the results of the amateur performances with pick and shovel at the other end of the drive.

The Prince was greatly pleased with his morning's "drive" we were going to say (recollecting how admirably he managed his four greys), and on arriving at his hotel, he sent a letter of thanks by his equerry to the Underground Manager, together with a present of £20 for the men.

"For the men!" Many awkward positions, circumstances, and misunderstandings are related of Prince Alfred during his visit to Australia, and not a few most unmitigated falsehoods and scandals (the grounds of which, when they did exist, were in nearly all cases exclusively attributable to other parties), almost the whole of which would have been prevented had some gentleman of mature years and experience accompanied him, with full permission to inform, if not advise. Now, why was there nobody who could make Prince Alfred aware that the gold mine he had just descended was worked upon the co-operative principle, and that all the miners were partners or shareholders, and that all the gold presented to him and his suite was from their hands? However, so it was; even the value of the presents was unknown.

"The men" on receiving the innocent, yet offending, £20, immediately met in conference; and next morning they sent to his Royal Highness a small bag of gold dust, the exact value of which they had ascertained to be £20, with "the men's compliments."

Of course, it was considered by the miners of Ballaarat, and all others who heard the story, as a mighty clever touch of ironical independence on the part of "the men," which the young Prince would wince under, in a becoming manner. But the great probability is that, in the absence of any information as to the real state of the case, his Royal Highness would only have been struck with this additional mark of polite attention! "Really the men are very good! I'm sure I'm very much obliged to them. What a fine colour this dust is!

And they evidently have such a quantity of it!" Is not all this very natural under the peculiar circumstances of both parties?

But a more detailed and descriptive account of the works and wonders of the Great Redan Reef of Ballaarat may be found not uninteresting to general readers on this other side of the globe; and fortunately we have at hand our notes of a visit to Ballaarat and descent into the "Great Extended" mine on the Great Redan Reef, some time anterior to that of H.R.H. Prince Alfred.

It has come to this great fact, that the largest of the deep-sinking gold mines of Australia may take rank henceforth as underground works with the coal mines of England. Scraping the surface and fossicking the sidings, were all very well during the early discoveries; but in this day the gold mine has attained the deep honour of a younger sisterhood with the black-diamond works of the mother country. You must not doubt the fact; for down a gloomy shaft we go, hundreds of feet below, into the sandy, and rocky, and watery bowels of the earth, and we arrive, as in coal mines, at a dark landing-place, dismally (I had almost said diabolically) illuminated by moving lights, displaying portions of smutty faces, huge naked arms, and gleaming eyes; and leading to long, utterly benighted, and apparently interminable passages, holes, gutters, caverns—with "gnomes" sitting at dinner—long drives and cross-drives; in short, we seem to have reached our first stage to Bunyan's Bottomless Pit. This, then, has been first accomplished in the colony of Victoria. What are known as "the diggings" belong mainly to the early periods.

Now, let us at once affirm that this was not done first in California, as our cousin of San Francisco has been disposed to intimate. It was first done here (the writer was in Ballaarat at this time), in the great double township, double municipality, two-daily-morning-papered gold-field of Ballaarat. I have commenced more in pleasantry than conceit, with a bit of trans-Pacific flourish, because this is a very flourishing place, in the most satisfactory sense of the term; but it will henceforward be my business to deal with quartz and alluvial facts only, and no idle fancies and vanities.

Before commencing the descent it will be proper to say a few words about the mine selected for this purpose.

On the Great Redan Reef of the gold-fields of Ballaarat, a company was established called "The Great Extended." It was first formed on the 10th of March, 1857, by eighty men, on the co-operative principle, being all working shareholders, and all sharing equally. Three officers were selected, *to wit*, an Underground Manager, a Secretary, and a Treasurer. The miners were divided into three gangs, each to work eight hours, and with this arrangement they worked day and night all the year round. They commenced sinking a shaft, seven feet six inches long, by only three feet three inches wide, being exactly the dimensions of an ordinary grave, the difference only being in the extraordinary depth. They were well aware at the outset that they might have to sink the shaft between three and four hundred feet, and that in doing this they would have to pass through several layers of rock. The reef on which they were sinking, rises and falls like hills and valleys, and the gold they knew would have been lodged by its own weight in the very centre of each of these valleys; which centre, or lowest dip of the reef, is termed with modest impropriety, the "gutter." In bygone ages this gutter was a creek, or water-channel, and it winds along underground just as a creek does on the surface. Now, although the miners knew that this gutter containing the "lead" or track of the gold, ran along in various places below, they could not know where it was, nor at what depth; their minds were therefore made up to sink to the bottom of the reef, and then commence "driving" (that is tunnelling) in various directions till they found it. But whether it was by singular good fortune, or that these eighty practical miners laid all their hard heads together, sitting in council, before they began to dig their profound grave, yet so it occurred that they descended right upon the golden gutter! They thus obtained a rich mass of gold immediately, and without driving an inch in search of it.

To attain this great prize, however, the reader is probably not aware of the amount of time, labour, skill, and capital that must have been expended. No shafts had ever been sunk for gold mining up to that time in any part of the globe to anything like the depth of the shaft of the Great Extended. In California a few shafts had been sunk, I believe, to something like one hundred feet, but these had been for quartz mining, and had not been sunk through rocks, and drifts containing heavy bodies of water, which made the deep sinkings of Ballaarat so arduous and expensive an undertaking. The shaft of the Great Extended cost nearly £140 per foot. The depth was between three and four hundred feet, in the course of which they had to pass through four layers of hard basaltic rock, rendering blasting necessary the whole time. These four layers amounted together to no less than two hundred and thirty feet of solid rock. The shaft was slabbed, *i.e.*, lined with massive timber planks, as they descended, and is thus lined from top to bottom. The sinking of this shaft, including the slabbing, occupied these eighty working shareholders day and night three years and four months, during which they never touched a penny. They had, moreover, to find themselves in food and clothing. An example of mutual good faith and honest co-operation, as of Anglo-Saxon perseverance, which seems to me well worth recording.

The cost of the undertaking may be thus roughly set down. Each shareholder contributed £78 10*s.*; amounting to £6,280. The Union Bank of Ballaarat advanced them £2,000. Eighty men's labour for one hundred and sixty-nine weeks, valued at £3 per week per man, making £40,560. The shaft when completed thus cost £48,840, before a shilling of return was realised. Besides this we are to bear in mind that they might then have had to commence driving in various directions had they not been so fortunate as to have alighted on the gutter.

The reward of all this persevering labour and expense soon came. In the first twenty-one days after arriving at the gutter the "wash-dirt" yielded eight hundred and eighty ounces of gold—value £3,520. On the 23rd of June, 1860, the first dividend of £44 per share was paid. Since then the fortnightly dividends, after paying expenses and borrowed capital, have varied from £7 to £30 per share, and latterly very much more than that. The balance sheet in March, 1861, showed that £347 per share, or £27,760, had been paid in dividends, and that altogether the yield of the mine had amounted to upwards of £36,000. Of course being once at the bottom they went on "driving." (I shall have something to say of these wonderful drives presently.) The average expenses of the working of the mine, exclusive of labour, were £80 weekly. The value of the plant some years ago was £3,600; and the shares were then worth from £1,000 to £1,100 per share. There is every sign of the yield of gold from this mine continuing much the same for many years, with, of course, the constant chance of coming upon large nuggets.

This gold mine, at the invitation of one or two of the principal shareholders, I prepared myself, one Australian autumn, to descend; and I shall invite the reader, in imagination (as Sheridan proposed to his son), to accompany me. It may be as well to state beforehand that the writer of this paper had no more business down a gold mine than Prince Alfred, and only went, as the reader is now requested to do, in the character of amateur and tourist in search of the source of wealth, and not of the picturesque.

The morning arrived. It has been premised that I "prepared myself" for the descent into the gold mine of the Great Extended. A disaster on another gold-field, by which several miners were buried alive by the falling in of the sides of a shaft, had just occurred. Sixty miners, in three gangs, were at this time digging day and night to get at the bodies, dead or alive. I therefore made a hasty but conscientious revision of "my will," and packed up a little parcel, addressed to my friend the —— —— of Melbourne, conveying to him my watch, rings, and last wishes, in case such wishes turned out to be my last. I left also a few lines at the top of my portmanteau for my kind host, the manager of the L—— C—— Bank. "But there really is no need for all this," said the chief barber of Ballaarat, who is a sleeping shareholder in two or three mines. Very likely, but there *might* be; besides, my peace of mind on that score for a few hours was well worth ten minutes' trouble.

I had just completed these little preparations against the worst (not in the least degree being influenced by any presentiment, which I always treat as a very dangerous, however well-meant, warning), when a message reached me, inquiring if I would go down in the bucket or the cage? I was told it was an iron cage; you could not fall, nor could you be jerked out of it. I sent word back, "The cage, by all means." Doubtless I was influenced by the idea of greater safety, and yet at the same moment the recollection of a wish expressed by Sir Thomas Browne crossed my mind to the effect that among several "last looks" which he would like to see painted, he would desire to see the last look of Bajazet on entering "the iron cage" after being conquered by Tamerlane. The association was not particularly refreshing, but to think of things at the most unseasonable moments is one of the conditions of humanity.

The Secretary of the ———— Institute was to accompany me. We met at the appointed spot, and away we went. After a walk of about a mile from the town (the *two* townships, east and west—I beg their pardons) we arrived at the works of the "Great Extended." The reader shall not be troubled with any account of the steam-power, engine-room, machinery, large puddling troughs, from thirty to five-and-thirty feet in circumference; great wheels flying round or slowly revolving; huge broad leather straps vibrating close to your cheek or over your head; iron waggons, iron buckets, iron tramways, iron trucks, &c. Several things in themselves and in their application were special and peculiar; but the works, having a family likeness to the machinery of iron, copper, and other mines, they need not be described. I looked about for the iron cage, but, seeing no signs of it, concluded it was doing duty in the lower regions.

We were now conducted by the Underground Manager, who had come up for the occasion, from the immense shed, beneath which the machinery plays, into a semi-detached building, one room of which is a "dressing-room." Here we were informed that we could make our toilet for the descent; and a few minutes found us covered up in waterproof coats, our boots exchanged for waterproof ankle-jacks, and our heads covered with miners' hats. Into the crown of mine I instantly, by a hint from the good genius called Instinct, deposited my handkerchief, and pulled the hat tight down over my ears. We soon emerged in our underground costume, and returned beneath the great shed among the machinery. I began to wonder whereabouts the great mouth of the pit or shaft could be, and I still looked in vain for the iron cage in which we were all to go down.

Presently the mystery is solved. A small trap-door, or cover, is removed; a dark hole only large enough to admit of two men standing face to face, with noses almost touching, is discovered, and up comes what they call the iron cage. It is a strong, but small, iron frame-work, in shape like a parrot's or cockatoo's cage, without a perch; open all round, and the occupant to stand on the little floor below. A curved iron bar passes up each side, at the top of which is a ring, to which the chain is attached—and there you are in the cage! "Is *that* the cage?" ejaculated I mentally. Let it not be imagined, however, that I regretted my choice, and that the "bucket" would have been any improvement. The horrid fact—one of another kind, which probably has not yet occurred to the reader—now, for the first time, broke upon me. It was some consolation to me, but not very much, that I had made my will.

Of course, I felt I had gone too far to recede, and no idea of declining the descent (by no means an uncommon occurrence with visitors, as the Underground Manager significantly and kindly informed me *sotto voce*) occurred to my inward man; but if I had foreseen the peculiar characteristics of the grave-formed shaft I should certainly have selected some other mine than the Great Extended. To prevent misunderstandings, it should be here stated that I was no novice in descending mines, but they were in the district of South Staffordshire in "the old country"—to wit, the coal mines of Bilston, Tipton, and Dudley. I now, therefore, this being my first visit to Ballaarat, very naturally anticipated a shaft of at least some eighteen or twenty feet in circumference, and that the Bajazet cage would be capable of taking down a social party of half a dozen visitors, shepherded by the Underground Manager and one or two of the working shareholders. Judge, then, of my disappointment when I saw an iron box, like a small dust-bin, rise up through a hole, which it just fitted—the box full of wash-dirt (gold with it, you know)—

rumble off to one of the puddling troughs, and its place supplied by an iron parrot-cage hung over the hole—the special invention—the horrid "new drop" of the Great Extended.

Possibly the reader may not still very clearly divine the cause of my dismay? I have already given the original dimensions of the shaft as those of an ordinary grave, and have also stated that it had been slabbed—*i.e.*, lined with massive planks—from top to bottom. This so much reduced the dimensions that to descend was literally going down a narrow, dismal, watery, wooden spout of several hundred feet perpendicular into the bowels of the earth! What a fine opportunity for fire-damp or any deadly effluvium! I also anticipated great difficulty in breathing; in fact, that I should be half suffocated for want of air.

The Underground Manager now bowed to me, and pointed to the cage. I turned round to bow to my obliging friend the Secretary of the ——— Institute, to give him the precedence, since only two could stand on the cage floor at the same time; but he was much too polite to hear of such a thing; I was the guest of the company, &c. I saw that I had to go down first, and inwardly shuddered in stepping upon the little iron floor. The same engine that drives the wheels of the three great puddling machines also lowers and lifts the cage, bucket, wash-dirt "mullock" (refuse), or whatever else has to pass up or down the shaft. The Underground Manager now took his stand opposite me, like another parrot; the signal was given to the engine-man at some distance and out of sight, and presently all the machinery overhead seemed gently to *ascend*, with a low, scraping sound. I gave my "last look" upwards; the miners and the Secretary had vanished; we were in the wet wooden spout, and sliding down, with what degree of velocity I had no knowledge.

The darkness was much less than I had expected, my companion's face being quite visible. To be sure, we were almost chin to chin. It was very like two ants going down a perpendicular hole in the earth, only that we were not going down head-foremost. The Manager was very attentive and careful. He told me to hold fast by the iron bar and stand close. To insure this he put one arm over my right shoulder and collared me. I now perceived that the low, scraping sound was caused by the cage being made to "fit" the spout, besides which it ran in a groove. I suppose this made it very safe; but the sense of utter helplessness, in case of any accident—the total compromise of all chance for individual energy and activity on a sudden emergency—half filled me with humiliation. I had always felt a scorn for the common ejaculation of "what poor creatures we are!" and now it began to come home to me. However, being in the thick of the business, I did not doubt but I should get through and land safely at the bottom, though not without feeling a wish that the bottom were the top to which we were returning. I did not experience the difficulty in breathing it was natural to expect. A thin stream of cold water accompanied us all the way. It half blinded me when I looked upwards, in which, however, I should have persevered till able to see through the liquid, but my companion advised me not to do so, in case any "little thing"—grit, sand, or a brickbat—should come down after us. They are very careful in guarding against such accidents, yet, if it did occur, the innocent intruder could never miss the head or shoulders of one or other of the descending men. The sliding and scraping now became more gradual—then much slower—then ceased. We had arrived at the bottom in utter darkness. A door was opened, and we stepped out, and were in the mine.

Several of the working shareholders below received me very kindly, each one holding a sperm candle in his hand. They then stood round in silence, so that it looked like the commencement of an underground ceremony. The lower door of the shaft was closed, and the signal being given by pulling down a sort of latch, which acted on a hammer, the cage was drawn up. One of the miners now advanced, holding two lighted candles, one of which, with a cordial action, between a bow and a nod, he placed in my hand. We waited for the descent of the Secretary. In a minute or two down he came, and was also presented with a candle. All fine sperm or composite candles in a gold mine; none of the common mutton dips of other underground regions. Thus armed and illustrated, off we started on a visit of examination along the first drive.

This was a passage of about six feet wide by four or five feet high, dug out of the alluvial earth. The sides were strengthened by the solid trunks of trees, of about four-and-twenty inches in circumference, fixed within two or three feet of each other, like strông pillars of timber. The wood chosen is that of the stringy-bark tree, the bark being first taken off, because it would soon decay and produce a bad effluvium. The trunks, therefore, are all of a smooth surface. The roof overhead is also strengthened by trunks of the same kind fixed across at about the same intervals. A little iron tramway ran all along the bottom of the drive, upon the rails of which we were recommended to step—a rail for each foot—the centre and both sides being full of water or slushy soil. The Underground Manager led the way with his candle, I following close, then the Secretary, and the rear-guard being one of the shareholders, each of us bearing his candle. It was not at all easy to walk at the Manager's accustomed pace over these washy rails; the consequence was that the two visitors frequently stepped aside into the slush, often much deeper than the ankle-jacks were prepared for. Now and then also, a beam overhead having sunk a few inches lower than the rest, or being by nature of stouter dimensions, I came with the crown of my head bump against it. My companions always inquired anxiously if I were hurt, but although an ejaculation burst from me at the moment, I bore it with becoming fortitude, assuring them it was a trifle. I saw no need to tell them of the handkerchief I had tucked into the crown of my hat. In this way we continued our strange progress for at least six hundred feet, the sides and roof being strengthened the whole distance with trunks of the stringy-bark tree, as previously shown, the cost of these trunks having already amounted to hundreds of pounds. We passed several cross-drives and dark holes, into one or two of which I groped my way at the Manager's suggestion, but observing nothing materially different from the drive we were in, except that the safeguard of the tree-trunks was here deficient, I soon came out again, assuring our guide that it was all deeply interesting, but that I had seen enough. "Seen enough?" the reader may exclaim, "why, you have seen comparatively nothing you expected!" That is very true, but I had seen several things I did *not* expect. As for the gold, we all scraped the walls down in various places without finding any. It should be understood, however, that gold may be very rich in alluvial soil without being visible to the naked eye. It is immensely rich when you can actually see it lying about or nestling in dark nooks and corners. So we scraped and fossicked and found nothing. "You find no gold," remarked the shareholder in the rear, with a grave and logical look, "because it has all been taken out." That had never struck me; but, of course, the very place we were in had once been solid, and the soil carried up to the puddling troughs. We, therefore, made our way back, not peculiarly edified by the walk.

If I seem, at times, to pass too hastily, or abruptly, over matters admitting of description, it should be explained that this is because my plan is to deal chiefly with facts, and very seldom with descriptions, and also because there is no need to speak of things common to mines in general, but only such as are characteristic of a gold mine. The reader must always distinguish this from mere "diggings."

On our return, when nearing the foot of the shaft, we arrived at a thick wooden door, closed. On opening it, we suddenly found ourselves in the dining-den of the gentlemen-miners, all working-partners, as previously stated. The great majority are English, Irish, and Scotch; a few Americans and Germans, however, are among them. One of these addressed me in the tongue of Fatherland, and we were at once about to compare "notes on the Rhine," when the Manager informed us there was another fine drive which we had not seen. I assured him I had seen enough. He repeated the proposition, enhancing the tempting offer by telling me it was the finest of the drives, being many hundred feet long. I begged he would not trouble himself any further, especially as he had not had his dinner. The fact was, I was wet, cold, and tired; and my feet, notwithstanding the ankle-jacks, had been in a cold sop for the last half hour. The Secretary now seconded the Manager's proposition, and this was supported by one of the miners rising from table (his closed knees) and assuring me I should be taken to the "working" at the end of the drive in the Manager's carriage! There was no resisting this. A small iron truck, used in conveying the wash-dirt to the foot of the shaft, was now placed upon the tram-lines of the fine drive in question. A candle was stuck in front of the truck, into which I got, seating myself in a crunched-up posture, with another candle held in my hand; and away I went at a rattling rate, through the darkness, like a joss, or other uncouth pagod, hurrying on some evil errand. My carriage was impelled along the tram by the weight and pressure of the powerful smutty-armed gentleman who had overcome my delicate scruples by his very handsome offer. The Manager, the Secretary, and the rear-guard shareholder ran behind, thus completing the pagod's grotesque train.

We arrived, in due course, at the end of the drive, being a distance, as has been said, of many hundred feet. Here I expected to be "shot out," for as to unpacking myself, so as to get out in a becoming manner, that seemed to me impracticable; however it was managed somehow. This was the "working" where the miners were now getting gold, though, at the present moment, they were all away at dinner. One of the party, to wit, my truck-propeller, now began to scrape down the wall with his scooped hands, in a rabbit-like style, and amidst the earthy slush and gravelly soil that fell, rough gold, in specks, grits, small knobs and scales, were visible, here and there, in profusion. That there was the same richness displayed, as on the late visit of H.R.H. Prince Alfred, cannot be affirmed; still, the fall of gold was really profuse, and I am convinced the bank it came from, was *bona fide*, and not at all "salted" for the occasion.

On my voyage out to Australia, one of your London celebrities, who has since returned, said to me, in allusion to Ballaarat—"The gold is there—that is certain—and we must have it. Now, you have only to fill a common pewter pint-pot with the dust, and there is your £500 clear! For every pint-pot full, you have £500." How little he knew: he should rather have said seven or eight hundred pounds. Since then, how often have we seen the means of filling a pint-pot with gold, but never in a lawful way, simply because the gold belonged to somebody else. Here, in this mine, was one of my last experiences of this kind, and I do not think it would have taken many hours to fill such a measure. Did the Manager do this? By no means. He just gave the slush an approving, half-caressing scrape down with the heel of his ancle-jack, obviously to see if more gold lay underneath, while the truck-propeller scooped a handful of it aside, and then flung it down. "But you might as well take what you see now, might you not?" said I. "No," replied he, flinging aside a double handful more of the precious, dirty slush, "we shall take it all up in the usual way." He meant all the earth we saw—that is to say, all we were standing upon, and all we saw in front of us. What confidence this showed in the completeness of their process! But this is common in all the gold fields.

The tramway was on an upward incline, as we came, and was consequently on a descending gradient towards the foot of the shaft. I returned in the same pagod-state, though with far greater rapidity; the candle stuck in front of the iron truck, flaring and guttering its life away; the candle I held also flaring and guttering all over my hunched-up knees; and the underground Magnate, the Secretary, and the Shareholder running head foremost through the black slush after me, with their candles flaring in my wake! One of the peculiarities of the scene was the silence of the *cortège*. A yell or a shriek would have made quite a different thing of it; but no one uttered a word or a sound all the way. I only wish I could have stood in some dark side niche, and seen the train pass by; the anxious solemnity of the face of the figure seated in his hideous car would have been intensely amusing. But once a voice was heard. "Keep back your head!" cried the propeller, for I was bending apprehensively forward to look into the darkness. "You'll see how we open a door." A massive wooden door presently appeared in front of our passage, and it was shut. The next instant one corner of my iron car ran into it with a banging dig! Open flew the door, with a blow against the wall timbers that seemed enough to break its back, especially after the dig it had received in its stomach—and through we all passed! We soon arrived again at the foot of the shaft, where we found several of the miners, who gave us a cordial reception.

The propeller completed his kindly offices by lifting me out of the truck, and assisting me over an interval of slush that was somewhat richer—I mean darker and deeper—than elsewhere. It was quite unnecessary, as I had long ago been wet to the knees, and was as besmutted as the best of them. However, I thought it would seem ungrateful to complain, so I allowed myself to be carried to a spot that was a shade more solid and a degree less watery.

The men working in the mine struck me at the time, and still more on reflection, as presenting characteristics of a marked difference to those of men working in the coal-fields and iron and copper mines of the old countries. Sobriety, order, contentment, liberality, good health, education, and cheerfulness, are found in all directions. No women, young girls, or boys of tender years, are permitted to work in any of these mines; neither are there any illegal or legal abominations in the matter of "apprenticeship." It is never good to make invidious comparisons, but it would not be difficult in few words to show the miners of Great Britain that they have some reason to feel proud of their sons and scions on Ballaarat, who have adopted, of their own accord, those salutary rules and laws which were so earnestly advocated by the Earl of Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) and Dr. Southwood Smith, in their reports on the "Inquiry into the Employment of Children and Young Persons in Mines and Manufactories," to which a humble co-operator in that philanthropic labour here ventures to refer.

But we have now got to ascend the shaft of the Great Extended. My apprehensions of suffocating for want of air, and on some other accounts, had pretty well vanished, but my antipathy to this watery wooden spout of hundreds of feet perpendicular, still remained. There was something else. By means of the latch below, signal-knocks, as previously explained, were communicated to the engine-man above—"*one* knock for wash-dirt coming up; *two* for mullock; *three*, men coming up; *four*, want to speak." Now, the danger in ascending, as somebody had told me (the Secretary I thought), was that a man might be mistaken for a load of dirt, and too much power being given by the engine for the wrong weight, the man might be raised high above the mouth of the shaft, and dashed to pieces, or torn to pieces (it does not in the least matter which) among the machinery termed the "poppet head" over the top of the shaft. However, it had to be done—I mean, it was necessary to ascend—and the sooner it was over the better. I therefore bowed to the Secretary, who was "up to the business," saying I would follow him. He was much too courteous to take precedence of me. I explained, however, that I had come down first, and could not think of preceding him a second time. I thought, moreover, that if he went up first he might inform those above that there was "another" man coming up, in case they mistook the next signal, and wound me up as a load of wash-dirt. Fatal accidents from this had previously occurred, and might again. These things glanced through my mind, and through his too, I now began to fancy, for my friend continued to bow, and persevere in his politeness. There was clearly nothing for it but to go up at once, or confess why I preferred to follow; and as I could not bring my mind to the latter, I e'en gulped down the unpalatable honour, and stepped into the gloomy gap at the foot of the shaft where the iron parrot-cage awaited its freight. The Underground Manager took his stand in front of me as before, showed me what to take hold of, and what to avoid, and how to carry my head. The little door was then closed upon us; the signal latch below gave the three knocks for the engine man above; the slack iron chain slowly became straight, and up we went, the motion being at first very slow and cautious.

Once more then I found myself in a watery, wooden spout, of hundreds of feet perpendicular height, constructed, in the first instance, at the enormous cost of £48,840. What further cost has been incurred need not be stated. How insensible it seemed of me, and, above all, how ungrateful, not to set a due value on my present position. But the Underground Manager again cautioned me on the danger of looking upwards. The following reflection, however, occurred to me, as it must have done to any other adventurous traveller going up a spout, or in any other precarious position—"If you risk your life to see something, and when you are in the very thick of it shut your eyes or hold your head down, of what use is it to risk your life? You *must* look up!" My companion observing my intention, as every voluntary movement in such a space could only be very cautiously and gradually effected, extended one arm and grasped me by the neck. Well, there was little enough to be seen, and at first nothing, as my eyes were speedily filled with water, which, fortunately, was fresh and clean. By force of contrast—the violent contrast of enormous breadth and extreme narrowness—I thought of the looking upward at the Falls of Niagara, where you can stand with your back against the rock below, having the dense curtain of the cataract arching over you in front; but where you can see nothing till your eyes have been filled, and your vision has mastered the watery medium. You then see something indeed, while in the present instance there is literally nothing to be seen but the wooden walls of this costly spout, and an ant-hole of light at the top. As I bent back my head in gazing up, the crown of my hat scraped the side of the spout behind me. If the reader has not previously realised this position, that finishing touch, I flatter myself, will have settled the matter. As we began to near the surface our rapid movement upwards was indicated by the (apparent) descent of watery sheets of light—watery sheet after sheet coming down with liquid brightness and rapidity. Presently our ascent became slower. We were now within fifty or sixty feet of the surface. "There's a man coming up," ejaculated I, mentally. "Should we be drawn up, by any accident, towards the machinery of the 'poppet head,'" said I to the Underground Manager, "be sure you don't hold or help me! Leave me to do my best for myself. I keep up my practice at the gymnasium when at home, at 'St. Kilda-on-the-Sea.' I shall spring at the ladder. That's the thing to do, isn't it?" He told me it was, in such a case; and promised not to lay a hand upon me. Thus assured, the writer prepared himself with a clear purpose and cool energy for the thing which did not occur. All the better, a thousand times. How often this happens in every eventful life. We reached the surface. "There's another man coming up!" we exclaimed, stepping with alacrity from the cage to the bank. Standing on *terra firma*, feeling the fresh air about me, with a bright, clear Australian sky above, I saw that the ascent and descent of the Great Extended was not such a serious matter after all, and at once offered to go down again for £50. This seemed to amuse the Manager and several miners round the top of the shaft. They said it was too much.

The Secretary arrived at the surface a few minutes afterwards. We were then taken to a small publichouse attached to the works (but not a Tommy Shop), where we washed our faces and hands; an operation which so refreshed me that I offered to go down the spout again for £25. The Manager said I should have to reduce my terms lower than that. We next adjourned to the dressing-room, where we changed our habiliments, in addition to which comfort the landlord of the little publichouse had lent me a pair of clean socks, which his wife had warmed at the fire. Such delicate attentions as these are not common in mining districts on any part of the globe, not even in South Staffordshire. My cure was completed by a bottle of soda-water with a nobbler of brandy in it; after which I shook hands with the Manager, assuring him that simply on the receipt of a cheque on the Great Extended for £10, I was ready to descend his shaft any day he liked to name. He smiled doubtfully, perhaps not believing me in earnest. At any rate we all had a good laugh at several things each of us said in our best manner.

Should I ever again see Ballaarat I intend paying a visit to the Cosmopolitan, and perhaps one or two others, where they have horses at work below. Not because those gold mines are more rich or interesting than the Great Extended, but, frankly, because a horse requires a shaft of reasonable dimensions, and so would any other equally rational creature. That H.R.H. Prince Alfred was taken down the watery spout in a similar cage, I certainly cannot believe, but it is pretty well known that on various far more trying occasions, besides the sad and almost tragic affair at Sydney, he conducted himself as became a prince of the royal blood.

R. H. H.

THE STORY OF THE "CAPTAIN."

THE loss of this short-lived, but famous ship, will always form one of the saddest and most notable passages in our naval history. Such an event had never before occurred, and we trust never will occur again. That a magnificent war-ship, larger than the finest Transatlantic steamers, fully equipped, and manned by one of the "crack" crews in our service, should have capsized at sea and been lost as she was seems almost incredible even now that we know the awful truth, especially when we remember that only a few weeks ago we were reading the most favourable reports of her behaviour in heavy weather. The fact remains, however, that the ship of which so much was hoped, and in which her gallant crew had unbounded confidence, lies buried beneath the waves off Cape Finisterre, and that in her five hundred of our bravest and our best went down. Yet even in the night of sorrow which this event has caused there is one ray of light—we know the truth respecting the *Captain's* fate, and are not left in the uncertainty that would have resulted if no one had survived to tell the tale. Had it been otherwise we might have gone on adding to our fleet other *Captains*, with the result, as we now know, of exposing their crews to similar disaster; but now, thank God, we know the danger and can avoid it.

All our readers are, doubtless, more or less acquainted with the principal facts respecting this dreadful calamity, which have been elicited by the Court of Inquiry recently held at Portsmouth. The evidence has been published *in extenso*, and has comprised the testimony of almost all those persons who could be expected to throw light upon the circumstances attending the ship's construction, qualities, and loss. It would be out of place, therefore, for us to go through these facts and statements in order; but they contain so many technicalities and professional descriptions that we feel confident the general reader will welcome any attempt to make clear, in popular language, the main conclusions to which the evidence conducts. Such an attempt we propose to make, endeavouring to tell briefly the story of the *Captain* from first to last, and supplying links not contained in the evidence from other reliable sources. The great and general interest felt in the subject leads us to believe that we shall scarcely fail of readers, although much that has to be told is of a professional character.

At the outset let us pay a tribute of respect to the memory of Captain Cowper Coles, to whose name will always be attached the honour of having introduced the turret system, which was entirely novel in principle, yet so wonderfully simple and well adapted for working heavy guns, that in a few years it overcame prejudices founded upon the traditions of centuries, and now bids fair to take the lead in armoured war-ships. The development of the turret principle was Captain Coles' great work, and we owe him no small debt of gratitude. His labours found their end only with the loss of his life; and, like Winstanley at the Eddystone Lighthouse, he perished in what seemed the hour of his triumph. In the *Captain* he had shown us what was his conception of a sea-going turret cruiser, and had broken away entirely from precedent and rule. He seemed, during the earlier trials, to have succeeded admirably in meeting the requirements of an English man-of-war, capable of keeping the sea and fighting in all weathers. There was good reason, therefore, for his enthusiastic belief in the future of his invention, although to lookers-on it appeared to be wanting in judgment and moderation; but no one would desire to set this slight and natural failing against the services he has rendered, or to forget that he found a tomb in the ship in which he so fully believed.

Captain Coles' earliest suggestions to the Admiralty were made during the Crimean war, and when the ironclad reconstruction of our navy was begun he came forward with schemes for placing the guns in cupolas or shields instead of at broadside ports, such as our wooden ships had. His plans were not accepted by the Admiralty when first presented, but a year or two later it was decided to construct two coast-defence turret-ships, and these were commenced early in 1862. Having taken this step, the Admiralty declined further action until these ships were tried; but other governments were not so shy of the new invention, and the public had the mortification during the years 1863-64 of knowing that while we stood still foreigners were actually having turret-ships built in this country, and were not contented with using them for coast defence, but were equipping them for sea-going purposes in accordance with Captain Coles' ideas. The fact gave rise to considerable remonstrance and agitation in the press and elsewhere, and bitter complaints were made of the obstructiveness and prejudice of the Admiralty. At length this agitation had its effect. In October, 1864, Captain Coles, after conferring with the Admiralty began to prepare a design for a sea-going turret-ship, masted and rigged for cruising purposes, and was granted the assistance of some professional persons in the work.

The design thus prepared was submitted early in 1865, and was referred by the Admiralty to a committee of naval officers, of which the Earl of Lauderdale was chairman. After examining a number of naval and professional men, the committee submitted a report,* which concluded as follows:—"We do not recommend a ship should be built upon the design submitted by Captain Coles, although great pains have evidently been bestowed upon the preparation of that design. . . . . . But the advantages of the turret system of armament are so evident . . . that notwithstanding many attendant disadvantages we submit that the matter should be no longer left in doubt, and that a trial should be given to the system in a sea-going ship, armed with two turrets."

Prompt action was taken, for once, by the Admiralty on this strong recommendation, and within six or seven months of the presentation of the report a turret-ship, designed by the Controller's Department, was commenced at Chatham. Captain Coles had been previously consulted respecting the turret-arrangements of this vessel, but their lordships had independently decided the great features of the construction of the ship herself—such as the arrangement of the armour plating, the height of the side out of water, &c. When completed the design was, however, sent to Captain Coles for inspection and remarks. It did not at all meet his "views of a sea-going turret-ship," and he informed the Admiralty of the fact, adding, "nor can she give my principle a satisfactory and conclusive trial." It is only justice to admit that in this case the Admiralty acted admirably; nor is it more than the truth to say that Captain Coles' judgment was in error, for the *Monarch*, built from the Admiralty design, has proved one of our most successful ironclads. Refusing to alter their own ship or to desert the principles they had laid down for their designers, they yet recognised fully Captain Coles' claim, as the inventor of the turret system, to work out what he considered to be its best development for sea-going purposes, and made him the offer "of reducing to practice his own views of what a sea-going turret-ship should be," authorising him to call in the aid of one out of several large private firms in preparing his design, from which they promised to build if it were approved when completed. The pressure of public opinion, undoubtedly, had much to do with this proposal, and no better proof of the fact could be given than is afforded by a passage in the decision of the Court of Inquiry, which runs as follows:—"The Court before separating find it their duty to record the conviction they entertain—that the *Captain* was built in deference to public opinion, expressed in Parliament and through other channels."

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* Since printed as a Parliamentary paper, "Navy (Turret-ships)." No 87. 1866.

Captain Coles at once closed with the offer made him, and chose Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead, as his naval architects and ship-builders, they having had considerable experience in the construction of small turret-ships. From their joint action sprang the design of the *Captain*, and before proceeding further it will be well for us to gain an idea of the principal features of the ill-fated vessel.

In objecting to the *Monarch*, Captain Coles had specified what he considered to be the essential features of a sea-going turret-ship, saying, "The great point which remains to be further developed in my invention is its enabling the heaviest ordnance, that would destroy any ironclad in existence, to obtain an all-round fire, and to be efficiently carried on a minimum beam and tonnage, with a maximum speed, at the same time showing the minimum area above the water-line to be plated that can be given to insure safety to the vessel at sea and render her habitable for the crew in all climates." Let us see how far the ship realised these conceptions.

The armoured hull of the *Captain* was a raft-like structure, the top of which, or upper deck, was intended to be about 8 feet above water when the vessel was fully laden, but was really only 6½ feet above water in the completed ship. In ordinary ships of equal size with the *Captain* this height, or "freeboard," as it is technically termed, would be about twice as great, and on this account the *Captain* is referred to as a "low freeboard" turret-ship, while the *Monarch* (which has her upper deck 14 feet above water) is known as a "high freeboard" ship. Hereafter we shall have to refer again to this question of freeboard in its relation to the safety of ships, but for the present will only say that Captain Coles undoubtedly thought that 8 feet was sufficient freeboard "to ensure safety to the vessel at sea."

Upon this low-armoured hull were carried two turrets, the tops of which projected a few feet above the upper deck. Each turret contained two of our most powerful guns, each weighing 25 tons, and throwing projectiles of 600 pounds weight. These guns certainly gave the vessel the power which Captain Coles wished to obtain of "destroying any ironclad in existence" at the time; but they did not possess that all-round fire on which he had set so much value. Had there been no projections above the upper deck besides the turrets such a power of horizontal command might have been obtained, no doubt; but having made the freeboard very low it became absolutely necessary to protect the deck and the turrets from the wash of waves by means of a forecastle at the bow and a poop at the stern, each of which was of considerable length, and about 14 feet in height. Between the poop and forecastle, and at the same height above water, ran a longitudinal platform about half as wide as the upper deck; this platform was known as the "hurricane" or "flying deck," and it served the same purpose as the upper deck in an ordinary ship, access being obtained to it by means of enclosed passages between the turrets. It will doubtless be in the recollection of most persons that this hurricane deck was supposed to have aided considerably in capsizing the vessel, by acting as a sail: in this opinion we cannot concur, and we would add that it was absolutely necessary to have such a platform in the *Captain* as there were many occasions, during her trials, when men could not have stood upon the upper deck on account of the wash of the sea. This deck had the additional advantage of enabling the upper deck to be always kept clear for firing the turret guns. Granting that low freeboard was desirable, it is hard to see what better arrangement could be made. That is, however, the critical question.

Of the other details of the ship we need not speak. She was undoubtedly well-protected, well-armed, had good speed under steam, and was in most respects a very efficient fighting ship. She had besides the masts and rigging of a fully-equipped sailing iron-clad, the lower masts being supported by steel tripods instead of shrouds (*i.e.* inclined ropes leading from the ship's sides to the upper ends of the masts). Captain Coles introduced these tripods because they interfered less than shrouds with the fire of the turret guns. On the whole, there was ample reason for saying, as Vice-Admiral Symonds did in his report, "I consider that great and successful ingenuity has been generally displayed in her arrangements."

The design for the *Captain* was submitted to the Admiralty about the middle of 1866, and was very soon afterwards approved, but from some cause or another no steps were taken to build her until the early part of the next year. About two years were occupied in completing the vessel, so far as was thought desirable before floating her out of the dock where she had been built, and another year elapsed before she was sent to Portsmouth to be fitted out for sea. When first set afloat it became evident that the ship's load draught of water would be greater than was intended, and when she was ready for sea it was found that she drew about 2 feet more water than was designed, thus bringing her freeboard down to about 6½ feet, and reducing the

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After these trials, extending over the greater part of May, the *Captain* took a very high place indeed in public estimation, and the slight fears which existed previously as to the influence which the deeper immersion would have upon her qualities, seemed to be almost entirely removed. Admiral Symonds, it is true, expressed "a hope to see a higher freeboard," but not on the ground of sea-worthiness; his wish was to do away with the poop and forecastle in order to increase the range of the turret guns. The Admiral also said "the masting is much overdone beyond the strength of the complement;" but he did not hint at the sails being in excess of the ship's power to carry them, or, in technical language, of her "stability," although he has since been credited with having done so. In short, all the reports convey the impression that the *Captain* after trial in heavy weather was considered by those who had watched her, and by those on board, a safe and sea-worthy vessel. There is indirect evidence also to show that both Captain Coles and Captain Burgoyne were perfectly confident after these and further trials, of the surpassing merits of the vessel. One extract must suffice. Captain Commerell, of the *Monarch*, stated (in his evidence before the Court of Inquiry) that "Two days after arriving at Vigo Captain Coles, in the presence of Captain Burgoyne, who did not dissent, expressed the greatest possible confidence in her stability, and said that beyond a certain point she could not go over. Captain Coles altogether laughed at the suspicion of her going over. I had reason to think from conversations which were very frequent that Captain Burgoyne had thought the ship overweighted, but from recent trials his mind was set at rest." This confidence was shared by all on board, and was well expressed by Mr. May, one of the survivors, when he said, "I always felt myself on board the finest ship in the world until she foundered."

Early in June the squadron returned to England to refit. The *Captain* having but few repairs to complete was ready before the other ships, which had been longer in commission; and as it was considered desirable to give her the fullest trial at sea, she started alone early in July, and proceeded as far as Vigo, whence she returned to Portsmouth. The results obtained on this cruise also appear to have been most satisfactory, and raised still higher the public estimate of her merits. Everything seemed to point to the probability of her height of the turret guns above water by an equal amount. The error in construction thus disclosed was both serious and considerable; it represented an increase in the actual weights of something like 800 or 900 tons—that is of about one-eighth, or one-ninth of the total weight of ship and lading. In consequence of this error the *Captain* was never tried at sea under the conditions which her designers hoped to obtain, but the responsibility was entirely their own, and the increased immersion would seem from the evidence given before the Court of Inquiry to have resulted from a lavish expenditure of material made with the view to strengthen the hull. In their decision the Court laid great stress on the fact "that before the *Captain* was received from the contractors, a grave departure from her original design had been committed, whereby her draught of water was increased about 2 feet, and her freeboard was diminished to a corresponding extent;" the reduction in freeboard amounted to one-fourth that intended to have been obtained.

It does not appear that any serious doubts of the ship's sea-worthiness were entertained in consequence of the increased draught, although it did at that time seem questionable whether the height of the guns above water would be sufficient for fighting in heavy weather at sea. The ship was commissioned in the spring of this year by Captain Burgoyne, V.C., of whom we need write no other word of praise than that, in his hands, every one felt confident the vessel would be made to do all that she was capable of doing. Accompanied by her great competitor, the *Monarch*, the *Captain* left Portsmouth on May the 10th for her first cruise at sea, and after joining the Channel Squadron off Cape Finisterre engaged in a series of trials, indicated by the Admiralty, for the purpose of ascertaining her qualities in sailing, steaming, and fighting at sea, both actually and relatively to the *Monarch*. These trials were conducted by Sir T. Symonds, the Admiral in command, and were fully reported upon by him; this report has since been printed by order of Parliament, and contains some very interesting facts.* Of these we can only say now that they carry on their face the conclusion that the *Captain* was considered to have succeeded admirably; and that she was perfectly sea-worthy, as well as an efficient fighting ship. On the last point, which we have said was thought to be doubtful by some persons, Admiral Symonds dwells at length in the report, remarking that both the *Monarch* and the *Captain* "can use their guns . . . . in any sea in which an action is likely to be fought."

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* Navy (Ships "Monarch" and "Captain"). No. 402; 1870.

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The Channel Squadron left England early in August, with the *Captain* in company, on what, alas, proved her final cruise. Her departure was hailed with satisfaction, because it was hoped that the much-vexed turret question was at length approaching a solution. After joining the Mediterranean Squadron at Gibraltar, the combined fleets cruised in company for several days, nothing worthy of note occurring until the 6th of September, the day before the *Captain* was lost. On that day the wind freshened, and a trial of sailing was ordered by Admiral Milne, who was at the time on a visit of inspection to the *Captain*. The particulars of this trial, and of the *Captain's* behaviour while it was transpiring, were made the subject of careful inquiry by the Court, and the public are in possession of the facts. The only thing that need be said respecting them is that on this day the *Captain* appears to have become inclined very much more than she had been reported to have done on previous trials of sailing; but for this change no assignable cause could be found. On earlier trials the vessel had not apparently "heeled" over more than eight or ten degrees; but on the 6th of September she heeled twelve or fourteen degrees, and sometimes buried the edge of her low deck in the water. Admiral Milne was so impressed with the ship's condition that he called Captain Coles' attention to it, and said, "I cannot reconcile myself to this state of things, so very unusual in all my experience." To this remark Captain Coles replied, "Oh, there is not the slightest danger," and undoubtedly believed that there was none. Admiral Milne, too, according to his own evidence, did not apprehend any danger, but considered it most undesirable that the ship should have her deck so low as to be washed by the waves when she was heeled over; and after expressing this opinion he let the matter drop. We are not likely now to learn anything more than we know respecting the ship, but we cannot avoid regretting that no reason could be assigned for the vessel's great heel under sail on her last trial. It might have helped us much, had we known the truth, in accounting for the terrible disaster that followed so soon.

Towards evening Admiral Milne left the *Captain*, and returned to his flag-ship. As the night came on the ships in the squadron were put under easy sail, and ordered to keep station. The darkness gathered thicker and thicker, the weather became wilder, but still it was not so bad as to cause any apprehensions whatever for the safety of any other ship in the squadron. Towards midnight a severe squall came on, and the sea became confused although not very high. All the ships except the *Captain* kept on their course, and all on board them felt secure amid the raging storm; but the *Captain* was overturned, and went down bottom upwards. The survivors are unanimous in their evidence on this point, and the deposition of one will stand for all, running as follows:—"About midnight the ship made a heavy roll, and before she had time to recover a heavy sea struck her, and threw her on her beam ends. She then turned bottom upwards, and went down stern first. From the time of her turning over to the time of her sinking was about ten minutes." Who could venture to imagine the agony that was compressed into that brief interval of time?

Such were, in brief, the circumstances attending this dreadful calamity so far as they will ever be known. Respecting them there is no ground for discussion; but there is good reason for asking why the ship was lost in weather when the remaining ships of the squadron experienced no danger, and for inquiring as to the responsibility of those who built her and sent her to sea. Before concluding our sketch, therefore, we will attempt to answer these questions.

Why was the *Captain* lost? we ask. The verdict of the Court supplies the answer given by the naval men who composed it, and says, "she was capsized by a pressure of sail assisted by a heave of the sea," almost repeating in fact the words of some of the survivors. Was the pressure of sail excessively great, then? The Court replies, "The sail carried at the time of her loss (regard being had to the force of the wind and the state of the sea) was insufficient to have endangered a ship endowed with a proper amount of stability." Had not the *Captain* a proper amount of stability? we inquire. The Court answers, "Her stability proved to be dangerously small, combined with an area of sail (under the circumstances) excessive;" it also, as we said above, calls attention to the increased immersion, as "a grave departure from the original design." On the whole this verdict is, we think, a sound one, but in some respects it is extremely vague, and it fails to bring into proper prominence that which had as much to do with her loss as any other feature, if it had not more influence in bringing the disaster to pass—we refer to the lowness of her free-board, or height out of water. Let us try to make this point intelligible to the unprofessional reader, for it is of the utmost importance.

When an ordinary ship with sides rising high out of the water is inclined by the pressure of wind on her sails, or any other external force, it is a matter of common observation that a strong tendency to return to the upright position becomes developed; and that as soon as the pressure is removed the vessel does return to the upright—"rights" herself as sailors say. This tendency to right, or "righting force," as it is termed, grows almost at the same rate as the inclination until a considerable angle is reached; thus, for example, we should not be far wrong to assume for any high freeboard ship that the righting forces for angles of inclination equalling ten, fifteen, and twenty degrees, would be respectively about twice, thrice, and four times as great as that at an inclination of five degrees. Hence it is obvious that in such cases the greater the angle rolled through, within the limit of keeping the upper deck above water, the larger will the righting force become. In a low freeboard ship like the *Captain* the conditions are very different, as several witnesses very clearly showed before the Court of Inquiry. So long as the edge of the low deck is not buried under water, the righting force does continue to increase just as it would in a ship with high sides, but when once a portion of the deck is brought beneath the water level, the rate of increase in the righting force becomes slower, and before long it reaches a maximum value, after passing which it decreases slowly until, before the vessel is quite on her beam ends, it reaches a zero value.*

This statement of the different conditions of high and low freeboard ships cannot be better illustrated than by quoting (from Mr. Barnaby's evidence before the Court of Inquiry) a few figures drawn from calculations made at the Admiralty for the purpose of determining the variations in the righting force of the *Captain*; it must not be supposed, however, that we in any way guarantee the accuracy of the calculations. At an inclination of fourteen degrees the edge of the deck became immersed, as Admiral Milne saw it on the trial of the 6th September; the righting force was then said to equal 5,700 tons acting at a leverage of one foot. But fourteen degrees is not the limit of heel possible, and taking a higher figure, twenty-one degrees, Mr. Barnaby said the righting force would be equal to 7,100 tons acting at a leverage of one foot. This is its maximum value, and beyond it the righting force decreased gradually, until at the extreme inclination of fifty-four degrees it became nothing, *i.e.*, the application of the smallest force would capsize the ship.

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* Readers possessing a knowledge of mechanical principles will at once understand what we mean by this righting force; it consists of the moment of a "couple," the forces of which result from the action of the pressure of the water through the centre of gravity of the volume displaced, and of the ship's weight supposed to be concentrated at her centre of gravity. With a high freeboard, as the ship heels over, the "arm" of this couple becomes increased on account of the fact that the volume then immersed is not symmetrical about the ship's central plane of division, but has its greater part towards the side entering the water; hence the righting force grows. With a low freeboard the same thing is true until some portion of one side of the deck is immersed, but then the centre of gravity of the water displaced begins to return towards the vertical line through the ship's centre of gravity, and the righting force consequently becomes decreased.

If the Court meant to express this view of the matter by the phrase, "her stability proved dangerously small," then we perfectly agree with the justice of their verdict; but there is a doubt as to whether this was their meaning, and in much that has been writen on the question quite another meaning has been attached to the words, and the term "stability" has been supposed to express only what naval architects call "stiffness" (*i.e.*, the power which the ship possesses to stand up under her sails), irrespectively of the height of the upper deck above the water. Now, apart from the question of freeboard, there is good evidence to show that the *Captain* was not deficient in stiffness under canvas, as compared with other ships in the squadron. Captain Commerell, of the *Monarch*, said (in his Report published in a Parliamentary paper), "I should consider her rather a stiff ship under sail;" Captain Burgoyne reported, during the first cruise, "the ship appeared to stand up well to her canvas;" and one of the witnesses before the Court stated that Captain Burgoyne assured him that the *Captain* was "a very stiff ship to an angle of some six or seven degrees, beyond which it seemed difficult to carry her." On her last trial of sailing, too, although the *Captain* heeled over to a larger angle than had been previously reported, she did not heel so much as the *Inconstant*, one of the high freeboard ships. In short, had the *Captain* possessed a high freeboard and the same sail-carrying power up to the inclination of fourteen degrees (when the edge of her deck became immersed) as she actually possessed, she would have resisted the squall that proved fatal to her, and have come out of it as well as the *Inconstant* did; of which her captain said, "I was perfectly safe in my mind as to the safety of the *Inconstant* during the night in question, and carried my side sleeping-cabin port open."

We are forced, then, to the conclusion that the loss of the *Captain* must be attributed mainly to the fact of her low freeboard being associated with a degree of stiffness which would have been sufficient in a ship with high sides, but was not sufficient to prevent her from being forced over by the wind and sea beyond her point of maximum stability. Her sails could (as shown on the 6th of September) give her a steady heel which brought the edge of her deck close to the water level, and any sudden shock had only a small margin or *reserve* of stability left to overcome. Taking Mr. Barnaby's figures once more for purposes of illustration, the righting force at fourteen degrees, when the edge of the deck was brought to the water-level, was about 5,700 foot-tons, and there the ship was held by the steady pressure of the wind. Now the maximum righting force only exceeded this by 1,400 foot-tons, and hence a squall of wind acting suddenly upon the sails might, without any great stretch of the imagination, have been supposed capable of blowing the vessel over, unless the sails or the spars gave way.

But this is only a partial view of the matter, for it excludes from consideration the fact that a ship at sea has to encounter waves of various forms and sizes, and may be set rolling in such a manner as to incur danger, quite apart from the pressure of wind on her sails. In a low freeboard ship this is particularly important, for it may result in the vessel's rolling, as it were, *against* the slope of a wave; and, by burying some portion of her deck in it, sustaining a very serious loss in her righting force. Now, there appears to be evidence to show that in the case of the *Captain* something of this kind happened. The Court had good reason for expressing the belief that "the sail carried at the time of her loss was insufficient to have endangered a ship endowed with proper stability;" the fact being that it was a very moderate spread of canvas indeed. On the other hand it appears that there was a "cross sea" on, which attracted the attention of officers of the watch on board several ships, and the opinions of the survivors were almost all in accordance with the statement of the gunner's mate, James Ellis, who said, "It appeared to me that the ship was thrown over by the wind and sea together. She appeared to be thrown over by the sea, and then unable to recover herself." The Court endorsed this view to some extent by alluding to "the heave of the sea," as well as the "pressure of sail," as the cause of the disaster; but they evidently attached more importance to the latter feature.

Why was the *Captain* lost? We answer, because having a low freeboard, and a stiffness which was sufficient only when associated with high freeboard, she was so circumstanced in the squall on the morning of the 7th September as to be driven by the wind and sea beyond her position of maximum stability, and so capsized.

On whom, then, rests the responsibility? So far as the design and construction of the vessel are concerned, Captain Coles and Messrs. Laird undoubtedly should bear it. When the vessel was thought to be a success they had the credit; it is but fair that the fact should be remembered now the ship is lost. The Court recorded the opinion that the *Captain* was built "in opposition to the views and opinions of the Controller (of the Navy) and his department, and that the evidence all tends to show that they generally disapproved of her construction;" the professional advisers of the Admiralty are therefore exonerated so far, and the pressure of "public opinion" has to bear the blame of causing such a vessel to be constructed. With regard to the departure from the design involved in the increased immersion and decreased freeboard, it is only necessary to say that Messrs. Laird as builders accept the responsibility; and we join with the Court in thinking it a very "grave" matter, for such a reduction in the intended freeboard entailed a loss of that reserve-stability which would have resulted from having the deck higher out of water.

The only further question to be asked is, we think, Why was the *Captain* allowed to go to, or continue at, sea after the Admiralty officials had, by means of actual calculation, determined her stability? It was stated in evidence that before she started on her last cruise experiments were made to ascertain the position of her centre of gravity; and towards the end of August the calculations based upon the experiments were completed. Why was no warning given when the results were obtained? The official answer to this question was given in evidence by Mr. Barnaby, who said, "I should not have presumed to press those calculations in the face of the officers who tried the *Captain*. It would be presumptuous to do so, because it is impossible to submit to calculation the height of the wave, the force of the wind, &c. After the ship was lost those calculations have been held to show why she was lost, and they do partly explain it; but so far as I am aware no one predicted from them that the *Captain* would turn over. Had I thought so I should have felt it my duty, notwithstanding the awkwardness of the position as between ourselves, Captain Coles, and the designers, to have said so." This seems to us a fair and open statement of the case. Before the calculations were made the vessel had been tried at sea, and had, as we have seen, been reported upon most favourably as respected her seaworthiness. The calculations, on the other hand, required to be supplemented by certain assumptions as to the possible circumstances in which the vessel might be placed at sea, and there was therefore an element of doubt as to their value; on this account they were not set against the actual results of trials at sea as reported by responsible naval officers. And we may add that we do not think any naval architect placed in similar circumstances would have ventured to found his action upon theoretical investigations merely when he had before him what purported to be the results of actual and extensive practice. The dangers inherent in low freeboard ships when rigged as cruisers were well known as abstract principles, and had been applied so far as to cause the rejection of a scheme for sending masted monitors to sea. The *Captain*, however, was not a monitor, and she had passed successfully through heavy weather. What person would have ventured to condemn her as unseaworthy three months ago, at least on the ground of her danger of capsizing? Now she is lost we can explain the occurrence, but we could not anticipate it. To be wise after the event is a very easy matter; and any person who dared to claim that he had predicted such a disaster as that which has occurred would be fairly open to the charge of inhumanity, unless he could show also that he had previously done all in his power to give effect to his views, and to prevent loss of life.

The *Captain* was a great experiment, and she has failed. The price we have paid for our certain knowledge of the dangers of such ships is a heavy one—500 precious lives, and little short of half a million sterling. But we have learnt a lesson we shall not soon forget, and masted turret ships are not likely to be built in future unless they have a higher freeboard.

The gallant ship is lost, and almost all her crew have perished in her, but they have left behind them wives and children whose claims upon our sympathy and help need not be urged. The "*Captain* Relief Fund" already reaches a respectable sum; we trust that before it closes it will be worthy of the nation, in whose service our noble seamen laid down their lives.

* * *

ON THE PRINCIPLES OF ARTIFICIAL FLY-FISHING.

A RECENT reviewer of my book, the "Modern Practical Angler,"[*] has observed that the purpose of the work is twofold: first, to supply the demand which exists for some general and complete angling manual, bringing the subject up to the mark of modern art; and, secondly, to introduce my views on the subject of fly-fishing, "which not only differ widely from hitherto received canons, but which, if accepted, will practically revolutionise, in the direction of simplifying, the whole system, both of making and using artificial flies."

The favourable manner in which this portion of my book has been received by some of the ablest of the critical journals led me to think that possibly a *resumé* of the views referred to, with a few illustrative observations on the general theory and practice of artificial flies and fly-fishing, would not be without interest to the readers of *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

Trout flies and salmon flies differing essentially in many points, both of principle and detail, will be most conveniently dealt with separately. The following remarks are confined to flies and fly-fishing for trout and grayling.

THE SYSTEM OF ARTIFICIAL TROUT FLIES AND FLY-FISHING.

The first question, and one which inevitably meets us at the outset of our investigation, is "Why, and for what, do trout take the artificial fly?" "Clearly"—the answer must be—"for the purposes of food, and in mistake for the natural insect." But then comes the question "How do we know that?" Answer, "Because unless the artificial fly bears some resemblance to the natural, *both in form and colour*, trout will not take it. Moreover (speaking generally) they will not take it at all except in the position in which the natural fly is commonly found,—that is, in or near the surface of the water." The words above italicised are to be noted, because upon the fact of this essential double resemblance are based the differing tenets of the opposite schools of modern fly-fishers. These parties may be described as the "colourists," or those who think "colour" everything and "form" nothing; and the "formalists," or "entomologists," as they have been sometimes termed, who hold, with the late Mr. Ronalds, that the natural flies actually on the water at any given time should be exactly imitated by the artificial fly used, down to the most minute particulars of form and tinting. The latter class includes probably the very great majority of anglers—both apostles and disciples—who have in most cases imbibed their opinions, until recently unchallenged, almost unconsciously and without ever questioning their soundness. The "colourists" are still but a section, though an increasing one, of the general fly-fishing community, and are represented by a few enterprising spirits in advance not only of their age, but also, as I believe, of the truth. The theories of the two schools may probably be contrasted with advantage, though at the risk of some after refutation.

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[*] The "Modern Practical Angler: a complete Guide to Fly-fishing, Bottom-fishing, and Trolling," by H. Cholmondeley-Pennell; author of the "Angler-Naturalist," "The Book of the Pike," &c. London: F. Warne & Co., Bedford Street. Illustrated by 50 engravings of Fish and Tackle.

The position of the "formalists" is as follows:—

Trout take artificial flies only because they resemble both in form and colour the natural flies they are in the habit of seeing; if colour is the only point of importance, why does not the "colourist" fish with a bunch of feathers tied on to a hook promiscuously? Why adhere to the form of the natural fly at all? Evidently because it is found, as a matter of fact, that such a bunch of feathers will not kill. If this be so: if in other words the fish do take the artificial for the natural insect, it follows that the more minutely the artificial imitates the natural fly the better, and also, by a legitimate deduction, that the imitation of the fly on the water at any given time is that which the fish will take best.

To the above argument the "colourists" reply:—

Your theory supposes that trout can detect the nicest shades of distinction between species of flies which in a summer's afternoon may be numbered actually by hundreds, thus crediting them with an amount of entomological knowledge which even a professed naturalist, to say nothing of the angler himself, very rarely possesses; whilst at the same time you draw your flies up and across the stream in a way in which no natural insect is ever seen, not only adding to the impossibility of discriminating between different species, but often rendering it difficult for the fish even to identify the flies as flies. The only thing a fish can distinguish under these circumstances, besides the size of the fly, is its colour. We therefore regard form as a matter of *comparative indifference*, and colour as all important.

Now it will of course be seen at a glance that these arguments are mutually destructive: there is in both a part that is fallacious as well as a part that is true. Each argument is, however, sound so far as to be an "unanswerable answer" to the other. It is clear—as stated by the "formalists"—that colour is *not* everything in a fly, because if it were, a bunch of coloured feathers tied on anyhow to a hook would kill as well as an artificial fly, whereas by their practice the "colourists" themselves admit that such is not the case. On the other hand, the argument of the "colourists" that from the way the artificial fly is presented to the fish it is impossible they can distinguish *minutiæ* of form and imitation, equally commends itself to common sense and common experience. This is, in fact, the great flaw in the entomological or formalistic argument—the point in which their theory entirely breaks down. Because trout take the artificial for the natural fly, thus to a certain point necessitating imitation, the formalists argue that the one should be an exact counterpart of the other, ignoring the fact that *the two insects are offered to the fish under entirely different conditions.* The artificial fly is presented under water instead of on the surface; wet instead of dry; and in brisk motion up, down, or across stream, instead of passively floating. No doubt if the flies could always be kept dry and passively floating—that is, as they are seen in nature—the exact imitation theory would (though then only up to a certain point) be sound enough; but as in practice this is impossible, except in the instances of a few very large flies such as the May-fly, we are perforce driven to artificial expedients to extricate us from the "unnatural" dilemma. Thus at the very outset we find ourselves compelled to simulate life instead of death in our flies; and for this purpose impart to them a wholly unnatural motion whilst swimming: and as it is found that a naturally-proportioned insect is deficient in such motion, or "movement," an unnatural quantity of legs (hackles) are added to it—in the smaller species the wings being often altogether omitted. In short, we are launched upon an entirely artificial system, in which experience to a great extent supersedes nature as a pilot. The colourists take advantage of this undeniable position to assail the whole system of "form" as a blunder, and in doing so themselves make a blunder still greater; they not only draw from correct premises an erroneous conclusion, but they draw a conclusion the very opposite of the logical one. For if it be admitted (*a*) that trout do take the artificial for the natural fly, and (*b*) *that from the way in which the fly must be presented to them it is difficult to be recognised;* the logical deduction is, not that form is of no consequence, but on the contrary that it is of the utmost consequence, and that the fly ought to be as "fly-like" and characteristic as possible, so as, notwithstanding its rapid and unnatural movements, *to be at once and unmistakably identified as a fly.*

Surely this is plain common sense as well as argument? The superadded theory of the "formalists," that the imitation of the natural fly on the water at any given time is that which the fish will take best, falls, as a logical sequence, with the proposition on which it was based. As might be expected, it was never found to stand the test of practice, the experience of every fly-fisher teaching him that as a general rule when a particular natural fly is on the water in great abundance, trout will commonly take better an artificial fly imitative of any other species. Mr. Stewart, who has written an excellent book on trout fishing in clear water, founded on the same proposition as Mr. Ronalds's—viz. that trout take the artificial for the natural fly—argues that because the natural *dry* fly usually floats passively down the stream, the artificial fly—*wet*—should do the same. This is another analogical fallacy, the error of which would seem hardly to require an almost universally opposite practice for its demonstration. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred find it best to give a slight movement to the fly in the water.

To sum up the foregoing arguments, therefore, the true rationale of the matter stands thus:—

(A.) Trout take the artificial for the natural fly.

(B.) But the natural fly is commonly dry and floating, whilst the artificial is constantly wet and sunk.

(C.) To hide the counterfeit it is necessary to give the latter an unnatural and life-like motion in the water, to aid which an unnatural quantity of legs (hackles) are also added.

(D.) But this movement of the fly makes it more difficult for the fish to recognise it—let alone to identify it as a particular variety of one of half a hundred allied species.

(E.) And it becomes doubly important that the imitation insect should be as characteristic and "fly-like" as possible.

(F.) General size, general form, and general colour, are, therefore, the all-important points to be borne in mind in the construction of artificial trout flies.

The next step is to reduce these proportions to practice; and the argument seems naturally to take somewhat the following form:—If when presented to them in the only manner in which we can present them, nice varieties of imitations, and shades of shape and colour cannot be distinguished by trout, the great mass of flies now used are obviously unnecessary, and, where either the colour or outline is confused, are mischievous. It would be better on every ground to detect two or three of the most favourite and distinctive families of flies, and imitate them only; not in their varieties, or even species, but, as it were, in their types—and using those colours only which represent the prevailing tints in the selected families.

What, then, are the most favourite families of flies—most favourite, that is, in the eyes of trout?

Without question the *Ephemeridæ* and *Phryganidæ*, and with good reason, as with hardly an exception they are all bred in the beds, banks and reeds of the waters over which they afterwards fly. To the first-named family belong, roughly speaking, the whole collection of the "Duns" and "Spinners"—the Drakes or May-flies, the dark Mackerel, the Sand-fly, and the March Brown; whilst the latter includes the Cinnamon, the Grannom or Green-fly, the Willow-fly, and, more important than any, the Stone-fly or "Water Cricket," which in the early part of the year is so plentiful on many rivers. Of these two great families, in fact, some of which are on the water every day of the year, fully three-fourths of the contents of most fly-books will be found to consist; they therefore commend themselves as the families from which our typical flies should be made. As regards form or shape no question can arise, the selected families being all unmistakably and characteristically *flies*, in the proper sense of the term, having wings, legs, and, I think, without an exception, "whisks" or hair-like appendages at the tail. These whisks are not only very fly-like and distinctive features, but are also easily imitated and assist materially to disguise the hook, *as well as to make the fly swim straight.* This last is an important point, as the effect of the extra weight at the bend of the hook, unless counteracted by some additional "float," is to make the fly swim tail downwards.

The great majority of the most favourite river flies belong to the order *Neuroptera*, or nerve-winged insects, the wings of which, being filmy and transparent, cannot be really imitated by feathers or any other available material. Wings are therefore merely an encumbrance to the artificial trout-fly, and should be entirely rejected.

The next point is Colour. On examining the fresh-caught *Ephemeridæ* and *Phryganidæ* (for those in the entomologist's collections are generally faded) it will be found, in the first place, that there is almost always a general similarity in colour, though not in the exact tint, between the wings and the bodies and legs, and that the colours which predominate—indeed almost monopolise—are greens, yellows, and browns. Our typical flies should evidently, therefore, be of these colours.

Size, a most important point in artificial flies, demands the next consideration. As we have no longer imitations of actual species, size is a matter of no moment with regard to the flies themselves, though of the greatest consequence in another point of view. And in this lies one of the greatest advantages which those who may act on the foregoing principles will reap. For nothing is more certain than that some waters—usually large ones, whether rivers or lakes—require large flies; whilst small ones, almost equally universally, have to be fished with small flies. This necessity cannot be ignored by the "formalists" any more than by the "colourists," and the result, as regards the former, is that they are obliged frequently to use a fly professing to be an exact imitation of the real insect, say of the March Brown, for example, and having no other advantages but such supposed resemblance, which is only half the natural size! This one fact, which is undeniable, is of itself almost a sufficient refutation of the "exact imitation" theory. Under my system, in which the flies are typical and not specific imitations, the size can always be adapted to the size of the water without any loss of imitativeness.

The foregoing observations, of course, fully hold good as applied to grayling, and the three typical flies referred to, described in the "Modern Practical Angler," and which are new both in principle and detail, will be found, taking the season through, to kill more fish than the many varieties now generally used. This then is, in my belief, the true theory of artificial trout flies: not by any means as originally conceived—for first theoretical conceptions are almost always more or less crude and imperfect—but the theory as ultimately elaborated, examined by the light of the theories of others, and worked out, tested and re-tested by myself during some twenty years' practical experience of fly-fishing on many of the principal rivers and lakes in the three kingdoms.

SALMON AND GRILSE FLIES.

With regard to salmon fishing the arguments adduced against a multiplicity of flies apply, and with even additional force, as it is not pretended by any sect or school of angling that salmon flies really imitate the colour or form of natural insects, but are rather evolvements from the internal consciousness of anglers and tackle makers. They are more numerous in their endless variety of colour and design than even trout flies, and are proportionately more useless except to those whose business it is to make or sell them.

The result of my experience is that there is but one essential in the construction both of salmon and grilse flies, and that is *brilliancy and* *strength of colouring*, and that in proportion as they fulfil these conditions are their killing properties. Size is, on the contrary, an element constantly varying from local circumstances. A large river or lake usually requires a large fly, and *vice versa*, and this again should be larger or smaller, according as the weather is dark or bright, windy or calm. These are all points demanding exercise of judgment, for in their combinations they present considerable variety; but the essentials of the flies themselves never vary.

In the "Modern Practical Angler" I have given three salmon and grilse flies which combine the before described essentials in what my investigations lead me to believe to be the most perfect form. The prevailing colours of these flies are (1) silver, (2) gold, and (3) the prismatic or rainbow colours as shown in the solar spectrum.

One word in conclusion with regard to white or sea trout, and their congeners, which would appear in their tastes and habits of feeding to be somewhat intermediate between salmon and brown trout. Sometimes I have found the three typical flies already described for brown trout and grayling very effective, and in dark large waters, those recommended for salmon and grilse, dressed small; but, on the whole, my experience leads me to give the preference, under ordinary circumstances, to the former dressed with the addition of a ribbing of tinsel, and which will kill sea trout both in still and running water better than any other flies with which I am acquainted.

It will thus be seen that under my system six typical flies—three for salmon and grilse—and three for trout, white trout, and grayling—are substituted for the whole of the artificial flies now in use; and numbering upwards of 1,000 *patterns.*

H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

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THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

MORE than forty years ago Lord Brougham, in a memorable speech in opposition to the power held by the Duke of Wellington when he dispensed "all the patronage of the Crown, the Army, and the Church," said, "I have no fear of slavery being introduced into this country by the power of the sword. It would take a stronger, it would demand a more powerful man, than even the Duke of Wellington, to effect such an object. The noble Duke might take the army, he might take the navy, he might take the mitre, he might take the seal—I would make the noble Duke a present of them all. Let him come on with his whole force, sword in hand, against the Constitution; and the energies of the people of this country will not only beat him, but laugh at his efforts. There have been periods when the country has heard with dismay that the soldier was abroad. That is not the case now. Let the soldier be ever so much abroad in the present age, he can do nothing. There is another person abroad—a less imposing person, and in the eyes of some an insignificant person—whose labours have tended to produce this state of things. *The schoolmaster is abroad;* and I trust more to the schoolmaster, armed with his primer, for upholding the liberties of the country, than I fear the soldier with his bayonet."

Consider the years which have passed over us since these memorable words were uttered; and then we shall reflect upon the fact that we are only just now entering upon the task of national education, with a feeling akin to shame. For the last half-century we have been studying the bayonet, the rifle, and the power of ordnance, while we have been quarrelling over the primer. The schoolmaster has been driven into nooks and corners. Bigots have snatched his pupils from him; and it is with the Bible that the zealots in favour of the education of every child in the three kingdoms have been beaten.

Just forty-five years ago Mr. Brougham was advanced as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, in opposition to no less a favourite and claimant than Sir Walter Scott. The election was decided by the casting vote of Sir James Mackintosh; and Sir James's choice was immediately justified by the installation address which Brougham delivered. Brougham the worker was perhaps the most extraordinary man England has produced; and the example of his life is as valuable as the run of his achievements. It was while he was hardest worked at the bar that he was most actively employed in directing the publications of his Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge. It was in the severest heat of his professional life that he laboured in the cause of popular education. So far back as 1820 he introduced a bill for the education of the poor in England and Wales; and between that date and 1830 he promoted the establishment of the London University and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. His passionate energy was chiefly spent on the spread of the schoolmaster; and it is to his vehement longing for the diffusion of knowledge among the ignorant at almost any cost, that we must attribute the intolerant nature of his earliest proposition, viz., that the clergy should have the absolute control over the national schools. The Nonconformists beat him; but they never cooled his ardour in the schoolmaster's cause. That the provisions of his original education measure were unpopular because its author was intolerant, cannot be held for one moment; since in 1824 he laid the foundation-stone of Dr. Birkbeck's Parent Mechanic's Institute,* and inaugurated that widespread system of adult education which, during the last forty years, pending a compromise on an agreement among the sects, has alone prevented the working classes of this country being sunk in absolute ignorance. His "Practical Observations" which he addressed to the employers and employed on popular education, stirred vast masses of men, and spread upon their sight the shocking evils of popular ignorance. It enjoyed a popularity only equalled by Foster's treatise, and proximately by Mayhew's "What to Teach and How to Teach It." Observe the vehement rapidity with which the enthusiast who was leading the schoolmaster abroad transacted the successive businesses which he had brought upon himself. The year following the beginning of the institution in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, we find him, in connection with Lord John Russell, Dr. Lushington, William Allen, and, a little later, with Charles Knight, projecting machinery for the production and diffusion of school books for his fullgrown pupils. He began by writing for them an encouraging and stimulating treatise on the Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages of Science; and then, under the practical direction of Mr. Charles Knight, a series of books were issued which carried forward the work of adult education apace. The penny magazine was a powerful engine in the progress; and when we add to this opening up of cheap and good literature as a profitable trade, the foundation of University College in 1827, we have shown the main directions of Brougham's activities by which he, and those who acted with him, continued to keep the schoolmaster abroad, when the bigots were doing their utmost to put him down, or wrap him in "the bemummying wrappers of sect." Even the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was mutilated by party narrowness and selfishness. The promised works on political philosophy and economy were not undertaken, because, according to Miss Martineau, whose calm and impartial judgment I unhesitatingly adopt, after the Whig members of the society had reached power, they were averse from making the masses of the people sharp and penetrating judges of statesmen. This is an old story, which the close of many Whig lives illustrates. The schoolmaster was to stop short of the professor, lest the mass should become troublesome critics of public men. When we see that even in these days over-education is set up as something to avoid, lest workers should not remain content to work; we can understand that in the rooms of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, thirty years ago, the Whigs of mark thought the diffusion of the art of government a trifle dangerous—to their class. They would not vulgarise statesmanship.

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* The London Mechanics' Institute—originated by Dr. Birkbeck, after his successes with his lectures on mechanical science, delivered to the mechanics of Glasgow.

But let us remember all they did. They set the ball rolling. They so far advanced a taste for knowledge among the masses of the adult population of their countrymen, as to make the supply of good popular books, a profitable business. Mr. Charles Knight, speaking of his connections with Lord Brougham's Society, says: "In 1827 I became connected with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; and soon after edited and published 'The British Almanac' and 'Companion,' and 'The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.' Through twenty years—until, indeed, the Society thought that the time was come when individual enterprise would accomplish all that they had attempted—I was more or less connected with this memorable association." Mr. Knight's business grew out of the taste this association had created. "In this species of enterprise 'The Penny Magazine' led the way. 'The Pictorial Bible' was the most successful of the more permanent class of such publications; 'The Thousand and One Nights' was the most beautiful.

The 'Pictorial History of England' was followed by the 'Pictorial Shakspere,' which was the most congenial undertaking of my literary life; and then by the 'London.' This series of years, which brought with them unabated literary labour and most anxious commercial responsibility, were not without their enjoyments of pleasant and remunerating work. They afforded me the consolation that I was performing a public good, when I bore up, unaided, under the heavy load of 'The Penny Cyclopædia,' overweighted with taxation." * Here we see the beginnings of that vast popular literature which has followed the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, and the generous and enlightened initiation of Brougham and his associates. We get a glimpse of the roads far off, that have led up to this November 1870—when school boards are to be educational parliaments all over the kingdom—charged with the holy duty of providing elementary knowledge to every child that is born within the realm.

It was through Mr. W. D. Hill, the friend of the good cause and of many good causes through many years, that Charles Knight was introduced to Brougham at the end of 1826—the object being to combine the publisher's "national" books with the plans of the public friends and supporters of popular education. Mr. Knight first saw Brougham, on a November night, at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, "sitting amidst his briefs, evidently delighted to be interrupted for some thoughts more attractive." Mr. Knight records: "The foremost advocate of popular education made no harangues about its advantages. He did not indoctrinate me, as I have been bored by many an educationist before and since, with flourishes upon a subject which he gave Mr. Hill and myself full credit for comprehending." Brougham went straight then, as I can testify he did thirty years afterwards, to the heart of the business in hand. But difficulties supervened in regard to Mr. Knight's "National Library"—in which the Church (in the shape of a bishop) figured as the hindrance to this attempt "to present the most valuable and interesting articles of an Encyclopædia in a form accessible to any description of purchaser;" and finally his independent endeavours after the diffusion of useful knowledge were paralysed. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge aimed at no profits; for Dr. Lardner operated with the Longmans, and

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* Mr. Charles Knight relates how he had projected a "National Library" of cheap, good books—and had settled the subjects of about 100 volumes in history, science and art, and miscellaneous literature, before he was introduced to Mr. Brougham, and how he had consulted Mr. Colburn and others on the subject. Constable was also in the field.

Constable * had already moved ahead. After a short period of trial, however, the projector of the "National" series was, through the friendly instrumentality of Mr. Hill, installed as superintendent of the publications of Brougham's Society; and thenceforward the feeding of the popular mind with sound and cheap knowledge became a methodical and incessant task. Of his few early impressions of the society Mr. Knight says—and his testimony is important: "It was not necessary that I should regularly attend at the offices of the Society in Furnival's Inn; but I had often to confer with Mr. Coates, the active and intelligent secretary of the Society, and to attend some meetings of the general and special committees. I gradually came to form a just estimate of the individual characters and qualifications of those with whom I was brought in contact. I found them, collectively, very different from provincial committees of which I had once had some experience—earnest in the pursuit of a common object; not intent upon personal display or the assertion of petty self-importance; men of cultivated minds, each treating the opinions of the others with respect; the most capable amongst them the most modest; in a word, gentlemen and scholars."

With these gentlemen and scholars Mr. Charles Knight travelled many a laborious year. He replaced the horrible old almanacs † by the "British Almanac" and the "Companion;" and found "the rapid genius of unprocrastinating labour" always ready to second him—and with clear sight and unflagging vigour.

In 1870—the year when national elementary education is to be begun—it is surely fit we should call to mind all this valiant labour that has gone before—and it is the base on which we are about to build. They were no mere talkers who first sent the schoolmaster abroad. Within a week of this memorable declaration by Brougham, his literary lieutenant Charles Knight tells us, the Annual Report of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge appeared. The schoolmaster had been made a worker with a will, before Brougham proposed him as a toast at a dinner of the London Mechanics' Institution (June 5, 1828). The report said: "The success which has attended the labours of the committee, to make the most useful and the most exalted truths of science easily and generally accessible, great as it has been, was not unexpected by any who reflected

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* In January, 1826, Constable, fearing ruin, went to London with the resolution of applying to the Bank of England for a loan of between £100,000 and £200,000 on the security of the copyrights in his possession.

† "Poor Robin's Almanac" closed his hundred and sixty-eight year "a drivelling idiot, still clinging to his filth."—*Knight's "Passages of a Working Life."*

upon the desire of knowledge, happily so signal a characteristic of this age. It has encouraged them to extend their efforts, and to leave nothing undone, until knowledge has become as plentiful and as universally diffused as the air we breathe."

The story of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge and of the stimulus it gave to adult education remains to be fully written, together with that of the independent pioneers of cheap and sound instructive literature. It will keep well, however; for still there are sneerers; and prejudices remain abroad that would be combined to trample out an historian of the cheap press. When, some forty years ago, Mr. Knight was travelling through the provinces as the representative of Brougham's Society, he learned "that many individuals who at first affected to underrate *cheap philosophy* had begun to alter their tone; and that the mechanics connected with the Liverpool Institution read and purchased the Treatises"—of the Society. Dr. Traill reported that the extension of philosophy to the lower orders had met a few clerical opponents—adding: "The London University is usually coupled with these obnoxious innovations, in the minds of such alarmists, as a part of a great system that is to overthrow the altar and the throne." The prejudice had not quite disappeared in 1834—nor from the heart of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. In a debate in the House of Commons, in 1834, on a motion for the repeal of the Stamp Duty on Newspapers, Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill, then member for Hull, reproved Mr. Bulwer, who had just described the "Penny Magazine" as affording a trumpery education to the people—because it dealt in accounts of birds and insects, and such matters. Mr. Hill confessed that the magazine was a project of his own—and he hoped that the insight into the wonders of creation which it afforded was not "a trumpery affair."

Mr. Bulwer was not singular in his views in 1834—nor were the Liverpool clergy in their disdain of philosophy for the million in 1828. They have disciples, plentifully sown throughout the land still, who scoff at a penny magazine, a penny newspaper and a penny cyclopædia. But Mr. Knight's account of the origin of the "Penny Magazine" is too suggestive to be omitted from this review of the days when first the schoolmaster was sent abroad over the British Isles.

"The circumstances connected with this project were these. The town in that time of political excitement abounded with unstamped weekly publications, which in some degree came under the character of contraband newspapers, and were nearly all dangerous in principle and coarse in language. Mr. Hill and I were neighbours on Hampstead Heath, and as we walked to town on a morning of the second week in March, our talk was of these cheap and offensive publications. 'Let us,' he exclaimed, 'see what something cheap and good can accomplish! Let us have a Penny Magazine!' 'And what shall be its title?' said I. 'The Penny Magazine.' We went at once to the Lord Chancellor (Brougham).* He cordially entered into the project. A committee of the Society was called, and such a publication was decided upon after some hesitation. There was a feeling amongst a few that a penny weekly sheet would be below the dignity of the Society. One gentleman of the old Whig school, who had not originally belonged to the Committee, said again and again, 'It is very awkward!' Lord Brougham, however, was not accustomed to let awkward things stand much in his way. 'The Penny Magazine' was decided upon."

"It is very awkward" is still the exclamation of many a Whig and Tory old gentleman, in the present time; when cheap newspapers are selling by the hundred thousand; and the pupils of Lord Brougham's Society who have realized the value of knowledge, are advancing in the world. They who cannot give any logical form to their opposition to popular knowledge: ask with silly airs of mystery —what next—and next?' In country places yeomen lament the horn-book in the hand of the plough-boy; and their fathers were among the country gentlemen who detested Lord Brougham for his busy life in aid of education for the many; and for his zeal in establishing what they were pleased to call a Brummagem University in London. They had representatives as we have seen in the bosom of the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge Society; and I make bold to assert that the old gentleman who found the bare idea of a Penny Magazine "very awkward" was among those later committee-men to whose baneful presence the Society owed the restriction of the area of its subjects, and its final extinction, long before knowledge had become as common "as the air we breathe."

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* A week after Brougham had become Chancellor and was oppressed with stirring State affairs—he would make meetings in his private room in the House of Lords. I have myself (in his late days) spent the luncheon hour with him in the Lords to talk over educational and other subjects, and to prepare plans. But this, as related to Mr. Knight, is of December, 1830: "Having received a note from Lord Brougham to come to his private room in the House of Lords before the afternoon meeting of the House, I had a very hurried interview. The time was expired for his moving into the House. The Mace and Purse were in the passage; anxious ushers were about the door. 'I can only stay to say a word,' he exclaimed; 'advertize "Paley" ("Paley's Natural Theology," with notes and an introductory discourse, by Henry Lord Brougham) to-morrow morning.'" He had that moment resolved upon the work; and the world knows how he got through with it.

Brougham's object—and that of the men who acted with him—in founding University College, London, was to afford unsectarian academical instruction to his countrymen. It was a new weapon which he invented to overthrow the intolerance of his day—and which, developed into the University of London and represented in Parliament, remained a monumental pioneer of toleration that will honour the memory of all who were concerned in its foundation. Concurrently Henry Lord Brougham worked at the diffusion of elementary and advanced education. While he thrust sound and noble treatises on all branches of learning into workshops and mechanics' institutes; while he hammered at the vile law abuses which he found a foul slough round the woolsack; and while he helped forward any good and high cause with his pen; he fought for the learned who were not of the National Church, and obtained for the lettered Dissenter the advantages of academical honours. The constancy with which he worked, and with which all who were associated with him, laboured also; is an example which has not been followed overmuch of late years. When the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was at full work, Ministers of State regularly took their share of the management, the proof-correcting; and at the Society's regular dinner meetings, where high thinking was done over plain living (paid for by each diner), at the Gray's Inn Coffee House—all social distinctions were merged in the common level of a general purpose—the education of the people.* The present generation should not forget its debt of gratitude to these single-minded, earnest scholars and gentlemen; and it is their example which I am chiefly anxious to urge upon the general attention at this moment when the schoolmaster whom their gallant and neglected chief sent abroad, and did his utmost to keep abroad, is about to penetrate to the eyries of the poor of towns, and to the most solitary collier.

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* "Lord John Russell, Lord Auckland, Lord Althorp, Mr. Denman, Mr. Spring Rice, Sir Henry Parnell, were always ready to work as members of our Committee, even after they had been called to the highest offices of the State. After the Reform era I have sat at the monthly dinner with five Cabinet Ministers, to whom it appeared that their duty was to carry forward that advancing intelligence of the people which had conducted them to power, and which would afford the best security that liberal opinions and democratic violence should not be in concert, as the 'one increasing purpose' was working out the inevitable changes of society and government."—CHARLES KNIGHT.

The care and skill with which Lord Brougham and the famous men who were associated with him, avoided the traps and weapons which the warring interests and jealousies of religious bodies raised against them, were not the least part of their triumph. Dr. Lyon Playfair, in his recent address as president of the Education Department of the British Association, dwelt on the success with which polemical assailants have attacked the schoolmaster for the last thirty years; but from his admirable review he omitted the brilliant sorties against the bigots' citadel which have been made since the time when Brougham first announced that the schoolmaster was abroad, and that he trusted more to the village pedagogue with his primer, than he feared the bayonets of Wellington, or any other military commander. It is true that "while other nations in Europe have spread primary and secondary education in well-organized systems throughout their lands, England has not even laid the foundation-stone of a national system till the present year. And so we have the disgrace of having the worst educated people, as a whole, of any country which professes a high civilization." But, what would have been our condition had there been no cheap Useful Knowledge—spread by voluntary machinery; if there had been no "Penny Magazines" and cyclopædias, no Murray's, Constable's, Home and Colonial, and Standard and Family Libraries; no William and Robert Chambers (who were in the field with their "Miscellany" before Mr. Hill with his "Penny Magazine"); no Dr. Lardner, Thomas Mayhew (whose early labours with à'Beckett, Tomlins and others are quite forgotten by the present generation), Charles Knight, Cassell; no Rowland Hill—"the young schoolmaster of Hazelwood" who became one of the most illustrious of national benefactors; no Brougham and Russell? Suppose the political heroes of the first Reform Bill had not, in the intervals of political business, done something more than sneer at the ignorance of the men of whom they were making masters. Suppose Lord Brougham had been Mr. Lowe; and Earl Russell, Mr. Disraeli?

With the Reform Bill, of 1832—what would have been done to lift the people out of the slough of ignorance? Would these right honourable gentlemen have been seen at the regular work of sub-committees of a gigantic concern, for the publication of popular treatises on the various branches of useful knowledge?

Mr. Knight is referring to the autumn of 1829, and thenceforward, for many years, when he describes the monthly meetings of the Society. "At these periodical gatherings there is a dinner at five o'clock—a plain English dinner, at a moderate fixed charge, to which each present contributes. There is a subscription for wine.

On these occasions the organization of the Society is fully developed. The sub-committees report their proceedings; the general committee confirm them. Questions are asked; suggestions are made. The chairman conducts the proceedings with the least possible parade of words. The members express their opinions in the same quiet conversational tone. * * * * The dinner is over in an hour. There has been pleasant gossip and occasional fun. A few cordial greetings have passed in the old form of the wine-pledge, which we of a past generation regret to find almost obsolete. The cloth is cleared—and business begins—"subjects of science, of art, of literature, having to be discussed, the talk is sure to be improving, and occasionally amusing. The chair is generally filled by Mr. Brougham, and in his rare absence, more frequently by the treasurer, Mr. William Tooke, than by Lord John Russell, the vice-chairman." There were sixty members of this great educational committee—nearly twenty more than that body which is about to be elected to guide the education of London. They included statesmen, physicians, professors, lawyers; and these "not only clubbed their technical knowledge, but their various acquirements in science, in history, in art, in ancient scholarship, in modern literature." The list comprehended Henry Hallam, the historian (one of the founders); Francis Beaufort, the hydrographer to the Admiralty, Henry Bellenden Ker, Matthew Davenport Hill and his famous brother Rowland, Dr. Roget, Charles Bell, Dr. Neil Arnott, Dr. Maltby, Bishop of Durham (who did not "insist upon religious topics being thrust in among secular"), Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, William Allen the Quaker, Mr. John William Lubbock, the mathematician (father, I presume, of Sir John Lubbock, who is, all true friends of popular education hope, to be a City representative at the London Board elect), Lord Wrottesley, Sir Benjamin Malkin, Sir John Lefevre ("one of the distinguished Cambridge Graduates who gave to the Useful Knowledge Society the prestige of their academical honours"), Mr. George Long, the Greek scholar, Professor de Morgan, Mr. Leonard Horner, Mr. De La Beche, Mr. Vigors, member for Carlow and one of the founders of the Zoological Society and Gardens, Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson, Mr. William Coulson, Dr. Conolly, John Herman Merivale, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Mr. James Manning, Mr. David Jardine, Mr. Thomas Falconer, Mr. John Wood (chairman of the Inland Revenue), Mr. James Loch, the Duke of Sutherland's auditor, and others. Each member represented a branch of knowledge of which he was an acknowledged master: and all concurred heartily in making the Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties (the Society's best known work),* less difficult to the poor and toiling masses of their countrymen.

The deliberation and care with which the argument of Mr. George Lillie Craik's was laid, testify to the thoroughness of the workers who composed that Voluntary and Independent Educational board, that Lord Brougham created so many years ago; and which had Mechanics' Institutes, and workshops for its school-rooms. The work was to be a text-book—a gallery of exemplars. How then should the examples be limited, and what manner and purpose of life be held up to be the guiding-star of seekers after knowledge? Brougham, Knight, and Craik argued the point together unweariedly. Mr. Knight records: "In the preliminary stages of discussion on the objects and mode of treatment of a book such as this, which was to embrace a large number of illustrative anecdotes of the love of knowledge overcoming the opposition of circumstances, there were necessarily different estimates of the value of scientific and literary studies, whether 'for use,' or 'for delight,' or 'for ornament.'" The author of the book put the distinctions to be observed with precision and acumen; and his observations are worth citing at this moment when an Educational Council is about to be elected in the Metropolis, and when educational boards are about to operate all over the country.

Mr. Craik said: "Our concern, it appears to me, is neither with individuals who have *in any way* been exalted from one region of society to another, nor even with such as have been chiefly the authors of their own exaltation,—for the fact of their own exaltation is not at all the one upon which we wish to fix attention, even although we should make it out to have been in every case the consequence of their abilities and their attainments. What, then, is our subject? Not the *triumphs* of genius, nor of perseverance, nor even of perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge, because it is not the *success* of the effort, at least in a gross and worldly sense, we would point attention to; nor is it by any means what is called *genius* to which we are exclusively to confine ourselves, while we still less mean to include every species of perseverance. But we want a category which will embrace, for example, the cases at once of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, of Franklin—of all, in short, who, whether in humble or in high life have pursued knowledge with ardour, and distinctly evidenced, by the seductions they resisted, or the difficulties they encountered and overcame for her sake, that she was the first object of their affections; and that the pursuit of her, even without any reference to either the wealth, the power, or the distinction, which she might bring them, was, in their estimation, its own sufficient reward." If such a spirit could be inculcated, only here and there, with the spread of elementary education; if the love of knowledge for the sake of the delight that dwells in her bosom and that fortifies the heart and mind against failure and misfortune, distress and disease, could be grafted on the young tree with the elementary budding—moral education would keep pace with that of the school-form, and we might look forward to a brilliant future generation indeed.

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* The title of Mr. Craik's work originally stood, "The Love of Knowledge overcoming Difficulties in its Pursuit." The proof of Vol. I. was sent to Brougham, and *he* corrected the title to "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties."

To the hands of the people the people's education has been committed. Every rate-payer is a schoolmaster, since his voice makes the *Board*, that forms the school. It is thus, of the deepest importance to the future of the nation, that school-board electors should assume their trust with a perfect sense of its solemn responsibilities. A true standard of the admirable is the starting-point to be aimed at; and I cannot imagine a better text-book for the school-board elector who desires to exercise his trust with an enlightened, Christian conscientiousness—than "Richter's Levana," in which it is declared amid a hundred poetic truths, that a noble action is the soundest foundation-stone for a child's church. Goldsmith, I remember, observes—with the bitter fruit of experience in his memory—"Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition." He acknowledges moreover that he had learned from books to be disinterested and generous, before he was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. His education had been wrongly directed—as that of many a boy has been. It had not been balanced. His generosity brought him to so many scrapes and errors that he regretted he had not been, as a poor youngster, impressed with the virtue of a frugality extending to what the outer, surface-exploring world would call avarice. Craik, in his endeavours after a true standard for his book, is careful to guard against success, as the goal to which the student should be directed. He will have knowledge accepted and hugged, as its own exceeding great reward—and not as a weapon to fight the world with. If such self-questioning, and seeking after the truth, for the guidance of the rising generation, should be made to dwell in the breasts and to animate the trust, of the school-board voters who are, by the Act of last Session, about to be called into activity; national education will advance, from this time, with a stride that will soon land us in advance of the best educated communities of the Continent. But what kind of spirit is abroad with the new Schoolmaster?

Committees of every description, councils, unions, groups of men who are excited by the gnawings of ambition, to seek here, there, and everywhere for vantage-ground; are on the wing. They are holding meetings, drawing up addresses, ordering, hectoring, parcelling out the ground, as though all the land were theirs; printing, advertising, and placarding—in the old, bad, familiar way. Political and polemical sectaries are forming catechisms for candidates. For half a century children have been left ignorant while the sects have been fighting over their heads; and only a few months ago Parliament was got to assent to unsectarian national education. We were tired of being a scandal among the civilised nations, because of the crass ignorance of the masses of our people—that was waiting until the little fights of the sects should be over, to be informed. And, for the sake of Christianity; for the sake of the happiness of the people whom the bigots had kept brutish; for the sake of humanity, outraged when left to toil and die with no more knowledge of the scheme of the universe than the ox of the field and the birds of the air—Parliament was forced to take the case of all the unschooled young in hand—and to say that every child shall be taught to read and write, let those who might direct its religious duties! It is for the common weal that every citizen should grow up informed. Every ignorant man is a danger, as well as a scandal in a civilised state. It is then, for the school constituencies of the country to say now whether the Act of last session shall be loyally interpreted; or whether the irrepressible and fanatical sectaries who have been the rock ahead of the national schoolmaster for fifty years, shall resume the old battle in the school boards.

I have dwelt at some length on the constitution and work of Brougham's Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, not only because it was really and truly the original education board, that kept religious teaching beyond its pale and yet had divines on its committee; but because I believe that in the composition of its committee, and in the spirit that presided over the election of committee-men, will be found models which will guide school-board electors to just definitions of candidates who should command their suffrages. The Elementary Education Act of 1870 is one based on the principle of perfect toleration, since it supports denominational as well as unsectarian schools. It is reported that Churchmen, not content with the fifty per cent. which the Act gives to denominational schools, are actually working hard in London to "prevent Dissenters of all degrees from getting public help from local rates for the schools where no particular shibboleth or observance shall be recognised, and where, without breach of discipline, parents may withhold their children altogether from the particular class in which the schoolmaster undertakes to expound even elementary truths." Such a line of conduct is most reprehensible : it is immoral. It is, in plain words, an attempt to break the law. An authority on this law—nay, one who has a strong parental interest in it—observes on this clerical line of conduct, that whoever enters a school board with the intention of perverting or subverting its principle of perfect toleration is disloyal to the law ; and, whoever votes for a candidate whom he suspects of such intent is an accomplice before the fact in disloyalty.

The Elementary Education Bill was introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Forster on the 17th of last February ; it was read a second time without a division on the 22nd of March—and a third time on the 2nd of August. It passed rapidly through the House of Lords—through the tingling fingers of the Bishops—and on the 9th of August received the Royal assent. That the perfect toleration which is the basis of the measure ; which supports religious while it provides unsectarian, religion* should be in view of the first election of the London board, endangered by the action of political and polemical parties, augurs ill for the future. After the second reading of the Bill, Mr. McCullagh Torrens proposed his London Board. The subject remained for three months under public discussion. Conferences were held during the interval ; and these led to the adoption of the plan of the member for Finsbury by the entire body of metropolitan members. The Board was finally carried on the 17th of July : and this triumph was hailed as one that would tempt to the government of metropolitan schools an elective body consisting of the tried and enlightened friends of education, without regard to class, sect, party, or petty local influences.

Neither men of ultra opinions nor those of bigoted views would be good administrators of the new law of perfect educational toleration. The school representatives of the metropolitan districts will be returned neither by vestry interests nor by Boards of

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* On the second reading of the Bill, Mr. Forster, in reply to Mr. Dixon's amendment, protesting against leaving the question of religious instruction in schools supported by public funds and rates to be determined by local authorities, was specially emphatic in his refusal to be a party to ignoring religion in education by Act of Parliament.

Guardians. They will be exponents of the wishes of whole parliamentary districts; and will thus be protected against petty interference of hole-and-corner busybodies. It has been justly said that "the breadth and diversity of the constituency are calculated to keep our educational representatives in the middle path of equity and rectitude. and to secure for the great necessities of this great metropolis all the varied elements essential to a comprehensive, elastic, and vigorous administration." The course of the debate in Parliament in regard to the Education Bill presented two or three hopeful aspects. The most hopeful was the cordial spirit in which Conservative members took the side of toleration, and showed themselves not second to the most advanced Liberals in their desire to promote a system of education reaching to every child in the kingdom. The London School Board was warmly supported in the House by Lord John Manners and Mr. W. H. Smith, the member for Westminster. These gentlemen helped to rescue the children of London from a school government, made up of Poor Law meddling and vestry ignorance; and to put their elementary education under a comprehensive, independent, popular council. And it is to be hoped that the thanks of the Government which Mr. Forster expressed to the honourable and learned member for Finsbury for having brought them out of a dilemma, will be enforced by his appointment to preside over the great independent school council of which he is the author.

Let us hope moreover, that sectarian narrowness and unscrupulousness will be overborne by the wisdom of the mass of the metropolitan ratepayers; and that each member of the School Board of 1870 will be chosen like Brougham's Board of Useful Knowledge forty years ago—for his sterling qualities and acquirements.

MALVINA.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XXIV.—*(Continued.)*

ALFRED'S STORY.

INDEED, when—after a delay of some weeks—the "good opportunity" did at last present itself, Malvina's ordinary composure seemed in no way disturbed by the news that Alfred, in about a month, was going up again for his examination. But she gave him a very tender and rather a searching look as she replied: "And then you will go out to India?" as much as to say, "And you will take me out with you; or, if not, what will become of me?"

The fact was, Malvina had known for some time past that Alfred was going up again for his examination. Had she not been into his room; had she not looked at his works in the Hindostanee language; had she not seen his examination papers; did she not know the very day on which he was to go up? His omission to tell her of his projects had not precisely raised him in her opinion. She thought it mean on his part, especially as no very great reserve towards him had been manifested on hers. She admitted to herself that, in the first instance, she had deliberately resolved, by all possible means, to entangle him into making her an offer of marriage. But then her heart had softened towards him—it had softened very much towards him—and she had used no artifices, no snares of any kind to beguile him. Now, however, when she found how little impression she had produced upon him, she made up her mind to do her worst. Her vanity, as well as her affection—her self-love, as well as her love for Alfred—prompted her to leave no means untried which could have the effect, either of making him marry her and take her out to India, or marry her and remain with her in England. Her papa could give her plenty of money. He could, and would, give her twice what would be considered a handsome portion for an earl's daughter; and she was quite sure that he would do even more than he at first intended if Alfred would only make her an offer.

As the time for the examination drew near, she became much excited, but she was determined to remain cheerful to the last; and she had such a flow of spirits, and looked so charming in her animation, that Alfred thought seriously, more than once, that it would be a pity to lose her, and that he must really make her his wife. She used now to consult him about everything—what dress she should wear, how her hair should be done, what books she should read, what music she should study, whether she should accept so-and-so's invitation; and she asked his advice on all these points in such a confiding manner, and thanked him with such an obedient, affectionate smile, and submitted so modestly, yet so willingly, to his inevitable kiss, that she sometimes half persuaded herself that she must be his wife already. She seemed to have taken the unwhispered proposal for granted; and Alfred could not help owning to himself that he was treating her precisely as he should treat her if he were really engaged to be married to her.

Malvina did all she could to prevent his studying during the last few days. Sometimes, when her mother was giving directions to the servants, and her father was in the shop, she would go into Alfred's study, and, motioning to him to be silent, sit down on the ground beside him, take one of his hands in hers, and look up at him with an expression of unutterable affection. Then Alfred threw down his book, stooped down to her, took her little head between his hands, kissed her on her forehead, eyes, and lips, told her that she was a dear little girl, a darling angel, an eternal pet; after which, to avoid a stupid anti-climax, there was really no alternative but to begin the same thing again.

Malvina contented herself with murmuring, from time to time, "You do not love me, Alfred;" which, as Alfred fervently assured her, was entirely untrue. Nevertheless, there was no question of marriage.

Malvina used to reproach herself afterwards with having been too forward.

"If I hadn't pressed myself so much upon him, and gone into his room without being asked," she would reflect; "perhaps, at the last moment, he would have made me an offer."

But this was a mistake. Alfred had heard of her smoking; he had seen the Rosalind photograph, in which she looked more like the prince of a modern burlesque than like Shakespeare's poetical heroine; and though Malvina could be quiet enough when she liked, and was never, in the true sense of the word, vulgar, yet her general ness was a matter of notoriety, and Alfred could not reconcile lf to the idea of marrying the fast daughter of a provincial linen-draper. Still, the scenes in the study were far from being complete failures. They, at least, shook Alfred's resolution on the marriage question; and were very near making him miss his examination a second time.

He had not been to see his father once during the year that he had passed in the hospitable and, to him, all but sybaritic mansion of the Gribble family, and he had resolved to say nothing to him about his intention to go up for examination a second time until he should actually have passed.

To old Gribble he had made it clear that he must go to India, if only to show that he was not incapable of qualifying himself for the service to which he had been appointed. Mrs. Gribble still hoped for the best; but she thought (and she was perfectly right in her opinion) that she could not, in any case, do better than leave the young man entirely to Malvina.

When the examination day was at hand, Malvina took leave of Alfred with genuine tears in her eyes. He promised to telegraph the result (how the "dear little angel" prayed that he might be plucked!) and to hurry back to Hillsborough as soon afterwards as possible.

Two days after his departure, a boy with a telegram—a "telegraph" it was called in those ancient times—came to Mr. Gribble's shop, asked for Miss Gribble, and gave the envelope containing the message into the hands of Stubbs that he might deliver it to the young lady and get a receipt. Nobody in those ancient times telegraphed the futile things that are telegraphed now-a-days, such as, "I dine with Smith to-day," or "Brown comes home with me to dinner." A telegraph sent to a private house signified accident, illness, death; and people turned pale on seeing the messenger arrive with the fatal despatch in his hands. Stubbs could guess well enough from whom the message to Malvina Gribble came, and he had the doubtful satisfaction of giving it to her himself.

Malvina received quite calmly the information that Alfred had passed, and wrote out this return message, which she ordered the humiliated Stubbs to send off at once to his hated and very much preferred rival.

"Delighted to receive good news. At theatre to-night. Do not fail to come straight to box. Expect you."

Stung to the heart by the adder of jealousy, poor Stubbs was obliged, all the same, to go to the office and write out this message in due form.

On his return he told Tibbs, that he was now pretty sure that Malvina Gribble was going to marry the swell, that he was coming back to Hillsborough that evening, and that Malvina had asked him by telegraph to meet her at the theatre. It occurred to Tibbs that it would be rather a lark to see the meeting; and, it having been ascertained that Mr. Gribble had taken a box which formed a portion of the dress circle, just at the turn of the house, Stubbs, Tibbs, and at least thirty injured assistants, arranged to go to the gallery, just opposite the box, and applaud the swell as soon as he made his appearance.

That night was a grand night at the Hillsborough theatre. Grisi and Mario supported by a select company of operatic nonentities were passing through the town, and had halted to give one representation only. People came in from the country to hear the great vocalists. Sir Edward and Colonel Leighton were both there (the grateful Algernon had already sailed for India), and their wives looked, with well-expressed disdain, at Malvina and her mamma, when they saw those ladies sitting in the next box but one to them. The mamma was arrayed in all the splendour of black velvet and diamonds; Malvina was dressed in simple pink and white, and wore her hair in what she called "Alfred's way"—that is to say, pushed back from the forehead, with *accroche cœurs* at the temples.

"She doesn't look vulgar and she doesn't look impudent, and there is not a sign of bad taste in her dress," said Colonel Leighton, in direct contradiction to the criticisms of Lady Leighton and his wife. "If you mean to say that she is ten thousand times prettier than a linendraper's daughter has any right to be, that is a different question, which I will argue with you when we get home."

The Hillsborough orchestra, like every other orchestra, prided itself on being the finest in the world, and Malvina paid no attention to it, all the same. Nor had Grisi's voice any charms for her, though Grisi was playing the part of "Leonora" in *La Favorita;* nor did she even listen to Mario, until at last she thought Alfred could not be coming, and for a few moments actually forgot him, as the admirable tenor began to sing, not so much from the chest as from the heart, the beautiful melody of "Spirto gêntil." Suddenly, however, there was a loud tap at the door of Mr. Gribble's compartment of the dress circle—called, for that occasion only, a "box"—followed by a murmur of "hush," and a general turning of eyes in the direction of the places occupied by the Gribble family.

Mr. Gribble opened the door, shook Alfred by the hand and said, "I congratulate you." Mrs. Gribble also said, "I congratulate you."

The audience looked disgusted, and some of the assistants at the back of the gallery called out "Shame!" and others, "Turn him out!"

Then Malvina rose, very pale, but very determined, and as Alfred advanced towards her to offer his hand, threw her arms round his neck, and whispered to him, "And I also congratulate you and love you."

The lookers-on were astounded, and the thirty assistants forgot to hiss. "He has passed his examination," said the Leightons to one another, "and Matilda Gribble is engaged to be married to him."

"She need not have announced it to the whole town in that way," remarked Sir Edward.

"That's what you call not being vulgar," said Lady Leighton to the Colonel.

"I call it very original," answered the Colonel; "still I shouldn't like it if I was Alfred—at least not in public."

"My dear Malvina, what are you about?" was all Alfred said.

"Come away, Alfred; let us leave the place," she replied—first hiding her head against his shoulder, and then making her way to the back of the box and escaping with him into the corridor.

"Oh, Alfred, how I have compromised myself," she exclaimed.

"Indeed you have," Alfred replied—instead of saying, as she hoped he might do, that it mattered nothing, for now she was his for ever.

"And that is all you have to say to me," she exclaimed. "Is that really all, Alfred?" she added with a look of entreaty, now scarcely able to restrain her tears.

Alfred made no answer, but gave her his arm and took her down to the carriage.

The party drove home in silence. Malvina covered her face with her handkerchief. Once Alfred called her by her name, and tried to take her hand; but she rejected his, almost convulsively, and not a word was afterwards spoken by any one, though occasionally a half-stifled sob could be heard. As soon as the carriage stopped, Malvina rushed into the house, ran up stairs to her room, and locked her door.

Alfred thought for one moment of following her and saying at least, "Good night." But he was really afraid that if he knocked at the door she might open it; so he also went to bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Gribble went to bed and had an argument. Mr. Gribble held that it was not Alfred's fault, but Mrs. Gribble said she knew better, and that it was, inasmuch as he had led the poor girl on. Both agreed that they must leave Hillsborough; and it was resolved that Mr. Gribble should go to Mr. Leighton the first thing in the morning and request him as politely as possible to quit the house without seeing Malvina at all.

Alfred was beforehand as regarded the suggestion that he should depart; but he wished very much to see Malvina, and begged hard for one short interview.

Malvina refused, however, to hold any communication with him; so, after saying good bye to Mr. Gribble, who looked at him reproachfully, and to Mrs. Gribble, who looked at him revengefully, Alfred left the house in which he felt that he had not played a creditable part; though, unless he had laid it down for himself, as a rule, that he was to fly from a pretty girl whenever she came too near him, he did not quite see how he could well have behaved otherwise than he had done.

"In fact, you led Miss Gribble to believe that you liked her very much and were ready to marry her, and then, at the last moment, deserted her and went to India," said Sophie, when Alfred had concluded his own version of the above veritable story.

"My dearest Sophie, if you believe that, for one moment, I have not told you the facts correctly" answered Alfred; and he in fact *had* omitted some rather important incidents, including in particular the meeting at the theatre, which as an incident—motives, circumstances and consequences apart—could not have failed to recal to Sophie a somewhat similar one at a certain convent in the neighbourhood.

"Do not call me Sophie!" protested Miss Arnold; "you will be fancying that I am Miss Gribble, or Grabble, or whatever her name was. I suppose you called her 'Malvina'? *C'est un nom de couturière!*"

"I never saw her afterwards, and it is now seven years ago" said Alfred.

"You ought to have married her all the same," observed Sophie. "But ——"

"But what?"

"But I am glad you did not."

"While I have been telling you this stupid story," exclaimed Alfred half a minute afterwards, "the sun has risen, and it is now past five o'clock. It is very cold, let me wrap the shawl round you; and go back now to the house. I must make my way round by the orchard and the fields, and I will meet you by accident in the breakfast room, just before you start. Addio!"

But just as Sophie had wished—indeed while she was actually wishing—Alfred good-bye, the door of the passage leading from the house to the garden was thrown open, and out came the Count and

Major Raccroc, disputing angrily, Captain Fludyer and Dr. Rowden, also disputing, and Mr. Arnold playing, to the best of his power, the part of a pacificator. The knights of the lansquenet table had been quarrelling over the cards, and Mr. Arnold had broken up the party, and suggested a final cigar and a walk round the garden before separating.

Alfred, if he could have been certain that no one had seen him, might have escaped by the orchard, and Sophie's presence in the garden, if it had been discovered at all, would at most have appeared very strange. As it was, there was no possibility of retreat; there was no possibility of concealing the too obvious fact that he and Sophie had been alone together in the garden at sunrise, and any number of hours beforehand that the charitable might think fit to suppose.

"I am lost!" cried Sophie.

"No," said Alfred; "not if you are calm. And remember that you have just got up."

"Do I look like it?" she exclaimed; and she certainly didn't.

CHAPTER XXV.

"TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE."

ALFRED walked side by side with Sophie towards the group of belated gamesters, who had suddenly become mute with astonishment; but Sophie felt that she could never support the gaze of her father's disreputable guests, and, suddenly turning aside, made for her own apartments.

Alfred walked straight up to Mr. Arnold, with an air which was intended to be one of carelessness.

"You are astonished to see me out so early," he said.

"Yes," was the curt reply.

"I r—really mus' 'pologize," broke in Captain Fludyer, who had been drinking as well as playing, and wished to make an explanation to Alfred about the unpaid bet.

The Count stared furiously at Alfred. Major Raccroc looked amused.

"So much for your blond daughters of Albion! so much for your angelic misses!" he was saying to himself.

"Pay you, ol' boy, to-morrow! Mus' r—really apologize!" the Captain kept repeating.

"Your conduct, Mr. Leighton, is extraordinary, to say the least," observed Mr. Arnold, not knowing precisely what to say.

"Extraordinary? It is simply infamous!" cried the infuriated Count.

"I will remind you of that word afterwards," answered Alfred, relieved at finding himself attacked by some one to whom he could reply.

"I will repeat it, that there may be no mistake," answered M. de Villebois. "Your conduct is infamous!"

"I can explain everything to Mr. Arnold," said Alfred; "but as for you——at what time shall you be at home this morning?"

"I shall not go out until I hear from you."

"You can hear from me now."

"The sooner the better."

"Gentlemen," interfered Major Raccroc, in a tone of mild reproof, "there is a place for everything, and I do not think the subject just entered upon ought to be discussed here."

After whispering for half a minute with the Count, the Major said to Alfred that if he would name his seconds he would wait upon them to hear their views, as soon as they were at liberty to receive him, and that in the meanwhile his address was 10, Boulevard de la Marine.

Captain Fludyer placed himself at Alfred's disposition in the most generous manner; but Alfred would have nothing to do either with him or with Dr. Rowden. He said to Mr. Arnold that he must go for a moment to his room, to take some papers, and that he would send for his luggage from the Hôtel de la Couronne, which he named to Major Raccroc as his address. He also told the Major that he had scarcely an acquaintance at St. Ouen, but that he would do his best to send some one to him before breakfast time.

In his room Alfred found the *bonne* holding a packet, which she had been ordered very particularly by Mademoiselle Sophie to place in his hands. Alfred opened the packet, and found that it contained Sophie's portrait in the celebrated white dress and green sash, and these few lines:—

"I know something dreadful is going to happen, and I shall perhaps not see you for a long time. But I shall never forget you, and remember that I am always yours.—SOPHIE."

Alfred looked at the portrait—it was a successful photograph, artistically and even correctly coloured—kissed it, and placed it in the breast pocket of his coat. A quarter of an hour afterwards he was at the Hôtel de la Couronne, whence he despatched a letter to

Lieutenant Billebande at the barracks, saying that, if the Lieutenant would allow him, he proposed to do himself the honour of waiting upon him at nine o'clock that morning.

There was no answer. Lieutenant Billebande was out with the regiment, which had been at exercise since half-past six, but he was sure to be back at nine; and at nine o'clock precisely Alfred went down to the barracks.

Lieutenant Billebande received his visitor very cordially, asked what he could do to serve him, said that he had imagined on receiving the letter that it was about an "affair," and looked grave when he heard that Mr. Leighton had to his face been called "infamous." As Major Raccroc knew the exact origin of the quarrel, Alfred told the Lieutenant plainly that he was engaged to be married to a young lady on whose hand the Count de Villebois fancied he had a claim; and that the "infamy" charged against him consisted in his having met this young lady secretly at a very early hour in the garden of her father's house.

Lieutenant Billebande thought that the Count's employment of the epithet "infamous" was the only recognisable ground for the duel; but Captain Gérard, who was now called in, held that if the Count was really an accepted suitor of the young lady—and for him to possess that character it was enough that he should be accepted by the father—then he had a right to declare himself aggrieved when he found the young lady in question holding clandestine intercourse with another suitor, rejected by the family, at the "abnormal" hour of five in the morning.

It was evident in either case that a duel must take place, which could only be terminated by the death or disablement of one of the combatants. As to the question who was the agrieved party, which carries with it the choice of weapons, M. de Villebois' seconds must be seen; and Lieutenant Billebande and Captain Gérard proceeded forthwith to wait upon Major Raccroc, who made an appointment for four in the afternoon at the Café de l'Ours Blanc, where, he said, the Count's cousin, M. de Terrenoire, would also present himself.

Alfred rejected with disdain the idea of the Count's having the least claim upon the young lady in question (Miss Arnold's name was of course not mentioned); and it was decided at the meeting of seconds—

1st. That Mr. Leighton had the choice of weapons, and that, in accordance with the demand made by his seconds on his behalf, pistols should be used.

2nd. That the adversaries should be placed at a distance of twenty paces, with the right of advancing to a distance of ten paces.

3rd. That the arm employed should be the revolver, used by the officers of the French army, and that the duel should be continued until one of the adversaries fell.

4th. That the meeting should take place that evening on the sands at low water, and as soon as possible after seven o'clock.

"We have made capital conditions for you," said Lieutenant Billebande, when he called upon Alfred at the hotel about two hours before the time fixed for the encounter. "We know Englishmen are not familiar with the use of the sword, so we have chosen revolvers at twenty paces, with the right of advancing ten. You will bring him down like a pigeon."

Alfred went to the ground with Sophie's portrait in his pocket. He had put it in the breast pocket on the left side, where it could not possibly be hit unless the ball passed first through his body.

"With her English notions," he said to himself, just as he was taking up his position, "she will look upon me as a murderer if I shoot the Count. But the Count will certainly shoot me if I don't. If I could hit him on the shoulder, that would probably suit all the requirements of the case."

In the meanwhile the thin, flat-bodied Count, standing edgeways, looked a mere slice of a man. He held the barrel of his pistol up to his head, in a line with his body; and then, having received Alfred's fire without injury, advanced towards him, took aim, and lodged a bullet in his side. Alfred turned round from the effect of the blow, and fell on his face.

Mr. Arnold and Dr. Rowden were both present, but neither of them interfered. The regimental surgeon, however, was on the ground, and at once attended to Alfred. A carriage, too, was in readiness. In fact, every luxury that a man wounded almost to death could desire.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AFTER THE DUEL.

THE Count de Villebois, before leaving the ground, informed Mr. Arnold that he withdrew all pretension to the hand of his daughter; and did so in such a sarcastic manner that Mr. Arnold felt doubtful for a moment whether he ought not in his turn to ask the Count for satisfaction. To enjoy that right, however, he would, according to the revised code, have had to begin by placing himself on an equality with M. de Villebois by paying him back the eight hundred pounds he had borrowed from him; and that, for the moment, was impossible. So he met sarcasm with sarcasm, and said that his daughter would no doubt be delighted to hear that the Count had at last adopted a course which she had done herself the honour of pointing out for his adoption a great number of times.

The Count bowed with affected politeness, and his acquaintance with Mr. Arnold was at an end.

"Two birds with one stone," said Dr. Rowden to himself when, without hearing the words exchanged between Mr. Arnold and the Count, he perceived what had happened. All chance of Sophie's marriage with the Count was indeed at an end, and it seemed likely enough that Alfred might not recover from the effect of his wound.

His situation was full of danger; for though the ball had glanced off the ribs, and could be extracted without difficulty, he had lost a great deal of blood, and the surgeon, who, however, was not a homœopathist, made a point of bleeding him again on his own account. The expected fever made its appearance all the same, and the patient had to keep his bed several weeks; and for a few days, when the fever was at its height, was delirious.

In the meantime justice had taken cognisance of the duel, and the Count de Villebois and his cousin, M. de Terrenoire, had been tried and condemned by the tribunal to these severe punishments—the former to a week's imprisonment in the debtors' prison, and a fine of 100 francs; the latter to a fine of fifty francs, without imprisonment.

The officers, too, were in for it, and were very near being brought before a court of inquiry.

As for Alfred, it was thought, perhaps, that he had been punished enough already. But a notice was served upon him at the hotel, requiring him to leave France within twenty-four hours; and the regimental surgeon who attended him throughout his illness explained to him when he was convalescent that the authorities would insist upon the order being obeyed as soon as he was well enough to go out. "Therefore," he said, "do not show yourself in public until you are prepared to leave, for the very next day we shall certainly lose you."

Lieutenant Billebande and Captain Gérard called every day to see their principal; and Alfred found that cards had been left for him by Dr. Rowden, Captain Fludyer, and Major Raccroc. But not a word from Sophie, and naturally nothing from Mr. Arnold.

A horse was in the stable, which the hotel-keeper declared belonged to Mr. Leighton, and which for the last five or six weeks had been engaged in the unprofitable occupation of eating its head of. It seemed to Alfred that about two years had elapsed since his first meeting with Sophie; and the events of the moonlight night, the early morning, the duel on the sands, were all mixed up together in his brain. Then he remembered something about a steeple-chase; and Lieutenant Billebande, on going down to the stalls to inspect the mysterious courser, found it to be no other than his old adversary and conqueror "Flick et Flock."

There was nothing strange in Mr. Arnold's having sent round to Alfred a horse which Alfred had bought from him; so the patient gave himself no further trouble on the subject of "Flick et Flock." But there was another question, of vital interest to him, about which he was perpetually tormenting himself—"What had become of Sophie? Had she heard of the duel? Could she know that he had been so dangerously ill?"

These were points on which Billebande could give him no information whatever. But it was impossible Alfred could leave St. Ouen without some news of Sophie; and, as a last resource, he saw no help for it but to apply to Captain Fludyer, who at least could call upon Mr. Arnold and find out whether his daughter was well or ill.

Captain Fludyer was known to everyone, and Lieutenant Billebande said he was always to be heard of and generally found at the Café de l'Ours Blanc. Alfred managed to scrawl a note, in which he told the Captain that he wished to ask him a favour, and begged him to come that day to dinner, if he didn't mind sitting down to table with an invalid who could drink very little wine.

Captain Fludyer didn't mind in the least. He thought, perhaps, that there would be all the more wine for him. At all events he wrote back a comic note expressing that view, and saying that he hoped his host "would excuse him if he was rather punctual."

"Here," said Alfred, on reading the letter, "is a man who neither falls in love nor fights duels, nor pays his bets, nor acknowledges responsibilities of any kind, and who, for that reason, perhaps, is always in the best spirits possible."

Captain Fludyer was indeed strictly punctual, and brought with him an excellent appetite.

"Arnold?" he said, when Alfred asked him whether he had seen that gentleman lately, and, if not, whether he would mind calling upon him.

"Arnold? Why, he has left the place. He went away about a week after your affair with the Count."

"Left the place!" repeated Alfred, pale with astonishment. "You mean he has gone somewhere on a visit?"

"No, he has left St. Ouen altogether. He has sold everything—furniture, plate, wine. I think he had already sold his horses? No, there was one horse left, the little two-year-old Norman colt that he had just bought. I do not know what it fetched. I wouldn't have given ten pounds for it myself."

"Left St. Ouen!" exclaimed Alfred. "Then where can Miss Arnold be?"

He got up from his chair, and began to walk about.

"Mr. Arnold and Dr. Rowden went off together by the boat to England," continued Captain Fludyer. "But every one was paid. It appears that Arnold owed the old Count twenty thousand francs."

"Never mind that!" cried Alfred, impatiently. "Did Miss Arnold go too?"

"I didn't notice whether Miss Arnold was with him."

"What a brute!" thought Alfred; "he did'nt notice whether Sophie was with him!"

"Yet, now I think of it, I fancy there was a young lady," added Captain Fludyer. "But I never saw Miss Arnold except once, and then it was at a certain distance. You remember that morning? It was scarcely light."

"I must go to the convent," said Alfred, getting more and more agitated.

"What do you want?" asked Captain Fludyer, seeing him ring the bell.

"I want a carriage. I must drive to the convent."

"But you will make yourself ill again!"

"I can't help it. I must go," answered Alfred. And he, in fact, ordered a carriage, and, after excusing himself to his hastily dismissed guest, drove to the Augustines' Convent.

On seeing Alfred, his old friend the *tourière*, whilst waiting to be questioned, called out to him, "She is no longer here, sir. She has gone away. She has gone to England with her father."

"*Dieu, qu'il est pâle!*" she at the same time muttered to herself.

Alfred said he wished to see the Superior for one moment; and Jacqueline, touched by the despondency of his manner, admitted him, though she had no right to do so.

Madame Eugénie had need of a good deal of self-restraint not to lose her temper altogether when she heard that "Mademoiselle

Sophie's cousin from India" desired to see her. The story of the duel, including its cause and origin, had been discussed freely in such society as St. Ouen possessed, and in time by various channels had reached the Convent of the Augustines. Major Raccroc, or Captain Fludyer, or Dr. Rowden had certainly told how Miss Arnold had been discovered at daybreak walking about the garden in company with Mr. Leighton, a visitor at her father's house. In some versions for "garden," "summer-house" was substituted; in others for "daybreak," "middle of the night."

Captain Fludyer denied that he had ever mentioned the affair to any one; and Major Raccroc, as one of the seconds in the duel to which it gave rise, ought to have felt himself specially bound not to divulge a syllable on the subject. The Count was not likely to have spoken. If Dr. Rowden had chattered, it was exceedingly unbecoming, considering the friendship he professed for Mr. Arnold, and the footing of intimacy in which they associated; but Major Raccroc and Captain Fludyer declared positively that not a word in reference to the garden scene had ever been breathed by either of them, and they were both of opinion that the traducer was Dr. Rowden.

However, the names of the principals and seconds in the duel had been made known at the judicial investigation, and Madame Eugénie, though she closed her ears to all injurious rumours against Sophie, could not shut her eyes to the fact that a deadly quarrel between two of Mr. Arnold's friends had taken place at his house while his daughter was staying there, and that Sophie had returned to the convent with a very woe-begone appearance the morning of the day on which the duel was fought. She did not like the notion of one of her pupils, or even the name of one of her pupils, being mixed up with any such horrible affairs; and, in spite of her affection for Sophie, she could not conceal from herself that she had experienced a certain feeling of relief on finding that Mr. Arnold was about to remove his daughter from beneath her care, and to quit St. Ouen altogether.

Sophie, on taking leave, had been very much affected, and had said that she knew not where she was going, nor what would become of her, but that perhaps she should return some day and beg Madame Eugénie to receive her again. The Superior had made her promise to write; and she had also engaged to write to her friend Thérèse; but she had now been gone about five weeks, and nothing had yet been heard from her.

Jacqueline's representation that Mademoiselle Sophie's cousin was much agitated and looked as if he were going to die, did have a certain effect upon Madame Eugénie; and, much as she condemned Alfred for the part he had played in a very grave scandal, she consented at last to receive him for one moment. But she could give him no news of Sophie; and she told him very plainly that even if she knew where Miss Arnold was she could not possibly be the means of his communicating with her. She recommended him strongly to address himself to Mr. Arnold, and urged him to atone for his past bad conduct by better conduct in the future.

Alfred, to increase, however slightly, his chances of seeing Sophie, begged Madame Eugénie to accept his card, on which he wrote his address at Hillsborough. He then, to the great relief of the Superior, wished that lady good-bye, drove straight back to the hotel, and, very much fatigued, went to bed. He was not to be waked, he said, until ten o'clock the next morning, unless Captain Fludyer called; but if Captain Fludyer did call, then at any time.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MYSTERY OF CAPTAIN FLUDYER.

LIFE is a mystery! And how Captain Fludyer managed to live, was a mystery indeed. Nevertheless that mystery can, to a certain extent, be elucidated. Sometimes, for instance, the Captain would fix himself on a new arrival, who had brought with him a certain amount of ready money and a taste for loo. He was almost always flourishing during the race week; and, thanks to his infallible system of betting (the secret of which consisted in laying promiscuously, and in the end receiving but not paying), was often beyond the reach of care for a week or ten days afterwards.

Once at the *table d'hôte* of the "Couronne," he announced, quite at random, and merely to see what effect his announcement would have, that a noted detective had just arrived from England to arrest a fraudulent bankrupt who was said to have taken up his residence in the very hotel where they were then dining. After dinner, as he was sipping his brandy-and-water, two gentlemen lingered behind, and made signs to him separately that they should like to have a little private conversation with him. Captain Fludyer followed them one after the other to their rooms. Each was convinced that his fatal secret had been discovered, and that the great object of the gallant officer who had found it out was to be "squared." That was a process to which Captain Fludyer had no objection when practised upon himself; and he left the room of each of his victims a richer if a more disreputable man.

At certain seasons he contrived to live by his gun, aided, as at all seasons, by a natural talent for getting credit and borrowing small sums of money. The proprietor of the Café de l'Ours Blanc (where the officers breakfasted, dined, and took their coffee at the rate of six sous a cup instead of eight sous, the price to civilians) had told him that whenever he liked to get up in the morning and shoot a brace of woodcocks, he would cook him one for his breakfast, with all necessary things to precede and follow, on condition of being allowed to keep the other. And during the autumn and winter the gallant Captain could always make sure of one good meal a day.

But Captain Fludyer was particularly good at wild-duck shooting; and he had been known, on emergencies, to dispose of his ducks himself in the public market-place. For days, sometimes weeks, at a time —whenever the flight of the birds was favourable—Captain Fludyer would, as it were, return to the savage state. During these periods he established himself in one of the little sand-huts on the shores of the river mouth, which, at St. Ouen, does duty for sea, and there, with touching patience, and with a pool of decoy in front of him, awaited the advent of the ducks.

Captain Tremens (who had three hundred a year allowed him by his friends, which ceased if he set foot on the British side of the Channel) would sometimes go out to have a look at Fludyer, and chaff him as he lay in his hole, telling him to "come out of that," and calling him (with admirable point) "Old Stick-in-the-mud." Sometimes, too, Fludyer had not only envious critics, but jealous opponents, to deal with in the professional duck-shooters of the place, who regarded him with that ill-feeling which the professionals always entertain for the mere amateur. But he still remained patient and expectant in his hole; and certainly Captain Fludyer was never so honourably employed as when he was killing his ducks, or anxiously waiting for his ducks to come and be killed.

In moments of alcoholic expansion he had been heard to say that if he had been a rich man his life would have been different; which was more or less true. But there is no reason for supposing that he would, under any circumstances, have been strictly virtuous. One source of trouble from which he had suffered a good deal ever since his arrival at St. Ouen, was expectation of remittances that never arrived. He had been expecting a remittance from London the very day that he dined with Alfred; and as the next morning it had not reached him, he thought he would take the liberty of calling on Mr. Leighton, and telling him the exact state of the case. It could only be a question of a day or two; but the post was so uncertain. That, he said, was the worst of living abroad.

Captain Fludyer only wanted fifty francs, which Alfred at once gave him. Then Alfred turned the conversation to the departure of Mr. Arnold; and Captain Fludyer engaged, if he returned to St. Ouen, to send word forthwith to Alfred at Hillsborough, and to inform him in any case of all that he could learn respecting Mr. Arnold's movements from his friends and possible correspondents at St. Ouen. He suggested, moreover, as a first step, an immediate visit to the bankers, Messrs. Dupont, and Co., through whose agency Mr. Arnold used to receive money from England, and with whom he had probably left his address, or some clue to it.

Captain Fludyer had lived for years by his wits, and long practice had sharpened them; and in the difficult moments of life, resources really presented themselves to his severely trained mind which would not have occurred to everyone.

Messrs. Dupont did not know Mr. Arnold's address, but they knew and gave the address of his London bankers. They also informed Alfred that they had been in the habit of transmitting money for him twice a year to the Dragon Life Assurance office, where they thought his London address might probably be obtained.

Captain Fludyer then took Alfred to the proprietor of the house which Mr. Arnold last rented. The proprietor did not know where Mr. Arnold had gone. He wished he did, inasmuch as Mr. Arnold had departed without giving him due notice, and ought to make him compensation. Had he not unfortunately been in Paris just when Mr. Arnold's sale took place, he would, he declared, have stopped him.

Alfred wished very much that the proprietor had not been in Paris when Mr. Arnold's sale took place, and went back to the Hôtel, where he found an official message waiting for him from the Commissaire de Police, who requested him to call between the hours of eleven and one, "for an affair which concerned him." The envelope containing the message was marked "très pressée;" and it had been left, Alfred was informed, by a *sergent de ville.*

Captain Fludyer knew what it meant at once. It was about going away, he said. But he also assured Alfred that he need pay no attention to it in person, and that he himself would go round to the Commissaire, and endeavour to square the matter, at least for a day or two. Captain Fludyer, who knew little about the French language as a whole, but could chatter the French of everyday life almost like a Frenchman, had his promised interview with the Commissaire; and having represented that Mr. Leighton was still very weak from the effects of his wound, and that he had only gone out for a drive in compliance with the recommendation of his medical adviser—not because he was quite well, as M. le Commissaire seemed to imagine, but because he was still exceedingly ill—brought back a verbal command for his departure on the evening of the following day.

This was all the delay that Alfred required, though far less than would have been agreeable to Captain Fludyer. Alfred proposed to get Lieutenant Billebande to inquire, through Major Raccroc, whether Count de Villebois knew Mr. Arnold's address. That was the only channel still untried that even Captain Fludyer could think of; and as soon as he had made this last attempt to place himself on Mr. Arnold's track, Alfred meant, in any case, to follow him to England.

The Count de Villebois was duly visited the next morning by Major Raccroc, but he either could not, or would not, give any information as to Mr. Arnold's movements; and Alfred found that it would suit his own views, as well as those of the authorities, to quit St. Ouen the same evening.

Captain Fludyer, who had regularly established himself in the position of Alfred's man of business, got his "permit" and made all the necessary arrangements for his departure. Alfred had never had a man of business before; nor did he want one now. But that was not Captain Fludyer's affair. The position suited him. He had created it, and he had therefore the best right in the world to occupy it.

It also became the Captain's duty (in his capacity of man of business) to remind Alfred that he had a horse, which he, perhaps, did not wish to take with him to England, and which, in that case, ought to be sold without delay. Alfred commissioned the Captain to find a purchaser for "Flick et Flock" as soon as possible; and Fludyer mounted on that noble animal, paraded several times through the town, so that his creditors might see that he was not always in the gutter; called at the Café de l'Ours Blanc, where he had his horse held at the principal entrance (the Café de l'Ours Blanc stands at the corner of two streets) while he went inside and "consumed" a *petit verre;* nearly ran over Captain Tremens, who, astonished to see Captain Fludyer on horseback, had stopped as he was crossing the Grande Rue, and looked satirically through an eye-glass at the unfamiliar apparition; and finally went to the barracks, where an offer was made for the horse by Lieutenant Billebande, who ultimately purchased it for two thousand francs. Captain Fludyer's commission was reckoned to him at the liberal rate of ten per cent.; and, as the steeplechase bet had now passed out of memory, and as Alfred would not hear of his paying back the borrowed fifty francs, the Captain found himself, all at once, in a state of comparative affluence.

He had now actually ten pounds to the good. And did he, on that account, lose his head? No, indeed! Captain Thorpe, the ex-sporting man, would have gambled it away in a single night; Captain Tremens would have got drunk upon it, and remained drunk for a fortnight; Bill Bingham, too, would have drunk it; the Rev. Japhet Stickney would have laid it out partly in liquor, partly in trinkets for Pussy Foljambe; the Rev. Luckthorpe Roydon would have given a a dinner, to which Miss Foljambe would have been invited; Pussy herself would have put the money away in the savings' bank; but there was scarcely a captain or a clergyman or a convict in St. Ouen who would not have committed some wanton act of folly with it.

What, however, did Captain Fludyer do? He laid in a stock of ammunition, with a view to his friends the wild ducks; he paid a score of fifty-seven francs sixty-five centimes which he had run up at the Café de l'Ours Blanc, and another of fifteen francs, which had been for some time due at the Café Racine, next door to the theatre. He, moreover, cleared up an old account at the Hôtel de la Couronne—though there was really no necessity for his doing so, considering how satisfied the proprietor was with the liberal payments made by his friend Mr. Leighton; he set himself up in boots for the next twelve months; bought a new hat, gloves, a couple of cravats; and with the balance of solid cash which still remained gave himself the airs of a man who had come into money. But he did nothing recklessly. He threw his gold and silver on to good ground as so much seed, from which fresh and very luxuriant crops of credit were to spring.

Of course he went to see Alfred off, and raised himself in the opinion of many by showing that he and Mr. Leighton were quite on intimate terms. The officers—Lieutenant Billebande, Major Raccroc, and Captain Gérard—were on the pier to wish their English friend good-bye; and Captain Fludyer reminded Alfred, for the last time, as the boat was starting, that he was to consider him, Captain Fludyer, as his willing agent at St. Ouen in all things and on all occasions.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A "LOVE CHASE."

Alfred had what is called a "good passage." That is to say, he did not once need the services of the steward. But he was sick at heart, and the first sight of the white cliffs inspired him with no feeling of joy, such as is excited in the hearts of most properly constituted young men by a return, after many years' absence, to the land of their birth. He had aged considerably during the last six weeks; and instead of looking forward hopefully into the future, as became a man of his years, could only look back sorrowfully into the past. He was in search of Sophie; but the circumstance of her father's disappearance from St. Ouen, where he had left no trace of his future movements, and seemed to have avoided doing so intentionally, made him very doubtful whether he should find her. Part of his despondency was no doubt due to his illness; but, whatever the cause, he certainly was despondent.

As he saw the white cliffs approaching—only they were not white, they were grey—the idea which chiefly struck him was, that it was now seven years since he had seen them retreating. How well he remembered that day! His thoughts were then full of Malvina—poor Malvina!—from whom he had escaped, as Sophie was escaping from him now! Perhaps it was a punishment. Who could say? There were plenty of people who believed in such punishments. He would do his best, in any case, to await it, or at least to shorten it—for already it seemed to have fallen upon him.

Mr. Arnold had now openly declared war against him, and Alfred determined, if he could discover Sophie, to carry her off without any reference whatever to her father's wishes. He easily persuaded himself that by quitting St. Ouen suddenly as he had done, without leaving any clue to his future address, Mr. Arnold had behaved with unutterable baseness towards him. He felt sure, moreover, that his own address at the hotel where he had so long been laid up, must have been concealed from Sophie, or he should infallibly have heard from her: this, also, he thought unpardonable. Altogether he was in a bad state of mind when he landed; nor did his moral health much improve during his journey up to London.

On arriving, he dispatched a telegram to his father at Hillsborough, to say where he was, and that he would write the next morning. "And how should he explain his silence during the six weeks that he had passed at St. Ouen?" he asked himself, as he drove to his hotel in Jermyn-street. Dr. Leighton was not, perphaps, overburdened with paternal feeling; but what, all the same, could be said for the filial feeling of a son who, after a seven years' residence in India, had remained six weeks in a French sea-port without even writing to tell his father that he was on his way to England? A sufficient explanation could doubtless be given, though not a satisfactory one; for he had crossed the Channel, and was now in a country where notions entertained of morality and honour were quite different from those in vogue on the other side.

His secret interview with Sophie, unpardonable from the French point of view, might be forgiven in England, on regard being had to the fact that his sincere wish and intention was to marry her, and that the opportunity he had taken of meeting her was the only one left to him, through the positive refusal of the father to look upon him as even a possible candidate for his daughter's hand.

As to the duel, inexcusable from the English point of view, it was in France, under the circumstances, quite inevitable. At least, no one but a very base man could have avoided it; though in England it might be said that only a very reckless man would have proposed or accepted it.

The fact is the duel serves, more or less efficaciously, to fill up a gap left by the law—a gap which, in England, remains wide open. Thus, in England, certain social offences may be committed with positive impunity, which in France can only be committed with comparative impunity, and never without, at least, the chance of severe punishment. The duel is no doubt a "remnant of barbarism;" but so is the action for damages. The same barbarian who met his equal in single combat paid a money fine for injuries, even mortal injuries, done to his inferior. And though the duel may, and often does, fail signally to bring with it just retribution, the action for damages does worse than fail. Except in the case of persons willing to profit by their own shame, it only renders the hurt more painful by giving publicity to it.

But whether it be that we are superior in wisdom, in morality, or only in a just feeling of regard for our own skins to the rest of the civilized world, certain it is that, in the matter of administering or receiving insults and moral injuries, we are different from other nations; and with regard to the French in particular, let us thank God that we are not as those republicans!

It is worth observing, however, that directly they are brought into contact with foreigners in a foreign land, the scruples of Englishmen on the subject of duelling give way. An Englishman abroad cannot and does not plead "Englishry" to escape the consequences of a quarrel which in England could have no consequences at all.

He should, of course, stand by his convictions in France as in England, if he has any. But the average individual is governed everywhere, not by his own convictions, nor by public opinion (as is often asserted), but by the opinion of his fellows. Thus, Alfred Leighton, when M. de Villebois told him emphatically, and avowedly for the purpose of provocation, that his conduct was "infamous," would have been looked upon by all present as a coward, would have considered himself a coward, would therefore have been a coward, had he not at once sought redress. In England he would have been considered a fool by every one—himself included—had he done anything of the kind.

In fact, looking over a number of old newspapers which were lying on the table of the coffee-room at the hotel, Alfred lighted upon one from which he learned that he had, in the opinion of the writer, committed an act of supreme folly in going out with the Count de Villebois. The writer explained that duelling, which had been put down in England by ridicule (a favourite notion with some journalists—especially those who are incapable of satire), might be quashed by similar means in France. He showed by copious citations (unacknowledged) from "Haydon's Dictionary of Dates," that it had its origin in the darkness of ages, and laid much stress upon the fact that as a means of vengeance it was uncertain, since no one could say beforehand whether the injured person or his adversary would come off second best. In the very case which had suggested these remarks, Mr. Alfred Leighton, considering himself insulted by certain expressions used towards him by the Count de Villebois, had asked for satisfaction, and had received it in the shape of a bullet in the body. What possible satisfaction could there be in receiving a bullet in the body? The writer concluded by asking if this was the sort of thing that ought to take place in the nineteenth century.

Alfred, whilst pausing to answer the question, rang for a bed-room candle and went to bed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"ITALY, SWITZERLAND, OR THE SOUTH OF FRANCE."

The next morning, as soon as it was time for the banks to open, or about half an hour before, Alfred made for the Metropolitan Bank, where Mr. Arnold kept an account, and, passing along Pall Mall and the Strand, reached the place of destination just as the clerks were going to their work. He asked for the director, and was told that there was a whole board of directors, and that the gentleman he wanted to see was probably Mr. Bromley, the manager.

Alfred was shown into Mr. Bromley's room; when that gentleman assured him that it was against the rules of the bank to give addresses or to answer questions of any kind respecting customers. He asked Alfred how he came to know that Mr. Arnold had an account with them, and relented a little on hearing that he had followed Mr. Arnold from St. Ouen, and had such important business with him, of a strictly private nature, that he was ready to follow him to any part of England where he might now be.

"To tell you the truth," said Mr. Bromley, "I don't think he is in England at all. There is no harm in my saying where he probably is *not;* and I know that he called here about a month ago, and took two hundred pounds' worth of circular notes. So I suppose he has gone abroad, and means to stay abroad some time."

"Is he likely to write to you?" asked Alfred.

"He is sure to write to us, when he wants more money; but I cannot promise to give you his address."

"Can you tell me whether he has changed any of the circular notes, and, if so, where?"

"No, I cannot, indeed. But if I were to say that one half came to us from Paris, and another from Strasburgh or from Marseilles, I do not see that that would help you very much."

"If two or three came to you from the same place, it would."

"Yes," said Mr. Bromley, looking earnestly at his watch; "but I have told you already much more than I ought to have done."

Alfred left the Metropolitan Bank, and went on to the Dragon Insurance Office. He felt as he entered that he was going to be guilty of a sort of absurdity, and he was fully prepared for a smile of derision on the face of the clerk as he inquired at the counter for the address of a Mr. Robert Redgrave Arnold, whose daughter's life was insured in that office. The clerks, however, had too much serious work on hand to take a comic view of anything. The name of Mr. Arnold, who had been transmitting money to the office twice every year, for upwards of a dozen years, was well known; and one of the clerks volunteered the information that Mr. Arnold and Miss Arnold had called together at the office three or four weeks before. Alfred was further told, that the best thing for him to do would be to see the secretary, and as he was also of that opi[illegible]n, he [illegible] himself to be shown to the secretary's room.

It soon became evident to Alfred that Mr. Arnold was a man of some importance in the eyes of the Dragon Insurance Office. Indeed a little of this importance seemed to be reflected in Alfred himself, when the secretary heard that he was acquainted with Mr. Arnold and with Mr. Arnold's daughter. As for Mr. Arnold's address, the secretary did not know it, but he had certainly gone abroad, and most probably to the South of Europe.

"Did Mr. Leighton know Mr. Arnold and his daughter well?"

Alfred, thinking only of Sophie, replied "that he knew them very well indeed, and took the greatest possible interest in them."

"You are an old friend of theirs?" suggested the secretary, encouragingly.

"Well, not precisely," answered Alfred. "It is not more than six or seven weeks since I first saw them."

"Oh, indeed! And when, if you will excuse my asking you the question, did you see them last?"

"About six weeks ago."

The secretary looked mystified!

"I stayed four or five days in Mr. Arnold's house, at St. Ouen," Alfred explained. "During that time I became a sort of friend of the family; and you know that a three days' friendship may mean more than an acquaintance spread over a term of a dozen years. You have been in the habit of meeting a man and talking to him, for, say a quarter of an hour, every fortnight, for five or six years in succession. After that you fancy you know him. But you would have known him much better—and as a mere matter of authority much longer—if you had once spent a week with him in his own house."

Alfred was really thinking how short his acquaintance with Sophie had been. But he also reflected that it had all been made up of intimate moments; and that he had begun, as it were, by being intimate with her.

The secretary had already put down Alfred as an utterer of paradoxes, and, whatever truth there might be in his theory of acquaintance, it was evident, all the same, that the young man had known nothing of Mr. or Miss Arnold until within the last six or seven weeks. With the view, then, of getting rid of his visitor as soon as possible, the secretary informed him once more, in what may be called a tone of finality, that he knew nothing whatever of Mr. Arnold's movements, and should probably not hear from him for another six months, "unlesss, indeed——" he added, looking very grave, but he did not finish the sentence.

"I hope," said Alfred, getting up and preparing to go, "that Mr.

Arnold and his daughter were both quite well when they called here."

"Well?" exclaimed the secretary. "Why, Miss Arnold was so ill that she could scarcely get out of the carriage. In fact she did not get out. I begged that she would remain, and the medical officer went out to see her."

"Good God!" said Alfred. "Has she met with an accident? Her illness, surely, is not dangerous?"

"My dear sir, I thought," observed the secretary, "you saw her six weeks ago? Was she well six weeks ago?"

"Certainly. She was in charming health!"

"She may have had a colour, but she was not in good health. Was she able to walk?"

"Walk? I walked with her several hours—I mean several minutes—in her father's garden."

"Several minutes, yes; and in a garden! But you never saw her walk any great distance outside?"

"No," Alfred was forced to admit. "But she could have walked if she had pleased," he added. "She was as well as I am now, and a great deal better."

"That is quite possible," thought the secretary, as he looked at Alfred's pale, haggard face, and observed his general air of exhaustion. But he did not give his thought utterance.

"If I assure you," said Alfred, "that I take the deepest interest, the deepest possible interest, in Miss Arnold's welfare, will you tell me why she came here, and what necessity there was for her to see your medical officer?"

"It was a very simple matter. Mr. Arnold thought of taking his daughter to Egypt or Algeria for the benefit of her lungs."

"Her lungs?" cried Alfred, much affected by this unlooked-for revelation.

"And," continued the secretary, "it is stipulated in every policy that the Life shall not leave Europe without informing the board and obtaining its sanction. In this case it was so clearly necessary that the Life should go to a warm climate, that the board, after looking at the medical report, gave the necessary permission at once."

"Then they have gone to Africa?"

"Not yet, I think. They were going first to Italy, Switzerland, or the South of France."

"Italy, Switzerland, or the South of France!" Alfred repeated to himself. "Somewhere between Biarritz and Milan, between Zurich and Naples!"

He went away pained to the heart by what he had heard as to the state of Sophie's health. He said to himself that she had, no doubt, been very much tormented during the last six weeks. But her father, inhuman monster as he was, could scarcely have ill-treated her to such an extent as to bring on a disease of the lungs. Then he was distracted by the thought that she had perhaps caught a violent cold that night and morning of which she had passed so many hours with him in the garden. In any case, she could not but have suffered, poor girl, on hearing of his wound, and of the serious illness by which it had been followed. Yes, he was convinced that she had thought of him, not quite so much, perhaps, but very nearly as much as he had thought of her.

As he left the insurance office and walked home by way of Fleet Street and the Strand, he met numbers of friends, who, for the most part, did not recognise him. Some had grown fat, others had grown thin; others had lost their hair; in all who had passed their first youth, the light of the eye had faded.

He took care to claim the acquaintance of no one who had been obliging enough to forget him. He felt cynical; and as he could do nothing more for the present in London, he decided that the time had at last arrived for taking the train to Hillsborough.

(*To be continued.*)

THE INVESTOR.

BY A CITY AUTHORITY.

AS we predicted last month—and it will be seen that we shall prove right as long as the war lasts—"money will beat the war." The descent in the rate of discount, and the enormous supply of capital, has in reality already completed this result. The full effect has not yet been seen; but the progress made in the upward direction in stocks and shares shows most decidedly that our opinions formed on this subject have been correct. Bullion flows rapidly into the Bank, the official *minimum* is reduced to 2½ per cent., with the prospect of eventually standing at 2 per cent.; and the bill brokers cannot employ their balances except at about 2⅛ to 2¼ per cent. Save the most cautious people, there will be few who will be satisfied with such terms as these for the use of capital, and hence it will be driven into other channels. The bankers and brokers are grumbling frightfully at the state of things produced by the protraction of hostilities, and at the trading and financial results likely to arise in the winter months, should there not be a peace concluded.

With regard to money and capital, it must be remembered that the plenteousness existing arises from London now being again the great centre of the finance of the world. Paris has lost position, and it will be a lengthened time before it is regained. Berlin is unsettled, and at Frankfort there is only a little doing. Amsterdam and Rotterdam are but intermediate ranks for a portion of the flow of bullion on the Continent; and with respect to Vienna, she is nowhere. We shall therefore remain for some years "master of the situation," and meanwhile it will be greatly to our advantage to manage the business which cannot fail to be profitable. Instead of Paris, Frankfort, and Vienna, absorbing a large proportion of the general operations since 1866, when the grand collapse took place, they will not have power to move, and the engagements will consequently have to be completed here. Thus all our old relations will be restored; and this through the wonderful mutations that have ensued in the course of the past three months.

That money will remain for the present comparatively cheap there can be no matter of doubt. The termination of the war would inaugurate a different course of proceedings. After a lull necessary to allow affairs partially to right themselves, there would be an increased demand for capital. New loans and new companies would be brought forward, and large exports of bullion would inevitably follow. The prevailing plethora would soon be reduced, a scramble for many of the new securities would take place, and the wheel constantly revolving, in the space of five or six months extreme terms for banking accommodation would be encountered.

Perhaps there never was before so little doing in English or sound Colonial Government Securities. The brokers for the National Debt Commissioners finished their purchases for the quarter ending the 30th day of September. The amount of surplus revenue announced for investment will, it is thought, not be laid out this quarter, but be appropriated to take up deficiency bills, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer should require credit to take initiatory measures in relation to the China massacres. Consols are steady, and that is all that can be said of them. Reduced and New have been rather stronger; but the others remain quiet without appreciable feature. Colonial Government Stocks and Debentures are sustained, though they will not be so long, if renewed endeavours are made to bring out fresh issues. We see there are slight symptoms of encouraging the introduction of a number of these so soon as the opportunity is presented—but we would utter a word of caution, looking at ruling high prices—*caveat emptor*.

Foreign Stocks have exhibited some little fluctuation, but, on the whole, a steady improvement may be traced. The business—if, however, it can be called business—has been confined to very narrow limits, and the great support of the market has been the steady nature of its investments, the cheap kinds being constantly withdrawn every account day, through the low rates of money, and the abundance of supplies possessed by the bankers and brokers. Egyptian, Turkish, and Spanish, have been the great favourites, because the Germans have been the chief operators. Notwithstanding the rumours of the aggressive intentions of Russia, which for a time caused heaviness, they have since recovered, and are now again moving upwards. The Khedive Loan having obtained an official quotation at the Stock Exchange, the price has advanced; and it will be steadily absorbed, in consequence of the low value at which it stands. We always, it will be recollected, took a favourable view of this security, and we are yet inclined to think we shall see it much higher.

The position of Turkish and Egpptian generally will, in some measure, depend upon the attitude of Russia, and if her policy is at all ambiguous, the value of her own securities will be seriously affected. Spanish, on reports of the dividends being fully provided for, have steadily gone up, and they are still at a very reasonable price, if intended to be held. A very marked movement has ensued in the Quicksilver Loan, from the receipts of the metal by the Messrs. Rothschilds continuing to increase. Indeed, it is said there are three to four dividends in hand, which makes the security all the more valuable. The San Domingo Loans, one of which was selected as a cheap stock some months ago, has advanced nearly 10 per cent., through encouraging intelligence with regard to the remittances for the dividend and the sinking fund. And there is a strong impression that the annexation of the island to the United States will be only the question of a month or two. Honduras is another security which attracts attention through the progress of the Interoceanic Railway, and the depreciation occasioned by the late war is being steadily surmounted, notwithstanding there is almost a total absence of speculation. The range in the quotation of these bonds should be upwards, considering the special privileges they enjoy.

Peruvian has been encouragingly influenced by the short supply of stock in the market; and it is alleged there will be a further advance. Mexican should not be neglected—a rise will take place in that stock. Venezuela, as a "lock up," like San Domingo, will jump some day; and the "knowing ones," as in the case of San Domingo, will be "out of stock." The foreign department for the next two or three months will represent a firm appearance. After peace shall have been declared, the first blush will be to produce a rise, to be then followed by a sharp reaction. Altogether prospects for Stock operations continue to be satisfactory.

The future of the railway interest should be very satisfactory, but the state of the market is far from steady, through the want of good purchasers on behalf of the public. Speculative operations are concluded on the prospects of traffic, but immediately a rise has taken place a reaction follows, through sales for realisation. The trade of the country is quietly improving, and the favourable weather has been productive of good passenger returns, which assist to swell the general total. All the northern lines are well supported, and would be better but for the timidity of permanent investors. Indeed, the rage appears to be Foreign Stocks, which have been ruled at a very low point, and have, through the easiness of money, been taken away in preference to other securities. As it is said we are now to have peace, the southern lines, the Brighton and the South Eastern, are attracting more attention, since the reopening of full communication with the Continent must prove exceedingly beneficial for their general revenue.

With regard to Foreign and Colonial railway undertakings there is little to be said. It has been altogether a flat month in connection with special events, and the variations, though numerous, have not been extensive. The Canadian descriptions have been occasionally good, but they have not in every respect supported the improvement. The Lombardo-Venetian shares were at one period supported with strength, and an advance took place. When, however, it was rumoured that the interim dividend would only be 12f. 50c. there was heaviness, with a partial drop. The fall was greater a day or two ago, when it was officially announced the payment would not exceed 7f. 10c. The war and its auxiliary consequences have naturally greatly interfered with the traffic of the route, and it will be some time before it can be restored to its former condition. The majority of the Continental Lines have been more or less depreciated by the destruction of the rails, the blowing up of bridges, and the damage inflicted upon stations. A large amount of fresh capital will have to be raised when a new order of things is inaugurated.

Banking Shares have exhibited no great movement in either direction. The low rates of money will not enable the managers to secure large profits, and the discount department is in such a state of universal stagnation that the smallest "tinge of return" will be derived from these operations. The shares of the foreign banks have slightly recovered from their late inactivity, but the transactions have proved very restricted.

The withdrawal of the Monte-Video Loan was not unexpected. It was not based on a proper arrangement. In fact, it was the conversion of one internal debt into an external debt, with very little revenue to support it, and no satisfactory increase. No doubt the civil war raging there has something to do with the business, but it could never have been floated, the transaction not possessing elements of success. We should think it would never be reintroduced, the country having no pretensions to seek financial assistance to the extent of £3,000,000 sterling.

The Atlantic and Great Western Railway Company are making arrangements to get their undertaking into smooth water. The "Bischoffheim's Certificates" are regularly recognised at the Stock Exchange, and quoted. The result is a general advance in the value of the property. Everything, it is now thought, will go well, and as there is the prospect of an adjustment of the Erie difficulty, the American railway system may assume a more favourable phase. The lines are good enough, the revenue large; it alone requires for success honest and straightforward management.

There never was such a month, for the general facility of business, in Telegraph or Miscellaneous Shares. Although quotations have been steady, no rise has taken place, and Wetenhall's "dreary list" exhibits scarcely any variation. Perhaps rather more firmness is manifested on the average, some classes of Telegraph Shares having gone up. The breaking of one or two of the cables has occasioned no great anxiety, since it is found these faults, if within reasonable distance, can be quickly repaired.

We are rapidly verging, it would appear, into another small mining mania. California and Nevada, for the instant, take the precedence. If two or three of them, as it said they will, pay dividends in December and April next, a rush for the leading ones will immediately ensue.

Among the principal may be placed Sierra Buttes—asserted to have six years working in sight; South Aurora, alleged to be able to pay a dividend in December; Eberhart, in forward progress, and will distribute dividends in March next. These, it is estimated, will return net profits from 15 to 25 per cent. Any result of this kind would create a *furore*. Taquaril, as we predicted, have considerably improved. The accounts from Captain Treloar speak in high terms of the steady development of the mine.

October 20th.—Things very good at the last, and all buyers of foreign securities.

* * *

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

THE greatest benefactor humanity could have would be the man who could make known the way to live without eating and drinking, who could put starvation among the impossibilities, and make "fasting girls" honest realities of nature. Failing the arrival of this desirable personage, who can hardly be expected upon this side of the millennium, we must give a due share of the blessings we should bestow upon him to the man who teaches us how to subsist when food is out of reach, and how to put off the uncomfortable consequences of insufficient alimentation. But we have to thank not one man but several men. It is twenty years since a French observer pointed out that the Belgian miners worked harder than those of his own country, though they fed not nearly so well—not eating an average man's daily allowance. The secret was found to lie in their free indulgence in coffee: they each drank about two quarts a day. Disbelief met this announcement. Ten years later another doctor declared that he had kept a young man in working vigour for a week upon a daily allowance of about an ounce and a half of coffee. Ten years from the date of this essay brings us to 1870, when we find one physician in Smyrna, and another in France trying upon themselves the sustaining effects of the roasted berry and its stimulating decoctions. From both quarters confirmatory results are reported. The Frenchman extended his experiments to tea and cocoa: the steps of his inquiry we need not follow, suffice it to say that they led him to the conviction that a man might live and conserve all his bodily powers for many months upon a daily allowance af an ounce and a quarter of the following mixture infused in a palatable quantity of water:—Ten parts of cocoa-powder, five each of coffee and sugar, and two of tea. The cocoa and sugar might be eaten if preferred. Clearly this is the food material that ought to be laid in store by citizens anticipating a siege. Animals may take it as beneficially as men: a dog lived well for a week upon a short daily ration of a nearly similar mixture, while a second dog of like size and breed famished upon a corresponding allowance of bread and butter. Did not Bruce in his Abyssinian travels encounter tribes who lived through long journeys on coffee grounds, made up into pellets with butter?

CONCERNING WATCHES AND THEIR GOINGS.—You doubtless number among your friends a few men who possess hunters or levers or repeaters or other pocket timekeepers which are declared to keep absolutely true time from one year's end to another. I know several believers in this chronometric infallibility; straight, reliable men; though somehow I cannot credit their extraordinary statements about their watches' regularities. For, having seen some experience in the testing of the most delicate, most highly perfected, and therefore most accurately performing portable timekeepers—to wit, ships' chronometers—it is pretty evident to me as to others who have had the same opportunities of judging, that the finest specimens of the horologist's skill fall short in their performances of that excellence which my friends claim for their common watches. In order to encourage or stimulate skilful chronometer manufacture, an official trial is held yearly at the Greenwich Observatory, to which the leading makers in England send one or two of their best instruments. The trial lasts some six months, during portions of which the chronometers are exposed to more than tropical heat and almost polar cold, in order to test the compensation for effects of temperature upon their balances. The "weekly rates" or the numbers of seconds that each timekeeper has gained or lost during each week of the trial are published in tabular form and distributed to the trade and to persons or bodies interested in the inquiry. A glance at these tables shows that the finest timekeepers seldom keep regularly to a rate of a second a day, or a minute in two months. Instances of such regularity even as this are not common. Now, with the evidence thus afforded of what is attainable by the highest effort, how can one accept the wonderful reports of the doings of ordinary watches, which, not being compensated, must be grossly affected by temperature changes—and which are moreover jolted in the pocket and subject to all variations of position and the consequent inequalities of rate? The finest chronometer yet tested at Greenwich came out of this year's trial. From January to August it kept a steady course through changes of temperature ranging from 33° to 96° Fahrenheit, and during the whole period lost but a minute and four seconds. It is to be remarked, by the way, that excellence is determined not so much by the smallness of a timekeeper's rate as by its constancy. The watch that loses (or gains) twenty seconds regularly every week would take the palm from one that loses two seconds in one week and six the next. Constancy in error is a virtue, for it makes the wrong-doer dependable.

THE half-penny postal dispensation was felt as such a welcome blessing that at first there was nothing but pleasantry to be said about it. We accepted the reduction as a boon, and accorded to it that kind consideration which we are proverbially taught to render to a gift horse. When the novelty wore off one began to look all round the benefaction, to detect eyesores and to anticipate weak points. The induced extension of the advertising nuisance did not want searching for; it thrust itself into disagreeable prominence, and the extra labour it threw upon the letter-carriers made them angry. In this anger we foresee an obstacle to the smooth working of the post-card system. Will there not be a great destruction of the open missives? With the postman free to judge of the consequences of non-delivery of the unclosed messages he bears, will he not often, to suit his own convenience or upon an emergency, decide by taking the card home and delivering it to the flames? If he only sacrifices advertisements and price-lists, no one but the senders will grumble: and there is another kind of epistle for which the cards from their publicity are likely to be fully employed, and which so far as the intended recipients are concerned the postman will be free to destroy. We allude to dunning applications. The fear, however, is that now and then a piece of information of importance only to the party addressed will meet the angry carrier's biassed judgment and fail in delivery. But these miscarriages will only hasten what must come at last—the inclusion of sealed letters in the half-penny rate. The card materially considered there is not much to object to, except that it is rather too flimsy, and favours the post office with a smooth hot-pressed face, while the writer's side is left shabbily rough. It ought to be thicker; for while one has a sort of notion that its weight should approximate a quarter of an ounce, it really weighs little over a sixteenth. It is not a work of art, although there was scope for making it one: but the stamp in the corner is far preferable in design to the half-penny adhesive label. These scrubby little things are discreditable in every way: mean in dimensions, dirty in colour and ugly in feature: whether the profile upon them is a recent portrait of Her Majesty we have had no means of judging: we believe she retains the youthful countenance with which the engraver has depicted her; but we hope she has not, as some of the labels suggest, lost her left eye.

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THERE is a peculiar gratification in looking over price-lists, even though they refer to things that we have no thought of purchasing. A long step towards becoming a man of the world is made by acquiring the relations of all things to that which rules the world—money. Interesting, if not always useful knowledge, would be that of the values of men, since every man, we are told by cynics, has his price. But tariffs giving this information are not to be met with ready compiled. Next in order of curious values we may place those of lesser dignitaries of the world—beings over which man holds dominion—the beasts of the forest and the fowls of the air; and we personally owe our acknowledgments to the Zoological Society of London for the pleasure we derive from time to time in perusing their priced lists of duplicate animals, whose room at the menagerie is more valuable than their company, one of which lists has just been issued. We don't want a live lioness at present, but we are nevertheless glad to learn that a leonine queen is procurable for 20*l.*; nor do circumstances require us to become the purchaser of a wild ass of Syrian breed at 50*l.*—the most costly beast on the list. Poor Artemus Ward, to replace his "outrageous little cuss," might have been a jesting bidder for one of the four kangaroos that are offered at 6*l.* a head. Real showmen will become their possessors, no doubt. Bears. being common all the world over, are offered at 5*l.* apiece; and for that figure you may become the proprietor of a male wolf, a Derbian wallaby, or a hog-deer. A conjugal pair of leopards may be had for 30*l.*, and for half that money a nylghau is procurable. Cashmere shawl goats stand at 7*l.* each, but Cretan goats, of which there is a family of four on sale, are only valued at 1*l.* a member. Racoons and jackals those who want can have for 25*s.* or 30*s.* each. The cheapest animals on the list are Cuming's octodons: there are ten on sale, and that number of shillings will buy any one of them. There are no tigers, elephants, gorillas, or hippopotami in this market at present. Of birds, the dearest are peacock pheasants, which are valued at 30*l.* each—and this is 20*l.* less than was asked for the same creatures last year: the cheapest are ring-necked parokeets, offered at 15*s.* There are ducks of various ranks and prices, from the rosy-billed at 8*l.*, to Australian wild ones at a sovereign; geese from 5*l.* to the same minimum; a few brush turkeys at 10*l.*, and some jungle fowls at 7*l.* a bird. A *rara avis* must be the trumpeter swan, that is not to be sold under 15*l.* If any unsuccessful bidder for Dickens's dead raven cares to console himself with the possession of a live one, he can do so for 30*s.* Eagles, just now, must be at a discount, zoologically as well as heraldically, for they are only set down at 40*s.* each—the same price as the dearest of doves. From the circumstances under which these birds and beasts are parted with, no doubt the prices named represent their fair values in that limited market which is open for such wares.

IT is excusable to dwell upon painful scenes only when the pain is faced with a view to proposing remedies. We recall the loss of the turret-ship *Captain* to excite sympathy for a class of men whose bread is earned by labours which it is scarcely fit that civilised beings should be compelled to perform. These men are stokers. We dare declare that the first exclamation which the news of the *Captain's* subversion brought to the lips of nine out of ten men familiar with steam navigation in great ships was, "God help the poor stokers!" The aggregate sufferings of the few men of this class—probably eight or ten—who were on duty at the time, must have been worse than those of all the rest of the ship's company put together. None but those who have seen the stoke-holes of our largest iron ships can know what unbearable places at the best they are. A black alley, some sixty feet long and nine or ten wide, in the lowest available part of the vessel, lighted only by a grating high up at the deck level, and walled by furnaces near the floor, and boilers nearly meeting overhead—such an outline embraces the main features of any one of them. The furnaces that line the alley will be forty or fifty in number, their portals large enough to admit a stooping man. The floor is heaped with coal that is crashed and tumbled about till the atmosphere is a fog of coal-dust. The heat, to an ordinary man, is absolutely unbearable: how the stokers endure it is a mystery. Clothes they cannot wear: if they could stand the burden of them, the heat that comes from the fires when the doors are open for coaling would almost scorch them off their backs. The labour is incessant: no sooner is one fiery mouth satisfied than another gapes for food. Sweltering under a temperature that man was never organised to withstand—half stifled with coal-dust—the skin's respiration choked with soot and grime—breathing an atmosphere unfit to sustain human life—these poor blackened slaves lead a harder life than many for whom in days gone by our sympathies were tearfully enlisted. Fear of accident is doubtless happily unknown to them, or the thoughts of what would follow from even a slight explosion in such a place would make their lives unendurable. The effects of that awful calamity upon the *Captain's* stokers are horrible to contemplate. The beam-ending of the vessel would either dislodge the boilers and furnaces, and the poor fellows would be crushed between the fiery walls of their prison: or the steam and boiler-water would escape, and the fires belch from their confines, and the stoke-hole would become a chaos of burning coals and scalding steam, and men writhing under their influence. The scene is too terrible to be dwelt upon. But to prevent the possibility of its recurrence, and to rid the stoke-hole of its normal evils—which are bad enough to call for remedy—would it not be worth while for engineers and naval architects to consider whether some plan of automatic furnace feeding could not be devised for great marine engines? This ought to be practicable: we feel sure it could be made so. Let the ingenious men who stick at nothing in the shape of mechanical obstacles set their wits to work. Let "another job" be found for the stokers; and let the designs for future fortresses afloat be free from that ugly black spot which indicates the stoke-hole.[*]

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[*] Since this was written a paper "On Mechanical Stoking" has been communicated to the British Association.

THE
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1870.

THE STORY OF THE WAR.

At Madrid, in the month of January, 1869, appeared a pamphlet written by one Señor Salazar. To that fragment of literature we trace back, in a direct line of events, the story of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Eusebio de Salazar, a member of the Cortes, representing the constituency of Mazarredo, was an ardent advocate of Iberian unity, and he recommended the nation to elect for their king the man whose reign was most likely to lead to the ultimate amalgamation of the Governments of Spain and Portugal under one sovereign.

This idea of unity has been the great mover of political events in Europe since the subsidence of the democratic feeling which ran so high in 1848. Germans in the North, Italians in the South, Sclavonians and Magyars in Central and Eastern Europe, have cultivated the thought of unity for their respective races and nations at the expense of every other political theory. In Italy unity has overridden republicanism, destroyed sovereignties, removed the boundaries of an empire, and established a new constitutional kingdom among the great Powers. Those who had the foresight to make themselves the champions of the movement triumphed; those who held stedfastly to other schemes failed. In Germany one man of remarkable prescience, and of immense capacity and strength of will, placed himself at the head of the movement, and turned it to account in his own way in the face of gigantic obstacles. The Count von Bismarck is building a great Prussian Empire on the foundations of German unity. Austria, at the moment when she was overwhelmed by a disastrous war, discovered a method of securing a new lease of life. She made herself the captain of Magyar nationality, and her Emperor was crowned King of Hungary. Panslavism, the unity of the Sclavonian races, is in a much less advanced stage; but that it is a movement of no small importance we may conclude from the fact that two Emperors—the Czar Alexander on one side, and the Kaiser Francis Joseph on the other—are competing for the leadership. In France alone among the chief nations of the Continent the circumstances of origin and race were such as to exclude the growth of this form of political sentiment, and the consequences of this isolation from the national movements in Europe have been twofold. In the first place, republican and socialistic feeling, checked in the other countries by aspirations after national unity, has had no rival in the democratic mind of France; and in the second place, French nationality, whose unity is a fact ages old, has looked with a jealous eye upon the process of consolidation among hitherto divided peoples, lest its own relative greatness among the nations should be impaired. That the genius of the French nation was ready enough to be fired with an ardent desire for unity, had there been any need for the manifestation, is sufficiently evident in their rage and bitterness at the suggestion of a loss of territory. If any work of unity had remained to be accomplished in France during those twenty years, our Gallic neighbours, we may be certain, would have been ardent enough in the movement; and it is possible that it might have been well for them to have had such a political task to occupy their minds during a somewhat trying period in the progress of political science.

This brief survey of recent political phenomena, having a very significant bearing upon the story of the war, brings us back to Iberian unity. Señor Salazar's candidate was Dom Fernando, the father of the King of Portugal. He made out a strong case, and he expressed the feeling of a large number of intelligent and patriotic Spaniards, of whom the foremost was Marshal Prim, the chief maker of the Spanish Revolution and the virtual dictator for the time. Dom Fernando is a German. He was Prince of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha; he married Maria II. da Gloria, the late Queen of Portugal, and their family are curiously mixed up in marriage with royal houses whose names have become very prominent in connection with this war. Dom Fernando, a firm believer in constitutional monarchy, has been as popular as an assistant ruler in Portugal as was his relative, the late Prince Albert, in Great Britain. On his wife's death he acted as Regent during the brief reign of their elder son, Dom Pedro V., and he has been the best adviser of his second son, King Louis I. To him, after the publication of Señor Salazar's pamphlet, the crown of Spain was offered by Marshal Prim, and he refused it, as he had done that of Greece three years earlier. Here begins that string of apparently harmless occurrences which, a year and a half later, set France and Germany at war. The crown of Spain went begging. It was the cheapest thing in Europe for many months. It was proffered and rejected in many quarters, but the genuine Iberian Unionists never lost hope. At Dusseldorf on the Rhine resided a royal family of the House of Hohenzollern, near relatives of the King of Prussia, but staunch Roman Catholics, and doubly related by marriage with the royal family of Portugal. These were the Hohenzollerns of Sigmaringen. Prince Antoine, the head of his branch of the Hohenzollerns, would be King of Prussia to-day but for the fact that his ancestors clung to the Roman Catholic faith. He was sovereign of the principality of Sigmaringen until, in the agitated times of 1849, he sold his inheritance to his kinsman the King of Prussia, and retired into private life enormously rich. But the sons and daughters of the unambitious Fürst did not shrink from the responsibilities of royalty. One became a queen, one is a reigning prince, and the third has recently been a candidate for the throne of Charles V. Princess Stephanie, Antoine's daughter, married King Pedro of Portugal, the elder son of Dom Fernando; she died two years after her marriage, and her young husband survived her only two years. Prince Leopold espoused another child of Dom Fernando, and this half-Spanish, half-German lady is reputed one of the fairest women in Germany. In this alliance was the next hope of the Iberian Unionists. Though Dom Fernando refused to be made King of Spain, and had no son living but Louis I., he had a son-in-law, a very eligible Roman Catholic and unattached prince. After Dom Fernando and his son the King, the man nearest the Portuguese throne was the young Leopold of Hohenzollern.

It was still quite early in the year 1869, when the Dom Fernando scheme broke down, and at once the idea of making Prince Leopold a candidate was quietly canvassed among the leaders of the Unity movement in Spain. In March, or during the last days of February, Señor Rances, a Spanish diplomatist, representing the Government of Madrid at the Court of Vienna, visited Berlin and had an interview with the Count von Bismarck, when conversations took place respecting the throne of Spain. Rumours were current regarding the possible candidature of Prince Leopold, and the French Government grew uneasy, believing that the elevation of a prince of the royal family of Hohenzollern to the sovereignty of Spain would give Prussia too great a preponderance of influence in Europe, endanger the security of France, and detract from the position she deemed herself entitled to hold on the Continent. In order to form a just estimate of this feeling, it is necessary to remember that for years Prussia had been striving in many ways, at great cost to herself and at some loss to her neighbours, to increase her strength; and there had been numerous diplomatic passes between Napoleon III. and the Count von Bismarck on the subject. Besides, four years earlier, both France and Austria had been violently agitated when Prince Leopold's brother Charles was made Hospodar of Roumania—an event that would probably have been averted by the joint actions of those Powers had not the business been so deftly managed that the Prince was enthusiastically welcomed by the people of the Principalities as their sovereign before the diplomatists of Paris and Vienna had time to enter their protest. Those who think that the election of a Hohenzollern Prince in Roumania is a matter of no concern to other Powers have not considered its effect upon Europe, in the case of an alliance between Prussia and Russia to carry out the Muscovite policy in the East. Apart from our opinions, therefore, it is not difficult to understand the anxiety with which M. Benedetti, the French Minister at Berlin, in March, 1869, after the visit of Senor Rances, questioned the Count von Bismarck, and the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Herr von Theile, as to the truth of the rumours of Prince Leopold's candidature. The Marquis de Lavalette, then Minister for Foreign Affairs at Paris, telegraphed to M. Benedetti requiring him to get an explanation from the Minister-President of Prussia about these rumours. Assurances were given which the French Government deemed satisfactory at the time. M. Benedetti insisted that the candidature of Prince Leopold would be regarded in a very serious light by the Emperor's Government, and Herr von Theile declared to him, upon his honour, that there had not been, as far as he was aware, and could not be, a question of the Prince of Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain. These facts are stated in a despatch from M. Benedetti to the Marquis de Lavalette, and from that time until the second of last July the Government of France seems never to have experienced any further disquietude on this subject.

The known views of the Emperor must have deterred the Spanish Government for many months from inviting Prince Leopold to become a candidate; for, as far as Spain was concerned, no man in Europe was more eligible, and yet in the meantime the diadem was laid at the feet of more than one foreign prince, and as often rejected. Then, in the autumn, one year after the deposition of Queen Isabella, Señor Salazar published another pamphlet. The Imperial displeasure had no terrors for him. Having failed to secure the nomination of Dom Fernando, he made Prince Leopold his candidate, producing many excellent reasons why the hopes of the nation should be placed in the election of Dom Fernando's son-in-law. Outside Spain this second political brochure attracted no attention, and Europe was not disturbed by the faintest indication of the storm that was coming; but the deputy of Mazarredo had the ear of Prim's majority in the Cortes, and his arguments were not lost. History must be more explicit than it is at present before we can know at whose instance negotiations were opened in the early spring of last year (1870) between Marshal Prim and Prince Leopold. Was it the Prime Minister of Spain, or was it the Minister-President of Prussia—each well aware of the temper of France with respect to this candidature—who, at a moment when the Emperor was deeply preoccupied with domestic politics, resolved to brave the consequences of France's displeasure? Until facts come to light which are at present hidden, we can only guess and draw inferences. When, last July, the Emperor's Government protested so vehemently against the nomination, the Spanish Government was perfectly calm. Marshal Prim was absolutely reserved with respect to the dangerous relations in which his country stood to France, but he gave no sign of withdrawing his candidate. His silent persistence was significant. Hardly anything less than the consciousness that the army of the North German Confederation was on his side, could have sustained him in the daring position in which he stood. Whatever may have been the mode in which Prince Leopold was approached, the probabilities of the case lead with irresistible force to the conclusion that some sort of diplomatic understanding existed between Marshal Prim and the Count von Bismarck; and this view of the case is strengthened by the fact, elicited during the hot diplomatic passes between France and Prussia in July, that King William had had little or nothing to do with the candidacy, while no attempt was made to show that the Chancellor of the North German Confederation was not privy to it. Setting aside probabilities, however, we are bound to pass by the question of the responsibility for the reopening of the negotiations, and come to the event. In February, 1870, Señor Salazar was commissioned by Marshal Prim to wait upon Prince Leopold, and consult with him as to his willingness to allow himself to be placed in nomination for the Spanish throne. The deputy of Mazarredo was not a conspicuous man in public affairs, and his movements escaped observation. He went to Dusseldorf and had many interviews with the young Hohenzollern. Whom else he saw at Dusseldorf—whether he held communication with Prince Antoine, with any trusty emissary from the Foreign Office at Berlin, or with the redoubtable Minister-President himself—he has not told us; he has only declared, in discreet language, that the Prussian Government did not "intervene" in the negotiations, and that King William was quite surprised when Prince Leopold wrote to him at Ems, informing his Majesty of his definite resolution to accept the nomination. This, however, we know, that though the negotiations between Señor Salazar and Prince Leopold commenced in February, his Royal Highness did not accept the nomination till the last days in June, and that month was far advanced before a whisper was heard, even in Madrid, to the effect that the throne had been offered to a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern. In the middle of June, Marshal Prim related once again to the Cortes the dismal story of his efforts to secure a king, and his many failures, and recommended that the question of the election of a sovereign should be indefinitely postponed. He then hinted vaguely of another candidate, whom he asked to be permitted not to name, but of whom he had some hopes. His reticence was respected, but in the gallery of the chamber and in the Spanish capital the name of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen did not fail to be canvassed in connection with speculations on the Premier's mysterious speech. The Cortes that day was prorogued till October, the deputies went off upon their summer holiday, and it was understood that the Marshal himself would repair to Vichy, to drink of the famed sanatory waters and to meet the Emperor of France, himself indulging in a little recreation after one of the most arduous half-years of government he had ever experienced. Suddenly, on the 29th or 30th of June, it became evident that Marshal Prim's plans were changed. On the 1st of July, the *Epoca*, a Madrid journal, announced that negotiations had commenced with a Prince of the reigning family of North Germany. Next morning the statement was contradicted, but on the same day went forth an official notification that Marshal Prim would attend an important Council of Ministers, and that his journey to Vichy was postponed for a month. On the 3rd of July, the intelligence was spread abroad in the Spanish capital, and was telegraphed to every country in Europe, that a deputation had offered the sovereignty to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and that his Royal Highness had accepted the nomination. The tone of Marshal Prim's speeches and the tenour of public events in Spain during the five months that elapsed from the opening of these negotiations till the end of June, point to the inference that the Prince's acceptance was regarded as doubtful by the Ministers. The time has not yet come to tell on whose counsel Prince Leopold acted when he intimated his acceptance; but of this there is hardly a question: Count Bismarck was aware of the offer and knew of the acceptance, and King William had no knowledge of the one fact or the other until a few hours before the news was telegraphed from Madrid to all quarters of the world.

But for these events it is not likely that there would have been a great war in Europe in 1870. One of the combatants, it is certain, did not regard the long-threatened conflict as imminent. Neither Napoleon nor his Ministers appear to have had, up to July 1st, the remotest anticipation that the nation would be shortly engaged in a mortal struggle with the forces of Germany. On the 30th of June the Corps Legislatif resolved upon a reduction of the army contingent from 100,000 to 90,000 men—a measure which would, at the end of nine years, have diminished the nominal military forces of the country to the extent of 90,000. At that same sitting of the Legislative Body, while General Prim held in his pocket Prince Leopold's acceptance of the throne, Marshal Lebœuf declared that the French army contingent was reduced in order to make manifest to Europe the pacific policy of the Government, and he expressed his regret that the example of France had not been followed by other Powers, who had, indeed, rather increased their contingents. By this diminution of the conscription hangs the story—rendered doubly interesting by the light of subsequent events—of the late Lord Clarendon's benevolent but futile intervention between France and Prussia for a mutual reduction of armaments. In the month of February, when Count Daru was Foreign Minister at Paris, and Señor Salazar was in personal communication with Prince Leopold, the Earl of Clarendon conveyed to Count Bismarck those pacific proposals of the Imperial Government. Neither the Emperor nor her Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs knew anything of Señor Salazar's mission, with which the Count von Bismarck was probably well acquainted; and, if that were so, for that reason, if for no other, Prussia held France at a disadvantage in those peace negotiations whose result, had they been successful, would have been, according to Count Daru, the considerably further reduction of the French army contingent. But Count Bismarck —whatever he knew and whatever he did not know—never for a moment contemplated acceding to the Imperial scheme laid before him with so much kindly earnestness by the Earl of Clarendon. It was impossible, said the Chancellor of the North German Confederation, to modify a military system so deeply rooted in the traditions of the country, which formed one of the bases of the Constitution, and which was quite normal. Count Daru, a man of a more philosophic and less bellicose temper than his successor, the Duc de Gramont, was not yet wholly discouraged. At his urgent instigation our Minister for Foreign Affairs—who did not live to witness the war which he strove so arduously to avert—pressed the Prussian Government yet more closely, until the Count von Bismarck definitively rejected his proposals, alleging the fear of an eventual alliance between Austria and the South German States, of French ideas of aggrandisement, and of the encroaching policy of Russia. These reasons for refusing to yield to the pacific overtures of France, advanced only a few months ago by the man who held the destinies of two great nations in his hands, read rather oddly after the mighty events which followed so soon upon the abandonment of Lord Clarendon's negotiations. France did not anticipate the troubles of which the Prussian Minister appeared to have a very sagacious foreknowledge. While the Hohenzollern secret was leaking out at Madrid, the current of affairs in Paris was unusually symptomatic of peace. On the 2nd of July the Prime Minister, M. Ollivier, who was so soon to sound the tocsin of war, addressed these words to the advocates for the return of the Orleanist Princes to Paris :—"We cannot admit your petition, because the great people of France forbids us to do so, exclaiming, in the words of Dante, 'Peace! peace! peace!'" On that same day Prince Napoleon, suspecting nothing of the tempest that was threatening, set out in his yacht on a pleasure cruise, intending to be absent five weeks from the capital. And if Ministers, Princes, and people were far from guessing at the dark days in store for the nation, not less were they unprepared for the change that a few military reverses would make in their notions and their sentiments. In one of these discussions upon the Orleanist petition, not many hours before the arrival of the startling news from Madrid, the Prime Minister, discoursing on the personal and imperial qualities of Napoleon III., said :—"There is not one of the past or present Ministers who is not convinced of the great wisdom shown by the people of France in putting their trust in this great heart and this high intelligence; and who has not conceived for the Emperor a kindly confidence and a respect full of admiration." And this testimony of the leader of the Imperial Constitutional party was hailed with shouts of applause. These political incidents indicate the state of feeling from which France was aroused by the announcement that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen had accepted his nomination as a candidate for the throne of Spain.

The war tells its own story backwards. December and August throw a little light on July and June. The narrative must at best be very imperfect for many a day to come, but it is possible in the last hours of the year to get a more correct bird's-eye view of the scene of the coming strife, and the attitudes of those who were to be concerned in it, than it was six months earlier. The foremost figures are those of the Count von Bismarck and Napoleon III. These two men had made it their business to watch each other, and to play against each other, like champions at chess, for more than ten years. The Emperor was tired of the sport, but unwilling to abandon the stakes; the Minister's heart was never more set upon playing out to the end and winning, and he grew more daring and resolute as his opponent hesitated and faltered. Bismarck is the most consistent of diplomatists, and the most unerring calculator of forces and chances. Not more than eighteen years ago he appears to have resolved upon raising up a new German Empire, with Prussia at its head and Berlin as its capital. The scheme dates from the time when he began to attend the Diets at Frankfort and lost his respect for Austria. History will make a very marked distinction between Bismarck's plan of amalgamating the peoples of the German race and the unity which they had vaguely longed for. The Germans, while they wanted no domination, northern or southern, looked favourably upon Austria and disliked Prussia. The Minister saw this, and hardly condescended to make the attempt to win his way with the Germanic Confederation. His plan was to increase the military and territorial strength of Prussia at any cost, to drive Austria out of the field, and to trust to the old desire for unity to reconcile the country to his mode of accomplishing it. Meanwhile Napoleon was bent on maintaining, and, if possible, increasing, the importance of France. It is doubtful if he ever had a fixed idea of how this was to be done. Round the one ambition of his life, to succeed his uncle as chief of the great nation, all other projects seem to have hung loosely. Either he is quite impenetrably profound, or his diplomatic acts are wanting in unity: and after the revelations of this war the world will not be disposed to credit his profundity. The comparison, often drawn, between diplomacy and chess holds good in this: that some players move in conformity with one completely conceived scheme from first to last, while others change—not their tactics only, but their projects—on the suggestion of events. Bismarck is one of the former school; Bonaparte belongs to the latter. Until the Italian War of 1859 the Emperor had probably no other distinct international policy than that of getting for himself and his dynasty a good recognised place in Europe. He entered upon the Crimean War that he might stand well with Great Britain; he ended it before its time for the sake of the regard of the young Czar Alexander. He embarked in the campaign for the liberation of Italy in order to found, not a united kingdom in the peninsula, but an Italian Confederation under French protection. He finished the war abruptly for the price of the Austrian alliance. Unfortunately for him, his prestige with the English Court never did him service in any subsequent enterprise; his friendship with Alexander has not been valuable; his federal Italy was a failure, and he had the mortification of seeing a young, vigorous, united kingdom grow up where he hoped for an agglomeration of separate states; the Papal Sovereignty, which he insisted on maintaining, was always threatening to collapse, and survived the empire only sixteen days; and the Austrian Alliance, which was apparently the basis of all his calculations from 1859 till 1870, proved to be a delusion in the hour of trial. Much that otherwise is not clear in the history of the diplomacy and events which culminated in the war of 1870 explains itself if we date the contest between Napoleon and Bismarck from the meeting of the Emperors of France and Austria at the village of Villafranca on the 11th of July, 1859. These sovereigns, in a secret conference of two hours' duration, agreed upon the formation of an Italian Confederation under the presidency of the Pope; and from that time a very close understanding existed between the heads of the two empires. From that time, too, it became the object of the ruling spirit of Prussia to render the alliance abortive. By what extraordinary exercise of ability and skill, by what daring diplomatic manœuvres the Count von Bismarck accomplished that end is the one marvellous element in the plot which runs through the story of those eleven years. While the soldiers of France and Italy were defeating the Austrians at Magenta and Solferino, the Germans of Bavaria and other states and districts bordering on France and Austria were in a rage of excitement, eager to strike a blow against France in the north: but Prussia was calm. She declared her neutrality, but sent troops to the frontier, lest any attack should be made on German territory. The defence of Austria was no part of Prussia's policy; her *rôle* was the protection of Germany. At this crisis a great movement was developed among the German States in favour of a central sovereignty in the place of the Germanic Confederation, and Prussia was invited to take the initiative. But the Regent William refused; just as his father had declined to be made Emperor of Germany by the National

Assembly ten years earlier. These Brandenburg kings and their Ministers are Prussian to the core; they would have nothing to do with a scheme of German unity at the expense of the relative importance of Prussia.

Again, in 1862 and 1863, the states and kingdoms, backed up by Austria, sought to form a new and more powerful German Federation, but Prussia opposed every plan propounded; seized the Danish Duchies, and incorporated them with her kingdom; dissolved the Germanic Confederation; drove Austria out of North Germany; and annexed Hanover, the Electorate of Hesse, Nassau, and Frankfort to the dominion of King William. All this was accomplished within seven years of the meeting of Napoleon and Francis Joseph at Villafranca. France, deep in the confidence of Austria, pledged, in some shape, to the maintenance of Austrian interests, jealous of the alarmingly increasing power of Prussia, stood by during that seven years, anxious to be in the fray and to profit by it, but restrained in part by adverse circumstances and partly by the hope of making terms with Bismarck. The world does not quite know why the Emperor hesitated to take the field on the side of Austria at the outbreak of the war of 1866, but it does know that he brought that campaign to an abrupt termination. It was the opinion of all the chief military authorities of France that Austria would come off conqueror in the encounter with Prussia, and it can hardly be doubted that the two Emperors built upon the hope. In that event the natural object of Francis Joseph would have been the humiliation of Prussia, an object which might have been well served by an addition to Austrian territory on the South German side, and the "rectification" of the frontier of France by the annexation of the Rhine Provinces to the empire of the Bonapartes. That is the sort of "compensation" Napoleon was always looking for upon any change in the strength of one of the European Powers, and it is hard to believe that some such scheme had not been concocted in the several interviews between the two Emperors at Villafranca and after. Perhaps when the diplomatic secrets of those ten years come to be revealed they will tell at what stage in the anticipated victories of the army of General Benedek over the forces of Prussia the French troops were to step over the boundary, and raise the French standard upon as much Prussian territory as lies on the western side of the Rhine. That was not to be; but, without striking a blow, Napoleon arrested the onward march of the North German army. The feat was managed with some dexterity. Making Bonaparte the medium of the negotiation, the Kaiser purchased the virtual withdrawal of Italy from the conflict by ceding Venetia. This was done in such a manner that, whatever the compact between Victor Emmanuel and the Count von Bismarck, the King of Italy would be compelled to sheathe his sword or to turn it against France. So Austria was saved for the time on the German side.

The Emperor had, as he presently boasted, arrested the conqueror at the walls of Vienna. He had refused to interfere, a year or two earlier, in defence of Denmark, in accordance, probably, with his private understanding with Francis Joseph, who was one of the parties to the invasion of Danish territory; but he had nothing to gain, and much to lose, by permitting Bismarck to proceed further with the aggrandisement of Prussia. Then began that long and intricate story of diplomacy between Paris and Berlin, of which we had glimpses before the outbreak of this war, and revelations after. The *Projet de Traité*, published by the *Times* on the 25th of July, and all the fragments of documents, reports of conversations of ambassadors and Ministers, and published official correspondence tend to prove that Napoleon, from first to last, aspired to the possession of the Rhine Provinces as the price of permitting Prussia to draw an Imperial ring round Germany, and that the Count von Bismarck sought to satisfy him, and to purchase his neutrality, without ceding any portion of German territory. The scheme of annexing Belgium to France has all the appearance of a Prussian suggestion. Had it been a plan of the Emperor's it would probably have been carried out, for Bismarck is almost confessedly, and by the evidence of his whole career, unscrupulous in his international policy, and regardless of the public opinion of Europe. Anxious as he was to finish the work which advanced so far in 1866, and easily as it might have been completed on the plan of the *Projet de Traité*, the inference is almost irresistible that the plot fell through because Napoleon refused to take Belgium instead of the Rhine Provinces. The Prussian Minister does not seem, however, to have expected to accomplish his ends in this way. He foresaw a war with France, and prepared for it. Having well measured the strength of the two countries, he believed himself able to cope with France single-handed, and hardly a doubt can exist now that he secured the neutrality of Austria by means of a secret treaty with Russia. In military strength, therefore, in diplomacy, and indeed in a finished plan of the campaign, the Minister-President was ready for the war when, with or without his approval, the Prince of Hohenzollern accepted the offer of General Prim: and in every one of those conditions France was unprepared for the encounter.

For four years had the British Government and the peace-loving millions in Europe been striving and hoping that the conflict might be averted, and now, for the moment, the awful issue seemed to depend on the veto of a man of whom the world in general knew absolutely nothing—Leopold of Hohenzollern, the light-hearted and "ever-cheerful" Prince, popular in the circle in which he moved, courageous, ambitious, and ready, like his brother Charles in Roumania, to "answer for order" among the excitable populations of the great cities of Spain. Had he been elected, he would probably have done his best to keep his adopted country out of European broils; but he was a Prussian soldier; he had sat at the feet of Bismarck and Moltke, and he would, in all likelihood, have improved and strengthened the army of Spain as his brother has augmented and armed with scientific weapons the forces of the turbulent nation on the other side of Austria. In that respect he would have been a man after Prim's own heart, and with life and good fortune he would have held his own among the Spaniards and have founded a dynasty. A word for the other characters in the drama at this juncture. Marshal Prim was silent but stubborn, prepared to stand the issue. For nearly two years, as trying as any like period in the domestic history of the peninsula, he alone had governed Spain, and he could afford now to refuse to withdraw from an act the consequences of which he had probably foreseen. In Italy, Victor Emmanuel was waiting for the first accident that should enable him to take possession of Rome; while his Holiness the Pope, sublimely unconscious at once of his own danger and of the deep humiliation of his dependent position, was rejoicing over that decree of Infallibility which was destined to introduce new discord and schism into the Church. The Kaiser of Austria was profoundly pre-occupied with the increasing troubles involved in the claims of his Sclavonian and Czech subjects for privileges similar to those which had been conceded to the Magyars. The Czar Alexander, deeper in the secrets of Count Bismarck's plans, probably, than any other monarch in Europe, was watching his opportunity for demanding a revision of the Treaty of 1856. The business of the Foreign Office in Great Britain was in a state of chaos, consequent upon the sudden death of Lord Clarendon, the only really single-minded and devoted peacemaker between the unquiet and ambitious spirits at the Tuileries and Berlin.

Momentous secrets are hard to keep. At the intended friendly vacation meeting at Vichy between the Emperor of the French and Marshal Prim, planned for an early day in July, it may well have been the Marshal's hope to be the first to break to Napoleon in personal converse the news of the acceptance by the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen of the throne of Spain. The Imperial mind, he knew, was deficient in resoluteness and singleness of purpose, and open to personal influence. It might have been possible to the ruling spirit of the Spanish Revolution to soften the incidence of this shock by assurances of the determination of the Government of Spain to hold itself aloof from Prussian schemes and free from German alliances. Unluckily, the secret leaked out. That which was announced indefinitely in the Spanish paper of the 1st of July was repeated with circumstantial details in a Parisian journal on the 2nd. Prince Leopold had been offered and had accepted the throne of Spain. The little item of news did not attract an extraordinary amount of attention in France. On Monday, the 4th, the statement was confirmed, and the French Press spoke of the event as grave and important; but public feeling was not inflamed by anticipations of war. Unhappily, instead of reaching the Emperor at a time of repose, whilst indulging in the waters of Vichy, the announcement found him at Paris, surrounded by a Ministry the most ill adapted to encounter with wisdom and discretion such an emergency. His chief advisers were the Duc de Gramont, Marshal Lebœuf, and M. Ollivier. The first was a hot-headed, bellicose politician, whose appointment as Minister for Foreign Affairs a few months earlier was regarded in England as a new element of danger to the peace of Europe; the second was a rash, blundering, incompetent soldier, wholly unworthy to fill the post left vacant by the death of Marshal Neil; the third was well-meaning, but weak—a man whose head was turned by the confidences of high office. He is perhaps the most signal instance on record of the influence of "place" upon a politician who is all the while high-principled and incorruptible in the ordinary meaning of those terms. The question of peace or war was in the hands of these four men. The French mind is made of inflammable material, but the news of this Spanish candidature alone would not have produced the war-cry, nor would even the comments of the Press. The Duc de Gramont, by unpardonable indiscretion or by design, created the war feeling which he might have found it difficult afterwards to quell, had it ever been his desire to quell it. History may do injustice to the Emperor's Foreign Minister, as it has to many another. Rightly or wrongly, he will stand condemned for having worked upon the excitability of his countrymen in order to strengthen his own hands in the policy the Government had resolved upon. On the 5th of July he told Baron Werther, the Prussian

Ambassador at Paris, that France would not tolerate the establishment of the Prince of Hohenzollern, or any other Prussian Prince, on the throne of Spain. On the next day, having as yet received no reply from Berlin or Madrid, he made a short, but warlike speech in the Corps Legislatif, and was followed in a similar but more qualified strain by M. Ollivier. Then, and not till then, did France grow excited and bellicose. A Minister with no purpose to serve but the public interest, and with strength of mind to accept and act upon the responsibility of his position, would have answered the interpellation on the Leopold candidature with the most absolute reserve, and have demanded that until explanations had arrived from Prussia implicit trust should be placed in the Ministers. Baron Werther proceeded that same day to Ems, and conveyed the Duc de Gramont's strong message to King William. The Count von Bismarck was enjoying a season of recreation in the North of Prussia. Only Herr von Theile, the Under-Secretary, was accessible at Berlin. Two days passed, and no answer came except an unofficial expression of opinion by Von Theile, that the Prussian Government were not in any way concerned in the matter of the selection of Prince Leopold for the throne of Spain. Then M. Benedetti, the French Minister at Berlin, proceeded to Ems. If it were not a matter that rested with the Prussian Ministers, the King, as head of the Hohenzollerns, might command the Prince to withdraw his acceptance of the nomination. M. Benedetti was instructed to endeavour to extract from the King a promise of Leopold's renunciation. William I. had no desire for war. He met M. Benedetti in the most pacific manner, but he confessed that he had consented to the Prince's acceptance of the throne, and submitted that it would be difficult after that to withdraw it. During these days of suspense the Duc de Gramont plainly declared to Lord Lyons, our Ambassador at Paris, that the voluntary renunciation of the candidature by Prince Leopold would be accepted as a solution of the difficulty. The concession came almost immediately. Indeed, Prince Antoine's announcement that his son's candidature was withdrawn must at that very time have been despatched to Madrid. On the 12th of July it was known at Paris that Prince Leopold's candidature was at an end, and on the evening of the same day the Count von Bismarck arrived at Berlin.

Prince Antoine's decision was an evident disappointment to the French Government. On the very day of its arrival the Duc de Gramont told Lord Lyons he would require more complete satisfaction from Prussia. From that moment the conduct of the French Government was absolutely disapproved by impartial spectators everywhere. No man outside of France, and only a few thinking Frenchmen, have yet been found to defend the act of Napoleon and his Ministers in demanding further concession. It has been emphatically condemned even by M. Benedetti, who was instructed to endeavour to extort the impossible "satisfaction" which his Government demanded. Nevertheless we must not hastily conclude that but for this indefensible position assumed by the French Government there would have been no war. Count Bismarck was now upon the scene, and while the Duc de Gramont was supplying Lord Lyons with a memorandum of France's ultimatum: "We demand that the King of Prussia shall forbid the Prince of Hohenzollern from renewing at any future time his candidature," the Chancellor of the North German Confederation was saying to Lord Augustus Loftus, our representative at Berlin: "After what has now occurred we must require some assurance, some guarantee that we may not be subjected to a sudden attack; we must know that, this Spanish difficulty once removed, there are no other lurking designs which may burst upon us like a thunderstorm." It was no longer the aged and rather peaceably disposed King at Ems—only half initiated into his own Minister's secrets and schemes—who had now to be met; it was the Count von Bismarck, whose favourite pastime had been war-making, who had unbounded confidence in the results of a campaign, who knew with the certitude of a man that plays with loaded dice the attitude which every great power in Europe would assume upon the outbreak just then of hostilities between France and Prussia, who was sufficiently assured beforehand of the help of the South German States, and who saw, as clearly in July as we do in December, that a Franco-Prussian war in 1870 would realise the dream of his life by placing the crown of the German Empire on the head of the King of Prussia. That the conduct of the French Government, after the message from Prince Antoine, was wholly inexcusable there can hardly be a question, but let those who think that on the resolve to insist upon "guarantees" from King William depended the awful issue of a struggle which has almost annihilated France, recall these further words of the Minister-President at Berlin, addressed to the emissary of a mediating Power before he had received any intimation of the temper of the Imperial Government upon the reception of Prince Antoine's decision: "Count Bismarck further stated that unless some assurance, some declaration were given by France to the European Powers, or in some official form, that the present solution of the Spanish question was a final and satisfactory settlement of the French demands, and that no further claims were to be raised; and if, further, a satisfactory explanation of the menacing language held by the Duc de Gramont were not made, the Prussian Government would be obliged to *seek explanations from France.* It was impossible, added his Excellency, that Prussia could tamely and quietly sit under the affront offered to the King and to the nation by the menacing language of the French Government. *I could not*, said his Excellency, *hold communication with the French Ambassador after the language held to Prussia by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs in the face of Europe.*" From this despatch of Lord Alexander Loftus, dated the 13th of July, immediately after the arrival of Count Bismarck at Berlin, it is clear that, virtually, war was made when the Duc de Gramont made his speech in the Corps Legislatif on the 6th. Then was the challenge given that was to ruin Imperial France and build up Imperial Prussia, and the Chancellor of the North German Confederation was not the man to let it pass. Two or three men by half-a-dozen words can render war almost inevitable, peace all but impossible. The sovereigns of those two countries appear neither of them to have been active instigators of this tragedy. King William was a patient man, biding his time, relying on his Minister, and willing, personally, to prevent rather than promote hostilities. Napoleon had been hoping and scheming for the enlargement of France in correspondence with the coming aggrandisement of Prussia; but this does not seem to have been the time he would have chosen, nor a hand-to-hand duel with all Germany the means. To his mind this provocation must have presented itself at an hour when he least looked for it and least desired it; but he was in the midst of his new experiment in the virtues of Ministerial government; he had no wise counsellor at hand to balance with real knowledge and foresight the blind military ardour and national self-sufficiency of his two warlike Ministers—for it is a lamentable fact that France has not bred a single great statesman during these seventy years—and the Emperor, in an evil moment for himself and for France, consented to be driven by an inopportune event into an ill-timed trial of strength with his great antagonist. His mind was oppressed by forebodings; he was not infected by the delirium which overmastered everybody around him; he sought to moderate the ill-measured confidence of soldiers and citizens, and when he went away to the Rhine, he proceeded by a suburban route from St. Cloud to avoid a Parisian demonstration. The Duc de Gramont at Paris and the Count von Bismarck at Berlin played into each other's hands for war, over the heads of monarchs and peoples, and there was no power in Europe to arrest the onslaught. The French Minister did not seem, so late as the

14th, to know that, to the mind of the Minister-President of Prussia, he had already created a *casus belli*, or he might have relied upon his speech of the 6th, and have put upon his enemy the onus of the next hostile movement. Bismarck, infinitely wiser than De Gramont, in small matters as in great, held his own hand till his antagonist had played his card. So poor a case was the French Minister able to make out for pressing for explanations from the King, that he told Lord Lyons he was doubtful whether the Ministry would not be overthrown if he went down to the Chamber and announced that the Government regarded the affair as finished with the withdrawal of the candidature. So the Ministry saved itself by declaring war, and the Prussian Minister had no need to make those demands for explanations which he held in reserve. But it was only a three weeks' lease of life the Gramont-Ollivier Administration purchased at that great price, and then it disappeared for ever.

While, however, the question of peace and war seemed to onlookers still to hang in the balance, and while Lord Lyons at Paris, forcing interviews with De Gramont was, if anything, more hopeful than Lord Augustus Loftus listening to the less excited but more resolute and portentous utterances of Von Bismarck, the strange report flew over Europe that the King had insulted M. Benedetti at Ems. On the morning of the 14th of July an article appeared in the *North German Gazette*, stating that the French Ambassador had accosted the King on the parade at Ems, and asked him to give a promise never to allow a Hohenzollern to be a candidate for the throne of Spain, and that the King had refused to answer him, and requested his aide-de-camp to inform M. Benedetti that he had nothing more to say to him. The telegram conveying the substance of this article created a perfect fury of indignation at Paris; but the pretended incident was an absolute lie from beginning to end, and no explanation has ever been given of its appearance in the Prussian Ministerial organ. The Count von Bismarck had said to Lord A. Loftus, only a few hours earlier, that "the courteous reception by his Majesty of Count Benedetti at Ems, after the severe language held towards Prussia, both officially and in the French press, was producing throughout Prussia general indignation." Who could have contrived a rumour so cleverly constructed as at once to lead Prussians to feel that their King had been offered an affront, and France to declare that it had received an indignity in the person of its Ambassador? In the absence of materials, we can only guess at the causes of events which will by-and-bye be perhaps fully explained. It may be that this rumour, though it was published in a paper inspired by the Prussian Ministry, and related to a matter of the utmost delicacy, was based on an ordinary mistake; but if it were invented and published by order of a Minister for a definite purpose, the event would do no violence to the traditions of official journalism; nor would the act be less defensible than that of sending to the *Times* a copy of the *Projet de Traité*, designed to fasten upon the Emperor the responsibility of a dishonest proposal the onus of which has since been shown to rest upon the Count von Bismarck. M. Benedetti, whose diplomatic career does not seem to be stained by a single dishonourable or disingenuous act, speaking of the publication of this "projected treaty," says:—"If instead of successes the Prussians had met with reverses, the reputation of the Chancellor of the North German Confederation would not have survived an act of disloyalty so outrageous." But whether the incident at Ems was a clever trick of the Minister or only a blunder of the editor, it served the purpose of precipitating hostilities, by inflaming at once the passions of two peoples on the verge of hostilities, and rendering it quite unnecessary that Prussia should place herself in the wrong before Europe by a diplomatic act tending to increase the chances of war. Although the French Government were made aware, very soon after they received the report of the alleged insult offered to their Ambassador, that the indignity had not in fact occurred, the very fact that the Prussian official journal had given currency to the rumour was held to be an affront and a sufficient excuse under all the circumstances for a declaration of war. "It is evidently the intention of the Prussian Government," said the Duc de Gramont to Lord Lyons on the 15th, "to take credit with the people of Germany for having acted with haughtiness and discourtesy—in fact, to humiliate France. Not only has the statement so offensive to France been published by the Government in its newspaper, but it has been communicated officially by telegraph to the Prussian agents throughout Europe." On that same day, in the Senate the Duc de Gramont, and in the Corps Legislatif M. Ollivier, read an official statement, drawn up at a Council of Ministers held at the Tuileries on the previous day, at which the Emperor presided. It amounted to a declaration of war. The final ground given for the resolution appears in this extract:—

> "In the meanwhile, we received an intimation from the Spanish Ambassador that the Prince of Hohenzollern had renounced the crown. We asked the King to associate himself with this renunciation, and we asked him to engage that, should the crown be again offered to the Prince of Hohenzollern, he would refuse his authorisation. Our moderate demand, couched in equally moderate language,

> written to M. Benedetti, he replied to by saying that though he consented to approve the renunciation of Prince Leopold, he refused to declare that he would not authorise for the future the renewal of the candidature. The King wound up the conversation with M. Benedetti by declaring that he neither could nor would enter into any engagement, and that for that and all other contingencies he must reserve the power of acting as circumstances might require. Notwithstanding that, in consequence of our desire for peace, we did not break off the negotiations. Great, therefore, was our surprise when yesterday we learned that the King of Prussia had sent word to our Ambassador by an aide-de-camp that he could no longer receive him, and that, in order to give to his refusal an unmistakeable character, his Government had officially communicated it to the Cabinets of Europe. At the same time, we learned that Baron Werther had received orders to take his leave, and that Prussia was arming. Under the circumstances we should have forgotten our dignity, and also our prudence, had we not made the preparations we have, to maintain the war which is offered us, leaving to each that portion of responsibility which devolves upon him."

It is worthy of note that neither in this statement nor in the Duc de Gramont's brief speech the same evening did the Ministers inform the Chamber that the pretended insult to M. Benedetti did not occur, although both the Prime Minister and the Minister for Foreign Affairs referred to the occurrence, knowing all the while that it was an unfounded report. The Duc de Gramont made use of these words: "The Prussian Cabinet has informed all Governments that it refuses to receive our Ambassador whilst the negotiations were still proceeding. If in any country a Chamber should be found who would suffer this, then I would not for five minutes remain a Minister." It was an act of dishonesty and an insult to the judgment and independence of the Legislative Body thus to make a point for war of the "incident at Ems," and to conceal the fact that he held M. Benedetti's refutation of the rumour in his pocket. In the incriminations and recriminations, and the shiftings of blame from shoulder to shoulder, abundant light will in the end be thrown upon every phase of this strange story, and we shall know the part played by every member of the French Cabinet between the renunciation of the Leopold candidature and the resolve to declare war. What we know now is, that the Ministry for a moment hesitated; that on the 13th the Duc de Gramont made use of words in the Corps Legislatif which indicated that the renunciation might possibly be accepted as sufficient, and that on the same day a report circulated in Paris that Marshal Lebœuf had tendered his resignation. Further than this, we have the testimony of M. Ollivier that at the Cabinet Council on the 14th Lebœuf was madly bent upon war, and that the Emperor yielded what appeared to be a half-reluctant assent to the proposal that guarantees for the future should be demanded of Prussia. The suggestion of Lord

Granville, dated the 15th, and addressed to both powers in identical terms, that France and Prussia should have recourse to the good offices of some friendly power or powers, and offering, on the part of her Majesty's Government, to take any part which might be desired in the arbitration, was at once rejected by the Duc de Gramont on the one side and the Count von Bismarck on the other. A settlement of the quarrel without resort to war did not meet the views of either of those Ministers.

The story is almost told. In the campaign, which practically began on the 15th, there is no plot to work out, no mystery to unravel. It is a long narrative of defeat on the one side and victory on the other, the bare recital of which will fill a bookshelf when the vast mass of carefully-collected and ably-preserved materials comes to be edited by the historian. The war-fever in France, which had somewhat subsided after the message from Prince Antoine, broke out with tenfold virulence after the Prime Minister's statement and the Duc de Gramont's speech on the 15th. There is hardly a parallel in history for the ungoverned delight of the military and the populace in the streets and public places in Paris at the bare anticipation of a struggle which was to work such woe and ruin to France; and, in candour, we, the contemporaries and close neighbours of the great and enlightened French people, are compelled to confess that those extraordinary demonstrations expressed, not only an intense eagerness to beat the Prussians, who wore the latest laurels of battle in Europe, but a wild, aboriginal greed of war for war's own sake such as it has not fallen to the lot of man to witness in civilised life in our times. The "*Vive la guerre!*" of 1870 is a study in the natural history of man. The notable feature in the war-feeling on the Prussian side is the rapidity with which it extended itself into the South-German States, which Napoleon vainly hoped would be neutral ground, though his friends at foreign Courts, and even his own Ambassador, M. Benedetti, had repeatedly assured him that any war between France and Prussia would certainly unite South Germany in arms with the forces of the North German Confederation. The formal Declaration of War was despatched to Berlin on the 17th of July, and by that time almost all ordinary traffic on the lines between Paris and Metz on the one side, and Berlin and the Rhine on the other, had perforce given place to the conveyance of troops and munitions of war.

The conduct of the campaign was entrusted on the French side to Marshal Lebœuf, acting, after some indifferently-defined fashion, in concert with the Emperor. The Prussian Chief-of-Staff was General (now Count) von Moltke, beyond question the most perfect master of the science of war of his age—a man who from the commencement of the mobilisation of his forces till the investment of Paris moved his great armies over the country with something like the precision of machinery, meeting his enemy almost invariably in accordance with previous calculations, striking a blow when he was pretty sure to succeed, and manœuvring and waiting upon events when he could not reckon with tolerable certainty upon the result of each particular movement. France was able to send an effective force of something over 300,000 soldiers at once into the field; the North-German Confederation had no difficulty in immediately moving 500,000 men towards the frontier; while the States of South Germany not included in the Confederation, who without hesitation declared themselves on the side of Prussia, were able to add 100,000 more: and when we call to mind the deeds of the Bavarian troops since July we can form some estimate of the great and immediate practical advantage of this alliance. That was the position of the campaign at the outset, and the chances in favour of Germany increased as time wore on, for her reserves proved to be immeasurably more available for subsequent mobilisation and more useful in active service than those of France. Napoleon never thought to grapple with and overcome those 600,000 men with his own 300,000. He entertained a strange and, apparently, quite unwarrantable hope that South Germany might declare on his side, to avoid the domination of Prussia, or remain neutral. He does not seem to have thought that at the very outset, and by their own spontaneous act, Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg would rush to the French standard; but he hoped to throw a heavy mass of troops across the Rhine before the Prussian forces could reach that territory, having in his head, probably, some scheme of proclaiming himself the champion of the independence of the South, which would probably give him a fine vantage in his struggle with the Northern Confederation. It will, perhaps, be many a day before we know what was to happen at that point, for Austria keeps well her own counsel, and it never was one of Louis Napoleon's faults to betray the confidence of his friends; but upon the basis of a French occupation of South Germany might have been concocted an alluring scheme, by which Francis Joseph should divide with Prussia once again the mastership of Germany, taking the Southern States under her protection, France annexing the Rhine Provinces as the reward for her share in the transaction and as the price of a continued alliance which should effectually prevent Prussia from recovering her diminished influence and her lost territory. But if the Emperor ever had the Kaiser's assent to such an arrangement, it is pretty evident now that at the very outset Russia, by a preconcerted agreement with Count Bismarck, insisted upon Austria's neutrality; and it was partly this disappointment which in all probability detained Napoleon for so many days at St. Cloud when he ought to have gone off to the Rhine, and which set a heavier gloom upon his brow when he at length departed. Bonaparte himself has told us that the sole chance for the success of his plan was to surpass the enemy in rapidity of movement, and better than any other authority has he explained how the miserably defective organisation of the army and its resources rendered that rapidity impossible and, in brief, delivered over the military strength of France into the hands of its foe. On the 28th of July the Emperor set out for Metz, and two days later King William left Berlin for the frontier. From the 15th of July till the 4th of August an impenetrable mystery shrouded the movements of the German forces. The Prussian executive is despotic and perfect. Those were, in all the campaign, the days when secrecy was of the greatest importance, and secrecy was marvellously well preserved. What the French generals were doing, on the other hand, was pretty evident to a sufficient number of spectators, in spite of the stringent rules laid down to prevent the publication of intelligence. The little affair of Saarbruck, on the 2nd of August, which the world believes to have been a sort of dress rehearsal of war for the entertainment and "baptism of fire" of the Emperor's child, Napoleon declares to have been intended as a feeler; he could not make out where the enemy was, and he thought that small movement in active warfare would bring them out. The attack on Saarbruck does not seem to have disquieted the Prussian army, or to have effected any change in their movements. They were, indeed, close by, and coming on in overwhelming force at the time; and not the capture of Saarbruck, but the battle and defeat of Wissembourg, enlightened the French generals and staggered them. It will be, perhaps, as difficult hereafter as it is now to estimate the relative ability of the French and German commanders, after allowing for the different organisation and quality of the troops, and the incompetency of Lebœuf and the Emperor combined, when compared with the wonderful Moltke; but it is certain that the three German commanders first in the field at the head respectively of the first, second, and third armies—General Steinmetz, Prince Frederick Charles, and the Crown Prince of Prussia—have shown good generalship and great capacity for a rigid adherence to orders. It is natural that, under the circumstances, Marshals Bazaine and MacMahon should be condemned; but they must have been men of surpassing genius, and of moral courage sufficient to treat with contempt the strange and ruinous orders which came from the War Office at Paris, to have achieved success, or even to have avoided disaster, in the positions in which they were placed. Some confusion was all along occasioned to the general newspaper reader by the number of divisions of the French army. It was easy to remember that Steinmetz, Frederick Charles, and the Crown Prince, under the supreme control of Moltke, managed at the outset all the German forces, while King William was attached as nominal commander to the army of Frederick Charles. But on the French side the only names that maintained a distinct place in the memory were those of Bazaine and MacMahon, while in reality there were at first seven separate commands: MacMahon having the 1st Army Corps, Frossard the 2nd, Bazaine the 3rd, Ladmirault the 4th, De Failly the 5th, Canrobert the 6th, and Douay the 7th. It was Frossard's corps that attacked Saarbruck on the 2nd of August. It was a detached division of MacMahon's corps, thrown beyond its supports, that was surprised and defeated by the Crown Prince's army at Wissembourg on the 4th; and MacMahon's entire force, with detachments from two other corps, which sustained the gallant struggle and disastrous reverse near Woerth on the 6th, again encountering the Crown Prince, who, from having about 40,000 men against 10,000 at Wissembourg, had 120,000 against 50,000 at Woerth. On the same day it was Frossard's corps, attacked by Steinmetz, that defended the heights of Spicheren, and lost the battle of Forbach. After these reverses De Failly's corps, which it is said ought to have been ready to help MacMahon at Woerth, followed the fortunes of MacMahon's retreating army; while the greater part of the remainder of the French forces gathered round Bazaine at Metz, and the military strength of France in the field practically resolved itself into two armies under MacMahon and Bazaine. How heroically, but vainly, Bazaine attempted to retire from Metz; and how MacMahon, obeying against his own judgment the behests of General Palikao, the new War Minister at Paris, sought to relieve the great army at Metz, and thereby marched into the very jaws of destruction at Sedan, there is no space and really no need here to tell. Neither will the reader of this brief review of the quarrel and the conflict look to these pages for a description of those awful battles, the capture and captivity of the Emperor, the march upon Paris, the siege of the capital, and the mortal struggle of the raw and hastily-formed troops of France against the victorious army of Germany when the great nation of Charlemagne, Henri Quatre, Turenne, and Bonaparte no longer had a corps of real soldiers to take the field.

The political history of France is the strangest ever written, but the country's annals present no period so strange as that which covers the last six months of the year 1870. The Ministry which bears the responsibility for the war survived the declaration only twenty-three days, and fell before a vote of "want of confidence;" the Battle of Woerth sealed its fate. If the Gramont Administration must answer for the outbreak of hostilities, that of Palikao stands condemned as the author of the unparalleled calamity of Sedan, which at the end of the second three or four-and-twenty days put an end at once to the new War Cabinet, the Regency, and the Empire. At this moment, as at any moment since the early days of September, it is impossible to look back without astonishment upon the phenomena of political and quasi-patriotic rapture which took possession of the minds of the population of Paris during the week or two which followed the capitulation of Sedan, and the so-called declaration of a Republic by the wild, half-Genoese young lawyer Gambetta on the 4th of September. Gazing first upon the figure of that new-made and wholly unconventional statesman, now firing the blood of the two or three million beleaguered citizens, and now flying over the heads of the Prussian hosts in a balloon to awaken the war element in provincial France; turning then to the veteran French democrat Jules Favre, reading his philippics, and watching him in those interviews with Bismarck—half theatrical and yet wholly genuine; drawing in our imagination a picture of the grand old eloquent inspired madman Hugo, haranguing the people of the beloved Paris from which he was so long an exile, and promising to close his latest romance as a victim of Prussian bullets on the ramparts; and reflecting on the wholly dissimilar story of the wanderings of the aged Thiers from Court to Court, from King to Emperor, from Tours to Paris, from General Trochu at the Hotel de Ville to the Count von Bismarck at the Hotel des Reservoirs at Versailles—we can only feel that the time has not been long enough to realise it all, and envy those who shall live to read the whole history, told in the heroic strain of the "French Revolution," and the "Consulate and Empire."

Whether in fact or in fiction, no story ever comes to any other than an arbitrary end, and if we were able in these pages to add the final incident of the war we should leave half-a-dozen lines of narrative broken off short. A few consequences may, however, be summed up at the end. The war has deposed a Pope and completed the unity of Italy. It has given to Spain a King of the House of Savoy. It has converted North and South Germany into an empire, and placed an imperial crown on the head of a Hohenzollern. It has extinguished, perhaps for a time only, perhaps for ever, the dynasty of the

Bonapartes, and revived Republicanism—of the unique sort distinguished as French Republicanism is—in Europe. It has re-opened the Eastern Question, freshened up old theories of the dominion of race, and renewed among civilised nations the practice of seizing territory as the prize of successful warfare. How it will affect the future of Austria, whose frontier yet limits the length and breadth of the new German Empire, and what influence it will have on North-Western France, the debateable land of Gauls and Teutons, it is impossible now to foretell. The War of 1870 is the end of much and beginning of much more in Europe. It is a fresh starting-point in history.

RACING REMINISCENCES.

THE close of "Kingcraft's year" brings to a conclusion an era of Turf history which the dawn of the new *régime* to be inaugurated by its successor will speedily involve in the night of forgetfulness. The season just terminated has been one of uncertainties and surprises; and our attention has been directed, not so much to the fixed stars of constant light which year by year are expected to adorn the Turf firmament, as to those comets of uncertain periods and meteor-like flashes which have from time to time excited our wonderment. Never have so many "moral certainties" been upset, and never have the varieties of form shown by animals of all ages so perplexingly combined to puzzle the brains of handicappers. Every year we are reminded of the wretched character of our three-year-olds and the moderation of our youngsters, until the more thinking amongst us have been led to regard such assertions as mere cuckoo-cries, and to believe, in spite of jeremiads, that the horses of our time are, after all, not unworthy descendants of the giants of old days. It is true that if asked to select any animal in the great three-year-old contests of the year whose name is likely to become such a landmark in racing records as that of West Australian, or The Dutchman, or Voltigeur, we might feel at a loss to comply with the request; but have there not been, and will there not always be, many such barren years, even in every decade? And what exact comparison have we means of instituting between horses of different years, when the system of weight-for-age races has long since given way to the fashion of handicapping, and the fields for our great cup races show such a wretched falling-off in numbers compared with the importance of the prizes? We shall have to wait patiently for the time when the new regulations may be said to have been thoroughly proved, and our minds become habituated to the great changes which they threaten to work. The abolition of mixed two and three-year-old races will leave an awkward blank to be filled up in the programmes of clerks of courses, but we have no doubt that "spirited proprietors" and "energetic lessees" will be equal to the occasion, and that the great meetings will continue to flourish as before. We shall miss, too, those pleasant Nurseries which helped to mark the Goodwood and Doncaster Fridays, and had become such popular elements of sport at less pretentious meetings; but the Autumn gatherings at Newmarket will be amply supplemented with this species of amusement, which will doubtless form important features at all the three meetings at head-quarters. And we hope, for the sake of sport, that the foreign division, which has "cut in" for so many good things this year, may be tempted and encouraged to make Newmarket their permanent head-quarters, which they are at present compelled to do, owing to Continental disturbances. If they continue amongst us long enough, we shall be enabled to take their measure more accurately than at present, and the presence of their horses in the Derby and other great races will help to solve the problem of whether or not our breed of horses has deteriorated to that extent which Sir Joseph Hawley and other practical and experienced sportsmen have asserted. At any rate, our French and German guests cannot complain of the coldness of their reception here, while we in turn have to thank them for the spirit infused by their means into the somewhat wearisome monotony of our meetings at the "back end." To what extent they will be able to hold their own with us in steeplechasing, the present season will shortly disclose; and it is rumoured that the redoubtable Colonel will again revisit the scenes of former triumphs. The judicious "fence time" adopted by the Jockey Club will have the effect, not only of conferring an immense boon on our hard-worked flat-racers, but will also be the cause of the abandonment of many small meetings, which have become far too numerous of late years, and which must fall to the ground in the face of more powerful rivals. Already we hear laments of more than one recognised first-class meeting clashing with another; and if this is the case, good-bye to the hopes of the weaker folk, who must inevitably go to the wall. The small gatherings in the vicinity of London may be able to hold their own, because they seem to have been established with an eye to the employment of a class of horses who could not hope to compete successfully with high-class animals. Moreover, the majority of them have adopted the gate-money system, to which proprietors can look for their expenses, in the dearth of selling races and high entrance prices to the stands and enclosures.

In connection with the racing of the past year, it is due to the importance of betting, its close ally, to note the various attempts which from time to time have been made to limit the operations of its followers, and to confine it to a class. Sir Joseph Hawley's proposition for the abolition of p. p. betting of course fell to the ground, on account of the refusal of his colleagues to entertain the question, which they expressed themselves as having no power to discuss. Mr. Hughes, however, took the entire matter up in the House of Commons, and though the introduction of his measure was signalised by a debate which showed for the most part an entire ignorance of the subject on the part of his supporters, the Bill was allowed to be read a second time, and only postponed owing to the pressure of business at the end of the Session. Lotteries and commission agencies had long since been suppressed in England, and latterly the Home Office has taken a far more significant step in the matter of the Knightsbridge Exchange, between the organisation of which and that of the parent club at Tattersall's the *Times* professes itself unable to see the difference. On the assembly of Parliament we shall doubtless be further enlightened on the course intended to be pursued, and it is only reasonable that persons interested in Turf affairs should be put in possession of the intentions of our ruling powers as speedily as possible, for it should not be forgotten to how many betting is a means of subsistence.

Lincoln, whose bell sounded its "most renowned alarum" over a snow-clad plain, opened the season most inauspiciously. Reft of her Brocklesby, she could make no amends by her handicap, usually a most interesting race, and commanding a large field. Royal Rake cantered home from Sycee and eight others, including the lion of the hour, Van Amburgh; but the Siberian climate, training casualties, and elemental interference with preparations, told their tale, though Primrose did not disgrace the old Queen Mary blood in her cross-country performance, the prelude to a brilliant series of successes between the flags; and Snowstorm came appropriately to the rescue in the steeplechase. Derby saw Primrose twice to the fore over hurdles; successes followed up by another win at Nottingham, where the ancient and uncertain Mexico for once consented to get his head in front for the handicap, and had his successes toasted in Corporation bumpers. At Liverpool in a formidable field the gallant Colonel again held his own, and those who thought that George Stevens' hand had lost its cunning saw him walking back his fourth Grand National winner to scale. Never was a triumph more gallantly achieved, and had not Primrose met with a slight mishap, even a closer struggle might have been witnessed. But later in the week there arose a dark cloud of misfortune to mar the sunshine of victory, when the best and bravest of horsemen, and most genial of companions, was borne away from the field of his glory never to speak again. More mournfully historical than Beecher's brook will become that fatal fence to those who only two years before saw poor

George Ede attain the summit of his ambition by enrolling The Lamb among Grand National winners. Free Trade gave a faithless promise of the good things in store for the stock of Caractacus by his win in the Spring Cup, and then followed that ill-omened Sefton Handicap which deprived the Southrons of their gentleman-jockey pride, and assembled a mourning county round his early grave.

Merely glancing at the Grand National Hunt Meeting to record Mr. Chaplin's third triumph in the "Hunters'" Steeplechase with Schiedam (purchased when a yearling at Middle Park), and to notice how Primrose showed that she preferred four miles in good company to half that distance with platers, we pass on to Warwick, where the wayward Sunlight declined to achieve a walk-over without the attempt to get rid of his jockey, and where Threatener, another scion of Caractacus, landed the handicap, and The Doctor and Tusculanum were the heroes of the flagged course. The last week in March found us at Epsom Spring, but without a vestige of that genial influence popularly supposed to mark the exit of the blustering month. After the Trial Stakes folks began to talk of the elegant little Paté for the Oaks; and the fondness for her was further increased by subsequent performances. The same race disposed of Walter's Derby chance, and few imagined that The Boy, who secured a clever victory in the Nursery (?) Stakes, would parade before Doncaster spectators as a Leger horse. Looking at the City and Suburban field, which Sabinus beat so easily, by the light of other events, it seems doubtful whether any such collection of handicap celebrities has ever been disposed of so readily. Among them were Border Knight, Geant de Batailles, Paganini, Oxonian, Miss Sheppard, and Festival; while Rosicrucian, Vestminster, Gertrude, Barford, Syrian, and Simplon, also helped to swell the field. Unlike his brother the commanding Vespasian, whom no weight appears to stop, and who is as handsome as he is fast, the "glorious gelding" is a common-looking animal on a small scale, who seems positively to revel in a distance, while we very much doubt if he will ever perform well under a heavy weight. The lusty Belladrum, for whom the public cherished an irrepressible devotion, rolled about ingloriously in the Stamford Plate; but another whilom Derby favourite, the handsome Rosicrucian, showed that at a mile, at any rate, he would not be denied. Sabinus played with the Metropolitan field as he had done the day before; but Jarnac and The Briton being such contemptible adversaries, notwithstanding the style in which he won, he was quickly condemned to the limbo of "overrated ones," a delusion which it was left for the Ascot Cup day to dispel. Falkland and

Oxonian, neither of them fit to run, were the best of the lot behind him, as Doncaster afterwards showed. Croxton Park settled nothing beyond the Derby pretensions of the much-vaunted Moorlands; and Northampton with no Althorp Park deprived Joe Dawson of his annual ripe and early one for that event. We missed the youngsters, too, from the Whittlebury Stakes, the result of which caused many a fiver to be lost over King o' Scots for the Guineas and Derby.

There had always been a sort of infatuation for Torreador in the North, and even his signal defeat here did not quite put his backers out of their misery. Midsummer's success in the Stakes somewhat unduly elevated Siderolite in public estimation; while Falkland's gallant struggle made him afterwards heavily remembered by the handicapper, and Paganini showed a dawning of that fine form which was subsequently to take the racing world by surprise at Goodwood and York. In the Spencer Plate the Fyfield division fought their Bosworth field over again; and Paté, who had come victoriously through the Trial Stakes, hardly ran sufficiently well for her reputation. The triple triumph of Star and Garter saved Thirsk from utter oblivion; and there, too, Ptarmigan gave token of the wonderful speed which was afterwards to stand him in such good stead. Kildare brought out its usual large fields, and evoked all the old enthusiasm of the Patlander; but the great body of the British forces were concentrated at Newmarket, notwithstanding the poor promise of sport at head-quarters. True Blue and Bosworth were again close together in the Bretby Plate, the winner of which, Rossignol, brought to remembrance that once speedy savage, King of the Forest—a name, by the way, shortly to be in many mouths through the feats of his illustrious namesake. The Biennial told us nothing new, except that Astolfo had been vastly overrated, and Nobleman's subsequent defeat of Perambulator, whom he literally "choked" off, proved the competitors a long way below Derby form; although there might be reasonable excuses for Alexander, who ran under the disadvantage of a lack of preparation. Miss Sheppard effected the usual Newmarket Handicap surprise, and ill-natured remarks were of course made concerning the position of Sabinus, who, with Barford, never showed prominently in the race. Midsummer's defeat of Boulogne by thirty lengths proved him undeniably a good horse, and we take it that his temper requires much humouring, for on more than one occasion he has run most ungenerously. Kennington's running with Demidoff was evidently "all wrong," and the betting status of the Derby horses in Mat Dawson's and John Day's stables was totally unaffected thereby.

Enterprise, that good-looking son of Adventurer, brought himself into notice at Catterick Bridge; but the remainder of the month, although crammed with a host of minor meetings, both suburban and provincial, presents no feature of interest worthy of record. Newmarket First Spring gave us our first glimpse of the two-year-olds, an event as eagerly anticipated as the first day of "regular hunting" by the scarlet brigade. Tullibardine, who inherits the regulation Blair Athol blaze face and white stockings, was the hero of the hour, and the much-talked-of sister to Lord Lyon and Achievement gave no promise of following in the footsteps of her illustrious relatives. The time-honoured purple and orange of General Peel was to the fore in the Prince of Wales's Stakes on Lady Masham—colours we trust to see victorious on many more important occasions. Tuesday was the all-eventful Two Thousand Day, when the great Macgregor mystery was to be decided. Backers of King-craft took fright at the ominous aspect of the market movements against him, though he held everything safe enough on public form. King o' Scots was the avowed champion of Bedford Lodge, and none of the party held out any hopes for Normanby. There was a sneaking fondness for Sunlight, despite the money for which his stable companion was supported; while Stanley and Hawthornden had no lack of friends. Yet the tight little bay horse had it all his own way, and frightful was the "getting out" of those who had any share in laying that vast amount against him. Mr. Merry looked anything but cheerful after the race, but Waugh was especially attentive to his pet, and was on his road home to Russley ere folks had quite time to draw their breath. The fillies had it all their own way in the Two-Year-Old Plate, but Penguin had obviously no business before Corisande and Queen of the Gipsies, as after-running showed clearly enough. Idus showed in remarkably good form during the meeting, which made the naming of King o' Scots the more inexplicable; and Tibthorpe, a lucky claim by Prince Soltykoff from a "gallant captain," did his new owner some good service. Hester made some amends to Joe Dawson by an easy win of the One Thousand Guineas; but Frivolity's head defeat of Mahonia told us plainly enough that the elegant chestnut, though in full bloom on the Middle Park Plate day, had not persevered in well-doing since her victory there. The once celebrated Newmarket Stakes was contended for by Nobleman, Demidoff, Champion, and Gertrude, who finished in the order named, showing how sadly the daughter of Queen Bertha had trained off in the spring, brilliantly as her autumn career terminated, when not even her best friend would have recognised the jaded, listless creature she appeared on Newmarket Heath.

Steppe and Lætitia were the heroines of Winchester, where the Days usually hold strong hands; but "Sweet William's" greatest surprise was in store for us at Chester, where that ancient maiden, Our Mary Ann, picked her way so successfully through the mud, to the great discomfiture of Beckhampton and Stanton. For the former stable Lady Atholstone made the *amende* by carrying off the Mostyn and Badminton Stakes, though forced to succumb to Shannon in the Two-Year-Old Plate. Bonny Swell beat Coutts and Muster for the old-fashioned Dee Stakes, notorious for the disasters of its favourites; and Anton showed his first promise of racing capabilities. At York Spring a miserable field of four contested the Great Northern Handicap, The Bobby defeating the irrepressible "steam-engine" by a neck; while Columbus (a well-named son of Adventurer) and Sauntress divided the two-year-old honours; and Simplon, by his victory in the Londesborough Cup, found his way into the Derby quotations. Doncaster Spring was a failure in every sense of the word, Ptarmigan, as usual, being among the winners, and the Imperatrice gelding carrying off the two-year-old races. Harpenden should have opened our eyes to the merits of Border Knight, but the forthcoming Derby, like Aaron's rod, consumed all available interest in racing affairs; and Macgregor attracted such crowds to Bath as that once fasionable city had scarcely known in the height of her celebrity. The result of the Biennial could hardly strengthen the Derby favourite's position, which was henceforth firmly established, while Mr. Merry treated us to a sight of his wonderful two-year-old Perth—to our thinking quite the premier youngster of the season—who made very short work of the highly-tried Digby Grand, and the smart little Steppe. Phœbus, too, that erratic brother to the sterling Sunshine, was within an ace of crediting Russley with the Somersetshire Stakes, so that nothing would go down but the yellow jacket. There were some pretty "bits" at Epsom Summer, in which the "Druid" would have delighted; notably, the saddling of The Pearl under the clump in the centre of the Paddock with the many scions of the redoubtable I'Anson blood grouped around her; the three-and-twenty runners for the Maiden Plate streaming down the hill; King of the Forest's final rush to the head of Bicycle, and Sunshine doing her good five miles an hour walking exercise before the Oaks. Everybody seemed to go away disappointed about the Derby; Macgregor was essentially the horse of the people, who deemed themselves ill-used by Kingcraft's success, popular as were both owner and trainer. Those, too, who had built their hopes upon Joe Dawson's three, were ineffably disgusted at the result, and it was only the Palmerstonians who fancied themselves at all, contented with their place money, for few backed him to win outright. The Craufurd jacket shone most conspicuously in the race, and coming round the corner, where Macgregor was in hopeless difficulties, nothing looked so well as the scarlet, though Kingcraft made short work of them all as soon as French sent him along at last. Afterwards a dreamy sort of quiet seemed to settle over the Downs and their occupants, who could not accept the reality of Macgregor's defeat, least of all from the quarter whence the surprise came. No one could grudge Lord Falmouth his victory, but his horse was felt not to be one of those "smashers" which made John Scott's name so famous in former years, and by whose fortunes the public were contented to abide, and to swear by him as they did by West Australian. Their favourite Russley jacket also was dead out of luck during the meeting, the eccentric Sunlight being the only one able to secure a win. Paganini defeated the Rous Stakes winner Thor in the High Level Handicap, while in the Epsom Two-Year-Old Plate, won by Manifesto, brother to Sunlight, with odds laid on his chance, went down, like the hulking coward which he is, before some very moderate opponents. The Oaks was regarded as a certainty for Hester, who looked quite a picture as she walked from the plantation into the paddock, but the public faith reposed mainly in Paté, whose jockey was at work before they rounded the corner. Then Gamos, whose tail had been working like a Catherine wheel past Sherwood's and through the furzes, made her challenge, and Sunshine, merely through want of condition, fell away as they rose the hill. In the Acorn Stakes Chevisaunce did her part towards keeping up the fame of Paradigm as a mother of winners, but there was nothing about her to take us back to the triumphs of old Ilsley days. On the sunny Ascot slope were gathered all that the leafy month of June brings together for its carnival—the most glorious week's racing of the year. A brother to Marksman made an inglorious *début* in the Trial Stakes, but the fame of Dundee was restored by the prowess of Perth, whose triumphs shall never again excite poor Tom Winteringham, the most faithful of servants to the great Scottish ironmaster. Those who backed Formosa against Siderolite in the Queen's Vase forgot that Ascot was not the Beckhampton mare's ground; and they also failed to remember that the Prince of Wales' Stakes usually brings to the front some uncertain customer, overlooked in the calculation of weights. King o' Scots upset the deeply-laid Astolfo scheme, but the position of Claudius proved the false running, and confirmed the judgment of those who had supported the evil-tempered Sunlight. The Stakes saw Musket the best of a wretched quartette, and Sir Joseph Hawley missed his usual shot at the Maiden Plate. King of the Forest quite redeemed his reputation in the Queen's Stand Plate—a race which also brought his predecessor, Buckstone, into public notice, and then one of the Baron's favourites fell before Royal Head. Judge first caught his namesake's eye in the Hunt Cup, where favourites seem to hold their own; King of the Forest gave nothing a chance in the Triennial; and then Sunshine, as soft as butter and bandaged all round, nevertheless gave us a taste of her quality by beating the much-improved Wheatear for the Coronation Stakes. King Cole finished up the day by placing the Ascot Derby to Lord Zetland's credit, and followed up his success the next morning by frightening Sunlight out of the St. James's Palace Stakes. In the New Stakes, Baron Rothschild gave us his usual Ascot surprise, for Queen of the Gipsies apparently held her safe enough, while Bothwell first entered his claim for a share of Derby honours. Sabinus made an awful example of Trocadèro in the Ascot Cup, and as the latter subsequently vanquished Siderolite in the Alexandra Plate, the form of the gelding must have been undeniable. Friday is generally a quiet day, but the Wokinghams were well contested, and Normanby, who had won the All-aged Stakes on the previous day, proved his indisputable claim to the character of a good miler by the defeat of the game Sunshine. Windsor Summer saw the break-down of Perth (subsequently disqualified for the Derby), and the very creditable victory of Lady of Lyons in the Handicap, but for which she might have emulated the memorable exploit of her dam, and conferred immortality on her game sire, the handsome Scottish Chief. Newcastle's most prominent features were the victory of Falkland over Agility, of Shannon over Rebecca, and the success of Kennington in the Northumberland Plate—a performance which at once established Oxford as a horse of the first class; for it only needed to be proved that his stock were possessed of staying powers to make the fortune of the Yardley pet. King of the Forest scored another victory, but scarcely in his usual style, for his "journeyings oft" were most surely telling on him; and Dark Cloud won the Stewards' Cup. Passing over "'appy 'Ampton," we make another pause at Stockbridge, one of the most enjoyable meetings of the year, and as yet unapproached by the regular army of London blackguardism. There was the usual quaint mixture of plating and interesting features of high-class racing, though we sadly missed the familiar figure of George Ede from the host of gentlemen riders. King of the Forest had to do his best to get out of Cricklade's way, and when he was asked to concede 7 lb. to Digby Grand (his *sixth* encounter within the month), the game heart failed, though had Grimshaw ridden him more judiciously down the hill we are inclined to think he might have got up in time. Bicycle was quite in her zenith on the home ground, and Mortemer pulled through with flying mane and flying colours in the last Stockbridge Cup which will see two-year-olds engaged in its decision. Dundee and Marksman, two formidable Derby "seconds," have compassed the seven furlongs successfully, and the victory of any two-year-old has been held pretty conclusive of its staying powers. Balvenie's success in the Troy by a head only from Mr. Merry's "Queen" could hardly have been satisfactory to the stable, but, although a fine commanding horse, it was evident that there was a soft spot to be discovered by persevering foes. The upset of Bonny Swell by that uncertain horse Scarbro', brought an interesting meeting to a by no means "impotent conclusion." Newton was only remarkable for the commencement of those provoking "seconds" which marred the three-year-old career of Indian Ocean, a failing like that which belonged to Indian Warrior, Hyllus, and Yellow Jack in former times. At "merry Carlisle" Sweet Sound made for herself a spurious reputation by winning the Cumberland Plate from a host of nonentities, and then we hastened southwards to bask in the July sun behind the Ditch, and to wish that our summer lot was cast in that "cottage near a wood" hard by the rustic posts and old-fashioned Stand which looks up the soft velvety stretch of the Chesterfield course. Ellesmere was but a poor substitute for Hawthornden in the Gladiateur Stakes, but King o' Scots' defeat of Perfume and other fliers rallied all his old following around him, "and proudly they talked of the Leger." Hannah did not win the July quite as easily as Sunshine the year before, and General's performance, considering his babyhood, was quite good enough for Jennings to boast about. Balvenie ran softly, and proved himself, as Mr. Merry predicted, about the same animal as the Sunflower colt. Corisande was the bold Baron's second string, and the Exeter and Chesterfield Stakes were her portion, so that Israel rejoiced greatly. Both the daughters of King Tom are of the compact sort, like his Oaks winner Hippia, and totally unlike the leggy sprawling colts of his get, for which time works such wonders. MacAlpine and Croxteth, two other Newmarket youngsters, carried off substantial honours, and the home stables were in tremendous force throughout the meeting, notably with Sphynx, Repose, and the everlasting Reindeer. Worcester was rather tame, but Nottingham showed us Kennington again in form, Bicycle still unchecked in her victorious career, and Agility commencing her season of prosperity. The latter-day saints allowed us one more pleasant glimpse of racing at Reading, where Lizzie Cowl, in Fordham's hands, disposed of Albert Victor and Queen of the Gipsies in the Reading and Abbey Stakes respectively, careless of the weight she was presenting to each of them. On the "dead level racecourse of Huntingdon" the puce and white of Mr. Parr flashed into momentary fame, a faint flickering of that ancient renown which clung to Wantage in the Clothworker and Fisherman days. General Peel won a race on his old borough ground, and Paté went down before Kennington in the Cup. The first day of Goodwood gave us a taste of inferior Ham, while its near relation, the Gratwicke, was worse than usual; but the Lavant, with its close finish between General, Balvenie, Steppe, and Pink, somewhat redeemed the day. The Stewards' Cup showed us that the long-sought favourite course of Typhœus was six furlongs; but Findon was not destined to hold a Feast of Tabernacles, for this year at least; while Cymbal and Plaudit, both subsequently good winners, were the runners up. Paganini, who is unlike any horse we ever saw, played his part well in the Stakes, for which the overrated Sweet Sound and that ancient cripple, John Davis, were made favourites. Gertrude, still sadly jaded, had to succumb to Scarbro'; and King of the Forest, wonderfully improved and refreshed by his rest, presented Ripponden and Co. with 5lb. and a handsome beating. Sunlight took heart of grace, and won two races in the easiest manner possible, and again his admirers began to whisper of the Leger. Thursday was quite a Merry day, with Lady of Lyons wiping out Sunshine's Oaks defeat by her clever victory over Gamos, Sunlight on his best behaviour, and King of the Forest's triumph in the Bentinck. General was bound to beat Lætitia in the Molecomb, but the great Sabinus certainty was cruelly marred in the Cup, wherein that smart horse Chawbacon broke down, and the Kingsclere division had almost too exciting a run for their money with Siderolite, whom Wells lifted in by a head from Champion, the most despised of outsiders. Anton, who had previously won the Bognor Stakes, quite revived the old Catherine Hayes and Victorious days by his success in the Nursery under 8st. 10lb.; the rich Nassau Stakes fell to Agility, while Mr. Brayley somewhat unexpectedly found himself in possession of the Chesterfield Cup through the medium of his Soucar, that unfortunate horse Tabernacle being only beaten by a head, yet achieving sufficient to be talked of for the great Doncaster event. At Brighton the Champagne sealed the fate of King o' Scots, and Rosicrucian failed to give 9lbs. to Heather Bell, while Sabinus, "not himself at all," had to play the part of spectator only. Old Reindeer, of course, won a couple of races over his favourite ground, and Border Knight, who had been gradually running into form, found the Stakes distance just to his liking. Nor did he belie his reputation in the Cup, for Kennington went down before him, but doubtless the handsome son of Oxford's temper was the real cause of his defeat. Mr. Hodgman, for a wonder, had a turn with Versailles, a son of his favourite Victorious; and Bide-a-wee, a name which would remind us of those bestowed by our forefathers on their horses, made a good race with The Pearl at 7lb. The meeting of Alaric and Annie Wood on the Club day was the most interesting event, and both animals subsequently became great favourites for handicaps later in the season, their owners relying mutually on the supposed goodness of the other's form, an estimate afterwards proved to be entirely fallacious. Lewes saw Border Knight go down before Siderolite in the Queen's Plate; and Play, by the almost forgotten Little Stag of Chester Cup notoriety, proved another thorn in the side of Lord St. Vincent. Egham, famed for its historic plain and its welshers, witnessed the *debût* of Glaucus, a Cannobie colt in Joe Dawson's stable, but his victory was considerably discounted when afterwards pitted against the best of his year. At Wolverhampton The Boy inaugurated a run of five successive victories, and Rebecca and Bumble Bee were the principal two-year-old winners. Windsor August showed a succession of "short cuts," except for the principal handicap, for which Scarbro' was permitted to *walk over;* Steppe turned the tables on Sauntering Alma, and The Pearl failed to give 8lb. to the Belle of Holywell, though the judge was compelled to have them out twice before giving his award. Stockton fully maintained its ancient popularity; Caradoc, in the Cleveland Stakes, earned a reputation, which he did not afterwards maintain, by beating Lady Langden and Mdlle. de Mailloc; Enterprise and Agility gave another opportune lift to the fortunes of Adventurer, and the hard ground told its old tale upon Falkland. The long-looked-for East Coast ran more reliably here, but Barrier's victory in the Great Northern Leger over Torreador, King Cole, and Stanley furnished another of those surprises with which the past season has been so rife. The flying Herminie had it all her own way in the Hardwicke Stakes, and then King of the Forest, to the consternation of his party, was seen fairly in difficulties with the plating Mdlle. de Mailloc. His friends asserted that he had been too much indulged at home, and his foes that he had trained off; but the Doncaster Champagne showed there was still some of his old form remaining. The mighty Pretender descended from his high pinnacle of fame to a head defeat by Toison d'Or, and Rebecca got rid of Lady Langden and Ringwood (the latter subsequently a good winner) in the Zetland Biennial. The Prior, one of the most uncertain animals, shook off Agility at even weights for the Stewards' Cup; and as if to keep up the character of the meeting to the end of the chapter, Good Hope, another clever rogue, was to the fore in the Middlesboro' Handicap. The Port Meadow at Oxford furnished large fields of platers, but nothing of any class ran, while Canterbury is only noticeable for the ephemeral form of the moderate Pucelle. York August was as pleasant, if not as profitable to backers as usual; and it is here that the crisis in St. Leger betting has more than once been reached, and some new candidate frightened the backers of favourites from their propriety. Ptarmigan, with all the speed of his namesake, flew away with the Zetland, and "*sero sed serio*" was Mr. Naylor's motto when he withdrew his Heroine filly from the Black Duck Stakes in favour of Pitteri. A splendid field came out for the Yorkshire Oaks, but no one who saw Gertrude at Goodwood could believe that he looked upon the same animal here. Agility could not give her 4lb., although she made a plucky effort. Frivolity had none of the Middle Park bloom about her; and Lady of Lyons had been utterly amiss since Goodwood, as the betting told plainly enough. Tullibardine showed terrific speed over the flat T. Y. C., but did not improve his Derby position thereby; Mr. Savile showed us another of his stayers in the Convivial, where Rebecca and Mdlle. de Mailloc went down before his Camenbert; and Normanby cantered away from Champion in the Biennial. The uncertain Digby Grand, with a race in him, made short work of Constance, Camenbert, and Queen of the Gipsies; and the redoubtable Paganini, after much finessing, outdid all his previous achievements by winning the Great Ebor from Lord Hawthorn and Torreador; Myosotis, a hot favourite, ran execrably, but Blandford having at last been found, was duly made a note of. If the Yorkshire Oaks was a surprise, still more so was the famous Great Yorkshire Stakes, for though Gertrude's speed and improved condition were patent to all, most seemed to doubt her staying powers. However, she won easily enough from the Aske pair, Falkland and King Cole, while Normanby showed himself more plainly than ever a mere miler, and Stanley's case seemed more hopeless than before. Bothwell, considering that he was still backward, showed to great advantage over the Gimcrack mile, running with his usual determination, and his "second," Whaddon, will doubtless be heard of to advantage in long distance handicaps. Agility had quite the best of Rosicrucian in the York Cup, jostle or no jostle, but the handsome son of Beadsman was declared its winner. In the Nursery, Herminie was of no use to Mdlle. de Mailloc at 11lb., and the Maud filly proved second best, so that we must take the French *demoiselle* to be one of the most fickle among her sex.

Beyond pausing to notice the success of The Boy in the Leamington Stakes (an event once thought worthy of a place in Ruff's recording pages of important races), and his subsequent defeat by that clever mare Agility in the Cup, we shall not pause to "chronicle the small beer" of races held between York and Doncaster, but hasten on at once to the town of butterscotch and "mellow peers," where Sornette opened the ball by cantering in for the time-honoured Fitzwilliam, and Border Knight proved his metal in the Great Yorkshire Handicap, for which Exciseman and Paganini were next best, although Geant de Batailles and Good Hope usurped the barren honours of places. Lady Studley, a half-sister to the sturdy Thorwaldsen, beat a quartette of reputed clippers for the Clumber Plate, and gave Adventurer another lift; but King of the Forest, not in the best of humours, and with the heavy ground against him, had to do all he knew to shake off Ripponden in the Champagne. He is the truest made little horse on the Turf, and a game one to boot; still, he did not retire from the Turf campaign with such "blushing honours thick upon him" as Belladrum, Sunshine, and a host of those Derby winter favourites which during the last decade have hailed from Russley. On the all-important St. Leger day, Ptarmigan took his winning preliminary in the Bradgate Park Stakes, and then the course was cleared for "t'Leger." Nineteen came to the post, and while Palmerston and Sunlight were the horses of the people, there was a doubt about Kingcraft, which no confident assertions of his party or Derby prestige could dispel. Sunlight's death in harness, the headlong speed of Ptarmigan for a mile, Palmerston's early collapse, the forward running of The Boy to the distance, and the final challenge of Hawthornden were the features of the race; and as Lord Clifden had defeated the Falmouth jacket on Queen Bertha in years gone by, so did his gallant son come to the rescue and bring disaster to the same colours in the ever-memorable St. Leger struggle of 1870. Oxford furnished the winners of Corporation Stakes and Portland Plate, entirely renewing the old Birdcatcher renown; Falkland gave occasion to the Tykes to raise a true Zetland cheer in his namesake race, while Anton somewhat revived his reputation in the Eglinton. Ringwood was the hero of the Thursday T.Y.C. race, though hardly a worthy successor to Stanley and Thorwaldsen, his "blue and silver braid" predecessors in victory, and it is remarkable how often this race has fallen to moderate horses, such as Audax, Star of India, Rustic, and others of that kidney. Friday was quite the show-day of the meeting, with Agility's win in the Park Hill, and subsequent dead heat with her near relative, Enterprise, in the Doncaster Stakes; Sornette's performance in the Cup, when Starter could not break her heart, and Border Knight was quite out of his element; and the grand struggle of Tournament's son Somno, in the Nursery, wherein Queen of the Gipsies, after a long series of "runs up," at last shed her maidenhood, and ran with all the gameness of her handsome sire. Lady of Lyons was the heroine of Ayr, where Fragrance, the subsequent conqueror of Kingcraft, had to put her best leg forward to defeat her in the Handicap, although in receipt of 18lb., and the victory of Lioness' daughter in the Gold Cup confirmed the excellence of her form. Newmarket First October was signalised by the victories of Sterling in the Hopeful and Rutland Stakes (performances which have placed him in the front rank of the "Guineas" quotations), the success of Festival and Ethus in the Great Eastern and October Handicap respectively, and the dawning *prestige* of the French and German stables, with Gascogne, Flibustier, Don Carlos, Gourbi, and La Baronne. Gamos contrived to prop up a somewhat waning reputation by her win in the rich Grand Duke Michael, but Kingcraft failed most ingloriously, suffering defeat from Fragrance and La Perichole, to the latter of which Sunlight had conceded a fabulous amount of weight at Goodwood, and given her no chance. Hannah and Corisande each benefited the backers of the blue and yellow, and further swelled the winning account of King Tom; while Steppe showed her usual consistent good form by running second to the former in the Triennial.

Racing at Bedford seems to have entirely degenerated, while Edinburgh is looking up, and the good men and true north of Tweed gave the lie to the assertion of their "unco guid" representatives in Parliament, that Queen's Plates were not wanted in Scotland, by subscribing for a "People's Plate," yea, and a "People's Surplus Stakes" into the bargain. The old Eglinton tartan gleamed proudly on Geant de Batailles, erst a champion of the opposition Voltigeur "spots;" and Lumley showed that his good two-year-old form was not quite the chance affair at one time imagined. Newmarket First

October was as interesting as good entries of good horses, and the infusion of the foreign element could make it, and Major Fridolin was determined that Somno and Gantelet should have no idle hours, making fearful havoc of his opponents in both two-year-old Plates. Hannah, who hardly looks like growing into a fine mare, won the Clearwell somewhat cleverly from Marquis of Steyne and Blenheim, the latter a very improving sort; and the three worst animals in training—Roderick Dhu, Goldsborough, and Pibroch—met to try conclusions for the eight hundred pound in the Royal Stakes. People were soon out of their misery in the Cesarewitch, for none of the favourites showed prominently for an instant, and the Mexican blue jacket led them a hopeless dance across the Flat. The Leger horses showed by no means a bold front, and Cardinal York's reception in the Birdcage was an ominously undemonstrative one. Few who saw Steppe go down before Belle of Holywell on the Wednesday imagined that she would occupy a similar position in the Two-Year-Old Derby, for the decision of which the sun condescended to shed a watery smile on the Heath. Wells seemed quite at home in the Rothschild blue, but there was hardly her Ascot freshness about Corisande. Digby Grand looked light and nervous; General, heavy and sedate, and it was easy to see by the colours Custance wore that the old sore was not quite healed over, and that the Duke still felt the sting of an insult which "time and the hour" may do much to repair, but can never quite obliterate. There was no fuss made about Albert Victor, and the compact and well-trained chestnut held no regulation Tom Oliver *levée;* while the Russleyites knew what a faint heart there beat beneath the stalwart form of brother to Sunlight. The Ditch stables, as usual, had greater attractions for the favourites, and then, as they came down the Bushes Hill, where Bothwell for a moment shone prominently, a dozen arms were at work, and the heir presumptive had it all his own way, for Digby Grand ran softly, and Steppe's challenge was stalled off easily enough. Adonis set present weight and future penalties at defiance in the Oatlands; and Sornette, over-worked and over-weighted, had to strike her colours in the Free Handicap to the resuscitated "purple and orange." Wheatear disposed of a lot of commoners in the Newmarket Oaks, but Barford and the Criterion Hill settled her completely the next day, when even the gay deceiver Nobleman finished in front of her. The Prendergast was a small edition of the Middle Park Plate, but Hannah, somewhat weary and jaded, could not shake off Fordham's challenge on the black Saunterer colt, whose speed over the short and easy T.Y.C. stood him in good stead. Kelso was hardly such a success as usual, but Good Hope was in the humour for the Handicap, and The Bobby and Paganini divided the remaining honours of the meeting. A host of minor gatherings claimed the attention of Turfites before Newmarket Houghton, where Blue Gown opened the ball, and General carried his 5 lb. penalty triumphantly in the Criterion. All were glad to see the Hamilton colours once more to the fore, and Johnny's rush on Bothwell availed him nothing. There was more than an average field behind, and if Balvenie, Digby Grand, Ripponden, and Tullibardine may fairly be considered out of court for the present, we may hope for better things from Noblesse, Blenheim, and Corisande. Eneid, Sornette, and Curieuse gave us a taste of their French quality in the plating line, but Adonis "crowned the edifice" by his Cambridgeshire victory, which "Fritz," according to report, heard of by express before the walls of Paris. It was all "Dawson" before the race, for Mat asseverated that he only feared "Joe's mare," and Joe saw nothing between him and success besides "Mat's horse." Both performed wretchedly, but Albany and Barford were close up, while Actæa finished her career on the ground where her greatest triumph was achieved. Rosicrucian, who seemed to have been "renovated" with the elixir of life, shone forth in all the magnificence of his two-year-old pride in the All-aged Stakes—a distance exactly suited to his capabilities. Normanby could make no fight of it at all, and it had been better for Kingcraft's reputation had he remained in his box at Heath House. As Mr. Craufurd supplied both Nursery winners last autumn, so this year they fell to the all-conquering French division with Meleurge and Verdure, the latter sprung from the neglected "West," whose stock have so sadly belied his Turf reputation. Ripponden has been a most unfortunate horse for that plucky sportsman, Mr. Savile, for he has started eight times without a win, and almost rivals Queen of the Gipsies for his provoking series of seconds. He had to content himself with a view of Albert Victor's plates in the Homebred Stakes, while Mr. Merry's filly occupied her old position to Noblesse in the Troy, where Ripponden also ran unsuccessfully. The Free Handicap across the Flat showed Agility again in good form, for Falkland was receiving 6 lb. from Mr. Launde's filly, and Sornette, Bonny Swell, and Normanby made up a by no means despicable field. Simplon, a son of that good-looking horse Master George, won the Rowley Handicap, and Lady Sophia the Houghton Handicap, for which the once famous Friponnier was third, after a long absence from his favourite "Flat." Countryman, second in the race, looks like growing into a more reliable horse than his big brother, but T.Y.C. will always be his motto. Nothing could have been more brilliant than the success of the three Autumn meetings at Newmarket, and owing to the restrictions placed upon two-year-old racing next season, it will happen that the opportunities for putting them together in Nurseries will be eagerly sought after, and doubtless more races of this class will be introduced into the programmes of the two final meetings.

The month of November is sacred to Messrs. Topham, Frail, and Merry, an untiring triumvirate of caterers for the hay and corn meetings. Amid the confusion of handicaps, selling races, and innumerable classes of nurseries, it is difficult to portray any very distinct features of sport, especially as the majority of horses engaged were of "plating" class. Liverpool, of course, has its Autumn Cup, and sensational as were the proceedings connected with it last year, the Cardinal York *fiasco* quite cast them into the shade. Until Mr. Pryor condescends to explain, the opportunity for which will quickly be overpast, he must not be surprised or offended at any strictures which an indignant public may take upon themselves to make, nor at any imputations of unfair dealing, a suspicion of which certainly surrounds the case. Tupgill, after a very unprofitable season, furnished the Cup winner in Exciseman, whom the hard ground in the summer had interfered with, and that everlasting second, Indian Ocean, held his usual place. Rosicrucian is hardly so good a stayer as his own brother, The Palmer; nor would the breeding of their dam, Madame Eglantine, appear of the stoutest. Shrewsbury, as usual, produced its large fields, with some first-class horses among them. Anton was the bright particular star among two-year-olds; and the roar of delight which greeted the success of the old Glasgow colours on Musket, showed plainly enough what the other side of the picture might have been, had "York" borne the Mexican blue to the fore. Indian Ocean at last broke through his almost unparalleled career of misfortune, and then the circuit made their last move on to Warwick, where Musket retained his newly-earned reputation in the Great Midland Counties Handicap, and Stanley showed at last some approach to that Doncaster form which led so many followers of the "blue and silver braid" to regard him as a second Pretender. An enormous number of horses competed at all three of the November Meetings, and the flat-racing season was thus brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

The last act of the legitimate drama is concluded; the curtain falls, and in this our review the principal characters in the piece have been summoned before the curtain, and have made their farewell bow to the public. We shall not wait for the farce which is to follow, but leave its enjoyment to those whom business rather than pleasure retains for its production. Nor shall we follow the actors in the busy scenes just presented to us to the seclusion of their retirement in winter quarters, where a well-earned period of repose awaits them. The wild March wind must bear on its wings that "king's ransom" in which the farmer delights before the saddling bell summons them once again to "laborious days." On high down, bleak moor, and windy wold the long string winds steadily along, doing, as the touts say, "just enough work to keep them warm." Only the yearlings, ignorant of the serious business of life in store for them, break in their lusty gambols the ordered ranks. The aged Mentor mechanically leads the way for platers, handicap horses, and the great Derby favourite himself, whom a season's hard work has sobered down to the level of his companions. As they file into the stable-yard to the tune of some jockey-boy whistle, the night comes down, and, accepting the omen, we bring to a close our hasty sketches of the Annals of an Eventful Year.

ASTEROID.

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PLAYS, PLAYERS, AND PLAYHOUSES.

THERE has been so much despondency, so many gloomy forebodings as to the desperate condition of the English stage, and its rapid decay during the last half-dozen years, that it becomes quite cheering to find that a review of the past year shows at last a break in the clouds, and some wholesome signs of future amendment and reform. At last the corrupt influence of burlesque, which bid fair to be a histrionic Old-man-of-the-Sea, with the twin monster Sensation, has begun to fail. Instead of invading every theatre with their unmeaning antics, their elaborate dioramic shows of fires, and railway trains; instead of suffocating us with sulphur, or blinding us with lime-light, one or two of those spectacles only drag on a halting existence at a stray theatre or so. But it is to be feared the public cannot take much credit for having reformed itself, or for abandoning corrupt tastes from principle. It reformed because it had grown tired, and because the unhappy burlesque constructors, at their wits' end, had exhausted every pun, and antic, and scrap of buffoonery that was in their wallets. Cloyed with the taste of this poor sort of sweetmeat, the public turned away with a virtuous disgust, and has declared what tickled its midriff so acutely and so long, to be low and unworthy of its notice, simply because it has seen all that can be shown. Again, managers can assume no airs as of profit sacrificed to a sense of duty or propriety, as their deserted houses and pit "saharas" told them rudely that the once popular antics had now lost their charm, and committed Lady Anne's fault in the play—outlived their lord's liking. The burlesque writer had a brief though profitable reign; the public is sick of him and of his high jinks, for no one is so dependent on his employer's whim as the jester, and the past year has seen little more than one or two of these pieces that have been tolerated. But apart from this welcome distaste, pieces in the nature of comedy have appeared, and have been welcomed, even greedily. The managers, seeing, in vulgar phrase, that they have "struck ile," think they have discovered a new description of entertainment, and critics gravely talk of "the new species of modern comedy" invented by Mr. Robertson. That is, they have returned to the old pure elements of stage delight and entertainment, nature, character, humour. Another welcome sign is the extinction of those wonderful exhibitions of upholstery, steam-engines, railways, and city conflagrations, which were the essence of the "sensation" drama. Here, too, the public was fatigued at seeing almost unmanageable objects, which could be shown with more effect in an open street, brought in and placed on the stage. Here again has come reform—but the reform of exhaustion. Mr. Boucicault, so lately in possession of nearly every stage in England and America, now crouches in the "cold shade," and, fresh from a recent failure, is not likely to secure even a single theatre. Mr. Burnand, the high priest of burlesque, and Mr. Boucicault, the prophet of realism—the victims of theatrical reverse—may now repeat Wolsey's bitter jeremiad, adapting his speech to comedy.

With many of the existing theatres falling on disasters, and changing owners (notably the Lyceum, Princess's, Globe, Charing Cross), it was conceived that the supply of houses was limited, and several new theatres have been added to the list. This fashion has lately become a speculative mania, and theatres are opened like public-houses, or shops. And for some time it is likely that this tradesman-like view will grow stronger; and though half-a-dozen houses are "to let" several new ones are being actively projected. This abundance of shells without thought of kernels recalls the cynical remarks of old Cibber, when applied to for a new play:—"Yes, my dear sir, it is easy to supply that, but where the devil are your actors?" With the exception, however, of this fatuity, which is properly outside the drama, and when failure can principally only affect speculators, the year, as has been said, though a *bad* theatrical year, shows signs of grace and improvement, under the three heads of plays, actors, and theatres.

The most remarkable piece of the year was unquestionably the revived "She Stoops to Conquer" at the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, which was to have an adventurous career. Exquisitely "mounted," with charming and delicate accessories, which did not encumber the play, and well acted on the whole, its first progress was utterly disastrous; and for weeks Goldsmith's masterpiece was played to empty benches. But this dramatic "Liebig's extract" was too strong for the stomachs of the public; they had to be enticed to partake; and a successful burlesque, with a lively song of Mr. Hingston's, "The Little Wee Dog," restored the day on the eve of failure: those who had come to scoff at old-fashioned comedy remained to laugh; and the season was carried through triumphantly. The same theatre brought forward "Paul Pry," which, strange to say, seemed even antiquated beside Goldsmith's play—story and character, save the centre one, being dull and poor. In the present season it has given "Fernande," one of those French plays produced, not for Paris, but for the world, which is read as well as acted, and makes the circuit of all the European capitals. Mr. Sutherland Edwards has skilfully adapted it; and what with the theatre, its elegant arrangements, its Louis Quatorze decorations, the sumptuous and refined dresses, the whole is a most charming entertainment. To the American management of the spirited Mrs. John Wood we owe "the family circle" instead of the pit, and also the "bill of the play."

To exhibit the powers of a new and popular actress, Mr. Tom Taylor wrote "'Twixt Axe and Crown"—a piece which recals a class of play that was popular in Garrick's day—the long five-act blank verse historical drama. Play and actress made together one of the successes of the season; and for so "massive" a piece it had a "run" perhaps unexampled. It was cleverly written, with some good poetry, but, at best, there is a dreariness about these revived earls and bishops of the sixteenth century. The theatre where it was produced, the QUEEN'S, was fortunate in another successful piece, "The Turn of the Tide," founded on a novel of the day.

The indefatigable Mr. Boucicault at DRURY LANE scored a fresh triumph by playing a very daring stake, and all the town flocked to watch in "Formosa" the life of a member of the London *demi-monde*—an odious subject, but capable, as we know from the French drama, of the most powerful dramatic treatment. Here it was dealt with in a very meagre fashion, and even after false dramatic principles, and was resolved into a sort of mechanical exhibition of "set scenes" in the life of such a character. A controversy followed, the author's principle being boldly impeached, as subversive of public morality; he defending himself on the ground that he was holding up the mirror to Nature, and the manager on the low ground that "it paid." Both were fallacies of the most transparent kind.*

The charming "Frou-frou," one of the most exquisitely finished of modern dramas, was brought out at two rival theatres. The public were as yet too much accustomed to coarser food to appreciate its delicacy; but it discovered the miserable incapability of our copyright legislation and its lack of equity; for through a quibble the French author was deprived of all protection in this country. Another curious feature in the season was the hiring of the ADELPHI THEATRE by a distinguished writer, Mr. Charles Reade, for the express purpose of bringing forward his piece, "Put Yourself in His Place," as well as his translation of Molière, "The Robust Invalid;" as also some excellent notions of theatrical reform. Foremost among them was the abolition of complimentary admission—a rule carried out with Spartan severity; and, though the house showed a thin attendance, it held quite as many paying visitors as others whose seats were crowded. Indeed, this system is Old-Man-of-the-Sea round a manager's neck; and it has grown to a frightful pitch. And it is notorious that the direction is now dependent on so many influences—puffing, upholstery, decoration, singing, dancing, refreshment, "farming" agencies, and what not—everything save *acting*—that an enormous crowd can claim gratuitous admission. Indeed, there is no one at all conspicuous in any rank, station, or office that cannot in some way, if he choose, place himself on the "free list." Mr. Reade's piece was, like everything he writes, powerful, but fell into the defect of being *undramatic*, owing to the disagreeable elements of trades-unionism and the attendant incidents, which are so much mechanism. One scene in the "old church" was highly poetical, dramatic, and original, but not for the feature, for which, perhaps, many went to see it: the forging of a piece of iron on the stage, real sparks flying about, &c. A genuine treat was his racy version of the "Malade Imaginaire," highly humorous, and only too good for a public with a corrupted taste.

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* See a recently-published volume, "The Principles of Comedy."

At the elegant little PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE Mr. Robertson's adaptation of a German play, entitled "School," was at last withdrawn after a run of extraordinary length, to give place to a new piece by the same author, called "M.P."—a title that infringed on the conventional custom of adopting one used by a previous writer. This piece is too slight in story, and has beside the fault of being a repetition of the author's previous situations, love-makings, &c. Mr. Robertson has a certain finish and delicacy in his dialogue, and he enjoys a vast popularity; but his mistake is supposing that mere elegant little scenes and groupings of society make what is dramatic. A new and dangerous rival has suddenly appeared in Mr. Albery, who, strange to say, first attracted attention by a translation from the same foreign piece that brought Mr. Robertson into notice. This writer is, indeed, more an imitator of Mr. Robertson's, but has certainly a broader touch; and his play, "The Two Roses," is a most agreeable, well-acted comedy.

Mr. Halliday, besides giving us such agreeable comediettas as "Love's Doctor" and "Checkmate," has presented a very carefully-done edition of the "Little Em'ly" portion of "David Copperfield," in which there is exhibited a rare self-denial or self-effacement. It made a most pleasing and really interesting drama. "Amy Robsart," now crowding Drury Lane to the roof with what Mr. Crummles might call "nightly thousands," was professedly arranged for spectacular effects, and therefore need not be judged very strictly.

There have been numerous failures—"The Nightingale," "Helen Douglas," "Escaped from Portland," and many more, whose success or failure deserve no notice. We must not, however, pass by "Uncle Dick's Darling," by Mr. Byron, written for Mr. Toole: a pretty domestic drama, founded on the rather hackneyed "Victorine" device of the tragic portion turning out a dream. It brought Miss Neilson into a more conspicuous position—a lady who, when she has got rid of her stiffness and coldness and a disagreeable provincial accent in phrases, will be a good, but never a first-rate, actress.

Mr. Halliday is, perhaps, the most successful of the working dramatists of the day, and has the art of "taking the measure of his theatre," and of feeling the public pulse. He has lately turned his talents to adaptation, and two of his grand spectacular dramas are founded on Scott and Dickens. But he has the fortunate art or knack of covering a vast canvas with broad rough details, such as shall hold great spectacular effects, and appeal to the huge crowds that press to Drury Lane. "Amy Robsart," a kind of historical drama, treated in this fashion, pours streams of money into Drury Lane treasury, and his "King o' Scots" promenades the kingdom. His "Nell," at the Olympic, is crudely done, and though it exhibits character, is incomprehensible as a story: it brings out, however, three capital actors and characters: Mr. J. Clarke as Quilp, Mr. Fisher as Swiveller, and Miss E. Johnstone as the Marchioness. And this makes us think again of our lately lost Charles Dickens; how admirably his comic characters "do" on the stage, and what a pity it was he could not have been prevailed on to fit and shape them for the stage. Mr. Boucicault's "Rapparee" was a failure, though it seemed a play of some merit. Indeed, this year has seen more poor efforts and failures than any other of late. Among these may be counted "Philomel," and "Barwise's Book," by Mr. Craven, both poor compared with his "Meg's Diversion;" the "Prompter's Box," of Mr. Byron; an extraordinary compression of "Lord Foppington" at the Gaiety; and two terrible attempts at old comedy, "The Heir at Law" and "School for Scandal," by the tumblers and burlesque players of the Strand. Burlesque itself is conceded to have reached its lowest depths in Mr. Burnand's "F. M. Julius Cnæsar," and "e—LIZ—abeth"—titles whose fun is more than a fair specimen of the fun of the pieces. A large tolerant audience at last showed signs of impatience. We should not pass by the revival of the "Taming of the Shrew," with the heroine well played by Miss Alleyne, a new actress. The success of the year, however, has been Mr. Albery's "Two Roses," with which the managers of the VAUDEVILLE were fortunate enough to open their new house. It is well written, and well acted—admirably indeed in one character, by Mr. Irving—one of the most finished and detailed pieces of work to be seen. The piece is an immense advance on the pieces of the day, and has far more substance than Mr. Robertson's, but it only holds up the mirror to the trifling unimportant occurrences of life. True comedy should be founded on something stouter and stronger, and on what belongs to every country and all characters. However, this will come in time. Its extraordinary popularity signifies a returning taste to the true principles of dramatic entertainments; for people show they can be amused by *character* and dialogue instead of by elaborate constructions of wood and canvas and flare of lime-light. One of the grand vulgar successes of the year has been a thing called "The Odds," a poor racing drama, with a miserable attempt at a "course," and a railway murder. We must not pass over the labours of Mr. Gilbert, who has refined Burlesque to an extraordinary degree.

With a return to plays written on *natural* dramatic principles, it was to be expected that we should return to the principles of good acting. There are admirable English players *in esse*, but many more *in posse*, who have hitherto been forced into sensation plays, where they only appear as *figures*, but not as actors. It is as impossible to act without a dramatic part as to carry out the brick and straw proverb. And it is all the more to the credit of the actors that, of a sudden, as it were, on the presentation of a good play, they should at once emerge, and be ready to do it justice. Only one conspicuous addition has been made to their ranks, and the reader will at once supply the name of Mrs. Rousby. This lady, happy in the possession of remarkable beauty of face and expression, became the rage, and was complimented by Mr. Tom Taylor's writing the play of "'Twixt Axe and Crown" for her. She is gracious, and in some passages earnest and pathetic, but sadly lacks stage power, and has none of that sudden impetuousness so necessary to the tragic actress. This lady and her husband were said to have been discovered at some provincial theatre, and were brought to London; but it would seem from the parts first allotted to them that Mr. Rousby was supposed to be the *trouvaille*. Mr. Byron, the burlesque writer, also made his *début* in his "Sir Simon Simple," one of those "character" pieces associated with Mr. Sothern's reputation. But a player of very remarkable grotesque power, Mr. G. Rowe, came before the London public as Mr. Micawber, and though it was extravagant, and even riotous in want of restraint, the effort was singularly original, and showed a great resource of humorous effects. It did not indeed answer to Mr. Dickens's ideal of the character in the novel; but viewed by itself it was a singularly droll and entertaining exhibition. Its excellence became more apparent when another good player came later to the part, when his performance seemed conventional near the other. Another highly grotesque actor came from the provinces (Mr. Wood), who played in an ordinary burlesque, "The Stranger stranger than Ever;" but with such a treasury of Callot-like antics and postures, as to lift it into acting of a high class. The woes of lonely and gloomy gentlemen are specially alluring to satire, and even the strange dances, in which Mr. Wood indulged, had a certain *vraisemblance* (the true art of burlesque), a certain genuineness, as though the "Stranger" might in some freak have given way, like the stage servant in "Nickleby," to some such recipe for assuaging his grief. Nor must we pass over a very accomplished light comedian, Mr. Wybert Reeve, who came to London with a pleasant comedy of his own writing, and acted it with such an agreeable gaiety and gentlemanly ease that it was only the unlucky fate of the theatre with which he was connected that hindered his permanent success. This year too has placed Mr. Brough in the foremost rank by his capital delineation of Tony Lumpkin, and even of a short part in "Fernande." His "Paul Pry" was too "sec" and hard, more the attorney collecting evidence than a smiling eager inquisitive creature. Mr. Byron acted in his own pieces, but the real advance, and the real addition made to the histrionic strength of the profession, was Mrs. Hermann Vezin and her wonderful performance of Clotilde. It indeed realised the terrible power of Favart in "Paul Forrestier;" anything so powerful yet so elaborate, so fitful, yet so full of whirls of passion, of emotions dissembled yet apparent, of other emotions simulated, of upbraiding, grief, despair, fierceness, in short, of the whole gamut of the passions, has not been seen on the English stage for years. At last we have a fine English actress, and we owe her development to a fine English play. "Fernande" also brought forward an admirable actor, who only wants suitable plays to place him in the leading rank, namely Mr. Farren, whose variety, nature, earnestness, and perfect ease joined with expression, suggest the acting of the *Comedie Française*. Other pieces—"The Lady of Lyons," Lord Lytton's ever-blooming drama, and the lugubrious "Gamester," only strengthen this high opinion of Mrs. Vezin. The mention of this last play brings to mind Mr. Barry Sullivan, one of the few surviving actors of the Macready school, whose playing of a piece according to the conventional tradition, involves a night of real hard work. A praiseworthy attempt to introduce to us other good legitimate plays ended disastrously for him at the HOLBORN THEATRE, and a very excellent representation of "The Gamester," with Mrs. Vezin as the heroine, is worthy of being recorded. It was indeed marred by Mr. Sullivan's extraordinary death agonies, so grotesque, so detailed in its almost medical exhibition of the convulsions of poisoning, as to be infinitely ludicrous. So in Claude Melnotte there is a comic stiffness and declamation which, it is to be feared, is incurable, and spoils an otherwise good actor. The revival of the delightful "Rivals" at the HAYMARKET exhibited some good acting, but even in the absence of such, the play itself makes deficiencies less apparent. Though Mrs. Malaprop was misread, and Falkland was heavy, and Sir Lucius weak, yet the incomparable performance of Mr. Chippendale as Sir Antony, redeemed everything. It gave us a glimpse of what the old acting really was; its details, finish, above all, that trained versatility of expression, and appropriateness of face, were something delightful. A *jeune premier* is rare enough on the English stage, but at the HAYMARKET Mr. Kendal combines the necessary qualities of youth, good looks, gentlemanly bearing and vivacity; his Captain Absolute is most interesting, natural, and amusing. Miss Robertson, who plays Lydia, is fast coming to take the leading position in playing vivacious coquettes, and young ladies who do not forget that they are such by birth and education.

It was a pleasure, too, to meet Mr. Hermann Vezin once more in Mr. Will's truly poetic play, "The Man o' Airlie," which is so full of delicacy and tenderness that it makes us wish he would furnish yet more pieces of the same pattern. It may be remarked here that it is strange indeed that artists, like Mr. Wigan and Mr. Vezin, should always be without any permanent stage home, and doomed only to obtain fitful engagements. Great advances may be noted in Mr. J. Clarke and Mr. Belmore. Miss Bateman has gone back; Mrs. Scott Siddons, who re-appeared for a few nights, has shown that she is too cold and elocutional for an actress. Much praise is due to the happy reform that Mr. W. S. Gilbert has inaugurated: he is generating really sound and elegant performers.

The London public have had an opportunity, as well as the London players, of seeing real acting in a good French company—

Regnier, Mdlle. Léonide le Blanc, and others, who played the best and most classical *répertoire.* The most remarkable lesson was, however, given by Déjazet, whom it is an ungenerous return for her admirable playing to call "the veteran Déjazet." But it would be impossible to pass by such a feat as that of a woman close upon eighty playing with the *finesse* and spirit of thirty, and playing in preference too, young boys and gallants. But the discord between the truth and the semblance is too disagreeable, and becomes undramatic. They are so many *tours de force.* The familiar Schneider has once more introduced her questionable, or rather unquestionable, antics on a British stage. And while making protest against the demoralising popularity she and her troupe enjoy, it is impossible to refuse a tribute to the combination of good acting, spirited and sparkling music, and the true spirit of burlesque which flavours the performances; as well as the genuine workmanship of those artists, Messrs. Halévy and Meilhac. Protest also must be made against the growing French tone of the *spectacles* at several small English houses; which, in some instances, have gone beyond their models. The summary repression of the Alhambra entertainments, and the diversion of this house to more decent shows, is matter of congratulation.

We must add to this list a curious adaptation of the "Vicar of Wakefield" at the Standard Theatre; a story which contains the comedy and is in the same key as "She Stoops to Conquer," but has been turned into a mere sensational piece. At the same house was presented a solemn five-act tragedy, which seemed to take us back a quarter of a century. The author of "Mrs. Brown" has furnished the Strand with a comedy, "Living at Ease," which, in its action and characters, is not stoutly built enough to deserve the title. The Globe has attained a certain notoriety by the production of a piece the most signally damned, perhaps, within the limits of the last dozen years, and said to be written by "a noble Lord." Finally, Madame Celeste has retired from the stage.

Already every house is busy on the eve of Christmas with novelties. There is a more than usually full list of pantomimes and new burlesques, and the general bill of fare has more promise and freshness.

The list of theatres during the year has of course been swelled; just as so many new shops have been opened. The Vaudeville in the Strand, the Opéra Comique, and the Varieties, are the most important. Her Majesty's Theatre, though not opened yet, may be counted among the newly-completed theatres. They show a vast improvement in construction and decoration; and one need only look at the stiff corners and steep slopes of the tiers in Drury Lane, to see how much the public has gained in the full curves and broad balconies of the newer houses. The Vaudeville is a very handsome theatre, with a cosy, substantial air; different from the airy, meagre look of older theatres. But the Opéra Comique certainly exceeds all London theatres in its elegance and spaciousness. Its shape and arrangement recall the *Français*. It avoids the common fault of most London theatres, which are long and narrow in the audience portion, whereas most foreign theatres are *broad*, which gives a handsome and well-proportioned air. What with its luxurious decorations and fittings, and the comfort of its seats and appointments, it is certainly the most magnificent theatre of the day. But it may be questioned whether the disposition and laying out of a theatre will not soon come to be materially altered. The theory that the stalls are the best places in the house has done a great deal of harm to the representation of the drama, for the pit audience proper are driven away under the boxes—out of the house—where they can see, but scarcely. The sound, too, travels away into this excavation, and is greatly lost to those in the boxes. Already two theatres have moved the pit audiences upstairs, and have kept their stall audience *in* the house. But, indeed, the true theory on which a theatre should be built is on the supposition of a substantial enclosure of solid boxes, with a light balcony run out in front, but only projecting a few feet over the pit. The stall tenants should be in boxes round the pit, and on the same level. A theatre should not be, as now, composed of a series of enormous sprawling galleries over each other. There should be only one light gallery at the top. It may be said, too, that the decoration of the new theatres is being carried much too far, is too gaudy, and interferes with the effect on the stage. Even older houses, like the Royalty, the Globe, the Olympic, and the Charing Cross, have a sort of semi-boudoir—semi-bride-cake air about them—which makes the space before the footlights as theatrical as that behind them. Two evils in the conducting of our theatres have developed themselves very much during the past year. One might be called the box-keeper tyranny, which has long passed the bounds of extortion. At many houses it has become the practice almost to *refuse* a seat unless their claims are satisfied. This does not include the subsidiary persecution in the matter of opera-glasses, taking care of shawls, bills, &c. From this must be excepted the Gaiety Theatre, and Mrs. Wood's capitally managed St. James's.

Finally, in the interest of managers, we might make protest against the unseemly puffing which disfigures the theatrical columns of the *Times* every morning—paragraph after paragraph of newspaper compliment being set out in competition—at a reckless cost; which is utterly profitless. It is to be hoped, too, that the Christmas pantomimes will not again offer the degrading affront to the audience of a drop-scene painted over with advertisements; or comic scenes devoted to the exhibition of sewing machines and tradesmen's wares. Habit accustoms us to everything, but the test of the affront is that the audience thus pay their money to see advertisements! But it would take long, though it would be interesting, to show that all these abuses flow from the abasement of the stage itself, and could not be dreamed of in the days of real good *comedy* and good acting. A note of warning, too, might be given as to the development of the "Refreshment Bar," which, at some houses, is taking a dangerously American tone.

MUSIC.

THE musical year cannot be called a remarkable one. The performances at the opera houses, in spite of the conventional critiques and official compliments, could not be deemed satisfactory. But the opera, like the stage, is suffering from the mercantile spirit, and has become a matter of vulgar speculation. Under this influence popular singers are bid for at prices ridiculously beyond their merits, and any crude vocalist, whose voice, with years of training, might give pleasure and satisfaction, is at once thrust into the foremost place. The result is, after the first hopeful surprise, mediocrity and failure. The boards of the great houses are crowded with tenth-rate singers. Going to the opera now, is not what it used to be in the old days of pure singing, when the town raved of its Grisi, and Mario, and Tamburini. The past season must have been unprofitable for both houses. At Covent Garden, a coalition between Messrs. Gye and Mapleson brought up a rival opera at Drury Lane, under Mr. Wood; and dissatisfaction at the treatment of M. Costa and Signor Arditi, together with singers' grievances, led to the secession of Mr. Santley and Mdlle. Nilsson. The campaign upon this house was understood to have been disastrous, mainly owing to the fatality of the Swedish singer's constant illness; and though she was able to appear towards the end of the season, she could not restore the day. The events of mark, however, in the season, were the introduction of two new composers—of Richard Wagner, with his "Fliegende Höllander," and of Ambroise Thomas, with his "Mignon." In the pages of this Magazine has been given an account of the musical theories of the former remarkable writer, and it is gratifying to state that the two hearings which his opera obtained have, in a great degree, shaken the scandalous and unworthy opposition which for years English critics and cliques have organised against him. This fine and really poetic composition, disfigured though it be with extravagance and puerility, left the impression that enormous injustice had been done—that a man of inspiration and genius was there—and that next season the music should have a cordial welcome and deliberate consideration. This is much; but, as we stated in the article before alluded to, a firm and judicious hand should prepare his works for the English stage, and prune away from the "Löhengrin" and "Tännhauser" those weary and protracted spells of bald declamation which are not nearly so intelligible as the monotonous recitatives in the "Zauberflötte" and "Don Giovanni;" there would thus be left a libretto of the most charming and poetic description, with music of the most inspired and picturesque sort. The impression produced by M. Thomas's opera would seem to have been of a work too light, elegant, and delicate for the stage of a great opera house—at least the exquisite setting of the French houses, and the perfect and airy singing of the French heroine were wanting. The bringing out of 'Esmeralda" could be considered merely a compliment to the distinguished music-master who composed it, M. Campana, and was a compliment that taxed the good nature of critics and subscribers very severely.

Another feature of the year was the introduction of M. Hervé's music; and "Chilperic" and "Le Petit Faust," in English dress—the latter superbly mounted—were really a welcome treat. Such graceful, and in parts substantial, music made a pleasant *entremêt* for the London public. M. Hervé had the courage to attempt the part of "Chilperic" in English, a language he was unacquainted with; but his French spirit and humour carried him through.

Mr. Hollingshead and the management of the Gaiety deserve credit for bringing many of Offenbach's operas before the public; notably "Trombalcazar," "The Princess of Trebizonde," and the "Barbe Bleue—lightest of music, but full of a spirit which redeems many shortcomings.

The Monday Popular Concerts have proceeded in their steady course with such sound pillars as Mdme. Néruda, Joachim, Piatti, Strauss, and Mdme. Clara Schumann. All honour to Mr. Chappell, who, when the history of English music and musical education comes to be written, must be awarded perhaps the highest place for influencing the taste of the masses. It is not too much to say that no such experiment has been continued for so long, pursued so steadily, or been directed by such judgment. Mr. Barnby has done some good service during the year, as has also Mr. Leslie. The Sacred Harmonic Society seems scarcely as vigorous as it used to be some fifteen years ago. The mention of this great Society suggests here that there has been a decay in the popularity of Mendelssohn, about whose oratorios there is not nearly the same eagerness. This may be, however, the result of familiarity, and a just appreciation in the domestic circle. The rage for speculation concerts given by tenth-rate singers and music-masters at private houses, has become almost a nuisance, and the "Royalty system," with poor ballads puffed extravagantly, has developed alarmingly.

Mario (with a concert party) has made a "last provincial tour," which terminated at Brighton in December. Mr. Walter Maynard was the conductor. The famous tenor, taken ill during the tour, was unable to sing at several leading towns. Occasionally he sang with something like his old fire. This was noticeably so in Dublin. We are to see him in opera once more next season.

It would be impossible to note every feature of the past year, but the verdict on the whole must be, that the music of 1870 has been guided by rather wild and fitful principles, and that there has been a want of solidity and calm steadiness in its direction.

LITERATURE OF THE YEAR.

TO literary England, 1870 has been a year of mourning. The mortal part of Charles Dickens lies in Westminster Abbey, and on his breast the people, whose cause he loved, stand on Sunday afternoons listening to the unadorned eloquence of his friend Dean Stanley. Lingering in the Abbey, on a chill December night (where the new letters of Dickens' name flame at my feet), I try back through the sad, sorrow-laden year—noting the literary events—the work, and the death in the midst of work—of it. The pen has not been silent in the heat of war. The two great Captains of our epoch have been rather running a race; and, never, in the world's history, has Captain Pen been so faithful an ally of Captain Sword, as during the throes of the tremendous struggle which has marked the front of 1870, deeply, indelibly, with blood and iron. While the clash of arms has deafened Europe, and stirred men's blood from continent to continent, the scratching of pens has been audible in fifty directions. The two great military nations marched to the Rhine frontier in August, accompanied by valiant historians of "the living present:" and the smoke was not cleared from the battle field when Captain Pen had taken up his chronicle of the drum, where he had left it, at the bivouac fire of the eve of the battle—and was already serving history hot-and-hot to his contemporaries. While the Army of the Loire was gathering its strength for the decisive battle before Orleans at the close of November; Messrs. Macmillan were hastening volumes of war history from the *Daily News* through the press; and still further editions of the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh* were satisfying the hungry public demand for the solemn war criticisms of these two renowned organs of cultivated opinion. Max Müller, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, Froude, Earl Russell, and hosts of pamphleteers, English, French and German, were marking each passage of the fight, with critical pens; Brussels had become a centre of the controversial literature of the defeated; and London was supporting three or four French newspapers—"inspired" from various quarters—but chiefly from Cassel. The Crimean war created war correspondents for newspapers; the American Civil War and the Indian Mutiny developed them; the

Italian Campaign of freedom, the short fight between Austria and Prussia, and the Abyssinian expedition—made them a new solid element of civilised society; and the Emperor Napoleon committed a grievous blunder when he repudiated this fact, saying, as he refused to admit English correspondents to the French camp—"*Surtout, pas ce Russell.*" That the war-correspondent's mission is a post of danger as well as of honour *The Times* bears testimony, in recording the finding of Colonel Pemberton's body; * and many a Captain Pen of this war who has been with the French, can prove that the risks are not only those of the battle-field. The Pen was to have the better of the Sword—so the poet said. But we are still far away from the victory. The Pen, as we find it upon the pages of the literature of 1870, is the servant of the Sword still; and never, within the memory of living man has the world appeared less inclined to a brotherly "federation of the world" than at this moment. One of the latest books of the year, indeed, is a bulky volume, culled from every known military authority, and pondered and amended by the big-wigs of Woolwich, on the art of war. The Peace which the Laureate has sung, and on which Hugo has wreathed his glowing phrases; the Peace of the Congress that assembled not many years ago in Paris—is so far off in the future, that no men notice her benign countenance. The literature of France for 1870 reflects the savage spirit which Revolution and War combine to evoke.

"And on his shield *sans loy* in bloody lines was dyde."

The passionate utterances of About before and after Sedan, and the tiger-thirst with which he had at the throat of Imperialism, the moment it showed signs of weakness; will put him at the head of the French literature of Ingratitude, for 1870. Hugo, storming through the struggle—a man of mighty strength, without that double share of wisdom Milton tells us should accompany it—is a figure to which we have been now long accustomed. It is the author ot "Napoleon the Little" gone mad. But the sometime friend of Napoleon, the Tuileries visitor, the welcome guest of Compiegne: hissing and hooting, and raving over the first misfortunes of his patron and host; is the figure of 1870 which has aroused indignation in every generous breast. It was French ingratitude that alienated the hearts of Englishmen and Americans from France at the opening of the war: French ingratitude, and the base literary and political forms it took. At the opening of the year the author of "The Gavroche Party" was severe on the enemies of the Emperor Napoleon: but the truth of his pictures was proved before the leaves had fallen from the chestnuts of the Tuileries.

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* "The friends of this lamented gentleman will learn with satisfaction that his body has been found, between Daigny and Fond de Givonne, by his brother, with the assistance of Captain Stracey. It was discovered on the battle-field where he met his death on the 1st of September, in the performance of his duty as Correspondent of this journal with the army of the Crown Prince of Saxony. The mortal remains, having been brought to this country, will be laid in the family vault at Newton, near Cambridge, to-morrow (Saturday). When these last rites have been discharged, if anything can soothe the grief of his family and friends it will be found in the reflection that he met the death of all others which he himself would have wished to die—on the field of battle, with the sound of victory in his ears, at the side of a noble Prince, and surrounded by gallant comrades who had all learnt to value him as a brave and accomplished soldier, and to love him as a most perfect gentleman. These are prizes which some live through a long and inglorious existence without attaining; it is something at least to have died so young and yet to be so universally regretted." *Dec.* 2, 1870.

L'Homme Qui Rit is the most noteworthy work which any Frenchman produced in 1870—the year in which our unhappy neighbours lost both Sainte Beuve and Prevost-Paradol. The readers of *The Gentleman's Magazine* have been enabled to judge the merits and demerits of the poet's work, by the English version given of it, and subsequently published in three volumes. It is rugged, disjointed, of unequal strength: packed with splendid passages of French which no living writer can approach: rich in poetic ideas and far-reaching thoughts: but it is only the tumbled materials for a superb palace, after all. Parts of it may remind the reader of the spoils of St. Cloud—by their incongruities and waste of riches. It is buhl, and marquetry, and ormolu heaped up to screen a German trooper's nose from the east wind of Paris!

We pass to literary England; and first of all to the national grief that came early in the month of June—while tens of thousands were reading the "Mystery of Edwin Drood." One afternoon the news was spread in London that Dickens was ill: and on the morrow he lay dead at Gad's Hill—dead, leaving his desk unclosed—his quill wet upon the page of the "Mystery." And to-day his empty chair in his silent study is the great Christmas picture of an illustrated periodical. Our great English writer, who spoke from his own feeling heart, to the loftiest and to the humblest; who softened millions with the tears of his pathos, and brightened them with the warmth and brilliancy of his humour—was laid low, in the midst of his labours! It is given to few mortals to touch humanity in the bulk, as Charles Dickens touched his generation; and as two brilliant competitors in the race for fame against him—Disraeli and Lord Lytton—had been in vain striving to smite upon the human heart. Not only did the genius of Dickens cover all grades of men and women, and endear them to him. His personal character completed and cemented the affection which the pen had awakened. There was a radiance about the man that was felt, wherever he appeared—as speaker, or reader, or actor. In all public movements shaped for the benefit of the people, Charles Dickens was a hearty and wise co-operator. His mind was both strong and calm, as well as brilliant and deep. He could set a firm bound to his ambition. His native sagacity was, perhaps, never more conspicuously shown than when he refused to enter Parliament. He knew that the love of his country, which he had won with pen and voice, was too precious a possession to be risked in the meshes and messes of party politics. He was politician enough—more potent than a score of ordinary members sitting to the right or left of Mr. Speaker—when he drew Bumble and the Veneerings, and invented the Circumlocution Office. The sudden death of one, so gifted by nature, so great by his virtues as a citizen, and so closely held to the general heart; is a calamity by which the tide of national thought and direction is affected. But so to die, covered with unspecked glory and ungrudging love; in the full enjoyment of the rarest honours, yet without star or title—is to make an end worthy of the life. Dickens had walked, sorrow-stricken, to the graves of many loved friends—last to that of good Daniel Maclise (another victim of the Direful Year), and now he is of the illustrious company to which his loving nature clung so greedily and manfully, when they were all on earth, and at work, together. Let strangers to the face of Charles Dickens (if such there be), who lament, this holiday time, the father of the household presences which have brightened their quiet hours; think how deep must be the grief of the men and women who have shaken his hand, heard his rich voice, and stood in social intimacy, under the influence of his beaming countenance. The father of Tiny Tim can enrich no more holidays for us!

But, some weeks before the hand fell upon the unfinished page of "Edwin Drood;" a friend of Dickens—a friend of all who had the opportunity of knowing his gracious and affectionate nature—had passed away. In May, Mark Lemon died—leaving also, much unfinished work—and hosts of friends. Mr. Joseph Hatton has reared an affectionate literary memorial* to the original editor of

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* **With a Show in the North. By Joseph Hatton. London: W. H. Allen & Co.**

Punch;—to the bright and skilful dramatist, and to the song-writer who, if not a poet, thought tenderly and poetically. Under the gentle and hearty guidance of Mark Lemon, men difficult to govern, by reason of their various strength (Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Hood, Gilbert à Beckett, Leech, Shirley Brooks—the brilliant and accomplished, who is now editor and most powerful contributor—and others), had been held together in harmony, and had toiled by a hundred ways to a common end.

"I was made for *Punch*, and *Punch* was made for me," Lemon said one day to his friend Hatton. The qualities which endeared the man of pleasant fancy, of warm and generous nature, and of poetic aspiration, to so many of his gifted contemporaries, will be remembered with tenderness always by all who came within the genial influence of them. Mark Lemon's life—rich, chiefly by its associations—remains to be written; and Mr. Hatton's volume will afford the biographer copious material—but we may observe, in advance of the yet unwritten record, that he was a man of peculiar fibre. Those who know him by his writings only, may wonder how he came to hold easy mastery over so many turbulent and fretful spirits. His dramatic critics, who remember the sentiment of his pieces, and the pure and sober lights of their liveliness; are better able to analyse the why and wherefore of his position at the head of the leading satirical and humorous organ of his time. His personal friends are the best judges of his many merits—and they will be the most indulgent. Mark Lemon left behind him, after heading a thousand conflicts—in which the blows were sharp—not a single enemy; and the sorrowful friends of the hearty, warm-handed, pleasant companion, the loyal associate, and courteous gentleman, are many, in many towns of England.

But before parting from Dickens let us note him, as he was last seen at work: and mark the happy and solemn train of his latest thoughts on earth.

In that last morning at his desk, perched in the eyrie commanding the Silent Highway to and from London—Dickens wrote: "A brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods, and fields—or, rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time—penetrate into the Cathedral, subdue its earthy odour, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. Our cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm; and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings."

We now pass to two of his great contemporaries, who, during the past year, have been prominently before the world.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that in the year of the appearance of a final collected edition of Mr. Disraeli's works, our two greatest surviving novelists will have nearly simultaneously unbosomed themselves before the public of many of those private aspirations and minor details of professional life, which often pass from us unchronicled. Lord Lytton's preface to "King Arthur" contains some curious personal minutiæ about his earlier days of authorship; some repetitions too, and some species of recantation. Mr. Disraeli follows, feeling the expediency of setting his purport rightly before the eyes of the multitude,—of affording, as it were, a glossary whereby we may spell out the real meaning of his works. There is assuredly no more irritating feeling than the conviction of being misunderstood. And the feeling bites harder in the case of an author and his impalpable audience. We must suppose a thousand various interpretations of his plainest passages—numberless distortions of his aim and purpose. Redress is difficult; yet, taking into account the nature and common occurrence of the injury, it is strange that prolegomena after the fashion of Mr. Disraeli are not more frequent. It is to be feared perhaps that prolegomena is scarcely the right title for the ex-Premier's exposition of his creeds and efforts. It reads forebodingly like an epilogue, *leading* to the sorry persuasion that the author has dropped the curtain on his literary life, pointed his last sarcasm, and bowed his final bow.

However, whatever it may foreshadow in the future, the preface clearly defines the character of those past labours on which perhaps Mr. Disraeli's after-fame will mainly rest. Excepting "Lothair," on the subject of which the author is reticent, there is not a creation of his pen which is not touched upon and rendered more vivid and defined in a few apt words, such as the Conservative leader holds easily at command. It has been said that "Lothair" is passed over briefly. It would seem, in fact, that this last work is something akin to a sore subject with its author. He is remarkably urbane towards American reviewers; while native critics incur some subtle sarcasm and inuendo. Passing over "Lothair," Mr. Disraeli commences the review of his literary career with a notice of the trilogy of "Coningsby," "Sybil" and "Tancred." They were, it seems, intended to form a treble-linked chain of argument, or more properly perhaps,—a fresco in three panels (for the trilogy is rather paint than prose). "Born in a library" Mr. Disraeli says—

> "And trained from early childhood by learned men who did not share the passions and the prejudices of our political and social life, I had imbibed on some subjects conclusions different from those which generally prevail, and especially with reference to the history of our own country. How an oligarchy had been substituted for a kingdom, and a narrow-minded and bigoted fanaticism flourished in the name of religious liberty, were problems long to me insoluble, but which early interested me. But what most attracted my musing, even as a boy, were the elements of our political parties, and the strange mystification by which that which was national in its Constitution had become odious, and that which was exclusive was presented as popular."

The cause of this, as Mr. Disraeli discerns it, is in our habitual confounding, by our irrevocable sentence, an excellent principle with its injurious application. The Feudal system and the Divine Right theory have gone out with mail armour and wigs; but they have left, according to the author of the trilogy, their two sound fundamental principles upright—the fulfilment of duty as a tenure of property, and divine right of government. Which principles, the author fails to add, have supported many other better and broader systems and theories, than those of Feudalism and divine right of Royalty. In his earliest days of thought, the Tory statesman showed that the "privileges of the multitude and the prerogatives of the sovereign" had waned together. Liberalism, he conceived, had levelled the bulwarks of its pet classes. The mental and bodily condition of the masses had deteriorated relatively to the advance of the higher orders. That which had been the national party had, and, he admits, justly—become odious; and the oligarchy had by the propaganda of certain abstract principles, become paramount in the State. The young politician's profession of faith and object follows :—

> "To change back the oligarchy into a generous aristocracy round a real throne; to infuse life and vigour into the Church as the trainer of the nation, by the revival of the Convocation, then dumb, on a wide basis, and not, as has been since done, in the shape of a priestly section; to establish a commercial code on the principles successfully negotiated by Lord Bolingbroke at Utrecht, and which, though baffled at the time by a Whig Parliament, were subsequently and triumphantly vindicated by his political pupil and heir, Mr. Pitt; to govern Ireland according to the policy of Charles I. and not of Oliver Cromwell; to emancipate the political constituency of 1832 from its sectarian bondage and contracted sympathies; to elevate the physical as well as the moral condition of the people, by establishing that labour required regulation as much as property; and all this rather by the use of ancient forms and the restoration of the past than by political revolutions founded on abstract ideas, appeared to be the course which the circumstances of this country required, and which, practically speaking, could only, with all their faults and backslidings, be undertaken and accomplished by a reconstructed Tory party."

The stories of his first attempts to obtain a hearing are generally known. "I had no connection," he says, "either in the press or in public life. I incurred the accustomed penalty of being looked on as a visionary; and what I knew to be facts were treated as paradoxes." Ten years afterwards Benjamin Disraeli had been some time in Parliament. Intimate with many who had entered the arena at the same time as himself, he formed the nucleus of a young eager and talented party, which was to put into practice later on, the "visions" of their leader. Henry Hope, the eldest son of the author of "Anastasius," was one of the party. It was at his house at Deepdene and at his instigation, that "Coningsby" was planned. "The derivation and character of political parties, the condition of the people which had been the consequences of them, the duties of the Church as a main remedial agency in our present state," were the three subjects to be treated in the work. But space failed, and the first theme alone received its legitimate expansion. "Sybil," published in the following year (1845), contained the development of the author's views on the actual condition of the people. The Chartist movement was yet vivid in the public memory, and its relation to the social and political state gave primary colours to the composition of "Sybil." The correspondence of Feargus O'Connor, the editor of the "Northern Star," with the great Chartist chiefs, was given by Thomas Duncombe into the author's hands; and this advantage, combined with personal study of the localities made famous by the agitation, warrant an implicit reliance in the fidelity of Disraeli's second political fiction. The final work was deeper and more delicate. Regarding the Church as the source and promoter of the national spirit in the past, and possible instrument for its preservation; the writer was compelled to remount to the origin of the great clerical corporation, and consider at the same time the condition of the descendants of the founders of Christianity. The subject of Church history is now more generously handled, but at the epoch of the publication of "Tancred" the theme was hazardous. Mr. Disraeli frankly, nay, somewhat complacently, admits that the general tenour of his works was in direct opposition to the spirit of the times—"They recognised imagination in the government of nations as a quality not less important than reason."

Great stress is laid by the philosophical romancist on the importance of the Anglican Church as a means of procuring a return to these friends of loyalty. He says:—"There were few great things left in England, and the Church was one." He complains that the governing crosiers and mitres fell into the hands of monks and schoolmen. Thus ecclesiastical power was narrowed to a purely professional field relatively unimportant to the nation. As to the spiritual state of the commonwealth of the present day, the author of "Lothair" is doubtful and foreboding.

Eloquent paragraphs follow, preaching the faith and fervour of the middle ages,—dwarfing modern invention and discovery; comparing Hipparchus and Pythagoras with Newton and Kepler; tracing back our modish schemes to the atom of Epicurus and the monad of Thales; to the detriment of all that is, and to the elevation of all that has been. Mr. Disraeli recounts briefly the publication of "Henrietta Temple" and "Venetia" in 1837—paying at the same time an effective tribute to the memory of the two friends to whom the works were severally dedicated—Count D'Orsay and Lord Lyndhurst. He remarks upon having owed to the latter the description, in "Sybil," of the scene at Kensington on the accession of the Queen. Of "Contarini Fleming" and "Alroy," published in 1832, we have little account. The first was coldly received, Mr. Disraeli says. His remarks on the irrepressible "Vivian Grey" are amusing:—

> "What my opinion was of that, my first work, written in 1826, was shown by my publishing my second anonymously. Books written by boys, which pretend to give a picture of manners and to deal in knowledge of human nature, must be affected. They can be, at the best, but the results of imagination acting on knowledge not acquired by experience. Of such circumstances exaggeration is a necessary consequence, and false taste accompanies exaggeration. Nor is it necessary to remark that a total want of art must be observed in such pages, for that is a failing incident to all first efforts. 'Vivian Grey' is essentially a puerile work, but it has baffled even the efforts of its creator to suppress it. Its fate has been strange; and not the least remarkable thing is, that forty-four years after its first publication I must ask the indulgence of its reader for its continued and inevitable reappearance."

With which apology, Mr. Disraeli closes his voluminous preface—and, perhaps, the literary labours of his astonishing—his splendid—life.

And so we pass to Mr. Disraeli's brother author and political colleague—to the old friend of Charles Dickens also, Lord Lytton. The edition of "King Arthur," to which the poet has prefixed fourteen explanatory pages, is illustrated prettily—in the holiday-book fashion; but not with the poetic conceptions with which Doré has enriched Dante and Tennyson, nor the dainty ideas which Kenny Meadows has added to the page of Shakespeare. Indeed, a plain, handsomely-printed edition of Lord Lytton's most ambitious poetic work, would have been a more dignified presentment of this appeal to the judgment of posterity—than this prettiness in gilded cover, is. "King Arthur" by Edward Bulwer Lord Lytton, and Mr. Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur"—are two contemporary works of pure imagination that will live—albeit the treatment of the detached romances of the Round Table by the two poets, is radically dissimilar. Lord Lytton's continuous narrative poem includes abundant passages of rare beauty. It has a variety of power in it richer than that of the Poet Laureate's work. It bears upon every page evidence of conscientious, patient thought. The conceptions of the characters are artistic in a high degree; and, indeed, the story is entirely original. "I have," the poet says, "taken from Sir Thomas Malory's compilation little more than the general adoption of chivalrous usages and manners, and those agencies from the marvellous, which chivalrous romance naturally affords—the fairy, the genius, the enchanter." He has borrowed from the Romance of the North—"a romance, like the northern mythology, full of typical meaning and latent import." In pursuance of his plan Lord Lytton has brought humour to his aid; and here he has a decided advantage over the Poet Laureate. In this he shows that broad range of powers to which we have already referred. "As regards my employment of humour in aid of romance," he says, "I need discuss neither the example of Ariosto nor the special grounds of my belief that the serious purpose of this poem is best developed by an occasionally humoristic treatment of it." He courts Humour as "the playfellow of Genius and the assistant of Philosophy," and his unanswerable warrant is the presence of humour in the loftiest tragedies of Shakespeare.

The world will be satisfied with Lord Lytton's generous, and, at the same time, most self-respecting explanation of his appearance, with King Arthur for a hero, side by side with Tennyson :—

> "In deference to the fame of an illustrious contemporary, I may be permitted to observe that when, in my college days, I proposed to my ambition the task of a narrative poem, having King Arthur for its hero, I could not have ever guessed that the same subject would occur to a poet somewhat younger than myself, and then unknown to the public; and though, when my work was first printed in 1848, Mr. Tennyson's 'Morte d'Arthur' had appeared, I was not aware of any intentions on his part to connect it with other poems illustrating selected fables of the legendary King. Fortunately for me, the point of view from which the subject had already presented itself to my imagination, and the design and plan I had proposed to myself in the treatment of it, were so remote from the domains of romance to which the genius of Mr. Tennyson has resorted, that I may claim one merit rare in those who have come after him,—I have filled no pitcher from fountains hallowed to himself."

At the same time Lord Lytton disclaims criticism. He holds aloft his pitcher—not for the judgment of the living, but for the contemplation of posterity. "To explain in prose," he justly says, "what he has uttered in song is a task which cannot be agreeable to any one, and it is the wise fashion of authors now-a-days to delegate such tasks to friendly reviewers, instructed and secured beforehand." Is this "wise fashion" general? Do poets and historians and romancists instruct and secure their critics beforehand? Lord Lytton adds, with a proud humility, wounding to the critical writers of his day—"Of friends so invaluable, engaged in the periodical press, it is not my good fortune to boast." And so he appeals to "different standards of criticism from those which experience teaches me to anticipate now." He must be patient: he *is* patient; for "he who appeals to Time must not be impatient of the test that he invites." Contemporary critics must keep their hands off "King Arthur." The poet is resolved to console himself for the absence of their friendship, and, consequently, the power of instructing and securing them beforehand; by the anticipation of the panegyrics of the critics with different standards who are to be, when he shall be no more.*

The year closes with a new work by the Poet Laureate—widely apart from the theme in which he has measured his muse with the author of the "Last Days of Pompeii." "The Window; or the Loves of the Wrens,"† written four years ago, at the suggestion of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, as themes for this gentleman's musical genius; is a series of love lyrics—soliloquies of love, delicate and exquisite, to use a thought of Mr. Tennyson's own, as "frost on January panes." The lover at the window of his mistress craving a flower—till he hears she has gone from him to the sunny south, and

"Taken the stars from the night, and the sun from the day:"

the lover, in winter, sighing for the spring that is to bring his mistress back out of the south; the lover singing to the wrens—thus appealing tastefully to his lady's "merry blue eye;" the lover, fearfully awaiting the answer to his suit—

"Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?"

the lover hesitating over the seal of the momentous letter; and then the jubilee song, in which all the birds are invoked to make joyous chorus with him—all are sweet and happy utterances—fresh proof of the wondrous skill and mastery with which Tennyson's imagination can weave melodies of thought, upon a harp with one string. His highest triumph is "In Memoriam;" but "The Loves of the Wrens" will be delicious music in many homes and hearts this winter, and for many winters to come. And yet the poet offers it with a sigh. "I am sorry," he says in his preface, "that my four-year-old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark shadow of these days; but the music is now completed, and I am bound by my promise."

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* Will he except Mr. Hain Friswell, who has just "honestly" criticised him, Dickens, and others, from his disdain?

† "The Window; or the Loves of the Wrens." A series of songs by Alfred Tennyson. With music by Arthur Sullivan. Strahan and Co.

While in poetic company we may add that the close of 1870 has brought us the fourth and concluding part of Mr. William Morris's "Earthly Paradise," being "The Winter Portion"—which, we rejoice to add, has, at a bound, run through a first edition. We also note Robert Buchanan's "Napoleon Fallen: a Lyrical Drama"—the proof-sheets of which are upon the table. It is full of eloquent passages, and generous ideas.

Many years have past and gone since the writer discussed with Peter Cunningham over a literary table, long hospitably spread, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the promised edition of the "Works of Alexander Pope," which the author of the "Handbook of London" was preparing with the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. Cunningham was in his best and brightest mood; and he believed the work was to make a rapid appearance, and give him exactly the fame which he coveted. And now, on a December morning, 1870—when Cunningham is laid to rest—I find Vol. I. of the much-announced and long-delayed work—"with Introductions and Notes by the Rev. Whitwell Elwin."* There is a mournful interest about it, to men who have lived during the last twenty years in the thick of literary London life. They are recalled to the conscientious labours of Mr. Dilke (grandfather of the present baronet); to the masses of material which have been accumulating since Mr. Croker first took the subject in hand; and to the loss which the subject sustained in the disappearance of Mr. Cunningham from his task. While the important work, of which we see at length the beginning, has been in the hands of Mr. Elwin, Mr. Carruthers and Mr. Ward have both done excellent service on the subject. But here, for the first time, we have a full, well-digested, authoritative, library edition of the poet—including all that is known, or is within reach, concerning him and his writing. Mr. Dilke laboured learnedly and patiently over Pope;

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* "The Works of Alexander Pope." New edition, including several hundred unpublished letters and other materials. Collected in part by the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. With Introductions and Notes by the Rev. Whitwell Elwin. Vol. I. Poetry, with portraits and other illustrations. Murray.

and, in the columns of the *Athenæum*, poured floods of light upon the obscurities of Pope's time and life—and these were innumerable. Both Mr. Carruthers and Mr. Elwin acknowledge their indebtedness to the late Mr. Dilke. Mr. Elwin, indeed, declares how ungrudgingly the enthusiastic Pope explorer poured out his treasures, and contributed to the value of this, the great and long-expected edition of the poet. It would be unreasonable to attempt a judgment on Mr. Elwin's labours, with only his first volume before the world; and, indeed, were the whole published, could the critic, within the limits of this rapid review of the literature of 1870, do justice to it? In the first volume the mystery of the correspondence (the mystery of mysteries) is cleared up: and, in presenting this *eclaircissement* first, the editor has shown sound discretion. We can proceed with what is to follow with a tranquil, satisfied mind.

1870 is richest in biographical literature. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer put forth his "Life of Viscount Palmerston," the author of "Ingoldsby" was presented, in the life, and with his letters, by his son; Mr. William Wickham published the "Confidential Letters to the British Government from 1794," by his grandfather, the Right Hon. William Wickham; and we find in the list Lonsdale's "Life of Robert Knox," "The Life of Wesley," "A Memoir of A. H. Clough," "O'Flanaghan's Lives of the Irish Chancellors," "Life of Madame de Miramon," "Clement Marot," by Henry Morley; and many literary memories, chief among which are those of S. C. Hall, and of George Hodder, whose death, by an accident in Richmond Park, was a real grief to literary hosts of his fellow-journalists. "Brougham's Autobiography" is the most important promise for 1871. Nor should Mr. Hingston's whimsical history of the humorous life of poor Artemus Ward* be forgotten as among the gifts of 1870. The latest item in this department of literature comes to us from Italy. We are promised the "Life and Times of Manin," the great Venetian citizen.

The "memories" of Mr. Hall and Mr. Hodder claim a few words. They are rich mines, in which future biographers will work. Mr. Hall deals with a generation before Mr. Hodder came on the scene—with Moore, Lady Morgan, L. E. L., and their times; while Mr. Hodder's gossip is about Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Dickens, the rise of *Punch*, &c. Mr. Hall's is a holiday book, of charming reminiscences delightfully told, in the manner of that pen which gave the world "Stories of the Irish Peasantry;" Mr. Hodder's is a solid volume of the experiences of a life passed amid the printing offices of Fleet Street, and in the literary clubs—as "The Hooks and Eyes," "The Mulberries," and "Our Club." Both books are by men of happy temperament, and with the priceless knack of making and keeping friends. Following in the wake of these biographical surveyors of their contemporaries, we find the author of "Orion"—returned, hale and hearty, and with his light undimmed, from a hard life at the antipodes—who is promising something rare and good of the eminent men against whom he has rubbed.*

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* "The Genial Showman." Hotten.

Hawthorne's "English Note-Books," filling two goodly octavo volumes,† may be ranked also among the biographical riches of last year. His notes are candid, rough, very often unpleasant, and indicative of a not over-delicate mind. But by his light we may profitably see ourselves as others see us. His records of experiences among our public men are noteworthy additions to the common store of knowledge regarding them; but in his generalisations there are points of thought that may help us to remember all that is enviable in the sight of others, in the habits, manners, history and associations of Old England. By these notes we get new lights on Hawthorne himself—so many indeed that it would be possible to build up a true and complete figure of him out of his own materials. He dwelt lovingly upon the rich and delightful outward aspects of our rural life; upon its solidity and antiquity. He studied our streets with that charm which steals over every intelligent American traveller, who can trace in the old country the ancient germs of his proud Columbia's greatness.

The travels of the year are many and pleasant. Books of travel are, if well written, an experience for the reader. No description can realise the beauty of scenery, but much of the author's delight in new scenes can be shared. The perception of character, individuality of life, and manners, can be appreciated by the reading of a book of travel: but the book must be well chosen. Now, Walter Thornbury's "Tour round England," though amusing and pleasant, tells us nothing new. Had he made his work a review of the curiosities to be found in England, the legends, and the work and life and manners—in short, the many points of local interest, his book would have been of solid use. He tells us about William the Conqueror when we would rather have heard of the indifference to him which prevails in that part of the country where he landed. Mr. Thornbury's inaccuracies are many, and his volumes give evidences of great haste. Let him describe a tour through England without any historical reminiscences, and giving his own observations of what he sees and hears, and we shall, we warrant, find no fault.

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* "Bygone Celebrities," announced to appear in *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

† "Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne." Strahan and Co.

"Fair France" is from the pen of the author of "John Halifax," and is by no means worthy of Miss Muloch. The views expressed are narrow-minded, conventional, prejudiced reflections of the opinions of the great English middle class. Here and there we find some graceful sketches of country scenery, some vivid word-painting, and even dramatic description. But the frame of mind in which Miss Muloch reviews the failings and virtues of our unfortunate neighbours is not generous. The book appeared at an inopportune moment. "Fair France" scarcely describes truly the unhappy country overrun with an enemy's army. Several of the descriptions of churches are artistic and graphic. From Miss Muloch we turn to a most able work on France, from the pen of M. Prévost-Paradol, whose sudden death on reaching America last summer will be remembered. The volume consists of a series of lectures delivered by M. Paradol before the members of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, which are remarkable for the elegant and forcible English in which they are written, and for the freedom from prejudice and the clearsightedness which distinguish every sentiment. We cannot compare "Fair France" with Prévost-Paradol's "France," because the authors looked at their subject in such a vastly dissimilar manner. Miss Muloch treats of the out-of-door amusements, the striking points in the social life, the brilliancy, the beauty, the apparent lightness of the cares of life in France. M. Prévost-Paradol is graver, and discusses the political state of his country as it existed only a few months back in a keen, impartial, judicious spirit. It is not long since his book appeared—the spring was just warming into summer; and now, as the snow is about us, the keen-witted Frenchman is no more, and the "personal government" he discussed is overthrown.

A new route suggested to future travellers is that described by Mr. Henry Blackburn in his picturesque account of "Art among the Mountains." The Rev. Malcolm Maccoll has written a book on the subject of which Mr. Blackburn's volume treats—the "Ammergau Passion Play." There is no possible comparison to be drawn between the two books. Mr. Maccoll's is reprinted from the *Times*. There is a fair amount of information in the lengthy chapters. The introduction consists of an account of the origin of miracle plays, and it gives some useful, practical hints to future visitors. But Mr. Blackburn's artistic and spirited account of the extraordinary development of religion, as shown in the modern Passion Play, carries the reader in imagination to the spot by the vivid force of its imagery, the beauty of description, the graphic ability of putting men and things before us in a few concise words. The author has a facile and powerful pencil to help in the attractiveness of the book A fresh field for tourists is suggested by Captain Hutchinson in his pleasant volume, the result of a summer excursion made by himself and his wife to Lapland. Captain Hutchinson calls his notes "Try Lapland," and doubtless his modest and amusing account of his trips will induce many persons to follow his example when summer comes round. All one's courage would be necessary to start on a journey and try Lapland now, with the snow on the ground to begin with. "A Winter Journey to Rome and Back" would be a much more pleasing prospect. William Evill touches on the splendours of Milan, Florence, Naples, Pompeii, Venice, and other celebrated cities in his little book, and gives some account of the opening of the Œcumenical Council. This winter journey is an enjoyable one. No less enjoyable is the Hon. S. Cox's "Search for Winter Sunbeams." In the Riviera, in Corsica, in Spain, in Algiers, Mr. Cox found some winter sunbeams. He writes amusingly and gracefully of the beautiful Italian towns, of Mentone, of Monaco, of Nice, and some very fair illustrations are to be found in the volume. In such travels as these is to be found the most pleasant reading. Mr. Cox, Mr. Evill and Mr. Blackburn do not interlard their paragraphs with dry historical facts. They merely publish their observations on men and things in the countries they visit. Captain Townshend, for instance, is an excellent narrator. He started on a "Cruise in Greek Waters," which resolved itself into a hunting excursion in Tunis, and his remarks by the way are an excellent specimen of the style most amusing to the lover of travellers' tales. Boar-hunting in Tunis does not sound inviting, but Captain Townshend's agreeable manner of gossiping over every boar is irresistible. The Rev. George Musgrave also has an entertaining, readable manner, but his "Rambles into Brittany" are rather tame. Now, Brittany is an incomparable subject both for pencil and pen. Mr. Musgrave might have infused a little more vivacity into his Breton sketches without endangering their veracity. "Fiji and the Fijians" should not be passed without a word. It is a valuable addition by Mr. T. Williams to our already rich store of missionary travel.

Turning from these light effervescences of enthusiasm to more solid works—to works written with a purpose beyond amusing holiday fo [illegible] th Dixon's "Free Russia," about which much has been written and said. Many critics have not hesitated to prefer "Free Russia" to Mr. Dixon's previous works. Without going so far, we cannot but appreciate the forcible, vivid language, the effective description of scenery, the excellent pictures of social life, of the peasant class, of the military element, which combine to make Mr. Dixon's book as interesting and diverting as it is valuable and reliable in its information. The author takes us over a wide range, sketching the peasant villages on his way, with a facile pen. Mr. Dixon's ground was comparatively new. Russia has been very little handled by book-makers. It is too vast a field for the capacities of ordinary tourists, who appear to think it the correct thing to publish their observations on France, and Germany, and Italy. A most genial, and pleasant book is one that has appeared during the past year, on "The Ocean Telegraph to India," by Mr. J. C. Parkinson. This is not a book of travel, at least, not professedly so; but in the course of his journey, Mr. Parkinson gossips so gracefully on the places and people he sees, that his narrative has all the charm and lightness of an account of a pleasure trip. Mr. George Mifflin Dallas's "Letters from London," from the year 1856 to 1860, are excellent. It will be remembered that this gentleman was United States Minister in England, and his sprightly letters are edited by his daughter. There is a piquancy of humour in these letters, specially attractive. The fund of anecdote appears inexhaustible. Mr. Dallas had many stories to relate of Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, Sir Henry Bulwer, and others. His account of Lady Morgan's Monday lunch, is inimitable. These are the opinions of an American on England and the English: now we turn to the opinions of an Englishman, or rather a Scotchman, on America. In two solid volumes, Mr. Macrae describes "The Americans at Home," giving "pen-and-ink sketches of American men, manners, and institutions." Mr. Macrae's chapters on American smartness are excessively amusing. He is too fond of quotation, and often slurs over points that deserved careful elaboration. With these faults, the book remains very agreeable reading—perhaps not giving such information as its title would imply, but still affording some hours' amusement to the reader. An ungrateful office it would seem, since a book written only to amuse, is generally branded as light, trivial, careless, needless, and so on. Yet what is the object of this kind of book but to amuse? The tourist book-making has not been so prolific during the past year, for early in the travelling season the Franco-German war broke out, and the intentions of winged writers were defeated. But the contributions made to this branch of literature, during the year that is gone, are above the average of such publications. Looking back through them is pleasant work enough, for they teem with quaint anecdotes, graceful description, and remarks on men and things that are more or less strange to "the general."

Many novels have been put forth, but few worth remembering. Mrs. Oliphant's "John" is one of the foremost works of fiction of the year. Mrs. Oliphant has become tamer and weaker than ever, and "John," in spite of the snatches of fine writing in it, is tiresome. The hero is stupid, the hero's mother is stupid, the heroine is stupid —and the only parts of the book which make any impression on the reader, are those in which Mrs. Oliphant forgets her hero and heroine, and gives vivid pictures of the kind of society, the kind of life, that exists in a quiet English town. Miss Thackeray's "To Esther, and other Sketches," is a most eloquent and charming book. The style is simple and easy, and evinces a keen sense of the humorous and the pathetic sides of human nature. There are few works that we remember to have liked so well as this modest volume, the attraction of which is no sensational *coup*, no violent emotion; but simply, imaginative sketches, and tender graceful delineations. Miss Thackeray's book has had a success, which was well deserved. The author of "Guy Livingstone" is not so vastly prolific as are many of the authors and authoresses of the present day. He brings forth his daring pictures slowly. During the past year he produced—"Breaking a Butterfly; or Blanche Ellerslie's Ending"—a story founded on the author's favourite subject—the infidelity of husband or wife. In this case, the husband is the deceiver, and an old admirer of his wife's throws vitriol in the beautiful face of the favoured lady. With such incidents as these, the author of "Guy Livingstone" is in his element, and he dwells on them with a loving precision and care. Of how a different style is Miss Muloch's story—"A Brave Lady." There is no incident here; all is description, and of the most prosaic domestic life into the bargain. A country parsonage is the scene, and the Brave Lady and her weak, vain, injudicious husband, and fair squabbling children, are her characters. It is impossible to name two books more diametrically opposed in style, in principle, in plan, than these two equally popular novels. Miss Muloch sermonises somewhat, and the author of "Guy Livingstone" rhapsodises to any length. In Miss Muloch's book, whatever interest is aroused, is in the cause of Right—whereas the strong interest in "Breaking a Butterfly," to most people, centres in Dering—decidedly the Wrong! Henry Kingsley's "Stretton"

is of far higher order than the foregoing. The tale is wild a
improbable; but the writing is effective and interesting to a hi
degree. Mr. Kingsley shows us what clever handling can do for
very well-worn subject. Miss Kavanagh's "Silvia" must not b
passed over. One of the accomplished authoress's best works, it
free from meretricious effect, from sensational incidents, and forc
situations. Miss Kavanagh has an inimitable style of her own—
simple, and graceful, and pathetic. Of a totally different kind
Wilkie Collins' "Man and Wife," a novel which created a sensatio
in the literary world. The hero is a muscular Christian,—at least h
muscle is undoubted,—but his Christianity is vague. His misdeed
are many. Mr. Collins gives his especial attention to one of these i
connection with the Scotch marriage law. And, thence, he seizes o
one of the greatest scandals of the age—the marriage law of Gre
Britain and lays bare its inconsistencies. "Austin Friars," by Mr
Riddell, has been severely censured in many places. The moral,
there be any, is not a desirable one. Mrs. Riddell appears to thin
society is much too straitlaced. Her books are decidedly lax i
principle; her severest critics, however, cannot deny the talent, th
grace, the sympathetic quality of her writings. Anthony Trollope
recently produced work is excellent. Mr. Hain Friswell, in h
"honest" criticisms on modern men of genius, has no warmer wor
for Mr. Trollope, than that "Anthony has been most industrious.
However, in such a work as Mr. Friswell's, "Anthony" has come o
well, being treated only with indifference. The author of "Th
Gentle Life" has not spared any of the modern men of genius h
"honestly" criticises. To return, however, to Mr. Trollope's late
work "Sir Harry Hotspur, of Humblethwaite." The story i
unlike those from the same pen, a sad one—of which misplaced affe
tion is the key note. Anthony Trollope's "industrious" pen lose
nothing of its grace: we have heard an opinion frequently expresse
that this recent work is his best. "Lady Wedderburn's Wish," b
James Grant, is an admirable story—worthy of the author of "Th
Romance of War." Among the popular works of the year that is gon
we must mention a clever story by Percy Fitzgerald, entitled "Beau
Talbot," which abounds in sprightly dialogue; and two novels of th
period—"A Race for a Wife," and "Bitter is the Rind"—by Hawle
Smart. Mr. Fitzgerald's is the higher order of talent, of course. H
has the vivacity of Mr. Smart, and a refinement which Mr. Smart ha
not. His characters are full of life and spirit, and the charm of h
books is not in the development of plot, but in the grace an
eloquence of the style. Mr. Fitzgerald has been distinguishing hin

self, moreover, in the holiday magazines and supplementary numbers of periodicals that are popular about this time. Mrs. Henry Wood contributed "George Canterbury's Will" to the literature of 1870. Lady Hardy's "Daisy Nichol" is very fast, and, therefore, very popular. Mr. Edmund Yates is pleasant and vivacious, and excessively amusing, in his account of "A Righted Wrong." We cannot attempt to do more than select the most striking from the long list of novels published in the year. We have named the prominent works of fiction which, of itself, forms a goodly list. The sensational school is, we are glad to perceive, dying out. Those who won their name by a sensation, have dropped the old stage-trick. Miss Braddon, who certainly became famous as the author of "Lady Audley's Secret"—has nothing of the sensational in her style now. "Fenton's Quest"—her latest, but not her best, work—is made in search of a missing lady—nothing more terrible than that. It is not of this book however that we would speak in regard to Miss Braddon, but of the series of quiet, observant, eloquent stories which have formed the attraction of her magazine, *Belgravia*, during the past year. In such sketches, Miss Braddon surpasses herself. Now, we turn to the profusely gilded and illustrated gift-books, which have been prepared for the children, this year. Foremost among these brilliant volumes, is an admirable history of the "Peoples of the World," by Bessie Parkes. Her clever papers on the different races are artistically put together, and most intelligently illustrated. The author in her modest preface tells her readers that her book is written from a picturesque point of view. We are glad to hear it and recommend her volume warmly. Then come a solid volume of "Tales from Chaucer," arranged for the use of young people, by Charles Cowden Clarke—whose name is a guarantee for the contents;—"The Brownies and other Tales," written by Juliana Ewing, and illustrated by George Cruickshank,—a most amusing collection, which will please many grown-up children;—a German holiday story, called "Labour stands on Golden Feet,"—by Zschokke;—a pleasant story for older children,—by Isa Craig—entitled "Esther West;"—a well-meaning but slightly unpleasant history of "Sylvia and Janet;" a charming story by Mrs. E. L. Hervey;—"The Rock Light;"—"Stories from Froissart," arranged for the young, and elegantly bound and illustrated. There are many excellent stories—by this we do not mean, canting, sermonising, stories—but healthy, cheerful, not too instructive books, that will be welcomed in every nursery;—such as "Dr. Savory's Tongs" (admirably illustrated); Tommy and his Broom; "Helpful Nellie;" "The Golden Gate;" "Only just Once;" and many more, which it would be impossible to enumerate. An invaluable gift-book is Mrs. E. L. Hervey's volume—"Our Legends and Lives"—a book published at the opening of the past year, but the success and high estimation of which is permanent, and which at this present moment is certain of a large proportion of holiday readers.

Among miscellaneous books that have appeared during the year, there are a few which claim notice. "An Editor's Tales," by Anthony Trollope, are amusing, forming an admirable volume for the sea-side; and containing nothing exciting, nothing depressing,—but running pleasantly on, gossiping from subject to subject.

"Ginx's Baby" is an extraordinary creation. One of the most powerful satires written for many years, it throws a glaring light on the most repulsive and hideous corners of London poverty and vice. It is a lesson in home affairs and politics which should be read by politicians and philanthropists of every complexion. The unknown author sees far into the crying evils of our day: his book is searching and startling in its ghastly truths.

"Piccadilly" is a fragment of contemporary biography from the scholarly pen of Laurence Oliphant—a book which will please every class of reader. Light gossip about great men is always welcome. Mr. Heraud appeared once more before the public last year. His little volume was most favourably received. "The In-Gathering" is perhaps the most satisfactory of the author's efforts. The sonnets are spirited, and rung the changes, the light and shade of the poet's mind, with impressive distinctness. Piccadilly gives the title to a Christmas work, "The Piccadilly Annual," evidently edited by the publisher, Mr. Hotten, who has produced a very weak medley of old and new articles, illustrated mostly by engravings that have done duty in previous works. The cover of the Annual is an excellent specimen of colour-printing; the work itself is a clever, but not commendable, specimen of book-making.

Mr. Arthur O'Shaughnessy's "Eyrie of Women" has made a substantial reputation for the author. His poems are tender and delicate—having all the quaint imagination of Swinburne, without his overwhelming, and often incomprehensible, wordiness.

"Wayside Warbles," by Edward Capern, contains a collection of the postman-poet's best works, in addition to several new lyrics. It is a handsome volume, and having an admirable portrait of the author, will be accepted by his many admirers as a pleasant Christmas *souvenir*. Mr. Capern, it will be remembered, was first proclaimed a poet by Froude, whose judgment is endorsed by a score of Capern's fresh, unstudied, and musical lyrics.

"Christopher Kenrick," which appeared anonymously in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, was from the pen of its editor, Joseph Hatton. Published in two volumes, the quiet, quaint, and somewhat curiously-constructed work, has had a successful run at the libraries. The book was republished in America. *Putnam's Magazine* had an article upon the hero, contrasting "Christopher" with "David Copperfield" and Thackeray's "Philip," in a manner that could not fail to be gratifying to the author.

The cheap literature is promising. We have had some excellent series—notably, Blackwood's "Ancient Classics for English Readers;" Messrs. Charles Griffin's artistic cheap edition of "Bell's Poets;" the cheap edition of Disraeli's works; the surprising publication of Sir Walter Scott's works, in solid, substantial, weekly parts, at one penny per part; Messrs. Macmillan's series of poets, in their excellent "Globe" editions; Messrs. Cassell's issue of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Bunyan's "Holy War," at sixpence per volume. Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s publications are one of the admirable signs of the progress of education among the people. The innumerable books of reference, of instruction, of general and technical use, published in monthly parts, by this enterprising and far-seeing firm, show how widely they must be read, in order to create their immense success. The literary promises for the year just opened look hopeful. Among forthcoming works that will be welcome are, a volume on mountain reminiscences, entitled, "The Playground of Europe," by Mr. Leslie Stephens; a complete work on the "Life and Times of Daniel Manin;" and a course of lectures on "Pauperism: its Causes and Remedies," by Professor Fawcett. Mr. Hazlitt is preparing a revised edition of Wharton's "History of English Poetry;" Mr. George Macdonald will give us immediately "At the Back of the North Wind;" we may expect also "Riddles of Love," a novel from the pen of Mr. Sidney Blanchard; "Peeps at the Far East," by Norman Macleod; "Walks in Rome," by Augustus Hare. In Educational literature we are promised a national series of books "for the Children of the People"—edited by Blanchard Jerrold.

FINANCE.

THE year opened with favourable prospects, moderate rates for money prevailing, whilst at the same time the hope was generally entertained that trade would revive. It has, however, closed in the midst of one of the most bloody and brutal wars that ever disgraced the pages of history, and there is only one melancholy satisfaction that can be derived from its outbreak—viz., that the civilised world has been taught a lesson that it will not soon forget—the desirableness of settling disputes without an appeal to force.

At the commencement of the year the political horizon was calm and quiet, showing not the slightest sign of the marvellous events that have since astonished and confounded the nations of Europe. Business had been generally dull throughout the preceding twelvemonths. Mercantile disasters and failures had been frequent, and the artisan and labouring classes had suffered severely through the scarcity of employment. With the opening of the new year, however, came a glimpse of light, and a promise of greater activity. It was not thought that the progress towards greater prosperity would be rapid; but there were reasonable grounds for believing that it would be steady and enduring, and, in fact, throughout the earlier months, there were few signs manifest that 1870 was destined to be the *annus mirabile* of the 19th century, and that events were to occur which have not their parallel in modern, and scarcely in ancient history. The notion that the Money Market would improve was not, however, during the early months of the year, realised to any extent, and though the savings of the country accumulated, and confidence improved, there was some difficulty in finding those good investments for which capital would have been readily provided. The tendency to easier rates in the Discount and Money Market was also checked to some extent by the approach of the settlement upon the Stock Exchange, while the disquieting intelligence from France caused the market for English Government Stocks to remain rather unsettled. Early in the month of January the plan for the organisation of the Civil Service was proposed by the Government, the object being the opening of the Service to competition. Early in the year much energy was shown in the extension of Oceanic telegraphy, and on the 12th of January the list, inclusive of companies for telegraphic construction, extended to thirteen, with a capital of £9,000,000. On the 25th January the details of the new Russian loan were issued, with every prospect of success. On the 21st February Mr. Goschen explained the steps which Government had been taking to redeem the promise of the previous Session on the subject of local taxation. He stated that the money received and spent for local purposes in England in one year does not fall far short of £30,000,000. Of the whole imperial expenditure a sum between £26,000,000 and £27,000,000 is swallowed up by the debt, leaving only about £40,000,000 for the general purposes of the Government—that is only one-third more than the amount of the local budget for England and Wales alone. Of that sum nearly two-thirds are spent in defence against external aggression, or in collecting the revenue, leaving only £15,000,000 for the miscellaneous expenditure of the Government, thus showing that local finance is far more important than imperial. At the close of March it was shown that there are three branches of the revenue, in which the receipts up to that period were in excess of the estimate for the year—viz., excess on Income-tax, £337,000; Excise, £341,300; Stamps, £96,000; proving in a clear light the solidity and power of English taxation. At the end of the first quarter of the year nearly all classes of solid securities, whether Railroad Stocks, Railroad Preferences, or English, Indian, Colonial, or Foreign Funds were supported at nearly the full point of the advance since the beginning of the year, while the general aspect of the market showed that the operations of the public decidedly preponderated on the side of investments. There was a steady improvement in the Debenture and Preference Stocks of nearly all the home railways, and the market for the English Funds was good, as, in addition to the certainty of a favourable Budget, and to stimulating Bank returns, money was easier through the purchases caused by the re-investment of the April dividends. Between the 17th November and the 15th March 209 ships of 146,631 tons, and 606 smaller vessels of 1,960 tons had passed through the Suez Canal. Of these, 80 ships (56,052 tons) were English, and 44 ships 54,390 tons French. The total amount of steam tonnage was 142,217, that of sailing vessels but 3,715; thus confirming the prediction that the canal would be chiefly useful for steamers. The Liverpool Cotton Market was active, at steadily advancing rates; the total sales during the last week of March having been 94,740 bales. In the manufacturing districts generally business, though not very active, was on an ordinary average. In France, Germany, Austria, and Spain there was much disquietude in consequence of the unsettled state of political affairs, but at the close of the first quarter of the year there was no apparent sign of the speedy outbreak of war, and the wildest imagination could not have dreamed of the convulsions which in a few short months were to shake Continental Europe to its centre, and reduce to the most extreme misery its hitherto predominating Power.

The Budget, made public early in April, presented a collection of revenues amounting to £75,434,000, ng the largest total attained since the last three years of the old French war, against an expenditure of £67,564,000, leaving a surplus of £7,870,000, which surplus was disposed of in paying the cost of the Abyssinian war, the expenses of which, originally estimated at £3,000,000, really amounted to £8,800,000, or more than £1,000,000 for each prisoner rescued, England, in fact, being only responsible for seven individuals. In the course of his speech Mr. Lowe remarked that during the years 1813-14-15 the revenue actually received amounted to £75,500,000, at a period when the population of these islands did not exceed 18,000,000, or little more than half the present population, when the wealth of the country was not more than one-fourth of its present wealth, and when the foreign trade, now amounting to £400,000,000, did not exceed £90,000,000. This revenue, he stated, was comparatively equal to a revenue of £300,000,000 at the present day; and the fact of its collection was an unquestionable proof of the enthusiastic patriotism of the nation at that period, whilst the present revenue of the country afforded ample evidence of the abundant wealth and resources of Great Britain. There had been some fear expressed that the new mode of taxation would cause trouble and discontent; nevertheless the taxes were paid apparently without any greater difficulty than usual. The new tax on railways, however, which imposed a tax of 1 per cent. on the total traffic, instead of 5 per cent. on the passenger traffic, was unfavourably received, and produced some dissatisfaction. Early in April the news of the terrible massacre of English travellers in Greece was received in England, causing a thrill of horror and a burning desire for vengeance to pervade the entire community. This frightful massacre, which may be regarded as the first of the dire events that will render the year 1870 ever memorable in history, led to numerous debates in Parliament as to the best or most desirable plan of obtaining redress for such an atrocious crime. Difficulties, however, presented themselves in the way of every method proposed. On the 23rd May Lord Carnarvon made a speech in the House of Lords, in which, although he showed the clearest possible grasp of the cause of the terrible calamity, he was as vague as others when he came to the practical question of what it was the duty of England to do in the matter. It was argued that if England were to withdraw its protectorate, Greece would probably be conquered by France or Russia; but even if such were the case, the country would be more prosperous and safer in every respect than it is in its present condition. Eventually, however, the chiefs of the banditti who murdered the unfortunate foreigners were brought to trial, and convicted and beheaded, together with several of their followers. Other bandits were chased and shot by soldiers in different parts of the country; and other serious events speedily occurring to occupy the public mind, the tragedy was partially effaced from memory. The revolution in the system of the Civil Service that took place in June, and which placed the Service on a purely popular basis by opening it to public competition, and making an intellectual test necessary to all who desire to enter it, met with general approbation, and promises to introduce to the ranks a more useful, active, and intelligent class of public servants. Among the events of the year of considerable interest to shareholders was the decision of Vice-Chancellor Malins in the case of the International Life Assurance Company, one of the directors of which company had borrowed £5,000 of Messrs. Glyn and Co. for pressing liabilities. The Vice-Chancellor decided that though directors of joint stock companies have no special power to borrow money, giving unpaid calls as security, they have power to do all that they consider just and reasonable, in order to carry on business, by borrowing money on the security mentioned if it be needed. Although throughout the first six months of the year there were, as was reasonably to be expected, constant fluctuations in the Money Market and in the state of trade in the manufacturing districts, yet by comparing week with week, the prospects of increasing prosperity were generally favourable. In the first week of May Sir John Lubbock announced that in the Clearing-house the twelve settling Consol days showed an increased amount of cheques and bills to the amount of £6,662,000 over the corresponding days in 1869. The accumulation of gold and bullion in the Bank of England occasionally exercised a depressing influence on the Money Market, and the unsettled state of affairs on the Continent also acted adversely, although not to the degree that might have been expected. The *plebiscite* vote in France would, it was feared, lead to serious trouble, but its result gave increased confidence; and the general belief was that, notwithstanding the dissatisfaction with the Empire prevalent among the working classes in Paris and the great manufacturing towns and cities of France, the imperial dynasty was rendered secure, at least for a lengthened period. Business varied considerably in the manufacturing districts, but on the whole there was a gradual and steady, though perhaps not generally an active, improvement. The want of rain in May and June throughout Great Britain and the whole of Western Europe, which caused a general drought to prevail, led to a rise in the grain and flour market, and importers were eager to bring corn to this country. The hay crop was a complete failure, but the drawback of a doubtful harvest was largely made up by the increased activity of trade apparent towards the middle of June. The iron trade was the most buoyant, shipbuilding was improving, and the increase of manufactures in the cotton districts gave reason to look forward to a busy period. The difficulties in France were believed to be in a fair way of settlement, Germany was quiet, Italy struggling with her indebtedness, Spain looking still for a king, although four princes to whom the crown had been offered had declined to accept it. Altogether all things appeared favourable to peace. On the 15th June the Clearing-house figures showed the highest amount ever recorded, the clearing on that day being no less than £33,952,000. The revenue on the 25th June was already £500,000 better than the estimate with which the year began. Railway securities, which had suffered depression from the change in the mode of taxation already alluded to, and had found special cause of discouragement in the dreadful accident on the Great Northern line, were beginning to recover; and notwithstanding a variety of drawbacks, the prospects of renewed prosperity with which the year commenced had increased rather than diminished when the first six months had passed away.

In the month of June the Orleans Princes petitioned the Emperor Napoleon to have the law, banishing them from France, repealed. France had just passed through one of its periodical revolutionary phases; the *plebiscite* had been a success for the Emperor, who had become, apparently, more than ever securely fixed upon the throne, and had, as was the general opinion in Europe, obtained a long lease, if not a perpetuity to his dynasty. It was, therefore, with some surprise that the news was received that Napoleon the Third had refused to grant the petition of the exiled Princes. It was thought that by acting generously in this instance to those who might often have been his rivals, but who have never made the attempt to create a diversion in their favour since the day of their banishment, the Emperor might have done a sensible and a politic thing in showing to the world that his was the only succession, and that he feared no rival near his throne, while in acting as he did, he seemed to show an unexpected want of confidence in the foundation and stability of his power. It would almost seem, however, that he had a prophetic knowledge of the jeopardy in which he was so soon to find himself, and that he feared the presence of the Princes in France in the midst of a war which he knew, from the first, would tax all the resources of the country, although, probably, he little thought how terrible would be its results. July had scarcely commenced when Marshal Prim, still seeking a king for the vacant throne of Spain, unfortunately for France especially, and for Germany, as well as, to a considerable extent, for Europe at large, fixed upon a petty Hohenzollern Prince, who, unluckily, consented to accept the crown that had been so often almost contemptuously refused. France deemed this acceptation an insult, and an additional proof of the grasping desires of Prussia. King William was promptly requested to disavow formally the candidateship of his kinsman of Hohenzollern on pain of war with France. For the moment it was thought that the King of Prussia had declined to concede to the demand of France, and war was regarded as inevitable. A fearful panic ensued, and French *Rentes* fell to 67f. 5c. When, however, it was known that King William had agreed to the demand of France; there was a general feeling of relief throughout Europe. It was as if the nations had awakened from a terrible nightmare which had oppressed them, and once again they breathed freely. It was believed that the danger was past, and that peace would still be triumphant. France, however, was not yet satisfied, or she doubted the good faith of Prussia, and a fresh demand was made, that King William should disavow the acceptation of the crown of Spain by any member of his family in all time to come. To this demand the King bluntly refused to accede, and on the 15th of July France declared war against Prussia, amidst the loud acclamations of the lower classes of the French metropolis, among whom the idea of war was popular. How, to the utter amazement and bewilderment of the Powers not engaged in the struggle, France speedily succumbed to the foe she had so often conquered is known to everybody through the newspapers of the day, whose columns have, since the opening of the war, been chiefly filled with the terrible details of bloodshed and pillage. It is sufficient to say that after the loss of two great battles Sedan capitulated, and the Emperor Napoleon surrendered himself a prisoner to the King of Prussia on the 3rd September, scarcely six weeks after the first declaration of war. The consequence of this surrender was the immediate declaration of a nominal Republic in Paris, under a suddenly-extemporised Provisional Government, with Jules Favre as its chief; the acceptation of the Republic in all the chief cities and towns of France, and the flight of the Empress and the young Prince Imperial to England. Napoleon was sent a prisoner of war, in honourable captivity, to Wilhelmshohe; and the victorious Germans marched forward through the heart of France, conquering all before them as they proceeded, until they encamped themselves, after having met with but little resistance on their march, before the walls and fortresses of Paris, King William of Prussia making his headquarters at Versailles, with the avowed object of capturing the French capital, either by bombardment or by the slower but even more fatal process of starving the besieged into submission. The French, almost everywhere defeated, still refused all overtures for peace on the German terms of a surrender of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. The capital has not yet been bombarded, nor has it surrendered, and the end is not yet; nor, even now, could anyone dare to foretell what will be the termination of the great conflict. Another great and astounding result of this most terrible war has been the surrender of Rome to Italy, or rather to the King of Italy. But a few weeks before the Œcumenical Council, which had been sitting for months in Rome to decide upon the fallibility or infallibility of the Pope, had declared His Holiness to be infallible, in the midst of a terrific tempest which darkened the atmosphere, and in which the heavy peals of thunder deadened the voices of the cardinals and prelates who proclaimed the impious decision. Scarcely had the Pope accepted his new and, as many even of the Roman Catholics themselves believe, blasphemously-usurped spiritual authority, before he lost his temporal power for ever. A new map of Europe will mark the astounding changes that have taken place on the Continent since the beginning of July, but how that map will be drawn remains yet to be seen. The sudden outbreak of war between the two most powerful of the Continental nations of Europe necessarily affected the markets of every description in England, as well as elsewhere. That the collapse of a great country like France, so near to England, and so closely connected with England in trade, must injure us more or less, is certain. The question is to what extent we shall be injured, and whether also we may not be in some respects gainers as well as losers? We shall suffer more as exporters than as importers, inasmuch as the articles we import from France are chiefly luxuries, and are not essential to us. France, however, must stop buying from us to any large extent, and in this respect we should suffer severely, were it not that our losses will be in a great degree modified by the method of our trade with France, by which our accounts are settled by drafts on some other nation or nations. Still we must, under any circumstances, suffer greatly from the temporary collapse of so great and important a neighbour. The immediate result on the outbreak of the war was, as a matter of course, a general depression in trade throughout the manufacturing districts. This heaviness also extended to railway and other shares, and in some degree to the Money Market, since fears were at first entertained that England might, by some means or other, be drawn into the conflict, which it was thought might become general. From this depression, however, affairs soon rallied, and one effect of the war on the Stock Exchange was that the dealing in Foreign Securities was rendered most healthy. A great many new loans were introduced, all of which were received with a certain amount of public approbation. Another effect of the war was to bring capital to this country for investment. At the end of September the Board of Trade returns, notwithstanding the fact that business had been much influenced by the troubles on the Continent, compared favourably with those of the two previous seasons. There was a slight, though but a slight increase. The traffic receipts upon the leading lines of railways compared favourably as with previous years, although the upward course, as was to be expected, was much interrupted by sympathy with the decline in other markets influenced by the war. A slight decline was apparent in Consols, and a general heaviness prevailed throughout the various foreign securities. The grain trade was firm, although the demand was not very active. The cotton trade was sluggish, the total number of bales imported during the week ending Sept. 29, 1870, being 96,599; exported, 11,648.

During the last three months of the year the unsettled feeling created by the constant successes of the Prussians, and the apparent demoralisation of the French army with the surrender of Metz, has thoroughly paralysed business. The charge of treachery against Bazaine was of course freely discussed and as strenuously contradicted. The gallant defence of Paris, and the confidence exhibited in General Trochu seemed to raise hopes that the policy of King William and Count Bismarck might yet be frustrated. The endeavours of Jules Favre and M. Thiers to secure terms for an armistice with the view of carrying out the election for a National Assembly were unavailing, because the Prussians would not undertake to recognise the question of a revictualling of Paris. Meanwhile business in all departments became more stagnant than ever; the prices of stocks and shares fluctuated violently, but principally in the upward direction. The Prussian headquarters having been established at Versailles previously to the arrangements for the bombardment of Paris again indicated the advanced position of the enemy. No prospect of peace being entertained without a surrender of territory, the old cry of Alsace and Lorraine being still raised as the basis of negotiation, the French betook themselves to strengthening Paris in every available manner. With the seat of Government established at Tours, connection was kept open with Trochu as long as possible, and the siege operations of the Germans having made great progress, the English and American residents were at length ordered to quit the capital. From that time to the present we know the effect of the various sorties, the narrative of the capture and recapture of Orleans, the occupation of Rouen, and the removal of the French Government to Bordeaux, the surrender of Phalsburg and Montmedy, and the advance of the Prussians on Havre and Cherbourg. All these events have more or less been regarded with diminished interest, because the power and organisation of the German forces demonstrate that unless some fortuitous circumstance arises they will eventually prove the conquerors. Notwithstanding the valorous display of the armies of the North and the Loire they are unable to resist the torrent of *materiel* and picked men brought against them. The evil that many people anticipated from the first, when with the collapse of France we lost a true ally, viz., that Russia would seize the opportunity to break through the obligations we forced upon her by the treaty, and to open again the Eastern question, speedily came to pass. In the midst of the prevailing difficulties Prince Gortschakoff, on behalf of the Czar, despatched a note to Baron Brunow, in which he declared in *brusque* language the intentions of his august master to disregard all faith and honesty of purpose, and, whether the co-signers of the Treaty liked it or not, no longer to adhere to the clause which forbade any nation to maintain a war-fleet in the Black Sea. Although he disavowed any idea of re-opening the Eastern Question, and professed an earnest desire for peace, it was sufficiently palpable that the mere object of sending Russian war-ships into the Black Sea was not his only purpose in infringing the Treaty. The prompt and firm reply of Lord Granville, however, supported by the press and the people of England, surprised the action of the Muscovite ruler. Whether or not he had reason to expect the support of Prussia, but was somewhat too precipitate, it is certain that the position of Bismarck, who does not just at this critical moment wish ny of England, also disappointed him, and an agreement has been made for a Conference to be held in London, in February next, to reconsider the clauses of the Treaty; England disclaiming and Russia previously withdrawing the official note. Thus a war with Russia, which at one moment seemed imminent, will, it is to be hoped, be averted. At the close of November there were violent fluctuations in all the markets for securities, chiefly traceable to the continued agitation of the Russian difficulty. Such variations, however, were to be anticipated, and a perfect panic was at one period apparent through the different descriptions of rumours circulated. The Americans still kept open the vexed *Alabama* Question, that it might serve as a watchword to ambitious politicians; and lately the almost equally vexed question of the fisheries has been raised with Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia; the Americans preferring the absurd claim to run the line not according to the customary usage, at the distance of a marine league from the general outline of the coast, but at the distance of a league from the shore in all the creeks and bays along the coast; which would, of course, admit their vessels into the best private fishing grounds of the Canadians and Nova Scotians. No great apprehension is, however, entertained of hostilities or an unfavourable result; but these discussions are sufficient to make prices sensitive and encourage speculation for the fall. Throughout December a similar position of uncertainty has prevailed, and the latest phase of the war is that, an united Germany having been established, King William is to assume the title of Emperor. There is likewise the unity of Italy effected; and the grand majority of the Spanish people have elected the Duke d'Aosta as king. He promises to be an able administrator, but in a country like the one he is called to govern he will require to exercise great forbearance. The armies of the Loire and the North have suffered severely, but they may again rise and receive assistance from the south. Even as these pages are closed Bismarck has arranged a new surprise by opening up the question of the Luxembourg Treaty as a menace, it is presumed, to England in the face of discomfiture experienced by France.

Business during the past three weeks has in every channel and in every department visibly diminished. Little credence is placed in anticipatory telegrams, and when they are confirmed the details occasionally so strongly vary that the operators refrain extending engagements. The year terminates with great doubt and uncertainty as respects the future, but if peace should suddenly be concluded, then we may look forward to a period of prosperity unparalleled in modern times.

The highest and lowest prices touched by the English Funds, and also some of the principal Foreign Stocks, during the past year, are shown in the subjoined table. It will be perceived that the highest were just anterior to the rumours of war, and the lowest when the war commenced. The declaration of hostilities was very sudden, but their immediate progress was rather delayed.

Consols	May	94½	88½	Aug.
Do. for Acct.	„	94⅝	88⅝	„
New Three per Cents.	Feb.	93⅛	88⅝	„
Reduced „ „	„	93⅛	88⅝	„
Exchequer Bills	Dec.	15 prem.	3 dis.	Feb.
Brazil Five per Cents., 1865	May	92⅞	84½	July.
Egypt, 1868	June	83¾	63½	July.
Mexican	June	17⅝	11⅞	July.
Peruvian	June	92¼	77¼	Jan.
Russian, 1862	Sep.	89¼	79	July.
Spanish, 1867	Nov.	32⅝	22	July.
„ 1869	Nov.	32½	22½	July.
Turkish Six per Cents., 1854	April	90	77½	Nov.
„ Five per Cents., 1865	June	54⅝	34½	July.
„ Six per Cents., 1869	June	66	43	July.
Italian Five per Cents.	June	60⅜	43½	July.
United States 5/20	Oct.	91¾	78	July.
„ „ 10/40	July	88⅞	77¾	July.

In Railway Shares the variations have also been important. Annexed are the highest and lowest prices marked. When the great depression in Foreign Securities occurred, the state of business in Railway Securities was most alarming. A fluctuation of 15 to 20 per cent. in some descriptions will show the extent of depreciation that existed.

Caledonian	Dec.	86	69	Augt.
Great Eastern	May	43⅛	24½	July.
Great Northern	May	125½	110	Jan.
Great Western	April	73⅛	58½	Jan.
Lancashire and Yorkshire	June	135¾	123	Augt.
Brighton	April	47¾	30¾	Augt.
London, Chatham and Dover	April	17	11½	July.
North Western	June	132⅛	119	July.
South Western	Feb.	94¼	85	Sept.
Midland	June	133⅛	119	Augt.
North Eastern	June	149⅞	124¾	March.
South Eastern	April	79⅛	61¾	Augt.
South Kensington	Jan.	21⅝	12¾	July.

East Indian	May	115¼	... 104½	July.
Great Indian Peninsula	May	111½	... 102½	Augt.
Grand Trunk of Canada	March	16⅜	... 10	Augt,
Great Western, Canada	April	17½	... 12	Augt.

Subjoined are the highest and lowest amounts touched by some of the principal items on the Bank of England return during the past twelvemonths :—

	Date.	Highest.	Lowest.	Date.
		£	£	
Other Securities	Augt. 3,	23,492,053	15,471,615	Oct. 26.
Notes unemployed ...	Dec. 7,	13,508,810	8,527,100	Augt. 10.
Bullion	Dec. 7,	22,672,493	18,761,616	Augt. 3.
Private Deposits	Feb. 2,	21,100,910	15,781,829	March 23.
Public Deposits	June 29,	13,633,699	4,116,726	Oct. 12.
Government Securities...	Jan. 5,	16,311,399	12,483,861	Aug. 10.
Active Circulation... ...	Augt. 3,	24,430,785	21,947,550	March 16.

The first financial operation of the year was £800,000 City of Boston Bonds, brought out by Messrs. Baring Brothers at 5 per cent., the price being 87 per cent. The next great affair was £12,000,000 nominal capital for a Russian 5 per cent. loan, to be raised in London and Paris by Messrs. Rothschild Brothers at 80 per cent. for every £100 Stock. The succeeding transaction was a loan raised by Messrs. J. S. Morgan, for £800,000 in 7 per cent. gold Mortgage Bonds, for the Illinois and St. Louis Bridge Railway, at the rate of £180 for each £200 Bond. Messrs. Schröder and Co. then announced the issue of 2,000,000 dollar gold Bonds, at the rate of 8 per cent., for the State of Alabama. The price was 94½ per cent. on £212 13s. 5d. for the Bond of 1,000 dols. Messrs. Schröder followed with a loan for £1,000,000 on behalf of the Imperial Government of Japan, the interest being 9 per cent., and the price of issue 98. The next important operation was the Khedive (Mortgage) loan brought out by Messrs. Bischoffheim and Goldsmid. The amount was large—viz., £7,142,800, but the chief total was subscribed in Paris. The price was £78 10s. for every £100 Stock. The Imperial Ottoman Bank later issued 35,000 shares out of 50,000 shares of the Bank of Roumania, at a premium of £1 10s. per share. Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co. brought forward the Roumanian State Railway Loan of £600,000, at the price of 72 per cent., the interest being 7½ per cent. Subsequently Messrs. Rothschild Brothers introduced the Spanish Quicksilver Loan of £2,318,000 in a 5 per cent. Stock at 80. Messrs. Schröder and Co. were shortly again in the field with the New Peruvian Loan for £11,920,000, the Stock being issued at 6 per cent., at the price of 82½. Messrs. C. Devaux and Co. then brought forward the Roumanian Government Iron Bridges Loan for £434,331, the interest being 7 per cent., and the price £36 for £100 certificate. After this operation Messrs. Bischoffheim and Goldsmid introduced the supplemented Honduras loan of £2,500,000, at the rate of 80 per cent. for £100 Stock, the interest being 10 per cent. per annum. Messrs. C. De Murietta then announced a loan of £1,034,000 for the State of Buenos Ayres, the rate of interest being 6 per cent., and the price 88. The attempt of Messrs. Thomson, Bonar, and Co. to negotiate a loan for Monte Video of £3,000,000, at the price of 88 for a 6 per cent. Stock, was a signal failure, and it was very soon withdrawn. Since then the only important loan engagements have been connected with the belligerent Powers—France and Prussia. France very quickly raised £10,000,000 at the price of 85 for a 6 per cent. Stock. Germany has completed a transaction of £7,500,000 in Treasury Bonds, £3,000,000 being subscribed in London at the price of £96 10s. for every £100 Stock, bearing 5 per cent. interest, redeemable in five years.

The fluctuations in the rate of discount at the Bank have been numerous. In July the official *minimum* was advanced from 3 to 3½ per cent. It then went from 3½ to 4 per cent., and subsequently from 4 to 5. At this time the market was suffering from panic through the war, and the fearful failures at the Stock Exchange. In August the rate went from 5 to 6 per cent., and on the 12th the Bank of France suspended specie payment. There was subsequently a reaction as rapid as the previous advance—viz., the quotation having descended between then and the 29th of September to 2½ per cent., the price at which it now stands, whilst there is every reason to expect that the quantity of capital afloat till the war is over will be greater than ever.

OUR COMMERCIAL PROGRESS.

IN these days of rapid and regular news, the true history of a country is to be found in the daily press. Fifty years ago, the tardy compilation of the Annual Register sufficed for our inquiring minds, and we were content to glean from its chronological epitome the salient points of those events, which were important enough to mark the days on which they happened. Of a very motley character were they ;—a great fire—in time of war, a battle, in which the numerical accuracy of the opposing forces was curiously vague—a duel—a riot—a highway robbery—or an elopement, intermingled with records of less exciting items—such as a fasting woman, the death of a centenarian, or the birth of a child with three heads. These facts, narrated in a prosaic manner far different from the sensationalism of the present day, constituted a mental pabulum strong enough to keep alive the interest of the country 'squire as to what was going on in other parts of the country—or, to speak more correctly, what *had* gone on, say a year and a half ago.

But beyond general events, readers had few interests. The progressive state of the country was a subject that offered charms to none but political economists and those engaged in commerce. Perhaps, indeed, it never occurred to them to think that it *was* any business of theirs, whether the kingdom was prosperous or otherwise ; and prices, except that of wheat at the nearest market town, were subjects of utter haziness save to those whose affair it was to regulate them. But we have changed very much of all this ; and although, even now, it is the habit to discourse—and, alas ! with too much reason—on the craving for unhealthy stimulants which characterises so many readers, it is, on the other hand, satisfactory to know that there is a large and daily increasing class deeply interested in following the progress of the country through its many ramifications.

Questions financial, commercial, economical and social, are now narrowly discussed and criticised ; and people are beginning to feel that in the few brief and curt sentences, which are found in the daily papers under the various heads of trade reports, are concealed facts and truths of deep import to all the inhabitants of England. To know that "Sea Island was heavy," "raisins dull," or "tallow excited," does not at first convey any vivid impression to the outsider ; but it is really these and such like little items of intelligence that tell the observer from day to day whether we are faring ill or well; whether we are likely to have any money to the fore when pay-day comes round, or whether our cheques will be returned marked "no effects;" whether we are to stand in good credit amongst the nations of the earth, or to be looked at askance as possible defaulters; whether we are to expect plenty or scarcity—in other words, what has been our progress through the year.

In a brief review of such a subject, so as to be of interest to the general reader, it is advisable to steer as clear of figures as possible, although to a nation of shopkeepers like ourselves they are popularly supposed to furnish our most exciting topic. But, though they cannot be wholly dispensed with in a retrospect like this, we shall trust as much as possible to facts—which, after all, constitute the results of the figures.

Unfortunately for the world in general, the routine of the year has been violently and terribly broken in upon by a war, the parallel of which, for its gigantic scale, its loss of life, and the distress which it has occasioned, is not to be found in history. It is, nevertheless, one of the most curious features of the age that, with a contest raging within a day's journey of us, and involving two of the most powerful nations upon earth, commerce, though it has undoubtedly received a very rude shock, still goes on in a comparatively methodical manner, merely diverging from some of its accustomed tracks, just as an artery anastomoses with another when there is a blockade in its usual course.

The wonder is, that there is not an utter *bouleversement* of the whole system, and that it is not so is a proof of the gigantic network which entwines the whole world, and is scarcely broken through even while people are flying at each other's throats. The first and most vital question of each year, and still more vital in time of war, is that of supply—or, as merchants put it, the state of the produce market; and this in itself is always a subject of considerable interest, omitting the jargon of prices and trade terms.

Our food supplies claim priority of mention, for it is clear that if we do not eat, neither can we work; and a year of plenty and cheap prices is about the best doctor that a nation can desire. As the British farmer considers himself the pillar of society, we will first see how agriculture has fared, and what supplies we have been obliged to draw from abroad to eke out our necessities. On the whole, our agriculture, notwithstanding a trying spring and summer, has been of a fairly satisfactory character, except in the matter of wheat. We have not so much land as we had under wheat cultivation, there being a decrease of 195,226 acres compared with 1869. We have also planted less oats; but, on the other hand, we have more barley, which will be welcome news to beer-drinkers, and as discouraging to the teetotallers. The returns of acreage last July stood as follows :—

	Acres.
Wheat	3,493,131
Barley	2,368,626
Oats	2,761,707
Potatoes	587,304
Hops	60,038

Our imports of wheat have been very large during the year and unfortunately show a persistent increase which might, according to some, be avoided. In the first three quarters we imported 23,576,800 cwt. from Russia, Prussia, Turkey, the United States, and British North America. The States, indeed, have furnished us with an enormous quantity of breadstuffs, as they are called—viz., 9,475,447 cwt., which is almost double what they sent us in the corresponding period of 1868. This large foreign supply arises from our having had a very bad harvest in 1869, while the previous year was noted throughout the Continent for an equally splendid one; and this, combined with the repeal of what was left of the duty, caused foreign growers to flood our markets to such an excess that they became glutted. This was bad for our farmers, but satisfactory to the public, who obtained their corn cheaper in 1870 than in 1869 by 15s. 7d. per quarter. The mere mention of a Russian difficulty, however, was sufficient at once to heighten the prices; for it would be a serious thing for us if our principal granary, next to the United States, were to be closed to us, which would be the case in the event of a Russian war. The whole subject, however, of importation of wheat opens up a question of extreme importance to this country—viz., why cannot we produce this corn ourselves? There are 31,861,040 acres of waste land in the United Kingdom, of which ten millions might be made to grow corn or other crops. If this were done, we should not only to a great degree feed our own mouths, but we should also be giving work to hundreds and thousands of unemployed labourers, who are at present a burden on the rates or on private charity. This is a question in itself well worthy to occupy the earnest attention of our statesmen.

Our cattle, in the first half of the year, numbered 5,394,756; an increase of 81,283, which, when compared with the numbers at the termination of the cattle plague, shows that we have satisfactorily outgrown our losses. But in the last few months the foot-and-mouth disease has lamentably affected both cattle and sheep; and it would almost seem as though the experience which we had gained during the Rinderpest had been thrown away upon us. Each week sees an increase in the number of attacks, and yet the country cannot make up its mind to follow rigorously what appears to be the most effective treatment—viz., that of isolation and disinfectants; and we verily believe that if the Rinderpest were to appear again amongst us which (it may possibly do), the authorities would again go through a certain amount of delay before insisting upon a vigorous sanitary régime.

As regards other provisions, we have imported during the year considerably less butter, eggs, bacon, and ham. With the two former items France, in ordinary years, supplies us largely; but latterly the reverse has taken place, and we have exported both to France and Germany. The duty paid on chicory, cocoa, coffee, sugar, rum, and wine, amounted (up to the beginning of November) to £21,912,220. There has been an increase on cocoa, chocolate, fruit, Geneva, molasses, tea, tobacco, and snuff; and a decrease in chicory, coffee, rum, brandy, sugar, and wine, amounting to half a million. We must be thankful for small mercies, and therefore it is a matter of congratulation, in these days of adulteration, that there was a decrease in chicory; although when we find that it was imported to the tune of nearly £100,000, we may well ask whether there is any hope for the lover of pure coffee. Adulteration, indeed, is fast becoming one of our most important social questions—partly owing to the researches in that direction of the *Food Journal* and its analytical staff. But the neglect of our rulers, and the extraordinary carelessness of the public, have allowed the evil to go on from year to year unchecked and unchallenged until it is almost impossible to get an honest article for a fair price. In fact, consciously or unconsciously, our retail provision trade is too often a series of frauds.

The cup that cheers but not inebriates (though we fear that there is [illegible] of the cheerful in [illegible] and iron filings) is still in high and increasing favour, and we get through about a quarter of a million pounds a day. From July 1, 1869, to June 30, 1870. [illegible] 138,000,000 [illegible] duty was paid for the forty-[illegible] ,755,174 [illegible] against [illegible] has under-[illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] going to that [illegible] Cabul and the [illegible] instead of coming through Mincing Lane. The necessity for holding such large stocks in this country is also done away with; not only lessening risk to our merchants, but preventing deterioration in the tea itself. What the Suez Canal is doing for us, the Pacific Railway is doing for New York, to which city teas are now sent from San Francisco instead of by the Isthmus of Panama, as formerly.

Still greater changes have come over the trade in sugar, our consumption of which, for the year up to November 5, amounted to 492,804 tons, against 445,267 in 1869. This increase is mainly due to the reduction of the sugar duties by Mr. Lowe in the early part of the year; an operation which lessened the duty on lump sugar from 12s. to 6s., and on raw from 8s. to 4s. The practical result to the consumer is a reduction of about a halfpenny per pound in the retail price. Greenock and the Clyde are now our greatest sugar ports; the trade in London having receded terribly in this respect—partly owing to a stupid convention made with France by the Customs' authorities, by which the French have never attempted to abide; and partly to a want of uniformity in the assessment of sugar at different English ports, and the consequent uncertainty in which sugar exporters are placed as to the drawback to which they are entitled. Civil Service officials are not always famous for readiness in obliging those who have the misfortune to be dependent upon them; and the sugar merchants, as a rule, complain loudly of the despotic authority exercised by the Customs department. They find great difficulty in obtaining information as to the amount of drawback; and if they base their claim upon the standards legally in force, the chances are that it is looked upon as excessive, the sugars are seized, and the merchants have to petition for their release without being made to pay a fine. All this does not tend to the development of the sugar trade in London. One of the most extraordinary phases of this trade is the gradual substitution of beetroot sugar for cane sugar. The growth of beetroot has become a very important industry on the Continent, and thousands of acres were planted (before the war) both in France and Germany. From thence this industry spread to England, and was first commenced at Lavenham, in Suffolk, by Mr. Duncan, an enterprising merchant of Mincing Lane. He has not only proved it to be possible, but to be also a commercial success; and this year he has brought to market beetroot sugar, which for fineness equals the best cane. Mr. Duncan has shown that beetroot will thrive well in the south and midlands of England and Ireland, to the benefit of the sugar consumer, the merchant, the farmer (who thereby gains cheaper and increased feeding power for his stock), and the labourer, who gets work in the sugar factory at a time of year when everything else is slack. The West India planters, with the perversity of ignorance, continue to regard the success of the beetroot as a myth, although each month shows a decreasing trade for themselves. In fact they waste their resources by throwing away a large proportion of sugar in the canes, and sending over the remainder in such a filthy state that it is hardly fit for refining. It will scarcely be credited that eight millions a year are on an average sacrificed in this manner. We must not close our notice of the provision supply without mention of the preserved meats many thousand cwts. of which have been sent over from our Australian colonies during the year. It is true that our scientific men have not yet found the golden secret of transporting fresh meat (alive or dead) from the Antipodes to this country; so that the greater portion of the supply comes in the form of tinned meat—and a most valuable adjunct to our provisions does it make. This branch of trade is rapidly increasing in Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland, where the opening of new establishments for preserving meat is reported by each mail. It is scarcely to be wondered at, that with such a fine opportunity of doing business, a good deal of inferior stuff is foisted upon us. And though this contributes to keep up prejudice against Australian meats in the minds of many, it is not fair to condemn such an obviously valuable material, because a few foolish and unprincipled dealers have not the wit to keep their hands from picking and stealing; neither must we forget that to these preserved meats Paris is largely indebted for her capability of holding out against the besiegers.

Now let us turn to a few of our great staple trades, and glance at their progress during the year; and we shall find that, notwithstanding the disturbing influences of the war, progress has been exceedingly satisfactory. In fact we are verifying the truth of the old proverb that "what is one man's meat is another's poison;" for there has latterly been not only a great increase of trade at home, but a great influx of money also. The railway companies have been so overwhelmed with business that they could scarcely get through it, and our shipping interests have been correspondingly improved. The iron trade throughout the year has been unusually active, and particularly since the war broke out; because the iron works of Germany and France have been so deranged, if not altogether stopped, that they could not have supplied what little demand there was. Again, France had lately become a formidable competitor of ours in this trade, and even came into the English [illegible]t to supply our railways with locomotives; so that, in every way, the shutting up of her works has done us good. On the other hand, however, she was a good customer for our wrought and railway iron, and that custom we have of course temporarily lost; for whereas in one single month (September) of 1869 we exported to her £66,366 worth of iron and £32,230 of machinery, in the corresponding month of 1870 we only sent £17,516 of the one and £8,187 of the other. Until the recent occurrence of the Russian difficulty, the iron trade of Great Britain has been in a very healthy state. The cloud of distrust and low prices which hung over us for so many years has been gradually uplifting, causing a great increase in the employment of labour from the re-opening of blast furnaces which had been standing idle for years, and the development of new iron fields, principally in the north of England. In the first nine months of the year our exports of railway iron were 862,218 tons, of the value of £7,057,730, as against 697,175 tons, value £5,578,447, in 1869. America and Russia have been all along our best customers, and one of the first body of men to suffer in the event of an Eastern war would be our iron masters, and—worse than that—our iron workers, who would soon find a programme set before them of reduction of wages, blowing out of furnaces, discharge of men, diminution of coal, collieries standing idle, and the demon of poverty generally hovering over the district—for colliers and furnacemen are never famous for looking a week ahead, or preparing for a rainy day. The coal trade always sympathises with the iron trade, for they are mutually dependent on each other. House coal is of course brisk or otherwise, according to the mildness or severity of the weather and the increase of population; but this is a small item, as compared with the enormous quantities used for manufacturing purposes. The export of coal up to the 1st October was 8,672,803 tons, value £4,131,505; whereas in 1869 we only sent away 7,931,982 tons. Until the next Report of the Inspectors of Mines is issued, it is impossible to state the quantity of coal raised from the pits in the United Kingdom; but from Mr. Hull's calculations of the average increase, we may roughly estimate the output for 1870 at about a hundred and twenty million tons. What incessant activity is represented by this sum; not only in getting the coals themselves, but in their subsequent uses through all the phases of English industry. People seldom stop to think of the vast interests which are bound up in facts and figures such as these; or even of the enormous money value of the waste products, such as coal-smoke, which we annually allow to be deposited in the atmosphere. Even a "black" that settles on our nose has a definite money value, and is so much waste carbon.

The war has affected the coal trade as well as the others. Germany always took a large quantity from us, but in consequence of the blockade of the Prussian ports by the French fleet, the supplies, which in the month of September, 1869, were of the value of £51,054, dwindled down last September to £14,428. France, on the other hand, partially made up for this loss, for her ports were open, and as she was in want of coal, our exports were £74,404, instead of £63,464. In the export of machinery likewise there has been a progressive increase, and principally to Egypt, which, under the rule of the Viceroy, is now foremost among foreign nations in all agricultural improvements. In this country, too, high-class farming has advanced with great rapidity—a fact of which anybody may judge for himself by paying a visit to the implement-yard at the Royal Agricultural Society's yearly exhibition. Agricultural machine works have consequently assumed a size and dignity which place them on a par with the large industrial establishments of the day.

It is satisfactory to find that our great centres of textile fabrics have fairly kept pace with the industry of the year; and although there have been no great excitements to report, on the other hand there has been no great stagnation. Our cotton transactions during the first ten months have been :—

	Imports. Bales.	Exports. Bales.
American	1,315.576	118,429
Brazilian	336,506	65,368
East Indian	917,745	334,251
Egyptian	33 861	

Speaking generally, the cotton trade has been marked by the following features :—

	Bales.
There has been an increase of import, compared with 1869, of	181,390
,, increase of quantity taken for consumption	245.480
There has been a decrease of actual export	63,470
,, decrease of stock	14,140
,, decrease of speculation	260,580

Not only our cotton, but our lace and silk trades have been favourably affected by the war. It is easy to understand this, when we know that ten millions of spindles are standing idle in poor France. Lyons, instead of making silks and satins, is busy making arrests, and the trade of Mulhouse has for the present been partly diverted to Macclesfield. The stoppage of the lace trade in Calais has brought more grist to the mills at Nottingham, although unfortunately it has also brought a number of refugees who were located in the former town. Within the last few months, there has been an increase in our shipments of cotton yarns of 32 per cent. in value and 52 in quantity; of cotton manufactures, 14 per cent. in value and 30 in quantity; of silk manufactures, 37 per cent. in value. Linen and woollen goods again have fallen off, although the month of September brought an order for woollen yarn and manufactures from Germany, to the amount of £310,236, to be used principally in great coats for the investing army. Apropos of silk, it ought to be mentioned that considerable good is expected to accrue to that trade through the establishment of the Silk Supply Association, which aims at the cultivation and breeding of silkworms in this country, as well as the introduction of the process of reeling, which has hitherto been carried on in France and Italy; whereas hundreds of Macclesfield operatives might have been employed with advantage during the many months of depression. It is impossible, in the brief space allotted, to draw other than the merest outline of these, the most important of English industries, and yet no review of the year can be considered as complete which does not take into account, if only by simple mention, those social or scientific changes which bring so many industries in their wake. Foremost amongst them are the new Post-office regulations, which have reduced the carriage of our newspapers to a halfpenny, and have given us the doubtful blessings of the halfpenny card. Such a concession, if carried out in a broad and liberal spirit, cannot fail to be acceptable to the public and a source of increased revenue to the postal department; but it seems as though the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand were afraid of giving too much, and did not quite comprehend the bold policy which influenced Sir Rowland Hill. While conferring on us the cheaper postage, they have taken away the pattern post, one of the greatest conveniences of modern times, and have also clogged the Postal Guide with such a multitude of reservations, that it requires careful study to see what we may or may not send. An uniform rate of postage at a halfpenny is the best remedy for all this hesitation, and we trust that, ere 1871 may have finished its course, this will become an established fact. Two great and important questions have approached a little nearer to their solution—viz., that of the Foreign Cattle Market and that of Sewage. The urgency of the latter makes it all the more surprising that so many years should have elapsed in discussing it. We have, however, arrived at the stage of unanimity as to the necessity for not wasting our sewage, and, probably, in the course of another ten years, when we shall have thrown away some hundreds of millions sterling, and poisoned one or two generations, we may agree as to whether irrigation or A B C is the right mode of settling the knotty point. The Public Health, too, is in anything but a satisfactory state. Though we spend millions annually in an elaborate and expensive organisation, we are unable to cope effectually with epidemic diseases—such as scarlet fever, or small-pox—and it seems as though our means of defence and protection were less and less dependable, in proportion as our departmental system of Government becomes more cumbrous and overgrown. This is the incubus which really lies at the bottom of half our grievances, and it would well become the great statesmen of our day to devote their attention and time towards remodelling the working power of our Public Offices; abolishing the useless obsolete, and substituting a cheaper, because more practical, form. The old British ship will sail better for a thorough trimming in this respect, and will not carry her head less high amongst foreign nations, for paying more attention to the wants and necessities of her own people.

AGRICULTURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING his cheery manner and apparently comfortable ease, the English farmer has long been regarded as an habitual grumbler, as certainly of late has he not been without some cause for complaint. The outside observer who makes his notes from the other side of the hedge, or from a corner seat in the Express, may, as usual, report the produce of the country as above the average, but those who speak for themselves tell a very different story. On opening the winter session, as it is termed, of the Farmers' Club, Mr. Charles Howard, the chairman, introduced the business of the evening in this way: "Since many of us last met—in May—the agriculturists of this country have passed through a very trying time, one of the most trying they have ever experienced. Indeed, I may say that, so far as the graziers are concerned, many hundreds of thousands of pounds have been sunk, and upon all the light corn-growing districts of the country a very serious deficiency has been witnessed. I have no doubt upon all the deep soils a good wheat crop will be realised.' This is, no question, a very accurate estimate, as never, perhaps, in the memory of man has the yield of wheat varied more than in 1870. On good lands, well done by, there have been often great crops, and on poor lands there has often been scarcely any crop at all. After coming through the district on that very morning we heard Mr. Rigden, the well-known Southdown breeder, say, at his sheep-sale at Hove, towards the end of August, that "never for the last thirty years had he known such bad crops of corn. Between his house and Shoreham there was not half a crop. In ordinary years, from one hundred to a hundred and twenty wheat-stacks might be seen, but this year there were hardly twenty," and so on. Then, at another sheep-sale on the far-famed fens of Lincolnshire, Mr. William Torr, who, like Mr. Rigden, is a member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, told the friends and neighbours assembled round his table how "if a farmer be not rich it is a long time before we can break him. He will grunt long and grunt well, but he has never grunted so well as during the last three years. You have lost some money from a succession of bad seasons, during which the higher a man farms, and the more land he cultivates, the greater is his loss. From 1860 to 1861 was a disastrous time in farming, but 1868, 1869, and 1870 were the worst, and those who farmed on the Wolds must have been last year's rent out of pocket, for their farms have made them nothing. I say it guardedly. Look at last year, when wheat and barley did not exceed three quarters to the acre. This year things look improving, and we shall not lose so much as we have done." Living on better land of course Mr. Torr has a better wheat crop, but the maxim coming from a man who himself does his land so well, that the higher you farm in a bad season the more money you lose, sounds somewhat strangely in these times. We are told, the rather, from all sides that the only way to beat a bad year is to cultivate the land carefully and liberally, and the experience of 1870 goes in some degree at least to confirm the truth of such a doctrine. Another eminent agriculturist, no other, in fact, than "*The* Farmer-member" of the House of Commons, Mr. Sewell Read, wrote thus on his experience of 1869:—"The retrospect is not a pleasant one. It is quite true that our prospects are brighter than they were twelve months since, but the vicissitudes the farmer has passed through during the last year and a half are not calculated to make his spirits particularly light and cheerful. The great and terrible drought of 1868 left most of the farmers of East Anglia with a poor crop of hay, and hardly any turnips. There was an abundant yield of wheat, but spring-corns were light, except early-sown barley on strong lands. Happily there was a very mild winter, grass growing till February, and the few small turnips making nice feed. Notwithstanding this advantage, the expenditure for artificial food to keep stock alive during the winter was very considerable, and not half the usual quantity of winter-grazed meat was manufactured in the Eastern Counties."

It will be gathered from this evidence—all given on the very best authority—that for the last two or three years the farmer has really had something to grumble about, as perhaps, saving only certain occasional districts, 1870 has been at all points the worst year of any. Beyond what he may have done with his grain crops there has been gathered, as Mr. Read put it two years previously, a poor crop of hay and hardly any turnips; or the rather, as we should now transpose the sentence, hardly any hay and a poor crop of turnips. In truth, the hay harvest of 1870 was about the worst that any man, speaking from his own knowledge, had ever experienced, while the long drought once more made sad havoc with the roots. Even further, there has been very little straw. When Mr. Rigden counted the stacks on his way to Shoreham, he would by such a test scarcely arrive at a correct estimate, for one of the peculiarities of the season has been a very general shortness of straw, whether the yield were good or bad, so that more wheat has of course come to be stored in a smaller compass. The turnips made something of an after-shoot, and the mangolds languish less from a lack of moisture, but keep for stock is getting terribly short, and hay worth almost anything a man chooses to ask for it. As we threaded our way through the lots of half-starved steers in Hereford city, a grazier said, in some apology for the condition of his beasts, "I have no hay and I have no turnips, and indeed hardly anything but apples, and these I am going to grind and mix up with what straw-chaff I can find as fodder." When we add to this that the stock has been pretty generally thrown back from the foot-and-mouth complaint, and that certain restrictions in the trade and traffic have become imperative, the price of meat threatens to reach to almost any figure that the salesman and butcher, to say nothing of the farmer, may think fit to determine.

Not so, however, the price of wheat. The balance of trade—or of free trade—has at length become so admirably adjusted that nothing will now send corn up. The yield may be good or bad, the quality excellent or the condition generally inferior, our supplies from abroad may be large or small, they may make rates as high in New York as they do on Mark Lane, and still the millers look on with indifference. The very war which creates consternation in the Money Market causes little or no change in the Corn Market. Any time during the last three or four years a careful man might have felt justified in speculating in wheat, and rarely would the result have warrranted his so doing. The farmer may, and no doubt will, continue to grow wheat, but he must be prepared to do so at a certain fixed price, as probably no man will do better than one who sends his corn regularly in as it best suits him to thresh it, without caring to look or wait for any turn in his favour. Still it is difficult to see, how when either peace is proclaimed or war extended but that breadstuffs must become dearer. Mars and Ceres are necessarily as opposing interests as France and Prussia, and in another direction the English farmer or breeder has already suffered severely from the outbreak on the Continent. He has lost some of his very best customers, in sheep more particularly, and nothing has been more felt at those pleasant sales and lettings during the last autumn than the absence of that foreign commission, which was so ready to take the best possible ram at the highest possible price. It was only last year that a new Society of French Agriculturists was established on a v sound and independent basis, much after the manner of our Royal Agricultural Society, with the promise of a great international show in Paris during the ensuing spring. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Englishman could have no better advertisement, or that the falling through of this institution will be a loss not merely to France.

Despite the yield or the price of corn, or notwithstanding the shortness of keep, our own agricultural societies are flourishing exceedingly. From the parish ploughing match to the grand national show at Oxford these would all in their different degrees promise to be doing good. Indeed, the inauguration of the Royal Society at Oxford in 1839 supplies something of a date to another era in the history of British agriculture. Since then the art has developed and improvement gone on far more rapidly than Arthur Young or Sir John Sinclair could ever chronicle our progress. The use of the steam engine for farm purposes may be taken from that show. The cosmopolitan character of the Shorthorn may be traced back to that meeting. Since the some seventy odd implements *in all* were there exhibited many implement makers have made their fortunes, and the exhibition of machinery has itself so increased that the chief difficulty of the management is how to deal with its overwhelming extent. Of course the network of rails to which the country was subjected at just about the same period did everything for the success of these Royal gatherings, but the fact remains the same, and the progress of English agriculture and the progress of the English agricultural society have gone on together. It did so happen that the writer of this paper at an interval of some thirty years was present at both the Royal Agricultural Society's shows at Oxford—in 1839 and again in 1870—although a lad just fresh from school might not have perhaps been sufficiently impressed with Stephen Grantham's Downs or Mr. Bates' Duchesses. Of course the growth of the meeting in the interim has been something extraordinary, and the Derby day could scarcely offer any greater contrast at any two epochs in its celebration. Still there was a certain want of spirit about the Oxford show in 1870, that is amongst the visitors rather than the exhibitors. Strange as it may look the population of an essentially rural district, did not flock in, even in proportion, as the sight-seeing folks would at Leeds, York, or Manchester. The gentry, however, fairly saved its repute by the offer of a prize which was at once adopted as a precedent, and that promises to be one of the most useful and attractive on the Society's list—£100 for the best cultivated farm in the district. The award, as announced at the Society's General Meeting, evidently created no little surprise, for the Widow Millington's is anything but a model farm ; bad buildings, wooden ploughs, and other out-of-date implements, slovenly fences, wretched-looking sheep and altogether inferior stock, came in strange commentary on the exhibition being held in Oxford ; but such crops of corn and roots for *such a season* carried all before them, and a very able report in the Society's Journal goes to warrant the decision, although in a more favourable year other points of good farming would surely have told more with the judges. They speak, indeed, in very high terms of the sheep management in Oxfordshire, although they could have seen but very little of this at Ashgrove, while at the show there was a famous entry of Oxford Downs, a cross-bred kind of sheep which is making its way very fast; these with the Shropshires were the chief features of this section, as the Shorthorns and Herefords were the strength of the cattle classes. If, moreover, the Continent of Europe was closed to us, for the war broke out during the meeting, the Continent of America still supplied us with customers, and Mr. Cochrane gave Major Gunter 2,500 guineas for two Duchesses heifers, direct descendants of the Duchesses exhibited at the first Oxford meeting, and Mr. Booth 1,500 guineas for Lady Grateful, backed by an offer, refused, of 2,000 guineas for her own sister, Lady Fragrant, a celebrated show cow in her time; though none of these high-bred and high-priced cattle were sent to Oxford, where 500 guineas was a frequent figure for a promising young Shorthorn. The Herefords were particularly good, but the difference in price even with the foreigners, speaks to a very long drop, and if we take tens for hundreds, or hundreds for thousands, we shall arrive at something like the relative values of whitefaces and Shorthorns. It may sound something like high treason to say so, but there are one or two herds of Shorthorns now established almost under the hallowed shade of Hereford Cathedral, while the Devons, all but banished from their new home in Norfolk, are being driven back to the fat lands of Somerset, or to their more remote fastnesses in North Devon and Cornwall, whither still, however, the indomitable Durham still follows on the track, even to the Land's End. Noticeably enough the National Society rarely succeeds in obtaining a great entry of horses of any kind, whereas the All Yorkshire Show is pre-eminent in this way, and such as are familiar only with the amusing absurdities or more dangerous antics at Islington might journey down to York next summer, and so see for themselves what a horse show should be. We could scarcely say how often we have seen it or how often we have enjoyed seeing it. If anything the Yorkshire Society makes a little too much of horses and hounds, whereas at the old Bath and West Association, to which the Southern Counties is now appended, they have a regular holiday week of it, what with arts, and fine arts, manufactures, flowers, and poultry, to enhance the more legitimate attractions of cattle, sheep, and pigs; with here again a very poor and sparse display of horses of any sort. These are the three chief festivals of the season, supported as they are by various tributaries in the way of county and local societies, all of which, so far as we have seen or heard, look to be prospering. Indeed, the only institution of the kind that in 1870 spoke to a failure was the Royal Irish, and then with his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant as the mouthpiece of its discomfiture. It is some years since we attended one of its meetings, but it has been evident for some time past that the management has drifted into the wrong hands. There are too many of the farmers kept out and too many of the small gentry kept in, and hence the decreasing interest evinced in the proceedings. And yet, through other channels, agriculture would promise to be looking up in Ireland. From the reports published of what has occurred at the local meetings a far better tone would seem to be prevailing, and the new Land Act really conducing to a more fitting interpretation of rights, claims, and duties. It was a difficult subject, and a difficult people to deal with, but let us hope that the time spent over the business last session will not be labour lost. Intricate as the question is the Premier fairly faced it, and his speech on introducing the Bill, when showing why rights might be maintained in Ireland that could never be tolerated in England, was admitted on all sides to be a very masterly exposition.

There is little doubt but that on the first available opportunity the English land question will also receive some attention from the Legislature, certain leading members of the present Government having long had the subject under consideration. Indeed, the discussion of Irish tenant-right has led to a revival of the English tenant-right claim, although the principle of one is essentially different from that of the other. The occupier on this side of the Channel attempts no [illegible] fixity of tenure, prefers no charge for good-will on [illegible] but simply seeks to be paid proportionately for such improvements [illegible] termination of his holding has prevented his taking [illegible]. Nothing, under a recognised system of [illegible] such an arrangement [illegible] essential to the [illegible] of this right, and [illegible] or more directly [illegible] Mr. Pusey, at that time editor of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, saw what tenant-right had done for Lincolnshire in throwing capital into the land, and in establishing the best and at the same time the most business-like understanding between the owner and occupier, he sought by every means in his power to extend so wholesome a practice. But his brother landlords on the council or in the Commons House held aloof, either alarmed at the sound or ignorant of the object, and Mr. Pusey had to ask for aid elsewhere. He went in his need to the Central Farmers' Club, which examined and reported on the several clauses in his Bill, and selected the witnesses for the Parliamentary Committee on Agricultural Customs. The evidence thus collected is of its kind amongst the most valuable ever published, and the information disseminated by this means is now bearing good fruit. During the last year or so tenant-right has not only again been brought under the notice of the Central Club, but taken up in turn at many of the local societies in different parts of the kingdom; and the more the matter has been inquired into, the more generally has the soundness of the principle come to be acknowledged. This admission, moreover, goes to correct the somewhat pedantic assertion as to the impossibility of farming without a lease, as it has been made apparent that the best cultivated districts in England are often enough held on short rather than on long terms. Security of capital, in fact, answers for security of tenure, and farmers are becoming more indifferent to the asserted virtues of leases. Whatever may be done in this way, it is probable that when the English land question does come before Parliament, certain other points will be broached that, so far, neither landlord nor tenant has said much about, in public, at any rate. Mr. Bright, it was thought, might have had a measure in preparation which would contemplate some radical changes alike in the duties and privileges of landed proprietorship. Indeed, something of a caution has been given as to the country gentlemen getting more than they might expect when they move in this direction.

Nevertheless the Chamber of Agriculture has at length found a matter, just at present unappropriated, that it seeks to make its own, and this is local taxation. On the first blush of it or by the first principles of political economy, this looks to be far more a landlord's business than a farmer's, as into this it is gradually drifting. The magistrates in quarter sessions assembled, have taken to passing resolutions and framing petitions for the more equitable distribution of rates and taxes over all descriptions of property. But then rates and taxes to the tenant, after all is said and done, are mainly considerations in calculating the amount of rent to be paid. Proportionately as the burdens are shifted from the land will the rent of that land be raised, as the chief champions of the movement were fain to allow before Mr. Goschen's Committee. In fact, the occupier's interest in this agitation would mainly centre on what might be done in the interim from his entering on and terminating his lease or agreement. Any increase or fresh imposition of rates must during the interval be all at his cost. And here surely the Irish system of half-rating, by which under any circumstances the landlord would take his share of the burden, would be the most just and reasonable. This, however, has been objected to, as an illustration, thought to be particularly happy, goes to show that such a plan would be only shifting the load from one pannier on the donkey's back to the other. But if, as we take it, the donkey who carries the load is the land, with the owner's interest in one basket and the occupier's in the other, it would be far more convenient as he travels on that his burden should be properly adjusted, or otherwise he will necessarily get very lop-sided. A much more serious evil, so far as the farmer is concerned, is the over-preservation of game, or more properly of vermin, a matter that has during the past year or two been discussed with great vigour at some agricultural assemblies, as with curious tameness at other meetings. Still, we are fast arriving at a solution of the difficulty. Winged game, if it were not for the annoyances caused by keepers, does comparatively little damage, but the rabbits must *go*, and the hares be kept down. It must be rendered illegal for a landlord to reserve any right to the rabbits in an agreement, as that anyone shall have full liberty to kill them, where and how he can, as he might a rat or a stoat or any other noxious animal. Landlords are fast coming to see the necessity for some step of this kind, as we now hear continually of my lord or the squire giving over these pests to the farmer, although occasionally "the favour" is saddled with sundry absurd restrictions, such as *not* using a dog or a gun! Still, the chief offenders in heavily-preserved counties yield very reluctantly, as the tenantry in such quarters seem almost afraid to speak out. At a terribly trimming meeting, down in game-ridden Suffolk, one of the farmers said "the landlords might turn round and take the land into their own hands. If I was a gentleman who wished for sport, I should take my land and farm it myself," and so forth; and in two or three months from the time this was said, a directly contrary state of things came to pass in the adjoining county of Norfolk, where men on the light lands find it impossible to farm against the game, and in one district some twenty thousand acres of land were to let, as there are now, we believe, more change occurring than ever was known.

So much for the argument ***in terrorem*** of "the gentleman who wishes for sport and farms himself"—two of the very neatest recipes for losing money that were ever proffered. With the Irish Land Bill on its hands, the Government left the game abuse last session pretty much to any one who chose to take it up, but the country will not rest satisfied until the question is fully dealt with. Let alone the farmers and better disposed landlords, all conditions of people are very ripe for action in this way, as the abuse no doubt entails a national loss as well as a class wrong.

Another agricultural grievance is clearly dying out, and the repeal of the Malt Tax, even as a weapon in the hands of the Party out of office, has now little weight. The death blow, indeed, to this agitation was given by the abolitionists themselves, when they proposed to substitute a duty on beer for a tax upon malt. Anything more inconvenient in the way of collection or impolitic in its probable effect, than the imposition of a licence on house or private brewing could scarcely have been devised; while this of course stripped the argument of half its force, as the labouring man, who, we were told, was to drink his home-brewed, would, by so awkwardly shifting the duty, be directly fined for so doing! No one, in fact, beyond a few zealous gentlemen here and there—now in Sussex, and then in Norfolk and Suffolk—has ever been of late very much in earnest over the repeal of the Malt Tax. County members throng the Freemasons' Tavern, by way of demonstration in opposition, and carefully keep out of the way when the subject is brought under the notice of a Conservative Government. We once heard Mr. Gladstone, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, honestly tell a deputation which brought him bottled beer to drink, flavoured by a formidable array of figures and facts, that they had really no voice in the House, and that consequently he could not afford to listen to their plaint.

In another direction Mr. Gladstone's Government has ably done its duty by the agriculturist during the past year. Nothing, indeed, could well surpass the vigilance with which the diseases of animals have been watched, the promptitude with which orders have been issued, or the desire that has been manifested to amend the condition of cattle on transit. Beyond this, Mr. Forster has compelled the somewhat reluctant Corporation, to provide a fitting site for the much-needed Foreign Market, and so well merited the vote of thanks which the farmers have recently offered the Vice-President of the Council. Few but those who have studied the subject can be aware of the difficulties which have presented themselves, when dealing with the better arrangement of the London Meat trade. The producer and consumer have been placed in antagonism with each other; petty interests have been put forward on the most patriotic of showings; here the Whitechapel poor, and there the grazier from the Midlands, has been made the stalking horse, and through these mazes and intricacies Mr. Forster has steered so cleverly, that town and country have alike cause to confess how well he has done by them.

Turning in another direction, the watchword of more modern agriculture is indisputably the steam plough. Through such an agency the farmer can command, amongst other advantages, an early autumn cultivation, deep tillage, the removal of hedgerows, the widening out of inclosures, saving of time—and at certain seasons *time* most assuredly is *money* in this business—with economy of labour, and a more generally comprehensive scale of proceedings. At the ensuing Royal meeting at Wolverhampton the field trials will, according to arranged rotation, be confined to machinery for the cultivation of the land by steam power and traction engine, when premiums to the amount of £800 will be offered. This promises to be one of the most important "competitive examinations" the national Society has ever held, appropriately fixed as it is to take place in the heart of the black or coal country. Again, when just previous to the Oxford show of last summer, Mr. James Howard, the member for Bedford, made up that pleasant party to go over his farms, the magnificent crops of wheat and barley had their story told out by a view of the steam tackle in operation. Indeed, that true farmers' friend, the well-known blue two-horse plough, is no longer the lion of the Britannia Works; while in the adjoining county we have had our walk over Wolston, where that amusing, and, we must add, instructive, egotist, Mr. Smith, never tires of telling how much he has done by this means, or how much others may do in the same way. And by the force of an indomitable spirit and a thorough faith in his own theory, Mr. Smith has unquestionably aided materially to develop and extend the uses of this mighty power. At the same time agriculture must never forget that John Fowler spent a life and a fortune in the same good cause. In fact, by the joint aid of steam and other artificials, we are fast coming to set all the established principles of good husbandry at defiance, when Mr. Prout, from Temple Bar, can grow crop on crop year after year, and sell off every atom of his produce—corn, roots, and straw. If this system should prevail there will, of course, be a speedy end to the famous old four-course agreement, which, with elaborate detail, instructs the tenant as to when and how he is to take this crop and that, as it forbids him to sell a truss of hay or a load of straw, to keep his water courses clear and to spud up his thistles. But there is something almost unnatural in the very notion of farming without stock; and great though Mr. Prout's returns appear to be, we much doubt whether he will find many followers. If we remember aright, Mr. Caird, at the outset of his career, grew "everlasting" crops of potatoes much after the same plan; that is, by paying the land liberally; but the example has long since died out, if ever it was attempted by any other man. Another scarcely less celebrated amateur, Mr. Mechi, is clearly losing ground as an authority, more particularly down in Essex, where about Tiptree the farmers will have it he has never done much worth talking about. In truth, amongst many other more or less known or unknown recipes, Mr. Mechi has perhaps more especially prided himself on his advocacy of sewage; and the *profitable* application of sewage to the farm is a business that has made but little progress. It may sound very well for Mr. Mechi to say in the *Times* that "Farmer So-and-so has obstructed its use," or for Mr. Rawlinson to remind us that he "had sat on a commission for eight years, and had been met with furious opposition, bigotry, and prejudice;" or for Mr. Edwin Chadwick to refer complacently to his prophecies as to "pestilence and disease in towns meaning high and enhanced production in the country;" but in plain fact the difficulty is by no means solved by the occasional exhibition of great crops. By the use of sewage no one ever showed better returns than Mr. Telfer and Mr. Kennedy, again, in Scotland, and yet these two sewage example farms eventually came to the most unmistakeable grief. After all the commissions and reports and so forth, a committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science is now making further inquiries; but far beyond all these views to the end is the very practical way in which Mr. Hope is putting the agricultural and available value of town sewage to the test. This gentleman, a Victoria cross in the Crimea, has fairly turned his sword into a plough-share, and beyond his interest in Barking farm, has within the last year or so made a contract for the sewage of Romford, thus raising the rent of the Britton's farm, which he has taken for its use, from somewhere about thirty shillings or two pounds to ten pounds an acre. This shows some very tangible faith in the business, and when we had the pleasure of going over his new occupation during last summer, Mr. Hope was already making very large returns, particularly of rye grass, cabbage, carrots, and beet-root. The acreage here is not extensive, and the plots of land were mapped out more after the manner of market gardening than farming for corn crops.

And beet-root, by the way, is to be turned to more valuable account than merely being consumed as food for stock. Notwithstanding our apparent disadvantages on the score of climate, Mr. Duncan's manufactory at Lavenham, in Suffolk, for obtaining sugar from beet, is declared to be a success, in other words it pays. The farmers have taken very kindly to the movement, and the supply of roots seems in no way to interfere with the proper cultivation of the land. At a recent root show in the neighbourhood of the manufactory, Mr. Hawkins, an energetic, but at the same time a very safe man, was "quite confident the land was left in a much better state for the next crop after Silesian beet than after beans and peas." Again, "the barley crop after sugar beet was quite equal to the barley crop after the other beet." The carting off the land would seem to be the great difficulty, or otherwise the farmer promises to make this new branch of his business answer well enough; while from beet grown at Buscot we have now in our cellars bottles of brandy, and on our dressing-table the daintiest of scents. In another direction the farmer is invited to give his assistance in developing another wholesale manufactory. Some two or three years back a Cheshire farmer put this question to the Central Farmers' Club:—Would not the value of English cheese be generally improved by the introduction of cheese factories? And he proceeded to answer himself in the affirmative, offering, as the example for our adoption, the American system. Since then the idea has been gaining ground very rapidly, and, in fact, been already put into practice. On a visit to Derby during the last autumn we went over one of these cheese factories, as established in the town, while another of more size and capability has been erected on the estate of the Honourable Edward Coke at Longford, some ten miles out. The country gentlemen, from the first broaching of the question, went into it with remarkable spirit, and Americans have been "imported" to superintend the arrangements, which, so far as we could see, were very complete. The quality of the cheese, moreover, is good, the price it makes in the market is very encouraging, and nothing is wanting but the co-operation of the graziers, who would thus be saved, themselves and their families, an infinity of trouble and domestic "bother." When, however, we were in Derby they were only working at half-power, as the producers may scarcely yet have got familiarised with the new trade, or, what is as probable, have scarcely freed themselves from their old customers. The matter, however, is rapidly advancing, and beyond the Farmer's Club it has also been taken up by the Royal Agricultural Society, through its secretary and editor, Mr. Jenkins, who read a paper on Co-operative Cheese-making at the Society of Arts during the Cattle-show week, and he will no doubt enlarge upon this in the Society's Journal.

From Leamington to Coventry, from Chepstow to Monmouth, or from Southampton to Lyndhurst, are any of them amongst the most delightful of drives; and in the early summer we found ourselves threading the New Forest on our way to Mr. Dickenson, another London man who has found himself a home in the very thick of the woodlands. Indeed New Park might have been cut out of the wilds of some new country, so secluded is its site, and so romantic its approach. But its occupier regards his place rather as the opening for another business than the realisation of a day dream. It is here that he grows tons of Italian rye grass, that will compare handsomely even with Mr. Hope's achievements on the less picturesque lands of Essex; and tons on tons of turnips and mangolds, which the Hampshire farmers decline to show against. His wheats and barleys make the best prices in the market, his pork is manufactured from Australian mutton; and so the Botley Farmers' Club, with such an example before it, has come to decide that "woods, plantations, and commons, would pay to break up and cultivate," and the order has been issued for breaking up the New Forest accordingly. Still, as it strikes us, New Park should be kept before the Commissioners as the example. Little parcels or small farms, one of the chief obstacles to improved agriculture, will never do; at any rate not to start with. Let a succession of New Parks, with fine ranges of house grounds and ornamental timber, be mapped out, with some hundreds of acres attached, and the amateur or gentleman resident will be able and willing to show or clear the way. There would be plenty of customers on these terms; and, after all, it may be whispered in passing that much of our waste lands would scarcely answer to make a living from—however "nice" to live at.

> "Space for his lakes, his park's extended bounds,
> Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds."

Co-equal with the extended use of machinery amongst the requirements of modern agriculture is the extended use of artificial or extraneous food and manure. And here again fortunes have been made, although it is to be feared not always on such legitimate terms. Indeed, the adulteration of cakes and dressings has become of itself so much a matter of business that the Royal Agricultural Society has at length felt called upon to interfere. Analyses of several samples have been made and published through the colum of the agricultural press, and of course threats of actions have followed, so damaging in some cases has been the 'show-up' of how a cheap manure may be manufactured. The council, however, evinces no disposition to desert its officer, nor should it, considering how well the [illegible] is now managed. As a chemist, Professor Voelcker is able, pains-taking, and trustworthy, and since the time of Mr. Pusey the Society's [illegible] have never been so efficiently edited as by the present secretary, Mr. Jenkins; and yet the abuse to which this gentleman was subjected almost immediately before his capabilities had ever been tried, was something curious and in keeping with an Englishman's professed love of fair play. One person indeed was actually put up at a general meeting to attack the new man previous to his ever having entered on the duties of his office. With so competent a staff it is, no question, very right and proper that the national society should do everything to protect the farmer, at the same time that the farmer might be reasonably expected to do something to protect himself. In this matter he may regard it as a very wholesome axiom that 'nothing is so dear as a cheap article,' and when an agent offers him anything at a preposterously low price it is evident enough there must be robbery somewhere. Either, like Peter Pindar's hero, the fellow has studied the art to make his income well, or, far more likely, looks for his reward in the simplicity of his customer.

Bingley Hall, Birmingham, is the original or model of the Agricultural Hall, Islington. There is alike at either a horse show in the summer and a cattle show in the winter. But the Christmas meeting in the Midlands is something more than a mere cattle show. In fact, if we remember aright, this began with an exhibition of poultry, as here it was that the Cochin China mania first broke out; and in point of numbers even, sheep and swine are still fairly swamped in the catalogue by the entries of fowls of every possible breed or variety, backed by ducks, geese, turkeys, and the most beautiful of pigeons. Then there is a dog show as firmly established, while here in London, although so frequently attempted, neither a poultry show nor a dog show has ever been such a success as to warrant its continuance. Even further, the Birmingham Cattle Show quite takes the bloom off that of the Smithfield Club, for nearly all the best animals are to be found in the first instance in Bingley Hall, where the cue is given for the subsequent meetings. Last year, indeed, a judge for each section came up from the Midlands with the stock, but this went to make any second trial so much a matter of course that the Smithfield Club has very properly prohibited any one who has acted in Birmingham from taking office during the following week in London. With some of the same people on the bench, two or three of the mistakes committed last year at the one meeting were, as might have been expected, duly repeated at the other. The best beast of all this season at Birmingham—Mr. Pulver's Short-horn ox—was merely commended when exhibited last Christmas in London, and the display of cattle was large in numbers and moderate in merit. With the one exception there was nothing really superior in either the Short-horn or Hereford classes, while any actual merit amongst the Devons was considerably magnified by the keenness of the Devon judge, who held to his own line with the tenacity of a bulldog. The polled Scots—Mr. Harris' ox and Mr. McCombie's cow—looked to any outsider to be amongst the best beasts in the hall, but as they had no special champion of their own in the ring, they had to rest content with beating each other. Lord Berners' Leicesters, Lord Walsingham's Southdowns, and Lord Chesham's Shropshires, are now the established features of the Midland sheep show; as the Berkshires threaten to gain a supremacy amongst the pigs. For some years this meeting was almost entirely under the direction of the Birmingham tradesmen, but latterly the farmers have been graciously permitted to have some voice and take some share in what is after all their own business, and with naturally some very visible improvement in the tone and conduct of the show. There are few pleasanter gatherings to which we now make a pilgrimage, so as to be in good time for that very select Saturday; although our last trip was associated with but a melancholy finish. As the up-express was nearing town again the speed gradually slackened, and a rumour ran through the train of some accident at Harrow. With orders to "All keep your seats!" we remained motionless for some two hours or more, and then fought our way through the dark and fog towards that beacon fire which served to show in the dull November night how terrible was the cause of our delay.

As usual, London resumed its *rus-in-urbe* aspect during the Cattle Show week. That very remarkable broken-backed ox burst out again on the omnibus side and as a papering to dead-walls; the people thronging the Strand seemed by preference to take their wrong sides; the face of Mr. Green grew more radiant than ever at "Evans's;" and anything would draw at the theatres. But it is not the countryman only who goes to the Cattle Show—your regular townman makes a pilgrimage as regularly to Islington as he does to the Derby or the pantomime. This season, however, the elements were against him; for although on the opening day the weather was as sharp and crisp as any Christmas butcher could wish it to be, this soon softened into rain and snow, so that by the close of the show the receipts were many hundreds of pounds below last year's take. Nor, indeed, was the exhibition one of anything like general excellence; for it is long since the famous Shorthorns have been so indifferently represented, whilst the pigs, either for numbers or merit, have seldom in the memory of the oldest member of the Club been so bad; and one had thus the greater excuse for quitting that abominable hole in which they were located. On the other hand, there were two capital classes of Devon and Hereford oxen, a grand entry of West Highlanders, a few good polled Scots, backed by more Scotch crosses and some creditable Sussex stock. And the epicure, or your West End butcher, when he goes for the best beef at any price, would take for choice the Highlander or black Scot, the Devon or Sussex beast, in something the order we have named; for, although good thriving animals, which tell well in the scale, neither the Durham ox nor the equally renowned Hereford steer has the quality of those other breeds which we have mentioned. Nevertheless, a Shorthorn was pronounced to be the best beast in the whole show; and this of itself would give a mediocre character to the meeting; for Mr. Pulver's now champion ox was continually beaten last season at Oakham, Islington, and Leeds; nor is his improvement in the interim so great as to rank him as anything like an extraordinary good one, but rather as the best of a bad year. Still, with good luck, he has paid well to keep on, as within a month or so he took upwards of £270 worth of prizes, and then made £100 more to a country butcher. This is, of course, quite a fancy price; for the best ox ever brought to market is not really worth more than something like half the money; but the Gold Medal is a famous advertisement for a shop front, and, further, the beast is commonly raffled for, although to anyone not in the trade about as awkward an acquisition, if bound to keep him, as the present of a white elephant. As a kind of corollary to the Smithfield Show comes the great Smithfield Market on the Monday following, and here the best beasts were unmistakeably the Scots and Scotch crosses, as, in fact, there are some who maintain that Mr. Heath Harris's Black poll was the best beast in the show. This is the second year of the Smithfield Club's offer of £100 for the best of all, and it is clear enough that the system on which this is awarded is not a just one. There are in all six judges of cattle, three of which are Shorthorn breeders, whilst all the other breeds have the remaining three judges to divide amongst them.

This is in no way warranted, for not only of late years have the Shorthorns been indifferent in quality, but in actual numbers they have not exceeded some of the other breeds. However, with such a majority on the bench, the Shorthorns have in each year won the plate, as they of course will continue to do with such monstrous odds in their favour. If we are to take my Lord Walsingham's word for it, there is no saying to what weight or size a Southdown may come, but we fancy them more after the neater Sussex type, and here again the butcher agrees with us ; he turns away from the white fat of the Leicester and blubber of the Cotswold for the short-eating Down or Down cross, the venison flavour of the Black-face, or even the well-distributed lean meat of the quaint old-fashioned sort which he buys off Romney Marsh.

The collateral proceedings of the Cattle Show week afford something like a summary of the past year's history. At the general meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, for instance, everybody testified to the improvement observable in the conduct of the Society itself and in the tone and composition of the Journal under the new editor's management. At the general meeting of the Central Chamber of Agriculture the chief topic discussed was the growing discontent of the local chambers, which seem to be by no means satisfied with the action of the central body ; while at the Farmers' Club dinner what Captain Bobadil would call "a gentlemanly melancholy" or mild dissatisfaction with everything and everybody pervaded "the account of my stewardship" of which Mr. Sewell Read delivered himself. It is true that, with the Irish Land Bill in the way, very little was done for English agriculture during the last Session ; but if our experience of the year comes to anything it is that a new Land Bill for England is looming in the distance.

What may be termed the public life of British Agriculture in 1870 closed with a most graceful act. No sooner was the bustle of the Smithfield Show week over than another meeting was called at the headquarters of English farmers when in town—that is, the Salisbury Hotel—to organise a movement for supplying the peasants of France with seed-corn. This originated with Mr. James Howard, as Chairman of the Farmers' Club, while the proposal has been taken up by the Royal Agricultural Society and the Smithfield Club, so that it has every promise of reaching to a most gratifying and creditable result. In fact, we have no fear as to the supplies being wanting, but the due administration of these is a duty that will require some discretion and nice handling, for much of our aid already, it is said, has fallen upon barren ground.

THE ART OF 1870.

A MELANCHOLY hangs over the art of the year. The great art-centre of Europe has been rooted up; and the genius that tranquilly laboured in the most splendid city on the face of the earth, is toiling in exile, or dead, or fighting. Our own fashionable galleries afford painful evidence of the blow war deals to the work of the imagination. We find Gérôme and Fleury, Tadema, Isabey, and others known to fame, far beyond their native country; sadly toiling and waiting, in our London winter. Gérôme's *pifferari* in our November atmosphere, painted with all his rich finish and his loving care, is inexpressibly painful through the associations that hang around it, as well as by the contrast of the Children of the Sun in the biting, icy damp of London in the winter. An exhibition for the French and German sick and wounded; concerts, and bazaars, and subscriptions—were the order of the day in the autumn, and some of the most attractive additions to the art-wealth of the world during 1870 are devoted to the victims of the struggle between France and Germany. The exhibition of the Royal Academy, the *salon* of the Champs Elysées, have been pounded out of people's minds by the shocks of war; the tremendous current of events; and the blows which have fallen upon thousands of families. The gayest nation in the world is in mourning; the world of wit and learning, and frivolity and taste, that was at its brightest when the *salon* was last opened in Paris, and poor Charles Dickens faltered almost to tears over the memory of Maclise at the Royal Academy dinner; is scattered over Europe. The Louvre pictures are rolled up in tin cases, and the light that shone on the masterpieces of ancient Greece is blocked out with sandbags. Our latest art-note out of Paris is to the effect that crowds are gathered at M. Goupil's window, gazing at Doré's last inspiriting drawing—set under the eyes of his countrymen to animate them. He, then, is spared from the slaughter on the ramparts, that includes so many artists of bright promise: and he will have earned, when the peace comes, a new claim on his country, as the Pencil of the War. In his spectral picture of the shadows of the Old Guard saluting the Young Guard passing to battle—and in his Marseillaise—there was a strength worth whole battalions. Not his the fault—if they did not tread the path of victory.

Vibert, the *genre* painter, has been wounded in the shoulder: Leroux, "a young artist of great promise, standing over six feet, and as handsome as Apollo,"* has been shot through both thighs, and is a prisoner in the hands of the Prussians; Blanchard, the renowned engraver, is fighting side by side with his artist-sons, one a *Grand Prix* of Rome; young Otto Weber, the animal painter, whose pictures in last *salon*, "*Le Printemps*," &c., were deservedly admired, has been killed—fighting in the ranks of the Parisian *Gardes Mobiles!* When the great muster shall come after the war, we shall find many gaps in the ranks of artists old and young—for not only have the boys thrown aside their brushes, and shouldered Chassepots—Clesinger, the sculptor, for instance, who lost an eye chipping marble many years ago, is risking the other in his country's defence. It must be in sadness then, that we cast a few glances back over the art-field of 1870.

The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1870 was one—the critics were agreed—of average merit. Millais shone in great force—in his young Raleigh, in the "Cradle on the Flood;" and in his superb portrait of the Marchioness of Huntly. Sir Edwin Landseer exhibited his great canvas of the meeting of the Queen and Prince Consort in the Highlands (by no means a happy effort), and another and an exquisite work of less pretensions by higher worth, poor Maclise's last picture—full of learned labour and perfect drawing—was in the place of honour upon the walls. The world is a vain and frivolous one in the main—at least that world is which percolates through the saloons of the Royal Academy; and how many greater works were passed carelessly by, to reach the portrait of a pretty woman, by Mr. Frith. The beautiful Mrs. Rousby did the honours of the Royal Academy of 1870: albeit she was not a queenly beauty—but rather of the fascinating, almost saucy, type. It was not the beauty that compels the eyes to the earth; but rather that of the ball and the rout. We are privileged to say this without offence, since the lady's portrait has been sold by the ten thousand; submitted for review; and analysed as freely as that of all the loveliness Raphael has made immortal. Mr. Frith had an exquisite subject—and he did ample justice to it. His was evidently a work of respectful adoration. The rest of the portraits, like the exhibition taken generally, were of average merit; and included the proper number of gentlemen in official costumes and ladies in their best—from the Prince and Princess of Wales, to the provincial Mayor. The names that rise to our memory, as we retrace our wanderings through the new rooms, are many. Alma Tadema, the dainty and delightful; Linnell in the glory of sunshine; Cope, admirable over his "Cronies"—a child and dog—would make a superb *pendant* to that portrait of little Miss Cope at dinner, which was exhibited in Trafalgar-square a good many years ago; Horsley and Elmore, just respectable, producing even work, of their respective chronic forces—just pot-boiling as good fathers of families should; Orchardson—admirable; Leighton, Watt, Val Prinsep, Hook, Faed, the great Gérôme, with his masterly rendering of the death of Ney (from the French *salon* of 1869). Mr. Ansdell was at his normal height taking lambs to wintering; Mr. J. Danby—was, Mr. Danby, at Scarborough; Mr. Brett had some fine aerial effects; Mr. E. W. Cooke was in Venice and, again, in Holland; Mr. P. Graham was in force "among the hills;" and then we call to mind Messrs. MacCallum, M'Whirter, M'Taggart, Smart, and Halswelle, and their peers—all with well-known points of excellence, fairly exhibited. But we bear away—not much to treasure up in our memory—save the sad sight of Daniel Maclise's last work. Sadder was the picture to us—at the Maclise sale at Christie's, at the close of June; when the wealth of his studio was scattered to a "thin attendance" at shamefully low prices. The great dealers absented themselves. The Ormond and Desmond went for 500 guineas; and the Royal Academy, amid great applause, bought the noble cartoon of Wellington and Blucher for the low sum of 300 guineas. Think of this, ye who study hard to win, by learning, the applause of the learned. Mr. Cox, of Pall Mall, bought "Macready as Macbeth," life-sized to the knees, for eleven guineas—not quite the value of the frame. But let us hasten away from this national shame: there were oils by Maclise knocked down for ten shillings and sixpence!

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* Art; Pictorial and Industrial. Dec. 1870.

Turn we to the last Paris *salon*, opened when the world was at peace, and none dreamt of the horrors that were on the wind in the near future. The saloons are now filled with wounded men, that in May were full of happy people contemplating the prodigious art-productiveness of France. The French art-produce of 1870, like the English, was of moderately good quality. In all the *salon* there was no great work. The most striking picture, and that which made the sensation of the year, was Henri Regnault's "Salomé"—a figure of great and terrible power, set against a yellow back-ground, the audacity of which furnished critics and *chroniqueurs* with ample food.

For beauty, no picture surpassed Cabanel's Francesca and Paolo, and this fine painter sent the best portrait in all the collection. Nearest to it, in degree of merit, perhaps, was young Lazerge's portrait of Sarah Bernhard, the popular *comedienne* of the Odeon. The mention of this theatre recalls to us the elder Lazerge's admirable protrait-picture of its *foyer*, crowded with the celebrities of the day. The portraits of the elder Dumas, Arsène Houssaye, the great Theo, the younger Dumas, Sardou, Ernest Fillonneau, the artist himself, and Mlle. Agar (now singing the " Marseillaise " in beleaguered Paris), were spirited and faithful. The high merit of the scene was its naturalness : the celebrities were not posed. Victor Giraud's "Snake-Charmed" ; Doré's delightful Alpine scenery ; Lefévre's "Girl at a Well" (of higher quality than his famous "Femme Couchée," which the author of the *Demi Monde* bought) ; Courbet's two lovely *Etrétat* views; the "Dernier Jour d'un Condamné" (a picture that kept a permanent crowd about it); Desgoffe's exquisite crystal, jewellery, and porcelain ; Toulmouche's dainty *genre* pictures (particularly the " Billet-doux ") ; Clara Montalba's fine aquarelles ; Henri Bonnefoy's landscapes, better even than his brilliant performances of the previous year (why do we not see his rich and truthful drawings in our Pall Mall Galleries ?) ; F. A. Bridgman's " Breton Circus," and " De quoi parlent les jeunes filles ? "—the former painted with rare skill ; Protais's " Nuit de Solferino," and Bouguereau's " Baigneuse," are the labours which caught and commanded the general attention, and by their merit have fixed themselves in our memory. The military subjects abounded as usual. Protais's " Night of Solferino " was a pathetic scene ; but it appears a night of child's play, compared with the terrors and horrors which have been enacted under the walls of Paris since we were last in the *salon carré.*

We may pass the water-colour exhibitions, and the art of the Pall Mall Galleries generally, with a few words. By far the most interesting are the collections due to the war. The increase in the number of our art exhibitions is a good sign ; just as the increase in the number of amateurs is. Art is much more diffused amongst us now than it was ten years ago : and this advance is mainly due to the South Kensington activities, under the energetic and single-minded leadership of Mr. Henry Cole. At this moment there are on view French and German collections, the female Art Gallery, the Old Bond-street Gallery, the Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings in the New British Institution, the Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures in the Dudley Gallery, and another in the French Gallery, Gustave

Doré with an entire gallery to himself, the Winter Sketch and Study Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, Fuller's Fine Art Gallery, and Cox's, both in Pall Mall; to say nothing of exhibitions of chromo-lithographs, autotypes (in Rathbone-place), oleographs, heliotypes, and photographs. By all these means art—and sound art—must be rapidly promoted and extended to classes that, only a few years ago, had not the most elementary notions of form and colour. The value of the heliotype as a reproducing process can hardly be over-estimated. For instance, Messrs. Edwards and Kidd have been, since last June, steadily proceeding with the publication of the collection of Raffaelle and Michel Angelo drawings in the University Galleries at Oxford; and nothing can exceed the beauty and brilliancy of these reproductions. They are masterpieces, placed within the reach of people of moderate fortunes, and destined, we hope, to drive from the walls of English homes the low-class, vulgar prints that now deface them. "Art"—the new illustrated magazine of 1870—is so great an advance on every pictorial periodical that has gone before it, through the splendid heliotype reproductions which it is able to include; that we need not despair of seeing perfect copies of Raffaelle, Michel Angelo, and Rembrandt, refining the cottages of our poorest villages.

In this good work—this education of the taste of the people—it has often appeared to us, the Arundel Society might do much more than it has yet sought to accomplish. Its latest announcement is of a series of autotype photographs from the celebrated mediæval glass in the windows of Fairford Church, Gloucestershire, under the sanction of the President of the Committee of Council on Education. These will make, beyond question, a very interesting series of cartoons—and will in itself form a connected pictorial illustration of the life of our Lord Jesus Christ; but they will not promote the general knowledge of art, so effectually—so broadly, as reproductions of known masterpieces would.

The year 1870 was rich in the production of pictorial publications—and books on art—the chief among the latter being Mr. Ruskin's Lectures, and Sir Digby Wyatt's "History of Fine Art." But 1871 is richer still in promises. The "Keramic Gallery," which is to appear in six monthly parts at twelve shillings each, and is to comprise six hundred illustrations of rare, curious, and choice examples of pottery and porcelain from the earliest times to the present, selected and arranged by William Chaffers—is exactly the undertaking calculated to diffuse a knowledge of art among our potters—and to extend among the public that sense of the beautiful in form and colour, which will encourage such valiant producers of art-manufactures of the highest class as Messrs. Copeland and Son, and Messrs. Minton. The pictorial publications which Messrs. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston, Messrs. Bell and Daldy, Messrs. Routledge and Co., and Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, have put forth for the Christmas of 1870 are, taken as a whole, of a higher quality than any which previous years have brought forth. In this advance we have incontrovertible proof that the class of purchasers of good art is rapidly increasing. Stephen Thompson's photographs of Titian portraits, the Raffaelle Gallery of autotype reproductions of famous plates, the autotype reproductions of Landseer and a Rembrandt Gallery, Mr. Hamerton's superb "Portfolio," the autotype illustrations of "English Painters of the Present Day" (published by Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday), "The Sermon on the Mount" (illuminated by W. and G. Audsley, and chromo-lithographed by W. R. Tymms), Henry Blackburn's "Art in the Mountains," Duplessis' "Wonders of Engraving," Sauzay's "Marvels of Glass-making," and Louis Viardot's "Wonders of European Art" and "Wonders of Italian Art," Bemrose's "Manual of Wood Carving"—these, and other works of lesser importance, make up a fine-art library of considerable pretensions. The most hopeful part of the art-progress we have educated is the steadiness with which our authorities and publishers are cultivating the applied arts. We want to see such books as Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament" in every working man's club, and to find workshops filled with the finest reproductions of the greatest masters. The International Exhibition of 1871 will probably give the movement for the diffusion of taste an important impetus, and encourage other manufacturers to follow in the wake of the great Irish illuminators, Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., whose Christmas cards and *sachets* are exquisite specimens of colour design and printing, and whose illuminated works (revivals of an ancient Celtic skill) were famous in the Universal Exhibition of 1867.

The Christmas of 1870 produced no more notable example of the amateur art-power in the country than the pen and pencil sketches of the Dean of Canterbury. The Dean remarks:—"Who would have imagined, as late as midsummer of this year, that the route to Marseilles and Nice, through Paris, would, before Michaelmas, have become a thing of the past? Who would have expected that the misrule of ages on the banks of the Tiber would have come to an end, with its Imperial upholder,—melted away as with a breath, unregretted and almost uninquired for? But nature remains unchanged, and it is mainly nature with which I am concerned."

Happily, the fair coasts upon which the Dean has employed his practised hand are as yet untouched by war; they are bathed in sunshine and lapped in peace. The Dean's drawings—especially those on wood, are exquisitely manipulated. In another direction we find an artist-author labouring with earnest love on a subject which, during the year has been treated by two hands—Albert Durer's Life has been presented to us by Mr. William B. Scott (author of "Half-hour Lectures on the History and Practice of the Fine and Ornamental Arts") and Mrs. Charles Heaton. The lady's work is an admirably patient and correct performance; but Mr. Scott is artist as well as author, and has the deeper insight. His sketchings are delightful; and his express and authentic account of the master will best satisfy artists.

We are not certain that the "Pictures from English Literature," published this Christmastide by Messrs. Cassell and Co., is not, on the whole, the most completely satisfactory pictorial gift-book which the holiday season of 1870 produced. Twenty of our favourite artists have taken twenty themes from British classics. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Cowper, Burns, Scott, Coleridge, Campbell, Byron, Lytton, Thackeray, Dickens, and Tennyson, are treated by Horsley, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Yeames, Barnes, Hablot K. Browne, Du Maurier, Faed, Fildes, Wilfrid Lawson, John Gilbert, Charles Green, Macbeth, Marcus Stone, Cave Thomas, James D. Watson, Edward Wagner, &c. The artists, one and all, show at their best and brightest; the engravings are clean and fine; and the print does credit to the publishers' workmen.

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COURSING.

THAT such an unparalleled price as 3 to 1 was accepted about Master McGrath winning the Waterloo Cup some two or three weeks before the meeting took place was quite sufficient to give last season a prominent place in coursing annals; while the crack's ignominious defeat, without having scored a single meritorious point, will never be forgotten by his unfortunate backers. The Border Union (Longtown) Meeting was the first of the year; and, owing to the scarcity of hares and bad weather, was hardly as successful as usual. Sandridge was beaten in the first round of the Netherby Cup by Wave, who was defeated in the first ties by Baffler, and Bendimere was drawn. Macdonald went down in the second ties, and eventually Baffler, by Saul (winner of the Douglas Cup in the previous year), divided with Cavalier, by Cauld Kail. Chivalry, by Cauld Kail, divided the Tenants' Purse, and was sold to Mr. Clarke for 120 guineas. Kenilworth was not very successful, owing to a lack of fur; and at Lytham Open, where Hearty Lass, by Brigadier, won the Clifton Cup, the field was somewhat weak. Altcar Club Meeting, on the contrary, was quite a gathering of cracks. Brigade beat Bendimere in the first round of the Members' Cup, owing to a little extra cleverness at the drains; and Lobelia, who had not been out for some time, was quite outworked by Jaunty Jane. In the first ties Brigade was a little too much for Cock Robin, and in the second she easily disposed of his sister, Charming May, but Jaunty Jane outstayed her in the third. The final course between Bacchante and Jaunty Jane was another very fine trial, but the advantage of freshness gave the former the verdict. Cock Robin divided the Sefton Stakes, in which old Test Act appeared again without any satisfactory result. Lord Sefton ran ten dogs, which were very unlucky, nor was Lord Lurgan's kennel in better form; still the adherents of Master McGrath refused to accept the omen, and seemed to feel no "prescience of defeat." And yet the double winner could not even get through the first round of the Waterloo Cup. In 1868 nothing could touch him for speed and cleverness; in the following year, though as fast as ever, he seemed to have grown clumsy in his work; while in 1870 his great pace had also left him, and Lady Lyons, with 5 to 2 against her, had an easy task. Then, however, her bad luck commenced, and she had a fearful single-handed course before she could be taken up. This was followed by an undecided with My Goodness, and next day she actually ran two undecideds with Bendimere before he beat her. Thus seven courses only took her into the second ties. Black Huntsman (now called Premier) was second favourite, but was knocked out in the first round, which proved peculiarly disastrous to favourites; and, among others, Bed of Stone was put out, thus suffering her only defeat during the season. Bab at the Bowster ran far better than had been expected, and until she met Cataclysm it really looked as if she would prove a second Rebe. Requiem, String of Pearls, Baffler, Cock Robin, and Pretender did not get beyond the first ties. Sea Cove worked her way very steadily through the stake, though Bacchante and Commodore gave her a good deal of trouble, and, being much fresher than Bendimere, she had little difficulty in overthrowing him in the final. She was bred in Cumberland, and is by Strange Idea—Curiosity, and as she came to the slips an unbeaten greyhound, and had already divided four stakes, it is surprising that she was not a better favourite. Bed of Stone amply atoned for her defeat in the Cup by carrying off the Purse in fine style, and Way Warden, by Cauld Kail, beat Pretender, by Cardinal York, in the last course of the Plate. Lord Lurgan's bad luck stuck to him at Tamworth, where Dr. Richardson was somewhat fortunate in carrying off the Drayton Manor Stakes with Miserere, as he was on the point of disposing of her before the meeting. Eight Waterloo Cup dogs ran for the Craven Cup at Ashdown, but only three of them were standing after the second ties. The handsome, heavy-shouldered Cock Robin went far straighter than usual, and, after winning four courses cleverly, made a good fight before he succumbed to Rhoda, who disposed of Bacchante in the final. Winsome Lass, one of the famous Tornado—Bertha litter, struggled into the last four. Her own sister, Pensive, was also in the last four for the Uffington Cup, in which Claude, a very highly-tried dog, improved considerably on his Waterloo running. The weather was very bad, and hares scarce and wild at the Ridgway Club (Lytham) Meeting, which had been postponed some three weeks on account of frost. Bed of Stone fully sustained her reputation, never giving any of her opponents a chance in the Lytham Cup. There were three Waterloo Cup dogs among the thirty-eight entries; and it is rather curious that, while one of them was drawn in the first round, the other two furnished the winner and runner-up. Bab at the Bowster and Cataclysm divided the Clifton Cup. The South Lancashire Champion Meeting was hardly as successful as usual, and the entry for the Scarisbrick Cup showed a considerable falling off. Towards the end of the season greyhounds begin to run very "in and out;" so it is not surprising that out of thirteen Waterloo competitors only Cavalier and Gulf Stream were standing after the third ties, and Jerry, by Blaze, disposed of them both in succession and won the Cup. The Scottish National Club Meeting was the last important fixture of the 1869-70 season. Miserere, Gulf Stream, and Pretender, all failed to win a single course in the Douglas Cup; and Jerry, Baffler, and old Malt Liquor went down in the first ties. Then Bacchanal and the unlucky Cataclysm succumbed in succession, to Sarah Ann, who, in her turn, was just beaten by Bed of Stone in the final course; Mr. Brigg's wonderful fawn puppy thus bringing her victorious season to a triumphant conclusion. Coursing was resumed again about the end of September, the Scottish National Club holding the first meeting of any importance, and the Douglas Cup proved that Bacchanal and Swivel did not retain much form. Some very fair puppies came out for the Derby and Oaks Stakes at Ashdown Park, and the famous sisters—Pensive and Pauline—divided the Craven Cup. Lady Lyons reappeared at Sundorne, and though she ran a little wild at first, yet she soon settled down into her Waterloo form. Pink Pearl seemed to have lost the brilliant dash which characterised her running at the beginning of the year; but Premier showed great speed, though he does not seem partial to a very long course. The weather was simply wretched, and, owing to this and a great scarcity of hares, all the stakes had to be divided. The St. Leger at the Bothal Meeting secured an immense entry, and was divided by Cottage Girl, by Caller Ou, and Charming Belle, by Lazzaroni, who won seven courses apiece. Some well-known dogs contested the Bentinck Cup, of which Requiem and Tranmire were put out in the second ties; Sarah Ann succumbed to Macdonald in the second, and the latter beat Drooping Willow in the "decider." The Lurgan Open Meeting was selected for the reappearance of many of the crack performers of the previous season. No less than seven of the competitors in the last Waterloo Cup came to the slips, and among them Master McGrath, who had never run since his terrible fiasco. He showed much of his old fire and dash, and beat all his opponents pretty easily, except Fritz (late Surveyor), who gave him a good deal of trouble in the last course. There can be little doubt that he would once more have been a great favourite for the "blue ribbon," but he has gone to the stud, and will not run again. Fritz had the honour of being the first conqueror of Sea Cove, and of the remainder Bendimere and Cataclysm ran extremely well. Lady

Lyons was beaten by Bradwell in the second ties of the Thornton Cup at the Thornton and Ince Open Meeting, and old Kalista, after winning this prize for two years in succession, had to content herself with running up for it. Mr. Lister took thirteen dogs to the Wiltshire Champion (Amesbury) Meeting, and was well rewarded for his enterprise, as, besides carrying off the Ladies' Plate with Chameleon, a daughter of two Waterloo Cup winners—King Death and Chloe—he took the Challenge Cup with Cross Patch, and the Amesbury Stakes was divided between his two old favourites—Charming May and Caithness. The former, though now in her fourth season, ran quite like a puppy. The Border Union Meeting suffered from the frost, which made the trials very unreliable, and accounted for the easy defeat of one or two great favourites. Hares were scarce at the Newmarket Champion Meeting, which was hardly as successful as usual, chiefly owing to the bad behaviour of the spectators, who interfered greatly with the sport. Fancy, by Samuel, and Pretender, by Ewesdale, divided the Puppy Stakes, in which Eclipse and Prioress, two tremendous favourites, ran very badly. Musical divided the All-Aged Stakes with Patentee, and both Pensive and Pauline were beaten by the former in the course of the meeting. Sandridge, who showed extraordinary stamina, was one of the last four left in.

CRICKET.

THE past cricket season has been remarkable for the extraordinary number of close matches that have taken place, and also for the wonderfully fine weather, favoured by which, scarcely a match ought to have been left unfinished. We regret to say, however, that this was not the case, and unless a radical change is made at Lord's, the Oval, and other well-known grounds, wofully diminished "gates" will testify to the disgust of the public with the present state of affairs. Surely matches might be commenced at half-past ten sharp, instead of which it is often mid-day before the elevens lazily take the field, and they have scarcely warmed to their work before the bell rings for lunch, a ponderous repast which usually wastes nearly an hour, and after which few players seem inclined for very active exertion. The consequence of this is that a match, which might easily have been played out in two days, is often left unfinished at the end of three. To begin with the counties, we find that Yorkshire and Notts are far in advance of all the rest. Their cricketing strength is balanced as evenly as possible, but as, chiefly owing to the accident to Daft, and the melancholy death of poor Summers, the "big county" has gained a slight advantage over Nottinghamshire, we must give it the place of honour. Out of six county matches Yorkshire won five, defeating Surrey twice, Kent twice, Notts (by two runs), and drawing the sixth with Notts. Many other less important matches were of course played, in all of which the eleven showed to great advantage, the most notable being that against the M.C.C. and Ground. This team included Messrs. W. G. Grace and Green, and Wootton and A. Shaw, and was only defeated by one wicket, after a very close contest. Iddison comes out best in the batting, with an average of nearly 25 runs per innings, while E. Rawlinson is close on his heels with 22. Then follow Rowbotham, Lockwood, and Atkinson, who are very even with about 17 apiece. In bowling, Freeman, in spite of having sprained his arm just at the height of the season, is far before all rivals, as he has taken 41 wickets at an average expense of about 5 runs, and has only bowled a single wide. Emmett is next with 33 wickets to his name, but each of them cost 13 runs, while he contributed no less than 23 "extras" to his opponents' scores. None of the other six bowlers had much chance of distinguishing themselves, though Iddison's slows proved very effective, and Clayton showed himself to be a very promising colt. Nottinghamshire also played six county matches during the past season, of which the eleven won three, those against Surrey and Kent (twice), and lost two against Yorkshire and Surrey, while the second match with Yorkshire was drawn. No county could have struggled better against ill-luck, for at the commencement of the season poor George Summers was killed in a match against the M.C.C., by a ball delivered by Platts, which rose and struck him on the side of the head. Daft sprained his leg so badly that he could only look on for the last few weeks of the season. In spite of this disadvantage, however, he put together 325 runs, being an average of about 40 per innings, and next to him comes W. Butler, a colt, and nephew of old George Parr, whose average of 25 is, however, a little deceptive, as he only played three innings, in the first of which 60 out of his 75 was obtained. W. Oscroft is credited with 18, while nine players got into double figures. J. C. Shaw is far in advance of all the bowlers with 45 wickets, which cost about 10 runs each. M'Intyre's 27 wickets were a little more expensive, and A. Shaw, who was far more successful in minor matches, was only credited with fourteen. However, no county could have finer bowlers, while Daft is undoubtedly the first professional batsman in the world, and, if not quite as effective as Mr. W. G. Grace, his style his far more neat and elegant. Never did a county commence a season more hopelessly than Surrey, for twelve successive defeats were enough to completely demoralize any team; and indeed, though members of the eleven did well enough when playing in matches like the Gentlemen *v.* Players, North *v.* South, &c., yet they seemed quite unable to act in concert. A complete dearth of bowlers was the secret of their weakness, and when they discovered Anstead and Mr. Bray, a wonderful reaction look place, and in August they successively defeated Middlesex, Lancashire, Kent, Sussex, and Nottinghamshire, and thus won five matches out of fourteen. Pooley heads the batting averages with about 23 runs, obtained by really magnificent play, and we have only to mention that he caught twenty-eight men, and stumped fifteen more, to show how fortunate the county has been in securing such an able successor to poor Tom Lockyer, who died this summer. Jupp and Humphrey, though no longer almost invincible as they were a season or two ago, are well up with 21 and 15 respectively, and Mr. Gregory with 20, and Griffith with 16, did the county good service. Southerton, one of the most scientific bowlers of the day, took no less than 88 wickets, each of which cost about 13 runs. Street, Griffith, and Anstead effected the downfall of 45, 40, and 39, respectively; while Vince, of whom great things were expected, was only credited with 6, and that at the suicidal rate of 38 runs per wicket. Altogether, Surrey has indeed sunk low since the days when it was no presumption for the county to challenge all England; but the club has plenty of money, and under fresh management it is to be hoped that the latent talent which must exist in the county will be developed, and a more satisfactory result be attained at the end of this year. Kent comes even worse out of the ordeal than Surrey, for out of eight matches the eleven have managed to lose six, and but for the superb bowling of Willsher, it is doubtful if we should have even these two successes to chronicle. Truly this is a sad falling off since the days of Fuller Pilch and Alfred Mynn; but there is no doubt that of late years private feeling has been allowed to interfere to a sad extent with the selection of the county eleven, and as everything is to be put on a fresh footing, we may confidently hope for a great improvement. Mr. Yardley's average of 27 runs is a very fine one, and was obtained by some brilliant play and very hard hitting, but no one else has much distinguished himself with the bat. Willsher never bowled better in his life, and was credited with 50 wickets at a sacrifice of 9 runs for each, and Bennett, another veteran, comes out well with 29 wickets, each of which, however, cost his side nearly 20 runs. It must be remembered that all the averages we have given refer solely to *county* matches. Of Sussex, Lancashire, and the remaining counties we have little to say. The first-named eleven includes two fine batsmen in Charlwood and Reed; while Southerton (who seems to belong both to Sussex and Surrey) and Lilleywhite are always dangerous with the ball; but the team is not well handled, and the fielding is generally atrocious. Gloucestershire has played two or three successful matches, but then Gloucestershire means the three Graces, and if they are supported by eight men who can play at all, they are more than a match for any county except Yorkshire and Notts. The Inter-University match was one of the most remarkable ever played, for though in the second innings of Oxford she had five wickets to fall when only 19 runs were required to secure a victory, yet she suffered defeat by 2 runs, successive balls of Mr. Cobden's last over proving fatal to three men. Eton *v.* Harrow was also a very exciting contest, the former winning by 21 runs. The feature of the match was the magnificent leg-hitting of Mr. Baily, who made 76 and 16, and also proved very dangerous behind the wicket. The Gentlemen, as usual, had the best of the Players in the three or four matches they played, but the latter never managed to bring a really representative eleven into the field, though the divisions between them are healed. We cannot close this brief retrospect of the season without mentioning the name of Mr. W. G. Grace. He played as grandly as ever, and, taken all round, there can be little doubt that he has earned the right to be considered the very best cricketer of this or any other time. He made as long scores as ever up to the Canterbury week, when a run of bad luck set in, which must have greatly diminished his average. He has done little as a bowler, but in the field he is invaluable, and very few amateurs can cope with him from a hundred yards to a quarter of a mile, either on the flat or over hurdles.

AQUATICS.

THE aquatic history of the past year is full of interest; indeed, the victory of Cambridge over Oxford after nine successive defeats, the triumph of the American *Sappho* over the *Cambria*, and the revenge we took in the international four-oared race, would alone be sufficient to mark 1870 with a white stone. To begin at the beginning, however, the first important contest of the year was a sculling match from Putney to Mortlake, between William Sadler and Joseph Heath, in which the latter never had a chance. This was succeeded by a mile spin on the Tyne, between James Taylor and James Percy; the former, with two to one against him, winning as he chose. For a month after this, matters were very quiet, and then came the great event of the year—the antagonism of the dark and light blue. Every feature of the race must be fresh in the recollections of our readers. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the Cambridge eight seemed to have slightly the advantage, both in speed and stamina, and waited in front during the whole of the journey, eventually winning, with nothing to spare, by a bare length. Goldie, the Cambridge stroke, scarcely rowed in that finished style which was so noticeable last year, and Darbishire, who occupied a similar position in the Oxford boat, must be pronounced by far the finest oarsman in either crew. He did double work all through the race, but his men did not seem to have the strength which is generally such a prominent feature of an Oxford eight, and he was not well supported. However, the result gave the greatest satisfaction to everyone, and the losers themselves could hardly grudge Cambridge her long-deferred victory. The near approach of a match in open boats between Harry Kelley and John Bright lent additional interest to a scullers' race between the latter and George Wakefield, and the fine style in which Bright rowed away from his opponent made his supporters very confident. The ex-champion, however, proved a far more formidable antagonist, and, after a desperate race, in which Bright led for more than half the distance, he was fairly rowed down and beaten by four lengths. Kelly has always been a great favourite in Newcastle, and a day or two after this race he was presented with a gold medal and a purse of sovereigns by his admirers in that town. It took so long to arrange the preliminaries of a match between the *Cambria* and the *Sappho*, that people grew heartily sick of the whole affair. At length matters were adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties, and the three trials took place. From one cause or another, the contests produced more wrangling, but they conclusively proved the immense superiority of the American vessel. It was then discovered that she was so much larger than the *Cambria* that the latter could have no possible chance with her; but as all this was known when the matches were arranged, it seemed hardly in good taste to bring these facts forward so late in the day, and attempt to deprive the stranger of all the credit of her successes. So much ink has already been expended over the matter that we will add as little to it as possible. The Tyne was the scene of the next important match, and Thomas Winship, one of the champion four, had little difficulty in beating Ralph Hepplewhite in "best and best" boats. The *Cambria* was so much improved by extra ballast, and by some other alterations which were made in her after her triple defeat, that she came in first for two prizes given by the Royal Thames Yacht Club, though she only took one, the *Egeria* beating her for the other by her time allowance. The bad luck of the London Rowing Club was quite the feature of Henley Regatta, as it was not successful in a single event. Its representatives, however, experienced the most heart-breaking luck, being second for the three most important races. The Oxford Etonian Boat Club as usual sent up very powerful crews, and had a victorious career; and the pluck shown by the Dublin Club in sending representatives to Henley, was well rewarded by the easy victory of an Irish four over Oxford University, a triumph rendered all the more creditable from the fact that Woodhouse (stroke), Tinné, Lewis, and Mirehouse, made up the losing crew. The ill-luck of the London Rowing Club stuck to it at the Metropolitan Amateur Regatta, for it only carried off one insignificant prize, though its representatives were second in three races. The Ino men commenced their series of victories, and the Kingston Rowing Club was represented by a very powerful eight, with the redoubtable Darbishire for stroke, and "good men and true," like Yarborough and Corrie, behind him. We are very sorry to drag in the old and favourite sporting adage that "youth will be served," but certainly the third race between Kelley and Joseph Sadler thoroughly exemplified it. The ex-champion never had a chance from start to finish, and it was difficult to believe that he was the same man who had so easily defeated Sadler a short time previously. It is wonderful, however, that he should have retained his form so long, and while the younger man sculled, if possible, faster than ever, he seemed also much improved in staying powers. The Trial Heat for the Wingfield Sculls, brought out a new and formidable man in John Ross, of the West of Scotland Rowing Club. Though only weighing about 9st. 4lbs., he is a very finished sculler, and defeated Yarborough so easily, that he was made a very hot favourite for the final heat. This, however, produced a great disappointment, for though the Scotchman dashed off at such a terrific pace that he soon held a lead of a couple of lengths, he was compelled to stop at Craven Point, owing to a severe stitch, and Albert de Laude Long (the holder) paddled quietly over the course. In the same week, a great swimming race for the five-mile championship took place between Charles Whyte and Henry Coulter. It was one of the best ever witnessed, for the men were never more than eight or ten yards apart till close to the finish, when Whyte drew away, and came in first by about eight lengths. Odds were laid on W. Sadler against S. Wright, a sculler who enjoyed a high reputation some years ago, in a two-mile race at King's Lynn; but again the non-favourite was successful, for after half the distance was accomplished, the Londoner was quite out of it. The result of the match across the Atlantic, between the *Cambria* and the *Dauntless*, will be remembered by all our readers, and we need hardly remind them that the former won by rather less than two hours. The positions of the two yachts might have been reversed, had not the American lost two men overboard during a squall, and spent three hours in vainly searching for them. The *Vanguard* was quite the heroine of the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, for she won the Queen's Prize and the Town Cup (for which, however, she was disqualified), and held a good lead in a third race, when her owner, Colonel Verschoyle, was seized with an apoplectic fit, and she at once relinquished the contest. The disqualification of Kelley, in the first heat of the Champion Sculls at the Thames Regatta, deprived that race of all interest, and left it quite at the mercy of Sadler. This, however, was the only victory which the London men obtained, for, owing to the unfortunate divisions among them, which prevented really strong crews being got together, Newcastle was credited with both the pair and four-oared races, and this in spite of the absence of its four best men in America. The match between Henry Coulter and David Pamplin hardly attracted as much attention as might have been expected. It took place in the Thames, and though the latter led for more than half the distance, he seemed to tire towards the finish, and Coulter won cleverly by nearly a dozen yards. Shortly after this affair, the race for the Amateur Swimming Championship took place over the usual course

—from Putney to Hammersmith. Though there were eleven starters the result was never in doubt, as Henry Parker held a good lead from beginning to end, and finished some thirty yards in advance of W. H. Bell. The winner was second for this event in 1869, when he was beaten by T. Morris, who has since then become a professional. The great international race between the Tyne and St. John's fours, fittingly brought the aquatic events of the year to a close. The betting was unusually heavy, and the confidence of the Americans so strong that even money was laid up to the start. Indeed, if the Tyne men had had unlimited means, they might have "spoiled the Egyptians" to their hearts' content, and, as it was, they laid out a very large sum. Never was a victory more easily achieved, the Newcastle crew went to the front at once, and could apparently have won as far as they chose. Renforth, as usual, rowed most brilliantly, and the clever manner in which Taylor steered with his feet and the study he had bestowed on all the eddies and currents of the course, contributed in no small degree to the hollow triumph of the northern four.

ATHLETICS.

EIGHTEEN Hundred and Seventy was an eventful epoch in the history of athletics. Matters were hardly as peaceful as could have been wished, but the warm discussions which the "Gentleman-Amateur" question provoked, and the amount of interest taken in its settlement, showed very clearly how firm a hold the sport has taken in England. There was no lack of brilliant achievements; on several occasions "the best time on record" was accomplished; indeed, amateurs seem improving even more rapidly than professionals are degenerating, and, at the present rate of progress, fabulous times and distances seem likely to be accomplished in two or three years' time. Athletic meetings have increased and multiplied so rapidly of late, that it would be perfectly hopeless even to name all of them, and we must content ourselves with glancing briefly at the most important features of the past season. The Universities, as usual, were first in the field, but the meetings of the various colleges at Marston and Fenner's Ground did not produce any very remarkable performances, though they proved that Benson would be very dangerous in the Inter-University sports, and that Hawtrey retained all his form. The London Athletic Club season commenced with the Challenge Cup Meeting, when the three new cups presented by Messrs. Chinnery, Waddell, and W. Waddell were first competed for, and another contest for the old Walking Cup took place. The 100 yards race produced a great surprise, as A. J. Baker, a comparatively unknown man, defeated E. J. Colbeck easily after a dead heat, and R. H. Nunn walked seven miles in 57 min. 17 sec., the then fastest time on record. As if to make some amends for their defeat on the river, the Oxford men made a terrible example of Cambridge at Lillie Bridge; indeed, at one time, it looked as if the "light blues" would not score a single event. We never saw a finer performance than that of J. L. Stirling (Cambridge) in the hurdle-race. He is a finished jumper, very quick between his hurdles, and comes down at once into his stride, and never gave his three opponents the slightest chance. Perhaps the most remarkable of the remaining performances were the mile, won by R. H. Benson (Oxford), in 4 min. $32^{4}/_{5}$ sec.; and the 100 yards won, for the second time in succession, by J. G. Wilson (Oxford), whom we consider the very fastest amateur that ever put on a shoe; nor must we omit to mention that F. U. Waite (Oxford) threw the hammer 107 ft. 2 in. It is almost unnecessary to say that the Champion Meeting took place in the rain, for it has never yet been favoured by really fine weather. With this exception everything went off well, and some of the performances were extraordinarily good. R. J. C. Mitchell, Manchester Athletic Club, was quite the hero of the day, and swept off four events. He "put" the weight 38 ft., and was first in the high, broad, and pole jumps, with 5 ft. 9 in., 19 ft. 11¾ in., and 10 ft. 3 in. respectively; and in looking back at these great feats, it must be remembered that the ground was very wet and slippery. Nunn did not long enjoy the reputation of having walked the fastest seven miles on record, for though he actually eclipsed his previous performance by 82 seconds, yet he was cleverly beaten by T. Griffiths, who covered the distance in 55 min. 33 sec. This is the same gentleman who is recently supposed to have walked 21 miles considerably under three hours, doing the second seven miles in about 54½ min. Of course, this is too ridiculous to need comment, but at the Champion Meeting he walked fairly throughout, and it will take a wonderful amateur to beat his time. E. J. Colbeck, one of the best London men, and who has always been very successful at this meeting, was short of work and quite out of form, and it seemed a pity that he started three times to suffer certain defeat. The committee of the Richmond Cricket Club tried an experiment with the annual sports, which were held on two consecutive Saturdays. On the first day J. Scott scored his first important victory in the Three Miles Handicap, though, as he had 35 sec. start, his task was a very easy one; and J. Cockerell took high rank as a hurdle-jumper by beating W. Lindsay and E. E. Toller. The great race of the day, however, was the 100 yards, in the final heat of which J. G. Wilson once more showed his wonderful speed, by cantering away from W. Collett and A. J. Baker. The events of the second day need no comment, except that Toller and Cockerell met again over "120 yards, 10 flights of hurdles," and the former, with three yards start, managed to change places with his conqueror. Woolwich defeated Sandhurst easily, winning seven events out of eleven. By far the best performance was H. S. Ferguson's (Woolwich) wide jump of 21 ft. 2½ in., while T. Clerk (Sandhurst) was only an inch behind him. The brilliant victories of J. Scott and A. J. Baker were the features of the second meeting of the London Athletic Club. The former started from scratch in a mile handicap, caught his men about four hundred yards from home, and won easily in 4 min. 35 sec., on a very bad path; while the latter trotted off with two handicaps. The Civil Service sports were as great a gala as usual, and attracted an enormous number of spectators. There was no very remarkable performance to chronicle. A. J. Eames showed his customary fine speed in the 100 yards and 220 yards races, and Sydenham Dixon obtained possession of the Mile Challenge Cup, by winning it for the third year in succession. J. Cockerell carried off both hurdle races at the annual meeting of the South Norwood Athletic Club, though he was handicapped very heavily, and A. Pollock, who runs in beautiful style, showed to great advantage in a 600 yards race. Walter Rye, the Hon. Secretary of the London Athletic Club, walked for the last time, at the Summer Meeting of the club. He fittingly closed a most successful career (in the course of which he was never beaten by anyone off the same mark, except when he experienced a sunstroke at Nottingham), by walking two and three miles in 14 min. 56 sec., and 23 min. 4 sec., respectively. Referring to Nottingham, we must not forget to mention that a very strong team of London Athletic Club men went down to the annual sports which are held there, and carried off several prizes. Among others, J. Scott won the mile in the extraordinary time of 4 min. 27 sec. Great doubts have been expressed as to the correctness of this performance; but, having gone carefully into the matter, we are forced to the conclusion that no mistake could possibly have been made either in the time or distance. The defeat of A. J. Baker by W. Collett for the 100 yards cup was the only noteworthy feature of the second London Athletic Club Challenge Cup Meeting. The former is a very uncertain runner, but Collett seems quite as fast as he was four or five years ago, and has beaten Baker on almost every occasion on which they have met. J. Scott wound up a splendid series of victories by running two miles in 10 min. 2 sec. on an unfavourable day, and this year we shall hope to see him perform against the best University men at the Champion Meeting and elsewhere.

BILLIARDS.

WE may safely say that the past year has been the most remarkable ever known in the history of billiards. For nearly twenty years John Roberts had held undisputed possession of the championship, and, up to the end of 1868, he could give any player in the world 300 points in 1,000. Then, however, his son, Cook, and Bennett crept nearer and nearer to him, the 300 was reduced to 200, and at last people began to think that there was little to choose between the four cracks, and no one was much surprised when Cook challenged his old master. The first match of the year was the conclusion of the one in which W. Cook gave J. Bowell 900 points in 2,000, the first half having been played at St. James's Hall in the middle of the previous December, when Cook scored 1,000, while his opponent put together 198. Little interest attached therefore to the second portion of the game, which took place at Manchester, when, however, Bowell showed to far more advantage, and did not finish very far behind. Harry Evans, one of our soundest and steadiest players, proved too much for Alfred Hughes in each of three matches, though, strangely enough, the latter did best when playing on his opponent's table. About this time a meeting of the principal players took place, in order to consider certain proposed alterations in the rules of the game, and it was decided that matches for the championship should in future be played on tables having pockets only three inches wide at the fall of the slate, and that the spot should be placed 12½ inches from the top cushion, the usual distance being about 13¼ inches. This was, of course, intended as a blow at the spot-stroke, and the reason why Cook made no objection to the alteration, which seemed certain to weaken his position as a player, is explained in the first of a series of articles on the game which he wrote for the *Sporting Life*, in which he stated that "I am not inclined to think that any material difference in the magnitude of the breaks will be made by their (the pockets) reduction, when the leading players of the day are concerned." We cannot understand how he could have arrived at this conclusion, and the utter fallacy of it has been proved again and again. Some of the most interesting contests of the season were those between the champion and Joseph Bennett, "spot hazard barred," which arrangement was supposed to place the younger player on terms of equality with the veteran. He, however, had to succumb on the first occasion, but at "the second time of asking," managed to win by 74 points, after long odds had been laid alternately on each man. Matches at pyramids generally result in very close contests, and that between D. Richards, one of our finest players, and J. Stammers proved no exception to the rule, the score standing at eleven games to ten in favour of the former. The first match that has ever been played for the championship created an extraordinary amount of interest, and such a sight as that presented by the large concert-room at St. James's Hall on the eventful night may never be seen again on a similar occasion. Upwards of a thousand people, including the Prince of Wales and large numbers of the aristocracy, were present, completely filling eight or nine tiers of seats, which gradually sloped towards the galleries, in which were numbers of spectators armed with opera-glasses. Cook played a winning game throughout, though his evident nervousness was rendered all the more apparent by Roberts' extremely jaunty manner; indeed, the latter indulged in rather more chaff than was necessary, and certainly did not lose a chance of slily "bustling" his opponent. The veteran did not show quite that wonderful knowledge of strength and power of bringing the balls together after a stroke, which is such a marked characteristic of Cook's play, but he had decidedly the worse luck of the two, and, after all, he was only 117 points behind at the finish. The new style of table cannot be pronounced a success, for neither man accomplished more than six consecutive "spots;" indeed, after a few vain attemps, both relinquished their favourite stroke in despair. Joseph Bennett cut a poor figure against John Roberts, jun., in a "spot hazard barred" match, and the latter succeeded in defeating Cook at pyramids, on his own table, after a very close struggle; and, as his challenge to the world at pyramids has never been taken up, he must be considered the champion at this fascinating game. One of the most sporting matches of the year was that between Dufton and Symes, in which the former conceded 150 points in 1,000. Symes was said to have improved immensely, and to be quite a master of the spot-stroke, and, accordingly, was a great favourite at the commencement of the game, but Dufton, showing a little of "the light of other days," managed to win, after a very close contest; and Symes was equally unfortunate in a contest with F. Bennett some few days afterwards. Entertainment matches were taking place all over the country just at this time, and in one of them Cook made the gigantic break of 512, in which were 167 "spots," broken only by a solitary cannon, and, a few weeks afterwards, he capped this achievement by making 531 at Swansea. Cook's father has evidently bequeathed all his skill to his son, for in a contest against J. Peters, the old gentleman could not get along at all, and 25 was his best effort. The next matches of importance were those between Dufton and Green, which the latter won as he liked, and Moss and Bradley, in which the former had no trouble in conceding 200 points. The University games were divided, the double-handed one, in which the play of Messrs. Richardson and Lascelles was especially noticeable, going to Cambridge, and the latter gentleman winning the single match for Oxford; though, as it was a very unsatisfactory victory, and one that did not at all redound to the credit of the "dark blues," the less that is said about it the better. The second contest for the championship can only be described as a failure in every respect. Little interest seemed taken in it; instead of the hall being crowded to the ceiling, whole rows of benches were empty, and Cook was in very poor form. At the very outset of the game a dispute relative to a cannon, though decided in his favour, seemed to take away his small stock of self-confidence, and he was quite unable to recover himself. Roberts, jun., on the other hand, never showed to more advantage; he held a good lead almost from start to finish, and actually won by 478 points, a feat which we may safely say he will never repeat. A "little go" between W. Moss and F. Bennett, which took place during the same week, resulted in favour of the latter. The last match of any importance which was played in the 1869-70 season, was that in which A. J. Bowles attempted to wrest the championship from Roberts, jun. A good deal of interest attached to it, as, though Bowles had a great reputation some time ago, nothing had been seen of him for the last few years. Though people were almost in the dark as to the Brighton man's pretensions, yet very long odds were laid on the champion even at the commencement of the game. These were never in danger, for in spite of Bowles's marvellous cannons, he was completely overmatched, and suffered defeat by 246 points. The 1870-71 season has commenced well with a most interesting contest for the championship between Roberts, jun., and Joseph Bennett. The latter had performed extremely well during the previous week in some entertainment matches with Cook, so he was quite at home on a championship table, and, after a close contest, won by 95 points. Bennett's losing hazards were brilliant in the extreme, and his cautious tactics proved thoroughly successful, while there can be no doubt that Roberts played far too open a game. Still, with even luck, Bennett will always beat him on a small pocket table.

PARLIAMENTARY AND POLITICAL SUMMARY.

SELDOM has Parliament been convened under circumstances of greater public importance than those which marked the Session of 1870. Ministers, having accomplished a success in their Church Bill, had announced their intention of introducing at least two important measures—"the Irish Land Bill," and that of "Elementary Education"—in reference to both of which politicians of every shade had already expressed opinions. It was hoped, and Ministers caused it to be announced, that Her Majesty would have opened Parliament in person; and until the eleventh hour such was the public impression. The Queen, through ill-health, was prevented from so doing, and the Royal Speech, as usual in late years, was delivered by Commission. Ministers provided a programme which proclaimed their desire as far as possible to realise public expectation. The Irish Land Bill; National Education; in fulfilment of an engagement to the Government of the United States, a Bill for Defining the *Status* of Subjects of Foreign Countries desiring Naturalisation; Improvements in the Constitution and Procedure of the Superior Tribunals of both Original and Appellate Jurisdiction; the question of Religious Tests in the Universities and Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge; the Amendment of the Laws relating to Spirit Licences; the Repression, if not the Extinction, of Agrarian Crime in Ireland, were topics alluded to with epigrammatic terseness as being those to which the attention of both Houses would be specially invited. It was indicated, in the absence of proposed temporary coercive measures, that for Irish disaffection main reliance would be placed upon the permanent operation of wise and necessary changes in the law. Recent occurrences in New Zealand and other colonies, which had attracted much public attention, received but cursory notice. The important topic of our foreign relations was disposed of in a paragraph which it is well, under existing circumstances, to repeat. Ministers announced—

> "The friendly sentiments which are entertained in all quarters towards this country, and which Her Majesty cordially reciprocates; the growing disposition to resort to the good offices of allies in cases of international differences; and the

conciliatory spirit in which several such cases have recently been treated and determined; encourage Her Majesty's confidence in the continued maintenance of the general tranquillity."

In the Lords the Marquis of Huntley moved, and the Earl of Fingal seconded, the Address. The latter, as an Irish landlord having "everything at stake," requested their lordships to face the question of the Irish Land Bill in a liberal spirit. Lord Cairns, in commenting on the Address, observed: "The circumstance that only a few lines are devoted to foreign affairs cannot, I think, be deemed otherwise than grateful to your lordships, inasmuch as it leads us to the belief that there is nothing whatever connected with foreign affairs which can be other than a subject of congratulation to this country." Exercising the authority of his position as for the time leader of the Conservative Opposition, Lord Cairns criticised the Speech from the Throne with precision rather than with severity. He alluded to the fact that the Educational measure was not extended in its provisions to either Scotland or Ireland. At the same time he rated the Government in reference to their Land schemes and the disturbed condition of Ireland by reference to the speeches of Mr. Bright promising to the disaffected peasantry "free lands" and "free gardens;" quoting also the observation of Lord Clarendon, when speaking of certain hypothetical acts supposed to be perpetrated by landlords as "felonious" acts, as expressions calculated to mislead the Irish public, if not to embarrass the Executive. Lord Cairns further commented upon the dismissal of Mr. Madden from the Deputy-Lieutenantcy and Commission of the Peace of the County of Monaghan, for refusing to serve as sheriff in his county in consequence of his want of faith in the efforts of the Irish Government. Lord Cairns contrasted his conduct with that of Earl Granard, the Lord-Lieutenant of Leitrim, who had addressed a numerous assemblage of Irish agitators congregated upon what he was pleased to term the "classic ground" of Vinegar Hill. Earl Granville renewed, in reference to Ireland, an observation attributed to Sir Robert Peel—"Call me in, and I'll prescribe"—and declared that the whole question of Irish disaffection should receive the fullest consideration, and, when necessity arose, be met by the most firm action. Earl Grey, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Monck, and others, promised the Government a dispassionate support. Thus in the Lords the Session was inaugurated with every prospect of its debates being directed to the passing of measures sound and effective, rather than to the organising of schemes having for their object political success.

In the Commons, Captain Egerton moved, and Sir Charles Dilke seconded, the Address. The seconder, in commenting upon the paragraph which alluded to our foreign relations, observed, "Friendly sentiments form no unmeaning phrase. I believe that, were it diplomatic, it would be no more than true to say, that we are upon a footing of intimate friendship with all the Powers. For many years we have not seen the world so entirely at rest." Sir Charles Dilke also indulged in a good deal of sentiment when referring to our internal relations. Mr. Disraeli, while promising to Ministers a calm and dispassionate consideration of their measures, and disavowing all intention of factious opposition, forcibly alluded to the disturbed and disaffected state of Ireland, notwithstanding that no ecclesiastical or religious causes existed for Irish discontent; and he contrasted its condition under the government of Earl Spencer with that which it presented during the vice-royalty of the Duke of Abercorn. He believed that the Irish people had misinterpreted the policy of the Government, and had accepted as a recognition of their demands that which was but a tolerant though a mistaken policy. He commented on the speeches of avowed supporters of the Government and their extra-parliamentary utterances. Alluding especially to the three branches of Irish grievance—viz., the Church, the Land, and Education—the first of which was disposed of, the second proposed to be treated, and the third held in reserve—he hoped that the Government would neither adopt the sentiments of Mr. Bright nor the expressions of Sir John Grey, whom he well described as a fair specimen of an influential and "bustling" class of member; quoting Sir John Grey's observation addressed to an excited mob—"We must be firm! We are sure to get what we want if we are firm; but nothing must satisfy you except fixity of tenure." Mr. Gladstone could not regard Mr. Disraeli's observations with dissatisfaction; he repudiated the sentiments of Sir John Grey on the Land legislation, while acknowledging his services in the previous Session; and with the general assurance of his anxiety to deal with the several questions in a fair and practical spirit, gave way to Mr. Newdegate, whose observations concluded the debate of the first night of the Session.

Parliament manifested immediate evidence of its anxiety for business. Questions and motions of every possible character were placed upon the papers. Mr. Stacpoole, the most independent and active of the Irish Members, inquired of Ministers what course they meant to adopt in reference to glebes and glebe-houses. Lord Redesdale crushed the hopes of many members of the Parliamentary

Bar, by referring the numerous Tramway Bills to a Select Committee. Coinage Bills, Friendly Society Bills, Bills affecting the Preservation of Public Spaces in the neighbourhood of London, followed in quick succession.

On the 10th of February was brought under the notice of the House the case of O'Donovan Rossa, who, tried by a Special Commission on the 27th of November, 1865, and undergoing sentence of penal servitude for life for treason-felony, had nevertheless been elected by an overwhelming majority as Member of Parliament for the County of Tipperary, in opposition to Mr. Heron, the law adviser to Dublin Castle. Mr. Gladstone moved that in consequence of such sentence O'Donovan Rossa "had become and continued incapable of being elected or returned as a Member of the House." Mr. G. H. Moore moved, as an amendment, that "as a question of Parliamentary law, precedent, and practice, a Select Committee should be appointed to examine and to report." In thus determining between the merits of "a real and a sham Fenian"—for it was stated and publicly known that Mr. Heron had appeared upon the hustings in a green scarf, and had used language not altogether suitable to the responsibility or dignity of his position—the House laid aside all other feelings but those of contempt and indignation that their body was sought to be degraded through the introduction of such a Member as the convict, and repudiated the motion for a Select Committee by a majority of 293 in a House of but 309; thus far initiating divisions by a triumphant and an overwhelming success for Ministers, to which both parties contributed, and which, it may be interesting to observe, on other questions, was frequently repeated during the Session. In the House of Lords, Earl Carnarvon called attention to the condition of the British Colonies, and, in an elaborate and exhaustive speech, attempted to satisfy their Lordships, that their relations with England were eminently satisfactory, although this country desired to throw upon the Colonies the burden of maintaining their own safety, if not affirming their own independence. Earl Granville, Lord Lyttelton, and Viscount Monck gave expression to their several opinions; and the Earl of Derby—who spoke for the first time since his succession to the seat of his illustrious father—expressed himself in sentiments worthy of his predecessor, declaring that it was "an obligation of honour and duty" on the part of this country to defend our Colonial possessions. Mr. Latham, without opposition, in fact with the acquiescence on the part of the Government expressed through the Marquis of Hartington, introduced his favourite measure of the Ballot, and it was ordered to be read a first time. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, certainly the most industrious, if not the most gifted, of the junior members of the Administration, brought forward a Bill to consolidate and amend the laws relating to Merchant Shipping, and in an exhaustive, analytical speech, which showed the care he had bestowed upon a complicated and difficult subject, laid before the House the details of the measure, which was read the first time, and elicited expressions of the highest approval on the part of Mr. Cave, Mr. Norwood, Mr. Graves, and others, as well as impressing the House with Mr. Lefevre's capacity for fully and properly treating the difficult subject.

On the 15th of February, Mr. Gladstone introduced his great measure. He did so to a House crowded in every available place—its galleries being occupied by members of the Royal Family, the leaders of both sides in the House of Lords, and distinguished Ministers of the present and former Administrations. He referred to the predictions of those who had opposed the Irish Church Bill in the previous Session—"that it would be discovered that Irish grievances were attributable to the land and not to the Church." He did so with a view of impressing them with their self-proclaimed importance of his present measure. He admitted that difficulties of an extraordinary character invested its discussion, which difficulties had been much exaggerated by delay and previous abortive attempts at legislation. He repudiated the notion that the Irish, as a Celtic race, were prone to disorder, and that the Land laws, being the same in Ireland as in England, ought to produce similar results. He controverted the proposition that Ireland had been prospering for the last twenty years, and that no just cause for discontent existed. He proved that the rate of wages had not kept pace with the altered condition of the country, and that the number of persons receiving poor-relief had increased, while the cost of subsistence had risen, and in many instances led to violent interference with the fixed usages which existed in certain districts. He traced the condition of the Irish Land from the year 1793, when forty-shilling freeholders were created, to the year 1829, when they were disfranchised, as explanatory of the numerous small holdings which in the Famine year had been productive of so much wretchedness and starvation. Referring to the fact that in 1833 Mr. S. Crawford had first called attention to the condition of the occupiers of the soil in Ireland, which for ten years remained without further notice, he alluded to the Commission appointed by Sir Robert Peel in 1843, known as the Devon Commission, which issued its report in 1845, and which report had formed the basis of many subsequent attempts at legislation. Discussing the inherent diffic of the subject, and the unavailing efforts of various Governm Mr. Gladstone drew attention to the fact that while the conditio Ireland had been widely commented on in various European Co the Emperor of the French had publicly notified his admiratio the efforts made by various Executives to redress Irish grieva Following out the subject to the operation of the Encumb Estates Act in 1850, he proceeded to develop the details of scheme, premising in reference to the Bill that he had receiv letter from Mr. Bright, whose lamented illness precluded his at ance. In that letter Mr. Bright observed—"I think it a just comprehensive measure, and I hope the moderation and patri of Parliament will enable it soon to become law." Mr. Glads then detailed the provisions of the Bill. He divided them i two heads—the acquisition and the occupation of land. W regard to the first, he observed that Ireland would come unde operation of two Bills about to be introduced for facilitating transfer of land and the distribution of the real estates of intest the provisions of which would meet all necessities of such a class. They proposed to increase the power of limited owners with r to the sale and lease of real estate, and to afford assistance Treasury loans through the Irish Board of Works to tenant actual occupancy desirous of purchasing their cultivated lands [illegible]

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was proposed to legalise the Ulster custom, and the other customs, subject to restrictions, that the tenant's claim would only arise when his disturbance was the act of his landlord; that non-payment of rent, or sub-letting, would justify eviction; and that arrears of rent and damages would constitute a set-off for any such claim, while a lease of thirty-one years would bar the custom. Tenants-at-will he proposed should be entitled upon compulsory eviction to a varied scale of remuneration. In holdings under £10, a sum not exceeding seven years' rent; between £10 and £50, a sum not exceeding five years' rent; between £50 and £100, not exceeding three years' rent; and over £100, two years' rent; exclusive of compensation for reclamation of land and permanent buildings, which formed the subject of a separate award. A lease for 31 years in holdings over £50 would exempt the landlord from this scale; and in holdings over £100, the parties by private contract might evade it. Mr. Gladstone declared that the question of "What is an improvement?" had given the Government much trouble; and he defined it to be "that which added to the letting-value of the land, and was suitable to the holding." He further observed that the Bill would reverse the present presumption of law, and would throw upon the landlord the *onus* of proof that improvements were not the property of the tenant. The Bill would have a retrospective operation to improvements of twenty years, except in cases of permanent buildings and reclamation, or where such claims were barred by the terms of a lease. Alluding to leaseholders, Mr. Gladstone mentioned that the approval of the Court and a lease for thirty-one years would set aside the scale of damages, provided it gave to the tenant at the close of it a right to compensation for manures, permanent buildings, and reclamation. Having explained the subordinate, but not unimportant, provisions, he added that non-payment of rent would not, except in the case of rack-rent, be deemed a disturbance by the landlord. Notice to quit should be for twelve months, from the last gale-day in the current year, and should bear a half crown stamp; while in tenancies over £4, the county cess would be divided between owner and occupier. Admitting that the measure was far from perfect, he invited suggestions for its amendment from all sides, and concluded a speech of extraordinary power, and exhibiting wonderful mastery of detail, by declaring—"My hope, at least, is high and ardent that we shall live to see our work prosper in our hands, and that in Ireland, which we desire to unite to England and Scotland by the only enduring ties, those of free-will and free election, peace, order, and a settled and cheerful industry will diffuse their blessings from year to year, and from day to day, over a smiling land." Mr. Gathorne Hardy regretted that the absence of Mr. Disraeli, owing to severe indisposition, had precluded him from hearing so remarkable a speech; and, on the part of the Opposition, observed :—"Though we may maintain strong opinions in reference to what we call rights of property, we are not indifferent to the duties of those who possess it; and with regard to landlords, tenants, and labourers of Ireland, we have keen a sense of the evils which exist among them at present, though we may disagree with the honourable gentlemen opposite as to their causes; but if by this or by any other way we can redress them, we shall cordially lend our hand to do so." The 7th of March was then fixed for the second reading of the great measure of the Session.

The zeal for the despatch of public business manifested in the Commons extended its influence to the Lords. An attempt was made by Lord Beauchamp to induce the Government to submit measures in the first instance to the consideration of the House of Lords, and thereby avoid the waste of public time. Lord Granville acknowledged that the complaint was one of long standing. The experiment had been tried, and had not proved a success. He instanced the Scotch Education Bill, inaugurated in their Lordships' House, and amended by the Commons, which amendment their Lordships refused to consider. Acknowledging the propriety of the suggestions, he promised that the Lord Chancellor should introduce Bills, of which many of their Lordships were most competent to judge—those relating to procedure in the highest Courts, to appellate jurisdiction, and to naturalisation. Lord Salisbury thought it advisable that Bills advanced to a certain stage at the time of prorogation should, in the ensuing Parliament, be resumed in their then condition. Lord Grey stated that similar complaints had been urged for three-quarters of a century, which observation possibly determined their Lordships to take no decisive steps in the matter.

Following rapidly on the Land Bill came the next great Government measure—the Elementary Education Bill—introduced by Mr. W. E. Forster. This Bill, which constitutes an epoch in legislation, addressing itself to the requirements of the young, and extending its influence and benefits to the children of every class of politician, was introduced in a speech of consummate ability. Describing the results of returns and Commissions as disclosing much imperfect education and much absolute ignorance, Mr. Forster, while not forgetting the duties of parents, bore in mind his obligations to constituencies and to taxpayers, and brought forward a measure calculated to win golden opinions from all. He declared the Bill had two objects—by legal enactment to provide efficient schools throughout the kingdom, and by compulsory provisions judiciously exercised to ensure the attendance of all children coming within its operations. The voluntary system, though productive of great good, was defective. In many districts education was almost beyond the reach of those most requiring it. The principle of the Bill would be non-interference with the existing schools effective for their purpose. Its result would be to throw the *onus* on local authorities to supply schools where they were proved to be needed. To ensure the latter being effectively carried out, England would be mapped into school districts, preserving the school districts already formed for workhouse-schools or boundaries of vestries. The Government would have power to send down inspectors to report on such districts, and to determine whether public elementary schools came up to a prescribed standard of secular education. A year would be allowed after the passing of the Act to test the voluntary system for the effective supervision of which school boards should be elected —in boroughs by town councils, and in rural districts by vestries, and where no vestry exists by the appointment of suitable persons. Where the voluntary system failed, a power would be given to levy rates, and local boards could also apply for assistance from Government for the establishment of schools. In districts where elementary education was found to be sufficient, efficient, and suitable, Government would not interfere. "Sufficient," to mean enough of schools; "efficient," to give a reasonable amount of secular instruction; "suitable," schools to which, from the absence of religious or other restrictions, parents could not reasonably object. Existing schools would receive public aid if kept up to the parliamentary standard of secular efficiency, and if submitted to undenominational inspection. A conscience clause would be introduced providing no religious education to which parents object—no obligatory Sunday-school or place of religious worship. The finance for the support of public schools would be provided from three sources—Government aid from general taxation, school fees when practicable, voluntary subscriptions supplemented by local taxation. Free tickets would be available for those desiring them. The attendance would be secured by compulsion and indirect inducement. All children between five and twelve years would be required to attend, the limit of fine for non-attendance being five shillings, to be remitted upon reasonable excuse; school attendance would be made a condition of relief, while districts would be subjected to an efficient exercise of the Industrial Schools Act and Short Time Act. Lord Robert Mont complimented Mr. Forster upon a complicated measure, introduced with a fairness and ability which all must admit. Mr. Dixon, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Cowper-Temple, and Mr. Fawcett were loud in their praise of a Bill which Sir John Pakington, speaking for the Conservative party, described as embodying a great and comprehensive plan in a fair and conciliatory spirit.

Following upon this measure, Mr. Bruce introduced his Mines Regulation Bill, the object of which was to provide increased care and intelligence in management, to exclude from underground working all under twelve years of age, and to enact that those over twelve and under age should not have more than twelve hours' work, out of which one hour and a half would be allowed for meals. The number of inspectors would be increased.

The lamentable failure of the Albert Assurance Company, and the widespread calamity which it produced, induced Mr. Cave to bring forward the Life Assurance Companies Bill, intended to prevent the evils of amalgamation and the possible recurrence of such disasters as companies like the "Anglo-Bengalee," described by Dickens, were calculated to produce. The Bill imposed heavy penalties if insurance companies did not periodically transmit to the Board of Trade a full account of their operations and their position in a prescribed form. In the event of amalgamation, a full statement of the conditions and actuarial reports relating to both societies should be laid before shareholders and policy-holders, and the consent of half of the policy-holders was essential for such amalgamation. Every new company would be required to deposit £20,000 in the Accountant-General's office of the Court of Chancery, not to be returned until the assurance fund of such company, accumulated out of annual premiums, amounted to £40,000. The Bill further provided that in petitions for winding up companies the Court should have power to regard prospective liabilities. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, on the part of the Government, gave a cordial assent to the proposed Bill, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated his readiness to discuss its provisions.

A Bill, the importance of which it is impossible to exaggerate, particularly associating it with the present condition of Church parties, was introduced by Mr. Hibbert. "It purported to be for the relief of persons admitted to the office of priest or deacon in the Church of England and desiring to relinquish the same." Its further objects were to repeal Horne Tooke's Act of 1801, which disabled clergymen from sitting in the House of Commons, and also to repeal the Municipal Corporations Act, which excluded divines from holding municipal offices.

A motion was brought forward by Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens to facilitate emigration. Mr. Eastwood seconded it; it received the support of many Members of both sides of the House, who commented upon the large amount of distress prevailing, especially among the artisan and the better order of labouring classes. Mr. Gladstone, on the part of the Government, expressed his dissent from the general proposition, and the motion was accordingly not followed up by any active operation.

It is advisable to consider somewhat in detail, and in their relations to each other, the Navy and Army Estimates and the financial statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, more particularly in connection with events which at present agitate the public mind. Mr. Childers, as First Lord of the Admiralty, moved that 61,000 men and boys be employed in the sea and coastguard service for the year ending March, 1871, including 14,000 Royal Marines; and he observed that, while a thoroughly efficient navy force was provided, the estimates were the lowest since 1858 and 1859, the amount asked for being £9,250,000, or £1,700,000 less than that for 1868 and 1869, and £750,000 less than that of last year. These reductions were occasioned by removing 2,000 men rated on the ships' books though serving on shore, by ceasing to keep up a large and redundant stock of clothing, by diminished expenditure in dockyards, by reduction in victualling yards and in naval stores, by reductions in the estimate for ships and engines being built by contract. On the other hand, a slight increase had taken place in the dockyard extension expenses. A new plan of pensions for retired pay and half-pay had also necessitated increased outlay. An important alteration had been effected which constituted the Controller of the Navy a member of the Board of Admiralty, and responsible to the Ministry for the condition of the dockyards. The Accountant-General's and other civil departments had been reformed. Economy in contracts and the sale of the surplus supplies had been productive of funds. The many men discharged from the dockyards included the eldest and the youngest, as being the least efficient. There had been also a reduction of the number of naval officers civilly employed in various Admiralty departments. "Such reductions," Mr. Childers observed, "had been popularly called cheese-paring; but if it were cheese-paring, he did not know what economy was." Provision was made for placing stores under the direct control of a civil manager. Greenwich Hospital had been closed, its inmates preferring pensions ranging from 5d. a day up to fifty-five years, and 9d. a day up to seventy years, which had effected economy and proved most agreeable to the men.

Other departmental changes productive of savings had also been accomplished.

Proceeding to detail the condition of the navy, Mr. Childers stated that the general result, when the ships which were now building were completed, would be as follows:—First-class broadsides, two of the *Hercules* class; second-class ditto, six of the *Audacious* class; third-class ditto, nine of the *Bellerophon* class; fourth-class ditto, eight of the *Achilles* and *Royal Oak* class; fifth-class ditto, four of the *Warrior* class; and sixth-class ditto, two of the *Pallas* class; making a total of thirty-one. Of first-class turret-ships they had two of the *Devastation* and *Thunderer* class; of second-class ditto, five of the *Monarch*, *Captain*, *Glutton*, *Rupert*, and *Hotspur* class; and of third-class ditto, two of the *Royal Sovereign* class. In all there were forty broadside and turret-ships, besides five smaller broadsides and two smaller turrets. As regarded France, the comparison was as follows:—Thirty-three broadside sea-going and two turret ships, besides eleven floating batteries and five smaller rams of the *Bélier* type. In guns the forty English vessels carried 576, and the thirty-five French vessels 318. The French floating batteries carried four guns each, and of the *Bélier* class of vessels four had two guns each, and one had one gun. The weight of the French guns was greater than that of ours. With respect to the United States, they had no formidable sea-going armoured navy, though their ships were most formidable for coast purposes. In our unarmed navy we had one frigate (the *Inconstant*), two large corvettes (the *Active* and the *Volage*), fourteen corvettes and sloops of the *Blanche* and *Druid* class, twelve gunboats of the *Lapwing* type, seventeen composite gunboats of a new type, besides above 100 fighting ships of old types, including some very powerful frigates and corvettes and a few paddle-steamers. Russia had some formidable though not sea-going monitors, heavily armed; Turkey had some formidable and efficient ironclads; and in North Germany satisfactory progress had been made in the same direction. Such was the present state of our fleet, and of the fleets of the principal maritime Powers. Referring to the policy of their predecessors during the last few years, Mr. Childers stated that in 1867 the late Government built four new unarmoured ships, and proceeded with nine armoured ships and fifteen unarmoured ones, building in all 8,263 tons of the first and 8,203 of the second, making a total of 16,466 tons, employing altogether about 18,000 men. In the following year they decided to commence the building of seventeen new ships, to proceed with twenty-four, and to complete six. In other words, to build in all armoured ships to the amount of 6,820 tons, and unarmoured to the amount of 16,724; employing in building 10,025, and on repairs 8,296 men, making a total of 18,321. They continued the building of the *Captain*, ordered two ironclads, one frigate, and ten gunboats, at an expense of £427,000. The result was a considerable excess of expenditure over the estimates. The plan proposed by the Government was the gradual reduction of such expenditure and a closure of such dockyards as might thereby be dispensed with. Explaining the closing of Deptford and of Woolwich Dockyards, Mr. Childers said they sought to do their best for the interests of the 2,000 men who had been discharged. Some were transferred to other yards, others were pensioned, others received gratuities, others were assisted to emigrate. Having regard to the present state of the navy, Government was of opinion that it should annually build between 19,000 and 20,000 tons of shipping, about 12,000 being armoured, and about 7,500 being unarmoured. This would give them every year nearly three new iron clads, one frigate, one corvette, and six small vessels. Taking the life of an iron clad at twenty years, they would be able to keep up a navy of between fifty and sixty iron clads under twenty years of age, and an ample force of other ships. They proposed to further reduce the number of men employed in the dockyards by 3,000; and to pursue the same course as had been previously followed. They proposed to build an additional ship of the most formidable class of turret-ship, able to go to distant seas and capable of having in her turrets guns of the very largest calibre, on somewhat an improved type of what is called the *Thunderer* and *Devastation* class, but unmasted;—to build another frigate of an intermediate class, in addition to the *Inconstant*, which would carry about 350 men, with a tonnage of 3,000 tons; to build two special small ships for service in the Persian Gulf, four gunboats of the *Staunch* class, two despatch vessels, one sloop of the *Druid* class, and one mooring lighter, making thirteen in all. The building expenditure would be spread over a number of years. During the present year (1870) they would keep the whole of their iron clads ready for sea, the whole of their troop-ships ready, and about 161 unarmoured ships either in reserve or in commission. Mr. Childers next proceeded to state the policy of the Admiralty in reference to guns. They were satisfied with the present service rifle-gun up to and including the 9-inch 12-ton gun. They considered that more trial was required with the 10-inch or 18-ton gun before entire satisfaction could be pronounced. They considered that the trials of the 25-ton or 12-inch gun had been entirely satisfactory, and they had accepted that gun for the *Monarch*, *Captain*, and *Glutton*. With regard to projectiles, they were not satisfied with the chilled shot. Stating his policy in reference to the fleet, Mr. Childers declared that it was to reduce the number of ships on distant stations, and to keep them at sea as much as possible. This had been done in the case of the several squadrons placed in China, the Cape, the West Indies, and on other stations. The total reserve force of blue-jackets and marines would be 37,000, which would more than man any fleet that this country could upon any emergency send to sea. With 160,000 British seamen there could be no cause for a recurrence of such a panic as that which prevailed ten years ago. Alluding to the new system of retirement, Mr. Childers proposed that an admiral should retire at seventy, a vice-admiral at sixty, a captain at fifty-five, a commander at fifty, and a lieutenant at forty-five; and similar arrangements were proposed for the retirement of navigating officers.

Mr. Childers concluded an elaborate speech by stating that the object he had in view was threefold—viz., the efficiency of the naval service, the economy of the public revenue, and the contentment of the British seaman; and he called upon the House to endorse his policy. Mr. Corrie, on behalf of the Conservative party, regarded the great changes the Government were pursuing as penny-wise and pound-foolish, and protested against the sweeping operations in progress. He drew attention to the violent and sudden efforts at national retrenchment, more especially the disestablishment of dockyards in a state of working efficiency, and the discharge of experienced artisans from the service of the country. But his observations, however approved by many in the House, led to no serious alteration of the Ministerial programme.

Following in quick succession on the statement of Mr. Childers, came that of the Army Estimates by Mr. Cardwell. Alluding to the assurance in the Speech from the Throne that the estimates should be framed with the primary view of the efficient maintenance of the public establishment, Mr. Cardwell said the total charge for the year 1870-1 was £12,975,000, which, giving credit for the transfer of accounts now chargeable upon the Government of India, shows a real nett decrease from the previous year of £1,069,500. Mr. Cardwell proceeded to institute comparisons proving a still further reduction, and trusted to be able to satisfy the House that this important decrease had not been attended by any sacrifice of efficiency. Referring to his entrance on the duties of the War Department, Mr. Cardwell stated that three circumstances had chiefly led to undue expenditure on the military service—viz., the great colonial outlay, the state of our relations in military finance with India, and the absence of any real and proper control over the supply of the *matériel* for the army. The last had been ably attended to by his predecessor, who had instituted a department of control leading to great saving. He (Mr. Cardwell) had made it his first duty to attend to the colonial expenditure, in which he had effected a considerable saving, by reducing the forces in the different colonies, and throwing their self-defence upon their local resources; an economy which, by developing the colonial spirit, had absolutely contributed to greater efficiency. Mr. Cardwell proceeded to explain that 2,530 men had been reduced by the disbanding of various colonial regiments and corps. Referring to the troops in India, he pointed out that further reductions had taken place, making a total reduction, on the colonial and Indian troops together, with the Army Service Corps, of 6,473. Considering the question of whether the Government ought or ought not to reduce the remainder of the force, the answer depended upon four considerations:—First, is the force we have now adequate? Secondly, should it be distributed into a smaller number of battalions recruited to full strength, or which may easily be recruited? or, on the other hand, is it distributed in a large number of *cadres*, so that in case of emergency it could be easily and quickly recruited? Thirdly, have we any reserve on which we can rely to fill these battalions; and fourthly, if reduction is required, what manner of reduction is it proposed to adopt?

In 1868 the force in this country was 84,077 men; in 1869, 87,224; in 1870, 86,225; which, under the circumstances of the country, was considered as perfectly adequate. This force was thus distributed:—In 1868-9 we had 97 batteries of artillery; in 1869-70, 100 batteries; and in 1870-1, 105 batteries. The year before last we had 46 battalions, last year we had 59, and this year 68. Have we any reserve? The Army reserve is 2,000; the Militia reserve 9,000 or 10,000; but, according to the estimates, we shall raise the first to 3,000, and the latter to 20,000. Thus, the force for the defences of the country and for any foreign war, taking the Army at 86,225 men, the Army reserve at 3,000, and the Militia at 20,000, gives a total of 109,225 men. Under these circumstances, Mr. Cardwell considered it the duty of the Government to relieve the taxpayers by giving them the full benefit of the colonial reduction. There was a correspondent reduction in the number of officers employed upon the reserve staff. The inspectors of the reserve forces were transferred to a separate branch and made part of the general staff. The number in each company was reduced to 50, which led to a proportionate reduction in the number of officers. Depôt battalions in India were dispensed with, and there was an end to the system of having a second major in the cavalry regiments of India. The difference between the home and Indian battalions of 10 companies at home and 12 in India was terminated, the whole being reduced to 10. The arrangement of two battalions would, therefore, consist of 20 companies and only 30 subalterns, 70 non-commissioned officers, and 500 rank and file. In regard to cavalry, it now consists of 8 troops, because it was found that if there were only six, it was necessary when it was sent abroad to break up the squadrons to leave a depôt of two troops at home. It was proposed to leave one troop at home, and that the regiment should consist of seven troops only. This would make it consist of 25 officers, 51 non-commissioned officers, and 470 rank and file. With regard to the artillery, it was proposed that the depôt brigade at Maidstone be abolished, and that at Woolwich much reduced. The horse artillery would be strengthened by 28 officers to supply drafts for the Royal Horse Artillery in India. The field-batteries are to have 10 more drivers and 10 fewer gunners, it being intended to train the drivers in the brigades in India and the gunners at Woolwich. The garrison brigades would be reduced by one subaltern and one non-commissioned officer, one brigadier, and two gunners, making a reduction of 1,606 gunners, 101 officers, and 203 non-commissioned officers. The total reduction would be 28 captains of cavalry, 28 lieutenants, 45 cornets, leaving 310 lieutenants and 532 ensigns; giving a total of 1,239 officers, whose annual pay amounts to £164,000. The staff of the depôt battalions would be placed on temporary half-pay, until employment could be found for them. Those who had vested interests for the purchase of commissions, cadets at Woolwich or at Sandhurst, would have their claims for examinations and appointments considered. Mr. Cardwell proposed to abolish the rank of cornet and ensign, and that everyone should henceforth enter the army as lieutenant, as in the case of the artillery engineers, the four junior lieutenants being on ensign's pay, it being understood that every lieutenant will pay for his company £1,300, as he does now. The purchaser of a lieutenancy to obtain his commission for £450, instead of £700, to make up the difference in the purchase of his company.

Summarising the reductions, Mr. Cardwell observed they include the abolition of depôt battalions, the reduction of 12 company regiments in India to 10, the doing away of the second major in cavalry regiments, and the diminution in the number of subaltern officers. The reserved forces received consideration. Mr. Cardwell proposed a system of shorter service, which would allow men trained during that service in the ranks of the army to pass back to the occupations of civil life, while they would be ready on an emergency to defend their country. This would be accomplished by making the term of enlistment twelve years if the regiment is about to go abroad, the period of actual service being limited to six years, while, in the case of regiments returned home and those stationed at home, the actual service might be still shorter—perhaps three years. The country would be divided into nine great military commands, with fourteen districts within these commands, conterminous with them and with the counties. The inspectors of reserve forces would become inspectors in the general staff of the army, in order that they might be part of this general united military administration, and there would be twice as many recruiting districts as there were before. Militia regiments would undergo a greater uniformity of drill practice, and brigading would be resorted to whenever possible. Adjutancies to Militia regiments would not be filled up as vacancies occurred. The word quartermaster would, for the future, be omitted from the estimates. The Yeomanry would be made more effective as a force; and greater attention would be given to the efficiency of the officers, by establishing at Aldershot and other places schools for the instruction of Militia and Volunteer officers upon the same principle as that upon which the officers of that force in Canada had recently been trained. Mr. Cardwell showed other items of saving by the general reduction of the store establishments; the tenor of his speech proclaiming that the war defences of the country had been brought within the narrowest possible limits, consistent with the Government ideas of safety—the defence of the country in case of emergency resting on the capability of expanding the system through the new organisation proposed. To enable him with greater efficiency to carry out his proposed alterations, Mr. Cardwell introduced a "War Office Bill," having for its object the abolition of the dual government, placing the command, discipline, appointments, and promotions in authority of the Commander-in-Chief, as well as the supervision of matters essentially military, but resting the supreme control, as regards the civil relations of the army, in the Secretary of State for War. The Act of 1855 abolished the office of Clerk of Ordnance, and that of the Surveyor-General of Ordnance. Mr. Cardwell proposed to revive the former office, and to create a Financial Secretary of the War Department, both being salaried offices of £1,500 a year, to be held by persons having seats in the House. The control of the army would then consist of three divisions—military, ordnance, and finance. The Clerk of the Ordnance would combine the functions of the old Clerk of Ordnance and Surveyor-General and the Controller-in-Chief, and under the Secretary of State he would be the head of the manufacturing departments. The new Under-Secretary would have charge of the financial details of the War Office, and the Under-Secretary of State would review estimates. The Secretary of State would represent the military departments, assisted by a parliamentary under-secretary in that house whenever the principal Secretary did not happen to be present.

Sir John Pakington, in commenting on the Army Estimates, would not give an unqualified approval to the scheme, the main foundation of which was a great reduction in the army. He did not approve of the alienation of the colonies by stripping them of their military defence. The object of the Government seemed to be to keep a large military force in England, where their services were least required. As regards a reserve force, it was nonsensical to call 9,000 men by such a name. He approved of the experiment of short enlistment, but doubted that it would have the effect anticipated. He disapproved of a reversion to the old system of making a troop a cavalry unit instead of a squadron, and thought that the Government was reducing the forces of the country to an extent that was hardly wise.

Other speakers, including Major Walker, Colonel North, Colonel Barttelot, and Captain Vivian, while desiring to combine economy with efficiency, and acknowledging the principle of control and reorganisation to be effective, doubted much the policy in reducing men, and in these days of steam navigation entirely withdrawing from our dependencies military support.

Following upon and closely connected with the national Estimates was the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, with a practical brevity, divested of ornamentation, entered upon the estimates of the year.

Mr. Lowe observed that the original estimate of the revenue of the year 1869-70 was £72,855,000, which by the alteration in the method of collecting taxes was increased to £76,505,000; the expenditure was £68,223,000, leaving a surplus of £7,982,000. Of this amount £4,600,000 applied to the discharge of obligations incurred on account of the Abyssinian War, and £2,940,000 to the reduction of taxation, leaving a nett surplus of £442,000. The final estimate of revenue, after the agreed reduction of taxation, was £73,515,000. The actual receipts amounted to £75,334,000—the largest revenue ever raised in this country, with the exception of the three last years of the French War, and one which, despite the reduction of taxation, exceeded that of the previous year by £2,742,000. The expenditure for the year 1869-70 was estimated at £68,408,000. Thanks to the savings which were effected upon the votes for the Army, Navy, and Civil Service, the actual expenditure, notwithstanding certain exceptional charges, showed a diminution, compared with that of the previous year, of no less than £2,468,000.

The revenue for the current year, 1870-71, Mr. Lowe estimated at £71,450,000; and, comparing this with the expenditure, he showed a surplus of £4,337,000. This surplus he dealt with by the removal of a number of small duties involving expense in collection and operating harshly on those who paid them. By the abolition of certain stamps in connection with agriculture, insurance, and bills of exchange; by the abolition of the impressed stamp upon newspapers, and the reduction of the inland postage to a halfpenny for any newspaper of less than six ounces in weight, and a similar reduction for every fraction of two ounces of other printed matter; by the alteration of the tax upon railways from a charge of 5 per cent. upon the receipts from passengers to one of 1 per cent. upon the gross traffic; by a reduction of one penny in the pound income tax; and by a reduction in the sugar duties, giving effect to Mr. Bright's scheme of "a free breakfast table." Meeting the question of malt, Mr. Lowe gave permission to farmers to steep their own barley for feeding their cattle, provided that they would have no kiln upon their premises, and that there would be none within a mile of their farms. He closed a speech received with acclamation by informing the House that he would still have an unappropriated surplus of £331,000.

Notwithstanding the statement in the Speech from the Throne in reference to the measures for pacification to be adopted towards Ireland, Ministers found it necessary to introduce a Peace Preservation Bill, which was well described by Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a question from Mr. Disraeli, as "a Bill for improving the securities for the maintenance of life and property in Ireland, consisting, in point of form, of enactments amending the Peace Preservation Act of 1856, revising some provisions contained in prior Acts, and especially the Acts 1847 and the Act passed by the Government of Earl Grey in 1833. The Bill did not propose to place in the hands of the Executive any general power suspending personal liberty, but to provide means of summary trial and punishment without jury, applicable to offences to be created by the Bill. Possessing arms and gunpowder, night meetings, and processions would be specially dealt with. Compensation would be provided for outrages in certa [illegible] Mr. Chichester Fortescue introduced [illegible] exciting the laughter of the House [illegible] for "the more effectual maintenance [illegible]" Mr. G. H. Moore, a distinguished [illegible] occasion [illegible] politicians, moved its [illegible] passed his motion [illegible] expressed their [illegible] carried by a majority [illegible] Mr. Moore's motion.

[illegible] who refused to serve as sheriff [illegible] by Lord [illegible] in his comments [illegible] discussion, with the [illegible] the conduct [illegible] House. A Bill [illegible] was introduced [illegible] and all class[illegible] Mr. Fawcett intr[illegible] Dublin, the ob[illegible] as condi[illegible] member [illegible] of the Uni[illegible]

[illegible] incident in the [illegible] member [illegible] during [illegible] This was a p[illegible] the exer[illegible] approval [illegible] carried on *in arra*[illegible]

[illegible] sought to revi[illegible] viz., th[illegible] the obser[illegible] attention [illegible] majority.

[illegible] to Mr. New[illegible] Committee [illegible] increase of conven[illegible] and into the [illegible] estates belonging to institutions or societies were held or possessed. This promised to be a serious stumbling-block to Ministers, but, after repeated debates, the modification proposed by Mr. Gladstone was agreed to, and it became law. This modification was "to inquire into the state of the law respecting such institutions" within the scope originally proposed, an alteration which met the views of moderate religionists, and was carried by a majority of 291 in a House of 348.

Previous, however, to the adjournment of the House, the discussion on the second reading of the Irish Land Bill exhausted every argument and every amendment that members of all shades of politics could urge. With trifling exceptions, the Bill was adopted as originally proposed. Certain small variations were introduced, with a view to a compromise, but the essence of the Bill, as suggested by the Government, was passed in spirit, if not in words.

A Bill of great social importance—that, viz., to permit marriage with a deceased wife's sister—was introduced by Mr. Beresford-Hope, and carried through the House by a majority of two. We may dismiss the matter by saying that it was subsequently rejected in the Lords, notwithstanding the earnest advocacy of the Lord Chancellor and of Lord Westbury.

Minor measures, including a doctors' squabble upon a medical Act, a Bill for the Preservation of Sea Birds, and one for the Repeal of the Game Laws, occupied the time of the House in the intervals of less important discussions.

In the Lords the Peace Preservation Bill, the Ecclesiastical Patronage Transfer Bill, the Bankrupt Law Amendment Bill, slight modifications in the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Bill, and the Medical Bill served to afford that distinguished body some materials for rather animated discussions.

A very interesting and important discussion was inaugurated by Sir John Lubbock, upon the report of the Military Education Commission, in which the hon. member reviewed the unsatisfactory nature of the preliminary education requisite for those entering the service, and pointed out that a solid, substantial groundwork of knowledge was not attainable by the system pursued. He believed that it was not desirable to diminish the value hitherto attached to natural and physical science and the English language in the examinations for direct commissions, or to lessen the importance of these subjects in the subsequent course of instruction. He also pointed out that curious scraps of information, such as constituted answers to the majority of questions or a dexterous facility in transposition or translation, was no test of sound knowledge, and was not available f any practical purpose. He dwelt on the importance of modern languages as an element in military education, and favourably impressed the House with his views, eliciting from Mr. Cardwell such an expression of opinion as satisfied him that the Government attached importance to the principles which he enunciated, and that they would find expression in the future policy to be pursued.

As an illustration of the anxiety of Parliament to give effective operation to the new Reform Act, may be mentioned the Bill introduced by the Attorney-General, for the disfranchisement of Bridgewater and Beverley, in consequence of corrupt practices reported by special commissioners appointed to inquire into the system of electioneering which had almost from time immemorial been pursued in those boroughs. The report of the commissioners manifested an amount of electioneering depravity unparalleled in the history of corrupt boroughs, and concluded with a recommendation, implied by withholding of certificates, to prosecute under the provisions of the Act certain parties who had prominently acted in the proceedings. Brought under the notice of the House and discussed, the Bill for the disfranchisement was carried with the general acquiescence of the members.

The Solicitor-General introduced a Bill to alter the laws relating to Religious Tests in the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham, and of the halls and colleges of those Universities. After a prolonged discussion and repeated amendments, the Bill was passed through the House of Commons, realising to the fullest extent the intentions of the introducer; but meeting with a less favourable fortune in another place, where the Marquis of Salisbury succeeded in throwing it over to another Session.

A very important effort was made by Sir George Jenkinson to limit the power of the Secretary of State for the Home Department of granting respites in cases of capital sentence. Sir G. Jenkinson invited the House, in illustration of his remarks, to consider the case of Jacob Spinazzi, condemned for wilful murder and reprieved. He also drew attention to the fact that no recommendation to mercy had accompanied the sentence. Several members expressed strong views upon the matter, especially in relation to the propriety of capital punishment. Mr. Bruce, in vindicating his conduct, remarked that while the law respecting murder remains as it is, and while the spectacle is so often seen of judges and juries dissenting, the one from the verdict, and the other from the sentence which, in accordance with law, judges are obliged to pass, there must be lodged somewhere the power of administering the prerogative of mercy.

Mr. Bruce, in his further observations and illustrations, satisfied the House that the painful prerogative of standing between the executioner and the condemned was on the whole exercised with mercy and discretion, and in the interests of public justice.

Mr. Birley moved that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the operation of the Commercial Treaty with France in all branches of trade that it affects. Mr. Staveley Hill proposed, as an amendment, that a Select Committee inquire into the effect upon our commerce and manufactures of our present treaty arrangements with foreign countries. A spirited and interesting debate followed, eliciting from those most competent to speak upon the question many illustrations that the Commercial Treaty had acted in some respects injuriously, and so as to call for modification. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, in a most able reply, demonstrated the fallacy of the arguments, and trusted that no efforts would be made to interrupt the relations between France and England which the Treaty of 1860 had so firmly established. Regarding the treaty itself as of the first importance, he hoped that no attempt would be made to abrogate it, but that it would be allowed to remain "an imperishable monument to the wisdom and foresight of those by whom it was framed." The motion, being pressed to a division, was, after a very interesting debate, lost by a majority of 88.

Mr. Jacob Bright, with great personal gallantry, introduced a Bill for the removal of the political disabilities of women; and in a speech which no doubt has immortalised him in the opinions of the fair sex, brought forward arguments which, according to his views, would convert St. Stephen's into an assemblage of petticoats, and place in the position of the highest trusts and responsibilities "lovely woman," whether she did or did not "stoop to folly." Mr. Scourfield moved "the previous question." It is to be hoped he is not a bachelor, or he may experience the reward of his rashness. Mr. Fowler, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Beresford Hope, and others, gave expression to their opinions, while Mr. Bruce said he was bound to admit that Her Majesty's Government had not had time to give the subject full consideration. Mr. Bright, pressing his motion to a division, was defeated by a majority of 33. Mr. Bouverie subsequently moved that the House that day six months resolve itself into a committee, observing that it was not a proper mode of treating a Bill of so much importance by moving "the previous question;" and the hon. member eliciting from Mr. Gladstone and others observations, carried his motion by a majority of 126.

Following the example of the Prime Minister in the last session, Mr. Watkin Williams, a gentleman who has attained high distinction at the Common Law bar, and who, if not remarkable for knowledge of ecclesiastical matters, is profoundly skilled in all that relates to commercial legislation, undertook the introduction of a measure for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, and the appropriation of its funds for educational and other purposes in the Principality. Mr. Williams brought the measure forward in a speech embodying the principles advocated last session by the Premier, illustrating his arguments by facts which, upon the precedent of the Irish Church, were equally unanswerable. Mr. Gladstone, in an elaborate and an able reply, refused to acquiesce in Mr. Williams's proposal, and defeated his motion by a majority of 164, observing, in the course of his reply, that "of one thing he was quite sure—that when the day for the attack on the Church of England came, as come it must, the weakest part of the fortress would be found to be that which was located in Wales."

Mr. Thomas Hughes introduced a Bill upon the subject of horse-racing, calculated to ultimately terminate that national pastime, at least so far as wagering was concerned. The Bill, allowed to be introduced, subsequently met with a fate usual to such ambitious efforts on the part of those who are not entirely conversant with the subject-matter they take in hand.

Both Houses of Parliament were occupied in a painful discussion, arising from the seizure by Greek brigands and the subsequent murder of four travellers, involving (to use the words of Sir Roundell Palmer) "the loss of four very unusually precious lives." One of these gentlemen was associated with the Italian Embassy, another an English *attaché*, a third a member of the English bar, and the other a brother of a Cabinet Minister. The circumstances of this tragedy are so notorious as to render any allusion in detail unnecessary. Both Houses were unanimous in their approval of the energy, determination, and right feeling displayed by the British Ministers and reciprocated by the Greek Government. The discussion disclosed a social-political condition in Greece almost revolting to British ideas of civilisation. The Greek authorities, responding to English appeals, were shown to have left no steps untried to avenge the foul wrong, and have manifested every inclination, so far as lay in their power, to compensate the surviving relatives of those so cruelly and savagely murdered.

Amongst the many minor measures of the session may be noticed the Bill for the Protection of the Property of Married Women, introduced by Mr. Russell Gurney, and designed to prevent worthless husbands from depriving hard-working women of the fruits of their industry; and, by general provision of law, accomplishing that which marriage settlements amongst the better classes were necessary to effect. The House of Lords especially made admirable amendments, Lord Penzance on the one hand, and Lord Westbury on the other, so modifying the provisions of the Bill as to prevent it proving a source of social discomfort.

The House of Lords had several measures submitted for its adoption or improvement by the Lord Chancellor. The High Court of Justice Bill proposed, among other things, to delegate to the Privy Council the preparation of rules of modes of proceeding, and a distribution of judicial duties; giving effect in a modified degree to the report of the Select Legal Committee, having for its object fusion of law and equity. It passed through the Lords to be defeated in the Commons on the motion of Mr. Watkin Williams, who offered such formidable opposition as induced its withdrawal. The Lord Chancellor's Bill, designed to prevent an inconvenient accumulation of Indian and colonial appeals, suggested the introduction of an inferior class of judges into the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and it met with a similar fate. Their lordships—more especially Lord Carnarvon—discussed at length our entire colonial policy. Lord Russell proposed a committee on colonial administration, which Lord Granville proved would supersede the responsibility of the Government.

The Bishop of Winchester introduced a Bill for giving retiring pensions to the clergy, and proposed to deprive of their benefices incumbents who might incur sequestration. Both propositions were rejected by their lordships. A Bill for the discouragement of Sunday trading was carried through the House of Lords by Lord Chelmsford, though vigorously opposed by the Duke of Somerset. It was introduced in the Commons by Mr. Thomas Hughes, and died of inanition.

A new Foreign Enlistment Bill, a Bill for enabling the Crown to call out the Militia, and other measures were introduced at the close of the session, and met with the usual fate of such efforts.

The repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill induced the appearance of Lord St. Leonards, now the oldest living peer, who, in a speech of extraordinary power, upheld its provisions, ineffectually, however, as the Irish Church Act of last year was inconsistent with its clauses, and rendered a modification essential. The Bill was amended to meet the altered condition of things, and contained alike a prote against the validity of dignities conferred by the Pope, and a declaration that all such were but mere empty honours.

Many other measures, of greater or less importance, foreshadowing the disposition of the Government, were brought forward by way of motion and discussion, to elicit opinions from the Government for the foundation of more substantial measures.

It may be said that the House received throughout assistance and help from the Conservative Opposition, which enabled them to limit discussion to that which was practical and likely to become law. The Liberal leaders, on more than one occasion, expressed their admiration of the course adopted by Mr. Disraeli in abandoning factious opposition and giving his strength and that of his party to the carrying into practical effect every measure having as its object the good of the country.

As a remarkable *critique* upon the speech which inaugurated Parliament, it is worth while observing that the last debate of the Session related to the neutrality of Belgium. Lord Cairns and others reviewed the position of England, the obligations of treaties, and the many wars, rumours of wars, distrust and dissatisfaction prevailing generally throughout Europe, in which English efforts had been repudiated and English interference had proved unavailing.

A parliamentary and political retrospect would be imperfect and incomplete were we to omit matters occurring beyond its influence, yet discussed in the Legislature. The early months of the year found Europe, in the opinion of Ministers, at universal peace. The good offices of England were held in the highest estimation, and international treaties were objects of profound respect. Within a few months after the assembling of Parliament came rumours of wars, misunderstandings, and differences not of sudden creation, but the more prominent evidences of secret connivance and internal dissatisfactions, of which England appeared to be in ignorance. The Revolution in Spain afforded Marshal Prim an opportunity of nominating to the vacant throne a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. France interfered for its prevention, and made it a *casus belli* with Prussia. Mutual recriminations between the Ministers of the two great Powers followed, and led to the betrayal of an agreement offensive and defensive against the peace of Europe, and treaties, in the formation of which England had taken a prominent part. Arrangements for the extinction of Belgium as an independent State were shown to have been contemplated, if not completed, in defiance of that influence which our Minister boasted that Great Britain possessed in the councils of Europe. The remarkable and deplorable results which have followed are sufficiently notorious. Two great nations are engaged in a deadly war. Around Paris are victorious German armies, who beleaguer a starving city. Its inhabitants, like the Jews of old, live in the hope that a special Providence will discomfit the hosts of the Emperor of Germany, as the besieged of Jerusalem believed Heaven would repel the forces of Titus.

In Russia the Treaties of 1856, which cost England millions of treasure and thousands of her bravest sons, are now spoken of as unsuitable to the times and no longer obligatory.

In Italy an Œcumenical Council, proclaiming the spiritual infallibility of the Pope, has been followed by a loss of his temporal power, and a consolidation of the empire on its old basis, with Rome as its capital, and Victor Emmanuel as King.

America has revived the claims of the *Alabama*, with an obstinate pertinacity and a repudiation of compromise which promise to be a source of future difficulty, unless, when England is best prepared, terms of arrangement be concluded.

In China, the massacre of French and English subjects, is at present unavenged; while our Colonies are taught to believe that in future eventualities their chief reliance must be placed upon their own internal organisation for defence.

How far these facts, in their combination, confirm the observations of the seconders of the Address in both Houses, is a matter for the determination of those who are students of history and patient observers of passing events.

SCIENCE.

IN its contributions to science, 1870 has been a liberal but not a lavish year. The temple of natural knowledge has made fair progress, notwithstanding the withdrawal, in a busy season, of the workmen of two industrious nations. But there have been few achievements of brilliant character: few grand arches have been keyed, few noble pillars have been capped, few conspicuous pinnacles have been raised. And yet the amount of industry has been such, that in the survey which we can take we must, for fear of wearisomeness, pass over many a piece of honest plain-work—many a hard task which, from its fragmentary nature, is at present unintelligible—many a foundational labour, the ornamental or utilitarian aim of which cannot as yet be seen.

The leading topic of the year—the theme of greatest discussion, if not the subject most fruitful—has been that of germs and life generation. January was but twelve days old when Professor Tyndall gratified one of those distinguished audiences which gather to hear him in the lecture-room in Albemarle Street with a discourse upon dust,—a review of the inquiry into the nature of the particles of matter that make haze in the atmosphere, and the *rôle* these particles play in generating life, as well as in the propagation of disease. The subject was not novel: it was not one of the Professor's specialities; but it was most attractively treated, and the lecture created such a *furore* that dormant views were aroused, quiet investigators were brought into noisy conflict, and new curiosities were excited. Forthwith, and with a little display of jealousy, Mr. Angus Smith, of Manchester, recalled attention to his patient analyses of the air's adulterations, a quarter of a century's continuation of which had taught him what kinds of "atomes" men of all vocations breathe into their lungs, and how the dead dust is mixed with dormant germs, which become living plants and animals when steeped in water. Then appeared another Manchester chemist, Dr. Ransome, who told how he had examined the human breath, and found it crowded with the seeds of life. Special atmospheres in Ireland were examined by Dr. Sigerson, and found to be charged with the dust of materials wrought in them; iron and ashes in the air of the foundry, cotton filaments in the shirt factory, and antimony particles in the type-foundry and the printing-house. In France, attention to the germ theory of disease was re-aroused, and during several meetings of the Paris Academy discussions were held upon the propriety of purifying, by passage over fire, the air passing out from hospitals and sick rooms. American health officers took to scrutinising the airs of places of public assembly, and obtained results almost identical with those of Dr. Angus Smith—who, by the way, subsequently proposed to make this biological examination of the atmosphere a subject of constant record wherever meteorological observations are made. A suggestion partially to the same effect was made by Professor De la Rive, of Geneva, who concluded that the transparency of the air, often observed before and after rain, is due to the solid particles becoming heavy by absorption of water and falling to the ground: and he thought, therefore, that the transparency and opacity of the atmosphere ought regularly to be noted by chroniclers of other conditions. But while on the one hand Tyndall's revelations attracted the admiration of some philosophical students, they were unkindly received by others; principally by the medical men, who were jealous of his invasion of their territory by the use of his high influence in promulgating views upon the germ theory of disease. As correlative to this subject, there arose a discussion upon the old question of spontaneous generation—the question whether life can appear without the germs of life being sown. The champion of the discutants upon the affirmative side during the year was Dr. C. H. Bastian, who asserts that living forms of low organisation have been found in hermetically-sealed tubes containing inorganic fluids which have been exposed to a degree of heat accepted as sufficient to destroy germs. A desultory fire of arguments was kept up during the summer, and in the autumn, at the opening of the British Association's session, Professor Huxley reviewed the whole question, from its birth to the latest inquiry connected with it, extending his survey to an examination of the hypotheses of Homogenesis, or the offspringing of like from like, and of Xenogenesis, or the generation of one form of life from another that is foreign to it. His verdict upon the primary question was in favour of Biogenesis, as he termed the development of life from pre-existing germs, and entirely against Abiogenesis, by which term he distinguished spontaneous generation. There was no answering the eloquent President when he then spoke; but subsequently, in the Biological section, there were sharp discussions between the advocates of the rival theories, who had gone to the meeting armed with the results of their conflicting experiments. They met face to face; Drs. Child and Bastian leading on the

Abiogenetical side, and Professors Huxley and Tyndall and Mr. Samuelson on the side of orthodox Biogenesis: each, of course, maintained his own opinion upon the showing of his experiments, and the germ theory became *the* subject of the Liverpool gathering. Out of the British Association, Dr. Bastian attacked Professor Huxley's speech with counter statements and criticisms too lengthy to be entered upon; and his opponent retorted sharply, casting discredit on the experiments which had led to the belief that living things came from nothing in a hermetically-sealed fluid, by disputing the possibility of obtaining a drop of fluid absolutely without solid particles, which may be considered as the seeds of life. Here, at the time of writing, the matter stands: if there has been great cry and little wool as yet, we have the satisfaction of knowing that this great concern of small things has had an impulsive blow, and it is strange if it does not presently make a move.

Freed from the scientific year's diverting subject, we can review its quieter and more solid achievements in better mind. To keep our retrospect in order we will first shape our course from the skies, through the earth's atmosphere, over its surface and into its depth, noting the investigations and discoveries in and relating to each region as we pass; and then we will take a glance at the branches of science that are united to the arts and commercial progress.

In the distant heavens, beyond our system, the most notable discovery has been in connexion with a star in the constellation Argo (visible only in the southern hemisphere). This star, which is surrounded by an extensive and complicated nebula, is strangely variable; at one time shining brighter than the first magnitude, and at another dwindling to the fifth. At present it is at about this lower limit. By means of a spectroscope attached to the great four-foot reflecting telescope sent by the Royal Society to Melbourne last year to scrutinise the southern heavens, it has been found that the star blazes with the light of burning hydrogen gas; and it appears that the nebulous light has vanished from the close vicinity of the star, whereas a quarter of a century ago the one seemed joined to the other. The observer, Mr. Le Seur, infers that the star has destroyed or been fed by the contiguous nebular matter. It may be premature to draw such a conclusion, but it cannot be doubted that the star and nebula are physically associated; and in this view we have at length evidence of connection between stellar and nebular matter. This is but a windfall compared to what we may expect from the new fields of investigation which the great telescope has before it; for astronomy in the south has not had the advantages that it has in our hemisphere, over which observatories are thickly strewed: below the equator they are few and far between. The year has, however, seen one added to the small number. The Argentine Government has invited Dr. Gould, one of the first astronomers of the United States, to proceed to Cordova with all necessary instruments, there to establish an observatory, which shall aim first at assisting the more solid work of cataloguing and charting the stars of the southern hemisphere, and afterwards enter upon the more inviting labours of cosmical astronomy.

Comets link our system with others far beyond it. Up to the time of our writing two of these erratic messengers have been discovered in our skies within the year. The first was found on the 30th of May, by Dr. Winnecke of Carlsruhe; and the second by M. Coggia at Marseilles, on the 29th of August. Neither was conspicuously bright, but the light of the first was sufficiently so to be examined by spectroscope and polariscope; and it was found to consist in part of reflected sunlight and in part of that emitted by the comet itself: and cometary light is in character similar to that which comes from the gaseous nebulæ. Discoveries within our system have raised the number of planetoids circulating between Mars and Jupiter from 109 to 112. The three new members were respectively discovered on April 19, August 14, and September 19--the first by M. Borelli, at Marseilles; the other two by Professor Peters, at Clinton, in New York State. And the little worlds have been respectively named, *Lydia*, *Ate*, and *Iphigenia*. The sun has been a centre of attraction for observers and speculative astronomers, and he will continue to be so for years to come. The spectroscopists have been busily studying the envelope of red flames with which he is surrounded, recording their positions from day to day with as much ease as if the luminary were in constant eclipse—by one American astronomer the rosy clouds have even been photographed. But except that Mr. Lockyer has found reason to believe that certain parts of the photosphoric strata are thinner than in previous years, there has been no definite addition to our acquaintance with solar physics. The present state of our knowledge has, however, been fully recorded in a French work on the sun by Padre Secchi; and two English books on the same subject are announced for publication. The temperature of the solar furnace has been inferred by two observers—Zollner, in Germany; and Lane, in America—from spectroscopic observations of the gaseous envelope interpreted in connexion with the laws of gases as known by terrestrial experiment. The former physicist makes the temperature of different depths of the solar atmosphere to range from 27·700° to 68·400° centigrade; the latter fixes the temperature of the photosphere at 54·000° Fahrenheit.

The great question before solar students at the present time is the nature of the white glory, called the *corona*, which is visible in solar eclipses: whether it is a vast solar atmosphere, a dense part of the zodiacal light, a crowding of meteoric particles, or something of the nature of an auroral glow, are explanatory suggestions that have lately been discussed; but further discussion is withheld till the results of observations to be specially directed to the phenomenon during the eclipse of December 22 (1870) are before the scientific world.

The "Sicilian mariners" came to grief in the *Psyche*, which struck upon a rock. Courage, industry, and perseverance saved the astronomers and their instruments. The eclipse was visible in England under very favourable circumstances. It is needless to say that the published data with regard to the phenomena were wonderfully correct. At 7 min. 42 sec. past 11 the contact began, and at 42 min. 4 sec. after 1 it ended at Greenwich. In due course we shall hear all about the verification of these figures. Sylvanus Urban was duly represented in one of the expeditions by a member of the *Gentleman's* staff, who will narrate his experiences and observations in an early number of the magazine. In London and throughout the United Kingdom the eclipse created a general interest among all classes of people. The clouds parting at the most favourable moment for observation arrested the footsteps of pedestrians in the most crowded thoroughfares. Everybody appeared to be gazing heavenwards. In country districts whole towns seem to have been engaged in watching the eclipse. At Norwich Mr. Justice Lush adjourned the sitting of the Assize Court at noon, in order to observe it. Altogether five expeditions left England for the purpose of an examination of the eclipse from all points, and in view of all its attendant phenomena. Not the least interesting of the information which the southern observers are to bring home will have reference to the corona, photosphere, and chromosphere. Mr. J. Norman Lockyer took out a remarkable telescope and spectroscope, from which we may expect some very special revelations. Lord Lindsay, we believe, has succeeded in photographing the total phase at Cadiz; while Mr. James Buckingham accomplished a similar feat at Gibraltar.

The leading contributions to the literature of the subjects last touched upon have been an excellent and much-needed "Treatise on Spectrum Analysis,"* by Professor Roscoe; a German work upon the same subject, by Dr. Schellen, which is being translated into English by the daughters of the President of the Astronomical Society;* a "Star Atlas,"† good of its kind, by Mr. Proctor, and a book of facts and fancies, by the same author, entitled "Other Worlds than Ours,"‡ in which the old subject of mundane plurality, well nigh exhausted by Fontenelle, Whewell, Brewster, and Flamarrion, is reviewed by the light of modern astronomical revelations.

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* Macmillan & Co.

Remarking that Lord Rosse has, by repetitions of observations, confirmed his last year's conclusion that the moon sends us a feeble heat, increasing and diminishing with the phase of illumination, we pass from other worlds to our own through the meteors which come as connecting links. A noteworthy contribution to meteoric science has been made by Professor Kirkwood, of Indiana, who has shown that the rings of meteoric matter which we cut through on April 18-20, October 15-21, November 14, and December 11-13, as well as two comets, which visited us respectively in 1866 and 1867, have aphelion distances equal to the mean distance of the planet Uranus. It would hence seem that this remote planet is the marshal of numerous hosts of meteor systems, just as Jupiter is the head-centre of a tribe of comets. Several analyses of meteorites have been added to the number already accumulated. The one that by its exhaustiveness claims special notice is that made by Professor Maskelyne of a stone which fell at Busti in India, on December 2, 1852. This aërolite was mainly composed of a mineral called *Oldhamite*, a sulphide of calcium, the presence of which shows that the conditions under which the component ingredients took their form must have been very different from those met with on our globe. Intense heat, an absence of water and oxygen, and the presence of some reducing agent (probably Graham's meteoric hydrogen) would be needful for producing this particular compound. In this Oldhamite there were found minute golden yellow crystals of a new substance, which, in compliment to the gentleman who forwarded the meteor to this country, Professor Maskelyne called *Osbornite*. Whether we are to class diamonds among meteoric productions it is yet early to decide; a continental experimentalist has made the suggestion, but the only fact to support it is that the jewels are found on the earth's surface and not in the ground. The finding of aërolites only in superficial strata of the earth's crust has led an assiduous meteoric student to the pretty obvious conclusion that they have arrived in our system in comparatively recent times. The san observer, M. Meunier, notes that those which fall now are not of tl same mineralogical nature as those which fell in past ages, while few of the most recent of all contain carbonaceous constituen which are entirely new. He judges that the different qualities a different parts of some exploded planet or satellite, and that the have reached the earth in the order of their density ; he even ant cipates the future arrival of meteorolites analogous in structure t the earth's stratified rocks.

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* Longmans & Co. † Longmans & Co.
‡ Longmans & Co.

The numerous and brilliant displays of ***aurora borealis*** hav afforded several opportunities of examining the light by means of th spectroscope. Three, sometimes four, bright lines were seen, bu these were, as on previous occasions, mysteriously different from an pertaining to terrestrial elements. The ***aurora australis*** was sim larly spectralised from Melbourne on February 1, and the lines, s far as comparison by description can show, were the same as thos of the northern light. The evidence in favour of a relation betwee auroral displays, the earth's magnetism, and solar spots, has bee strengthened by an extensive comparison between the three phenomena instituted by Prof. Loomis, a veteran in auroral science. No only does his collation indicate the general relation of the phenomena but it gives him reason to state definitely that "Great disturbances o the earth's magnetism are accompanied by unusual disturbances o the sun's surface on the very day of the magnetic storm ; and are therefore, due to some influence which emanates immediately from th sun." And, again, that "Auroral displays are generally accompanie by an unusual disturbance of the sun's surface on the very day o the aurora, and are therefore subject to some influence whic emanates immediately from the sun." Professor Balfour Stewa essays to connect auroræ and the earth's magnetism by strengthenin a previous theory that the former are secondary currents due t changes in the latter ; the earth being compared to the core of vast Rhumkorff machine, and the moist upper strata, both of it an the atmosphere, to secondary conductors.

Clouds as subjects of meteorological research have been too muc neglected. To stimulate the study of their nature, Professor Poey of Havannah, has reviewed our present knowledge of them, an suggested a new classification of the forms they assume. He insist upon the importance of researches upon their shapes, quantity, direction, velocity, rotation and other elements, in connection wit various atmospheric conditions, not merely in the interest of science but for social ends also : seeing how important a part clouds play i worldly affairs. This is a matter well worthy the attention of those amateurs in meteorology who desire to aid the science with something beyond useless columns of barometer and thermometer readings. We commend it to their attention with the information that Professor Poey's memoir was read to the American National Academy of Sciences, and is reported in full in *Nature* of Sept. 8.

The science of the winds has received an important contribution from Mr. J. Knox Laughton, who from a comprehensive view of atmospheric currents in connection with geographical features, shows that the received theory of the trade-winds is untenable—that the effect attributed to the rotation of the earth is not consistent with observed facts, and that the heated areas of the globe do not draw winds towards them. The prevailing or primary winds are westerly; the whole atmosphere, relatively to the surface of the earth, moving or tending to move from west to east; the trade-winds being reflex streams of air caused by the impact of the great westerly winds on the solid continental barriers, or on the beds of sluggish air which lie over the land. The reason of this prevailing westerly motion it is hard to find unless it is sought in the attraction of the heavenly bodies. In the course of the research, to which we are compelled thus briefly to allude, Mr. Laughton has been led to refer oceanic currents chiefly to the wind, acting not only on the surface of the sea, but, by means of intense friction, to a considerable depth below the surface. A kindred though less general anemological investigation has been made by Mr. Buchan, the Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, based upon barometrical averages from 516 places, and mean directions of the wind from 203 stations. The results are, briefly:—That the regions of high and low barometric pressure are the true poles of the wind; around these the wind flows, following Buys Ballot's law, with direct motion about the area of barometric elevation and retrograde motion about the area of depression; that there is no general flow of surface winds to and from the polar regions; that the barometric pressures are generally highest in winter and lowest in summer, thermal conditions determining the curve of elevation and depression. This is not Mr. Buchan's only good work; he has prepared a series of valuable charts, indicating the temperature of the British Isles in each month of the year, and communicated them to his Society with some pertinent remarks on the general value of such maps in determining the districts fit for the growth of particular crops and cereals, and their especial value now that the Marquis of Tweedale's prize has elicited some definite knowledge upon the relations of temperature and cereal ripening.

The publication of these isothermal maps will be looked with interest; those of Dove, the only ones now available bei based upon old and insufficient data.

The investigations on rainfall, so systematically pursued for a lo time past by Mr. Symons, have during this year included a spec inquiry into the variations of amount of rain falling upon the sa area at different heights above the ground. The fact that more ra falls on the ground than at an elevation has long been recognise to ascertain the exact differences of amount at various seasons. series of gauges was lately erected, first at Calne in Wiltshire, a then at Hawskar, near Whitby, at various altitudes. The results present obtained show that the relative quantities of water collect high and low change considerably with the season, and cannot b announced in general terms. When precise measurements are sat factorily secured, efforts may be made to explain the discordance In the absence of a sufficient theory at present, Mr. Chambers. Bombay meteorologist, has suggested one based upon the assumptio that rain drops are electrified by induction from the ground, a attract particles of vapour with increasing power as they approach i

Our Meteorological Office has published the first fruits of t system of British weather observation which was instituted two yea ago. As may be remembered, seven observatories—at Kew, Ston hurst, Falmouth, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Armagh, and Valencia r spectively were furnished with perpetually-recording meteorologic instruments, and commenced observations on January 1, 1869. Th have gone on accumulating registers, and now, after careful deliber tion upon the best means of showing the results, the first thr months' graphical records made by the barometer, thermomete anemometer, rain gauge, &c., of each station, have been reproduce in reduced fac-simile and lithographed, station beneath station, on t pages of a quarto volume. The work has been most complete done, and in addition to the graphic curves we have a daily summa of the weather of Britain in letterpress; an appendix to the volum being filled with a discussion, by Mr. Scott, the director of the offic of the storms that have appeared upon our eastern coasts during t past three years. Impressed with the importance which the Gover ment recognition of meteorology and the telegraphic warning approaching storms have assumed in this country, as well as France, Holland, and Italy, the United States Government, by a B which passed the Senate on February 4, resolved to provide for t taking of meteorological observations at the military stations with the continent and States territories, and the announcement by tel graph of approaching storms to lake shores and seaboards. Russia, too, has more than contemplated the equipment of thirteen stations about the empire with self-recording instruments: without these meteorology can achieve little; elements that are incessantly changing must be incessantly watched.

Coming to earth, our thoughts are not unnaturally led towards the pole as a starting-point for our march of geographical inspection. The actual pole yet lies within the map region inscribed *Terra incognita*, in spite of the forty-two expeditions that have been sent to reach it within the past fifty years. With some boasting it was prophesied in France, last July, that by August, 1871, the tricolour would wave above the terrestrial axis, the occasion being a liberal vote of the Corps Legislatif of £4,000 to M. Lambert, to enable him to carry out the exploring enterprise that he has been pushing for several years. We must wait to see if events frustrate his intentions. Meanwhile the Arctic seas have not been and will not be left desolate. In May, 1869, a North German party sailed for the North in the *Germania* steamer and the *Hansa* schooner. The former ship came home safely to Bremen in September last, having pushed as far as 74° lat., and wintered while a portion of her crew sledged up to the coast at 77° lat. The details of this so far successful journey have yet to be made known; the scientific results of it are very important as regards the acquirement of observations of physical phenomena and the collection of geological specimens. But the poor *Hansa* has gone to swell the list of Arctic sacrifices; she was beset and frozen in, in lat. 73°, during September, 1869, and so damaged by the ice that she sank in the following month. Her crew, fourteen all told, including the scientific observers, Drs. Laube and Greifswalde, were driven to fearful sufferings; they had to winter on an ice floe, in a hut built from lumps of coal, planks, and sails. By December they had drifted to 68° lat., and there the floe broke up and their house was destroyed. Still they drifted, passing their nights in the boats, till, by May 7, 1870, they were down to 61°. Then they worked their way through and over the ice, on half rations, till, on the 13th of June, they reached a mission station at Fredricksthal, whence they worked their way to Copenhagen. Other successful Arctic journeys have been those of Captain Johannesen, who circumnavigated Nova Zembla and found it stretching farther north than cartographers have marked it; of the Russian Grand Duke Alexandrowitsch, who with the traveller Middendorff cruised the icy sea during the summer, and found the Gulf Stream flowing as far as Nova Zembla; and lastly, of Herr Von Heuglin and

Count Zeil, who explored, in boats chiefly, the east coast of Spitzbergen, from 77° to 79° lat., collecting large numbers of fossil plants and capturing many most valuable animals. But most important is their discovery at thirty-six miles east of Spitzbergen of a tract of land of rugged character, and equal to Spitzbergen in length and breadth. The year 1870 will be a marked one in the annals of Polar geography. Next summer Professor Nordenskjold will head a Swedish Arctic expedition; he has been to Greenland to procure sledge dogs and arrange preliminaries.

From middle latitudes (in this hemisphere) we have reports of explorations of high commercial importance in Turkestan, some accomplished by Englishmen, others projected by the Russian Geographical Society. One of the former had a most regrettable termination; its accomplished prosecutor, Mr. George Hayward, having been plundered and assassinated by the followers of a Yassim chief just as he was on the point of reaching the goal of his expedition—the lofty Pamir Steppe which the neighbouring people call "the upper floor of the world." From equatorial regions there has been news that Sir Samuel Baker, with his portable flotilla and army of attendants, having pushed safely up the White Nile to Toofikeeya, in lat. 9° 26′ N., encamped there in June, intending, in November, after the rainy season, to set two thousand men to cut through the dense water grass that impeded his engineering journey to the great lakes. From Livingstone, to whom all thoughts turn when Central Africa is mentioned, there has been no direct news since June, 1869, but there are few fears for his safety, and few doubts that he will return to bring us still another acquisition to that million of square miles which he has virtually added to the known world. In connection with his inestimable achievments let us mention that they have been to the latest datum set down upon a map issued in the past summer by Mr. Keith Johnstone, and also in a sketch chart by Dr. Peterman, the veteran German geographer. In Western Africa Mr. Winwood Reade has followed the Niger river to a higher point than has hitherto been attained, and discovered an important commercial route from the river to Sierra Leone. The cost of this expedition was defrayed by a private merchant, Mr. A. Swanzy. In Southern Africa a Survey, instituted by the Republic, has added to our knowledge of the topography of a region which promises to realise the brightest of El Dorado dreams.

From geographical researches to those that pertain to the vast domain of geology the pass is natural and easy. The accumulation of facts which must for ages yet be the main work of the geologist, has gone on with its wonted spirit during the period comprehended in our review. Most conspicuous among matters of surface geology are investigations upon glacial phenomena. In England there were studies of the drift-beds and ice gravings of our central counties. In Switzerland an important work, originated three years ago by the society at Aargau, was completed—a work consisting in the mapping-down and description of the erratic blocks in the Aargau Canton, with the courses of the ancient glaciers which deposited them. In Canada an insight into the working of ancient glaciers has been gained by watching the action of the pack-ice of the Canadian rapids, which has ground away, within the memory of living men, an island an acre and a half in area. And from America came the results of an estimation of post-glacial chronometry derived from an examination of the North American lakes, according to which the interval from the boulder drift period to the present time is from 5,300 to 7,500 years. The old question of the cause of glacier motion was briefly revived in a passage of arguments between Camon Moseley (who maintains that ice "crawls" down an incline by expansion under the influence of solar warmth) and Mr. John Ball, who gives his adhesion to the gravitation theory, taken in connection with Professor Tyndall's explanation by the phenomena of ice-fracture and regelation. The subject of glacial epochs, as induced by alterations in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit and the consequent variations in the climate of our globe, has been revived by Mr. Wallace, whose investigations lead him to assign more rapid rates to geological changes than have hitherto been thought possible: he finds that the existing state of things has existed for 60,000 years, whereas upon the average, a change from a mild to a cold epoch occurs every 10,000 years.

Whether in short or long periods the actual crust of the earth changes its temperature, is a question upon which attention is now being turned. During the year the results of 33 years' observations taken at the Edinburgh Observatory have been published, and Professor Smyth considers that they show three cycles of variation besides the ordinary winter and summer changes. The first of these cycles has a period of two years, the second eleven, and the third fifty-four years. The second one corresponds with the period of solar spot frequency, and invites investigation to ascertain if the coincidence be accidental or physical. At the Paris Observatory, too, they have been discussing similar observations with especial reference to season changes, and there it has been found that at depths from 26 to 36 metres, the temperature is constant: between 26 metres and

16, and between 11 and the surface, there are fluctuations following those of the atmosphere, while between 16 and 11 metres a maximum and minimum occur respectively in autumn and spring. But the depths employed at Paris and Edinburgh are shallow; in America, at St. Louis, an artesian well 3,843 feet deep is to be made use of for temperature experiments: a preliminary trial at its bottom gave a temperature of 105° Fahrenheit. At Rose Bridge Colliery, near Wigan, observations of very careful character have shown a temperature of 93½° at a depth of 808 yards, and a rate of increase of one degree in 54 feet. This whole subject is under consideration by a committee of the British Association.

The discoveries of new minerals have been too numerous to be cited with interest, considering that our space would only allow of the bare mention of their names. The fossil discoveries of the year include the remains of a Python found at Eubœa in Greece, of a fish exhumed from the lower Flag Rock of Lancashire—a stratum wherein no animal remains have been previously found—of the femur of a species of Dinornis, discovered below a lacustrine deposit in Australia, and of a considerable number of reliquæ, reptilian and ichthyolitic (many of them highly valuable), from the coal deposits of our own lands. Discoveries of coal itself have been made in Brazil, in Colorado, and on the shores of the North Pacific; the deposit in the last-named place being so extensive as to justify the belief that it will be an element of lasting prosperity to British Columbia.

The great work of exploring the deep sea has been vigorously continued. By the help of dredge, thermometer and sounding buoy, Dr. Carpenter has again virtually trodden with open eyes the ocean's bed. The broad facts that his previous explorations in conjunction with Professor Thomson—who was debarred by illness from taking part in the last expedition—evolved were these: that there is no limit to the sea depth at which animal life may exist; that temperature exerts a greater influence than pressure, or the superincumbent weight of water, on the distribution of that life; that abundance of life exists where the temperature is 2° less than the freezing point of fresh water; that some species now exist which had been regarded as long extinct, while others hitherto believed to be exclusively Arctic are found in the Mediterranean; and that it is at least probable, contrary to received geological doctrine, that the chalk formation is one which is actually proceeding. The number of known marine mollusca was increased by twenty-five per cent. by the dredgings up to 1869. In the past summer, Dr. Carpenter, his son, and a Swedish naturalist, again set out in the *Porcupine* to continue their researches in the Mediterranean, and to study the surface currents of the midland sea. The results, not detailed at the time of writing, were highly satisfactory; among other conclusions to which they lead is a reduction in the estimate of the heating and moving action of the Gulf Stream. During the summer, soundings were made in the Adriatic by Oscar Schmidt, and in the Bay of Fundy by Professor Verrill: large collections were obtained by Professor Verrill's dredgings. A comprehensive investigation upon Atlantic mud, pursued by Dr. Gümbel, has thrown important light upon certain geological deposits, at the same time that it has proved the vastness of the field of inquiry of which the most contemptible objects may be the key.

The chief acquisitions to the literature of this branch of science have been in the shape of reports of exploring and surveying expeditions. First, there came the "Report of the Geological Survey of Colorado and New Mexico,"* a valuable work upon a highly interesting region, by Mr. Hayden, United States Geologist. Then, as one result of the journey to Brazil by Louis Agassiz and his companions, we have a bulky work on the geology and physical geography of that country by Professor C. F. Hartt.† Our own Abyssinian expedition has borne scientific fruit in Mr. Blanford's account of his geological and zoological labours connected therewith.‡ Professor Ansted brings within easy comprehension the formative phenomena of "The World We Live In," through the medium of a short and easy text-book.§ Dr. Molloy adds another to the by no means scanty list of attempts to reconcile "Geology and Revelation."‖ And Professor Winckel gives a volume of "Sketches of Creation,"¶ which is a master's work, spiced with sensationalism.

Chemistry claims first notice as we pass to those sciences which bear directly upon human progress. The most remarkable of the achievements therein has been the working out of a process for making artificially the colouring matter of the madder-root, known as alizarine. The key to this discovery was the recognition of a chemical identity between the hydrocarbon base of the root tincture and one of the crystalline products of coal distillation. The method of converting the one into the other was perfected step by step by Messrs. Graebe and Liebermann, and of several methods for practically working the process, that chiefly in operation in this country is one patented by Mr. Perkin. When it is considered that the English consumption of the natural substance amounts in money value to two millions a-year—of which one half goes at present to foreign pockets—some idea may be formed of the importance of a process which will not only cheapen the produce, but keep the work of production at home. This is another example of the latent value of gross substances; and we shall have others of its kind before long. Efforts have been made during the year to utilise the gas-waste known as naphthaline. They have not led to much as yet, but the troublesome crystals that choke our gas-pipes must give up their riches in turn. The time will come when there will be no such word as *waste*, for things wasted are merely things for which we can find no present use. Chemistry is constantly striving to bring this time to the present. It has of late succeeded in regaining the sulphur from the vat-waste, the *bête noir* of the alkali works, and in economically regenerating the black oxide of manganese exhausted in the manufacture of bleaching powder. Upon what it is doing for the utilisation of sewage we are kept pretty well informed.

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* Government Printing Office, Washington. † Trübner and Co.
‡ Macmillan and Co. § Allen and Co. ‖ Longmans and Co.
¶ S. Low, Son, and Marston.

The new anæsthetic, hydrate of chloral, introduced about eighteen months ago, has worked its way into high medical favour, and several processes for its formation have been introduced. One of the latest and best consists in passing chlorine gas into pure alcohol until the spirit is converted into a white crystalline mass, which is the product in question. Chloral, in addition to its surgical uses, has been employed in important experiments upon blood circulation in small animals. An antidote to over-dosing with it has been found in strychnia, and this discovery was made by Liebreich, to whom we owe chloral itself.

Other practical matters of chemical advancement are:—A method of obtaining fuschine dye without danger of arsenical contamination; a method of generating ozone by blowing a current of air through a Bunsen's gas-burner; a method of preserving butchers' meat by steeping it in a solution of hydrochloric acid, glycerine, and bi-sulphate of soda in water; a rapid method of detecting the amount of sulphur contained in cast-iron and steel; an investigation of the efficacy of various wood-preserving processes, which led to the conclusion that the old process of subjecting timber to the action of air and water is the best, although the slowest; copper and manganese have been alloyed to form a metal resembling german silver, which may in part supersede nickel; the cheap manufacture of oxygen has suggested its extended employment as a source of heat and light, and even as vital regenerator; glycerine has asserted its further claim to high regard by showing itself available for a variety of useful purposes—the manufacture of paper, of elastic sponge, and of copying ink, or as a solvent of dye-stuffs, as a tempering medium to prevent wood from warping and leather from cracking; and glycerine has even been fermented with alcohol.

In the higher departments of chemistry we have to note Sir William Thomson's investigations upon the distance between the centres of the atoms of matter, which he finds to be less than the 100-millionth and greater than the 2,000-millionth of a centimetre. Then there are Dr. Andrews' triumphant researches into the continuity of the gaseous and liquid states of matter, in the course of which he has discovered the critical temperature and pressure at which carbonic acid becomes a fluid. Graham's theory of the metallic nature of hydrogen has been confirmed by Dr. Loew, who has succeeded in forming an amalgam of hydrogen and mercury; and a re-determination has been made by Dr. Thomsen, of Copenhagen, of the heat evolved by various chemical combinations.

Photography, one of chemistry's off-sets, has advanced notably during the year by the perfection of processes for converting a photographic film into a printing surface. Herr Albert, in Munich, has succeeded in transferring the lights and shades of a light-drawn picture to the face of a stone, from which impressions can be worked by an ordinary lithographer; but in England this process has been surpassed by Mr. Ernest Edwards, who has reduced to common practice a method of taking from a negative photograph a gelatine impression, from which prints of exquisite beauty are worked in a common printing press. Mr. Edwards' achievement leaves little to be desired in the direction of his aim.

As may be inferred from accomplishments in previous years, the range of applications of electricity has been considerably widened. Its use for the lighting of buoys at sea was urged again; and for this purpose a battery was tried, consisting of plates of metal suspended in the sea, and acted upon by the salt water, which is found sufficiently acid to generate a current. Pointing needles and resharpening files are other operations it has been called upon to perform. It was found that a steel wire connected with one pole of a battery, and immersed in an acid solution, is eaten to a fine point when the other battery pole is held opposite to it; and that a bundle of wires thus treated become finely tapering needles. Similarly for old files: when they are electrified in an acid liquor, the hollow cuts are deepened and the teeth are sharpened. This process is being worked commercially. The accidental discovery that a barrel of

wine which was struck by lightning in a French vintager's cella
prematurely aged and improved in flavour by the shock, suggest
trial whether wines could not be matured by passing an el
current through them; and if reports be true, the experiments
been thoroughly successful. A *raison d'être* was soon disco
after the fact was made apparent. A voting apparatus for parlia
tary assemblies, whereby every member can record his vote wi
rising from his seat, was invented by Messrs. Siemens, of Berlin
there was talk of applying it in the lower chamber of the Lan
Plating with nickel has been made a workable process by empl
a double salt of the metal and ammonium as the plating-
Previous to this suggestion, the operation was very uncertain, an
metal deposited was of bad quality; now the coating obtain
brilliant and untarnishable. A company has been formed to
this process. There have been reports of wonderful bodily
effected by electricity, and of extraordinary effects produced
plants both by the fluid and by contiguous steel magnets; but
brilliant doings have not borne the "hall mark" of confirmation,
we pass them with mere mention. Several new forms of gal
batteries have been invented: one of them, known as the Lecla
cell, and of which the elements are zinc and peroxide of manga
has won the prize of extensive use by its simplicity and econ
Bunsen has given electricians another very powerful battery, invol
the use of only one liquid, a mixture of sulphuric and chromic a
and with plates of zinc and carbon as elements. Several ot
more complicated in their combinations, have been proposed.
importance of economical improvement in batteries will be evi
when it is remembered that electricity is shut out from work th
could perform, on account of the present high cost of generating

The book of the year most nearly connected with this bran
science was Tyndall's "Researches on Diamagnetism,"* in w
the Professor collects his hitherto scattered memoirs upon the
magnetism which certain bodies exhibit, and upon the magnetic
as manifested in certain crystals. Another little aphoristic wor
the same author, "Lecture Notes on Electricity,"† should be i
hands of every electrical student.

The production of power, the improvement of prime movers,
ever be the foremost subject of interest in the view of prac
engineers. The record of a year's inventions in this departme
mechanical science alone would of itself occupy a bulky vol

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* Longmans & Co.

† *Ibid.*

Few of these schemes, however, make noise enough to be heard out of the circle of the inventors' friends. But within our survey period two methods have appeared which have attracted not a little attention in high quarters. Both aim at economising fuel by mixing common air with the steam in an engine. In one (the Warsop), the air is made hot by some of the waste heat about the furnace, and then forced through the water in the boiler to mix with the steam and do part of its work in the engine. In the other (Parker's) plan, the air is drawn at once into the steam-pipe, and the aëro-steam is heated on its way to the cylinder. Both are reported, upon the strength of definite trials, to produce considerable savings of firing. Of the great waste of coal by the best of engines, there is no doubt; and it is not surprising that far-sighted men should be looking to other sources of power for the future. The farthest-sighted turn their anticipations to the sun, which is the origin of all power. Ericsson is foremost among these; he has studied solar engineering theoretically and tried it practically, and during the year has begun to publish his experiences.

The extension of iron and steel manufacture is a matter that is attracting the attention of metallurgists far and wide; and it is thought that a new impulse will be given to this industry by the lapsing of one of the Bessemer patents. In view of the probable increase in the demand for hæmatite, which will be one of the consequences of the freed manufacture, a committee of the British Association urged the Government, through the Science and Art Department, to continue an examination of this country, already commenced by the Geological Surveyors, with a view to determining the locations of iron ore deposits; but a discouraging reply was received to the effect that the department did not consider that the money granted for the survey could be applied to such a purpose as that which the committee desired! Meanwhile, we note that the hæmatite and magnetic ores of Norway are looked upon as a probable source of supply. In the neighbourhood of Arendal there is a rich deposit, which it is proposed to smelt with English coal. One-third of the blast furnaces in Southern Norway have been extinguished for want of fuel; that thickly-wooded country not being able to continue its supply of charcoal. Among methods of removing the deleterious ingredients from iron that have been proposed, one by MM. Girard and Poulain deserves mention. It consists in blowing moist air and the vapour of potassium through the molten metal in a Bessemer converter. It is also worthy of remark that the dockyard refuse known as "Seely's pigs," has been converted into iron of