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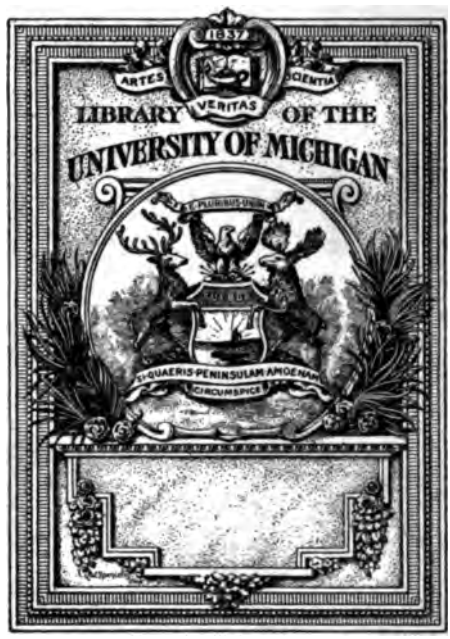

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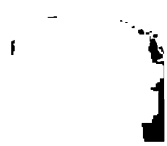

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SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE NEST WITH STRANGE "BIRDS" IN IT.

To the Swan's Nest, very differently tenanted from what we saw it at the opening of our story, we have now to conduct our reader. Its present occupant, "the acquisition to any neighbourhood," as the house-agent styled him, was Colonel Sewell.

Lady Lendrick had taken the place for her son, on finding that Sir William would not extend his hospitality to him. She had taken the precaution not merely to pay a year's rent in advance, but to make a number of changes in the house and its dependencies, which she hoped might render the residence more palatable to him, and reconcile him in some degree to its isolation and retirement.

The Colonel was, however, one of those men—they are numerous enough in this world—who canvass the mouth of the gift-horse, and have few scruples in detecting the signs of his age. He criticised the whole place with a most commendable frankness. It was a "poky little hole. It was dark, it was low ceilinged. It was full of inconveniences. The furniture was old-fashioned. You had to mount two steps into the drawing-room, and go down three into the dining-room. He had to cross a corridor to his bath-room, and there was a great Tudor window in the small breakfast parlour, that made one feel as if sitting in a lantern."

As for the stables, "he wouldn't put a donkey into them." No light, no ventilation, no anything, in short. To live surrounded with so many inconveniences was the most complete assertion of his fallen condition, and, as he said, "he had never realised his fall in the world till he settled down in that miserable Nest."

There are men whose especial delight it is to call your attention to their impaired condition, their threadbare coat, their patched shoes, their shabby equipage, or their sorry dwelling, as though they were framing a sort of indictment against Fate

and setting forth the hardships of persons of merit like them being subjected to this unjustifiable treatment by Fortune.

"I suppose you never thought to see me reduced to this," is the burden of their song; and it is very strange how, by mere repetition and insistance, these people establish for themselves a sort of position, and oblige the world to yield them a black-mail of respect and condolence.

"This was not the sort of tipple I used to set before you once on a time, old fellow," will be uttered by one of whose hospitalities you have never partaken. "It was another guess sort of beast I gave you for a mount when we met last," will be said by a man who never rose above a cob pony; and one is obliged to yield a kind of polite assent to such balderdash, or stand forward as a public prosecutor and arraign the rascal for a humbug.

In this self-commiseration Sewell was a master, and there was not a corner of the house he did not make the butt of his ridicule—to contrast its littleness and vulgarity with the former ways and belongings of his own once splendour.

"You're capital fellows," said he to a party of officers from the neighbouring garrison, "to come and see me in this dog-hole. Try and find a chair you can sit on, and I'll ask my wife if we can give you some dinner. You remember me up at Rangoon, Hobbes? another guess sort of place, wasn't it? I had the Rajah's palace and four elephants at my orders. At Guzerat too I was the Resident, and by Jove I never dreamed of coming down to this!"

Too indolent or too indifferent to care where or how she was lodged, his wife gave no heed to his complaints, beyond a little half-supercilious smile as he uttered them. "If a fellow will marry, however, he deserves it all," was his usual wind-up to all his lamentations; and in this he seemed to console himself by the double opportunity of pitying himself and insulting his wife.

All that Colonel Cave and his officers could say in praise of the spot, its beauty, its neatness, and its comfort, were only fresh aliment to his depreciation, and he more than half implied that possibly the place was quite good enough for *them*, but that was not exactly the question at issue.

Some men go through life permitted to say scores of things for which their neighbour would be irrevocably cut and excluded from society. Either that the world is amused at their bitterness, or that it is regarded as a malady, far worse to him who bears than to him who witnesses it—whatever the reason—people endure these men, and make even a sort of vicious pets of them. Sewell was of this order, and a fine specimen too.

All the men around him were his equals in every respect, and yet there was not one of them who did not accept a position of quiet, unresisting inferiority to him for the sake of his bad temper and his bad tongue. It was "his way," they said, and they bore it.

He was a consummate adept in all the details of a household; and his dinners were perfection, his wine good, and his servants drilled to the very acme of discipline. These were not mean accessories to any pretension; and as they sat over their claret, a pleasanter and more social tone succeeded than the complaining spirit of their host had at first promised.

The talk was chiefly professional. Pipe-clay will ever assert its pre-eminence, and with reason; for it is a grand leveller; and Smooks, who joined three months ago, may have the Army List as well by heart as the oldest major in the service; and so they discussed, Where was Hobson? what made Jobson sell out? how did Bobson get out of that scrape with the

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paymaster? and how long will Dobson be able to live at his present rate in that light cavalry corps? Everything that fell from them showed the most thorough intimacy with the condition, the fortune, and the prospects of the men they discussed — familiarity there was enough of, but no friendship. No one seemed to trouble himself whether the sick-leave or the sell-out meant hopeless calamity — all were dashed with a species of well-bred fatalism that was astonished with nothing, rejoiced at nothing, repined at nothing.

"I wish Trafford would make up his mind!" cried one. "Three weeks ago he told me positively he would leave, and now I hear he offered Craycroft three thousand pounds to retire from the majority."

"That's true; Craycroft told me so himself; but old Joe is a wily bird, and he'll not be taken so easily."

"He's an eldest son now," broke in another. "What does he care whether he be called major or captain!"

"An eldest son!" cried Sewell, suddenly; "how is that? When I met him at the Cape he spoke of an elder brother."

"So he had, then; but he's 'off the hooks.'"

"I don't think it matters much," said the Colonel. "The bulk of the property is disentailed, and Sir Hugh can leave it how he likes."

"That's what I call downright shameful," said one; but he was the minority, for a number of voices exclaimed—

"And perfectly right; that law of primogeniture is a positive barbarism."

While the dispute waxed warm and noisy, Sewell questioned the Colonel closely about Trafford—how it happened that the entail was removed, and why there was reason to suppose that Sir Hugh and his son were not on terms of friendship.

Cave was frank enough when he spoke of the amount of the fortune and the extent of the estate, but used a careful caution in speaking of family matters, merely hinting that Trafford had gone very fast, spent a deal of money, had his debts twice paid by his father, and was now rather in the position of a reformed spendthrift, making a good character for prudence and economy.

"And where is he?—not in Ireland?" asked Sewell, eagerly.

"No; he is to join on Monday. I got a hurried note from him this morning, dated Holyhead. You said you had met him?"

"Yes, at the Cape; he used to come and dine with us there occasionally."

"Did you like him?"

"In a way. Yes, I think he was a nice fellow—that is, he might be made a nice fellow, but it was always a question into what hands he fell; he was at the same time pliant and obstinate. He would always imitate—he would never lead. So he seemed to me; but, to tell you the truth, I left him a good deal to the women; he was too young and too fresh for a man like myself."

"You are rather hard on him," said Cave, laughing; "but you are partly right. He has, however, fine qualities—he is generous and trustful to any extent."

"Indeed!" said Sewell, carelessly, as he bit off the end of a cigar.

"Nothing would make him swerve from his word; and if placed in a difficulty where a friend was involved, his own interests would be the last he'd think of."

"Very fine, all that. Are you drinking claret?—if so, finish that decanter, and let's have a fresh bottle."

Cave declined to take more wine, and he arose, with the rest, to

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repair to the drawing-room for coffee.

It was not very usual for Sewell to approach his wife or notice her in society; now, however, he drew a chair near her as she sat at the fire, and, in a low whisper, said—"I have some pleasant news for you."

"Indeed!" she said, coldly—"what a strange incident."

"You mean it is a strange channel for pleasant news to come through, perhaps," said he, with a curl of his lip.

"Possibly that is what I meant," said she, as quietly as before.

"None of these fine-lady airs with me, madam," said he, reddening with anger; "there are no two people in Europe ought to understand each other better than we do."

"In that I quite agree with you."

"And as such is the case, affectations are clean thrown away, madam; we *can* have no disguises for each other."

A very slight inclination of her head seemed to assent to this remark, but she did not speak.

"We came to plain speaking many a day ago," said he, with increased bitterness in his tone. "I don't see why we are to forego the advantage of it now—do you?"

"By no means. Speak as plainly as you wish; I am quite ready to hear you."

"You have managed, however, to make people observe us," muttered he between his teeth—"it's an old trick of your's, madam. You can play martyr at the shortest notice." He rose hastily and moved to another part of the room, where a very noisy group were arranging a party for pool at billiards.

"Won't you have me?" cried Sewell in his ordinary tone. "I'm a perfect boon at pool; for I'm the most unlucky dog at everything."

"I scarcely think you'll expect us to believe *that*," said Cave, with a glance of unmistakable admiration towards Mrs. Sewall.

"Ay," cried Sewell, fiercely, and answering the unspoken sentiment—"ay, sir, and *that*"—he laid a stern emphasis on the word—"and *that* the worst luck of all."

"I've been asking Mrs. Sewell to play a game with us, and she says she has no objection," said a young subaltern, "if Colonel Sewell does not dislike it."

"I'll play whist, then," said Sewell. "Who'll make a rubber?—Cave, will you? Here's Houghton and Mowbray—eh?"

"No, no," said Mowbray—"you are all too good for me."

"How I hate that—too good for *me*," said Sewell. "Why, man, what better investment could you ask for your money than the benefit of good teaching? Always ride with the best hounds—play with the best players, talk with the best talkers."

"And make love to the prettiest women," added Cave, in a whisper, as Mowbray followed Mrs. Sewell into the billiard-room.

"I heard you, Cave," whispered Sewell, in a still lower whisper; "there's devilish little escapes *my* ears, I promise you." The bustle and preparation of the card-table served in part to cover Cave's confusion, but his cheek tingled and his hand shook with mingled shame and annoyance.

Sewell saw it all, and knew how to profit by it. He liked high play, to which Cave generally objected; but he well knew that on the present occasion Cave would concur in anything to cover his momentary sense of shame.

"Pounds and fives, I suppose," said Sewell; and the others bowed, and the game began.

As little did Cave like three-handed whist, but he was in no mood to oppose anything; for, like many men who have made an awkward speech, he exaggerated the meaning through his fears, and

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made it appear absolutely monstrous to himself.

"Whatever you like," was therefore his remark; and he sat down to the game.

Sewell was a skilled player; but the race is no more to the swift in cards than in anything else — he lost, and lost heavily. He undervalued his adversaries too, and, in consequence, he followed up his bad luck by increased wagers. Cave tried to moderate the ardour he displayed, and even remonstrated with him on the sums they were staking, which, he good-humouredly remarked, were far above his own pretensions; but Sewell resented the advice, and replied with a coarse insinuation about winners' counsels. The ill luck continued, and Sewell's peevishness and ill temper increased with every game. "What have I lost to you?" cried he, abruptly, to Cave; "it jars on my nerves every time you take out that cursed memorandum, so that all I can do is not to fling it into the fire."

"I'm sure I wish you would, or that you would let me do it," said Cave, quietly.

"How much is it?—not short of three hundred, I'll be bound."

"It is upwards of five hundred," said Cave, handing the book across the table.

"You'll have to wait for it, I promise you. You must give me time, for I'm in all sorts of messes just now." While Cave assured him that there was no question of pressing for payment—to take his own perfect convenience — Sewell, not heeding him, went on, "This confounded place has cost me a pot of money. My wife, too, knows how to scatter her five-pound notes; in short, we are a wasteful lot. Shall we have one rubber more, eh?"

"As you like. I am at your orders."

"Let us say double or quits, then, for the whole sum."

Cave made no reply, and seemed not to know how to answer.

"Of course if you object," said Sewell, pushing back his chair from the table, as though about to rise, "there's no more to be said."

"What do *you* say, Houghton?" asked Cave.

"Houghton has nothing to say to it; *he* hasn't won twenty pounds from me," said Sewell, fiercely.

"Whatever you like, then," said Cave, in a tone in which it was easy to see irritation was with difficulty kept under, and the game began.

The game began in deep silence. The restrained temper of the players and the heavy sum together impressed them, and not a word was dropped. The cards fell upon the table with a clear, sharp sound, and the clink of the counters resounded through the room, the only noises there.

As they played, the company from the billiard-room poured in and drew around the whist-table, at first noisily enough; but seeing the deep preoccupation of the players, their steadfast looks, their intense eagerness, made more striking by their silence, they gradually lowered their voices, and at last only spoke in whispers, and rarely.

The first game of the rubber had been contested trick by trick, but ended by Cave winning it. The second game was won by Sewell, and the third opened with his deal.

As he dealt the cards, a murmur ran through the bystanders that the stake was something considerable, and the interest increased in consequence. A few trifling bets were laid on the issue, and one of the group, in a voice slightly raised above the rest, said, "I'll back Sewell for a pony."

"I beg you will not, sir," said Sewell, turning fiercely round. "I'm in bad luck already, and I don't want to be swamped altogether. There, sir, your interference has made me misdeal," cried

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he, passionately, as he flung the cards on the table.

Not a word was said as Cave began his deal. It was too plain to every one that Sewell's temper was becoming beyond control, and that a word or a look might bring the gravest consequences.

"What cards!" said Cave, as he spread his hand on the table: "four honours, and nine trumps."

Sewell stared at them, moved his fingers through them to separate and examine them, and then, turning his head round, he looked behind. It was his wife was standing at the back of his chair, calm, pale, and collected. "By Heaven!" cried he, savagely, "I knew who was there as well as if I saw her. The moment Cave spread out his cards, I'd have taken my oath that *she* was standing over me."

She moved hastily away at the ruffianly speech, and a low murmur of indignant anger filled the room. Cave and Houghton quitted the table, and mingled with the others; but Sewell sat still, tearing up the cards one by one, with a quiet, methodical persistence that betrayed no passion. "There!" said he, as he threw the last fragment from him, "you shall never bring good or bad luck to any one more." With the ease of one to whom such paroxysms were not unfrequent, he joined in the conversation of a group of young men, and with a familiar jocularity soon set them at their ease towards him; and then, drawing his arm within Cave's, he led him apart, and said, "I'll go over to the Barrack to-morrow and breakfast with you. I have just thought of how I can settle this little debt."

"Oh, don't distress yourself about that," said Cave. "I beg you will not let it give you a moment's uneasiness."

"Good fellow!" said Sewell, clapping him on the shoulder; "but I have the means of doing it without inconvenience, as I'll show you to-morrow. Don't go yet; don't let your fellows go. We are going to have a broil, or a devilled biscuit, or something." He walked over and rang the bell, and then hastily passed on into a smaller room, where his wife was sitting on a sofa, an old doctor of the regiment seated at her side.

"I won't interrupt the consultation," said Sewell, "but I have just one word to say." He leaned over the back of the sofa, and whispered in her ear, "Your friend Trafford is become an eldest son. He is at the Bilton Hotel, Dublin; write and ask him here. Say I have some cock-shooting—there are harriers in the neighbourhood. Are you listening to me, madam?" said he, in a harsh, hissing voice, for she had half turned away her head, and her face had assumed an expression of sickened disgust. She nodded, but did not speak. "Tell him that I've spoken to Cave—he'll make his leave all right — that I'll do my best to make the place pleasant to him, and that — in fact, I needn't try to teach you to write a sweet note. You understand me, eh?"

"Oh, perfectly," said she, rising, and a livid paleness now spread over her face, and even her lips were bloodless.

"I was too abrupt with my news. I ought to have been more considerate; I ought to have known it might overcome you," said he, with a sneering bitterness. "Doctor, you'll have to give Mrs. Sewell some cordial, some restorative — that's the name for it. She was overcome by some tidings I brought her. Even pleasant news will startle us occasionally. As the French comedy has it, 'La joie fait peur,'" and with a listless, easy air he sauntered away into another room.

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CHAPTER XXIX.—SEWELL VISITS CAVE.

Punctual to his appointment, Sewell appeared at breakfast the next morning with Colonel Cave. Of all the ill humour and bad conduct of the night before, not a trace now was to be seen. He was easy, courteous, and affable. He even made a half-jesting apology for his late display of bad temper; attributing it to an attack of coming gout. "So long as the malady," said he, "is in a state of menace, one's nerves become so fine strung, that there is no name for the irritability; but when once a good honest seizure has taken place, a man recovers himself and stands up to his suffering manfully and well.

"To-day, for instance," said he, pointing to a shoe divided by long incisions, "I have got my enemy fixed, and I let him do his worst."

The breakfast proceeded pleasantly; Cave was in admiration of his guest's agreeability; for he talked away, not so much of things, as of people. He had, in a high degree, that man-of-the-world gift of knowing something about every one. No name could turn up of which he could not tell you something the owner of it had said or done, and these "scratch" biographies are often very amusing, particularly when struck off with the readiness of a practised talker.

It was not, then, merely that Sewell obliterated every memory of the evening before, but he made Cave forget the actual object for which he had come that morning. Projects, besides, for future pleasure did Sewell throw out, like a man who had both the leisure, the means, and the taste for enjoyment. There was some capital shooting he had just taken; his neighbour, an old squire, had never cared for it, and let him have it "for a song." They were going to get up hack races too, in the Park—"half-a-dozen hurdles and a double ditch to tumble over," as he said, "will amuse our garrison fellows—and my wife has some theatrical intentions—if you will condescend to help her."

Sewell talked with that blended munificence and shiftiness, which seems a specialty with a certain order of men. Nothing was too costly to be done, and yet everything must be accomplished with a dexterity that was almost a dodge. The men of this gift are great scene-painters. They dash you off a view—be it a wood or a rich interior, a terraced garden or an Alpine hut—in a few loose touches. Ay, and they "smudge" them out again before criticism has had time to deal with them. "By the way," cried he, suddenly, stopping in the full swing of some description of a possible regatta, "I was half forgetting what brought me here this morning. I am in your debt, Cave."

He stopped as though his speech needed some rejoinder, and Cave grew very red and very uneasy—tried to say something—anything—but could not. The fact was, that, like a man who had never in all his life adventured on high play or risked a stake that could possibly be of importance to him, he felt pretty much the same amount of distress at having won as he would have felt at having lost. He well knew that if by any mischance he had incurred such a loss as a thousand pounds, it would have been a most serious embarrassment—by what right, then, had he won it? Now, although feelings of this sort were about the very last to find entrance into Sewell's heart, he well knew that there were men who were liable to them, just as there were people who were exposed to plague or yellow fever, and other maladies from which he lived remote. It was, then, with a

sort of selfish motive that he saw Cave's awkward hesitating manner, and read the marks of the shame that was overwhelming him.

"A heavy sum too," said Sewell, jauntily; "we went the whole 'pot' on that last rubber."

"I wish I could forget it—I mean," muttered Cave, "I wish we could both forget it."

"I have not the least objection to that," said Sewell, gaily, "only let it first be paid."

"Well, but—what I meant was—what I wanted to say, or rather, what I hoped—was—in plain words, Sewell," burst he out, like a man to whom desperation gave courage, —"in plain words, I never intended to play such stakes as we played last night—I never have—I never will again."

"Not to give me my revenge?" said Sewell, laughing.

"No, not for anything. I don't know what I'd have done—I don't know what would have become of me, if I had lost; and I pledge you my honour, I think the next worst thing is to have won."

"Do you, by George!"

"I do, upon my sacred word of honour. My first thoughts on waking this morning were more wretched than they have been for any day in the last twenty years of life, for I was thoroughly ashamed of myself."

"You'll not find many men afflicted with your malady, Cave; and, at all events, it's not contagious."

"I know nothing about that," said Cave, half irritably; "I never was a play man, and have little pretension to understand their feelings."

"They haven't got any," said Sewell, as he lit his cigar.

"Perhaps not; so much the worse for them. I can only say, if the misery of losing be only proportionate to the shame of winning, I don't envy a gambler; such an example, too, to exhibit to my young officers. It was too bad—too bad."

"I declare I don't understand this," said Sewell, carelessly; "when I commanded a battalion, I never imagined I was obliged to be a model to the subs or the junior captains." The tone of banter went, this time, to the quick, and Cave flushed a deep crimson, and said,

"I'm not sorry that my ideas of my duty are different; though, in the present case, I have failed to fulfil it."

"Well, well, there's nothing to grow angry about," said Sewell, laughing, "even though you won't give me my revenge. My present business is to book up," and, as he spoke, he sat down at the table, and drew a roll of papers from his pocket, and laid it before him.

"You distress me greatly by all this, Sewell," said Cave, whose agitation now almost overcame him. "Cannot we hit upon some way? can't we let it lie over? I mean—is there no arrangement by which this cursed affair can be deferred; you understand me?"

"Not in the least. Such things are never deferred without loss of honour to the man in default. The stake that a man risks is supposed to be in his pocket, otherwise play becomes trade, and accepts all the vicissitudes of trade."

"It's the first time I ever heard them contrasted to the disparagement of honest industry."

"And I call billiards, tennis, whist, and ecarté, honest industries too, though I won't call them trades. There, there," said he, laughing at the other's look of displeasure, "don't be afraid; I am not going to preach these doctrines to your young officers, for whose morals you are so much concerned. Sit down here, and just listen to me for one moment."

Cave obeyed, but his face showe in every feature how reluctantly.

"I see, Cave," said Sewell, wi

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a quiet smile—"I see you want to do me a favour—so you shall. I am obliged to own that I am an exception to the theory I have just now enunciated. I staked a thousand pounds, and I had *not* the money in my pocket. Wait a moment—don't interrupt me. I had not the money in gold or bank notes, but I had it here"—and he touched the papers before him—"in a form equally solvent, only that it required that he who won the money should be not a mere acquaintance, but a friend—a friend to whom I could speak with freedom and in confidence. This," said he, "is a bond for twelve hundred pounds, given by my wife's guardian in satisfaction of a loan once made to him; he was a man of large fortune, which he squandered away recklessly, leaving but a small estate, which he could neither sell nor alienate. Upon this property this is a mortgage. As an old friend of my father-in-law—a very unworthy one, by the way—I could of course not press him for the interest, and, as you will see, it has never been paid; and there is now a balance of some hundred pounds additional against him. Of this I could not speak, for another reason—we are not without the hope of inheriting something by him—and to allude to this matter would be ruinous. Keep this, then. I insist upon it. I declare to you, if you refuse, I will sell it to-morrow to the first money-lender I can find, and send you my debt in hard cash. I've been a play man all my life, but never a defaulter."

There was a tone of proud indignation in the way he spoke that awed Cave to silence; for in good truth he was treating of themes of which he knew nothing whatever; and of the sort of influences which swayed gamblers, of the rules that guided, and the conventionalities that bound them, he was profoundly ignorant.

"You'll not get your money, Cave," resumed Sewell, "till this old fellow dies; but you will be paid at last—of that I can assure you. Indeed, if by any turn of luck I was in funds myself, I'd like to redeem it. All I ask is, therefore, that you'll not dispose of it, but hold it over in your own possession till the day—and I hope it may be an early one—it may be payable."

Cave was in no humour to dispute anything. There was no condition to which he would not have acceded, so heartily ashamed and abashed was he by the position in which he found himself. What he really would have liked best, would have been to refuse the bond altogether, and say, Pay when you like, how you like, or, better still, not at all. This of course was not possible, and he accepted the terms proposed to him at once.

"It shall be all as you wish," said he, hurriedly. "I will do everything you desire; only, let me assure you that I would infinitely rather this paper remained in *your* keeping than in *mine*. I'm a careless fellow about documents," added he, trying to put the matter on the lesser ground of a safe custody. "Well, well, say no more; you don't wish it, and that's enough."

"I must be able to say," said Sewell, gravely, "that I never lost over night what I had not paid the next morning, and I will even ask of you to corroborate me, so far as this transaction goes. There were several of your fellows at my house last night; they saw what we played for, and that I was the loser. There will be—there always is—plenty of gossip about these things, and the first question is, 'Has he booked up?' I'm sure it's not asking more than you are ready to do, to say that I paid my debt within twenty-fours."

"Certainly; most willingly. I don't know that any one has a right to question me on the matter."

"I never said he had. I only warned you how people will talk,

and how necessary it is to be prepared to stifle a scandal even before it has flared out."

"It shall be cared for. I'll do exactly as you wish," said Cave, who was too much flurried to know what was asked of him, and to what he was pledged.

"I'm glad this is off my mind," said Sewell, with a long sigh of relief, "I lay awake half the night thinking of it; for there are scores of fellows who are not of your stamp, and who would be for submitting these documents to their lawyer, and asking, heaven knows, what this affair related to. Now I tell you frankly, I'd have given no explanations. He who gave that bond is, as I know, a consummate rascal, and has robbed me—that is, my wife—out of two-thirds of her fortune; but *my* hands are tied regarding him. I couldn't touch him, except he should try to take my life—a thing, by the way, he is quite capable of. Old Dillon, my wife's father, believed him to be the best and truest of men, and my wife inherited this belief, even in the face of all the injuries he had worked us. She went on saying, My father always said, Trust Fossy; there's at least one man in the world that will never deceive you."

"What was the name you said?" asked Cave, quickly.

"Oh, only a nickname. I don't want to mention his name. I have sealed up the bond with this superscription—'Colonel Sewell's bond.' I did this believing you would not question me farther; but if you desire to read it over, I'll break the envelope at once."

"No, no; nothing of the kind. Leave it just as it is."

"So that," said Sewell, pursuing his former line of thought, "this man not alone defrauded me, but he sowed dissension between me and my wife. Her faith is shaken in him, I have no doubt; but she'll not confess it. Like a genuine woman, she will persist in asserting the convictions she has long ceased to be held by, and quote this stupid letter of her father in the face of every fact.

"I ought not to have got into these things," said Sewell, as he walked impatiently down the room. "These family bedevilments should be kept from one's friends; but the murder is out now, and you can see how I stand—and see, besides, that if I am not always able to control my temper, a friend might find an excuse for me."

Cave gave a kindly nod of assent to this, not wishing, even by a word, to increase the painful embarrassment of the scene.

"Heigh ho!" cried Sewell, throwing himself down in a chair, "there's one care off my heart, at least! I can remember a time when a night's bad luck wouldn't have cost me five minutes of annoyance; but nowadays I have got it so hot and so heavy from fortune I begin not to know myself." Then, with a sudden change of tone, he added—"When are you coming out to us again? Shall we say Tuesday?"

"We are to be inspected on Tuesday. Trafford writes me that he is coming over with General Halkett—whom, by the way, he calls a Tartar—and says, 'If the Sewells are within hail, say a kind word to them on my part.'"

"A good sort of fellow, Trafford," said Sewell, carelessly.

"An excellent fellow—no better living!"

"A very wide-awake one too," said Sewell, with one eye closed, and a look of intense cunning.

"I never thought so. It is, to my notion, to the want of the faculty he owes every embarrassment he has ever suffered. He is unsuspecting to a fault."

"It's not the way *I* read him though perhaps I think as well him as *you* do. I'd say that his years he is one of the shrewdest young fellows I met."

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"You astonish me! May I ask if you know him well?"

"Our acquaintance is not of very old date, but we saw a good deal of each other at the Cape. We rode out together, dined, played, and conversed freely together; and the impression he made upon me was that every sharp lesson the world had given him he'd pay back one day or other with a compound interest."

"I hope not—I fervently hope not!" cried Cave. "I had rather hear to-morrow that he had been duped and cheated out of half his fortune than learn he had done one act that savoured of the—the——" He stopped, unable to finish, for he could not hit upon the word that might be strong enough for his meaning, and yet not imply an offence.

"Say blackleg. Isn't that what you want? There's my wife's pony-chaise. I'll get a seat back to the Nest. Good-bye, Cave. If Wednesday is open, give it to us, and tell Trafford I'd be glad to see him."

Cave sat down as the door closed after the other, and tried to recall his thoughts to something like order. What manner of man was that who had just left him? It was evidently a very mixed nature. Was it the good or the evil that predominated? Was the unscrupulous tone he displayed the result of a spirit of tolerance, or was it the easy indifference of one who trusted nothing—believed nothing?

Was it possible his estimate of Trafford could be correct? and could this seemingly generous and open manner cover a nature cold, calculating, and treacherous? No, no! *That* he felt to be totally out of the question.

He thought long and intently over the matter, but to no end; and as he arose to deposit the papers left by Sewell in his writing-desk, he felt as unsettled and undecided as when he started on the inquiry.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE RACES ON THE LAWN.

A bright October morning, with a blue sky and a slight, very slight, feeling of frost in the air, and a gay meeting on foot and horseback on the lawn before the Swan's Nest, made as pretty a picture as a painter of such scenes could desire. I say of such scenes, because in the *tableau de genre* it is the realistic element that must predominate, and the artist's skill is employed in imparting to very commonplace people and costumes whatever poetry can be lent them by light and shade, by happy groupings, and, more than all these, by the insinuation of some incident in which they are the actors—a sort of storied interest pervading the whole canvas, which gives immense pleasure to those who have little taste for the fine arts.

There was plenty of colour even in the landscape. The mountains had put on their autumn suit, and displayed every tint from a pale opal to a deep and gorgeous purple, while the river ran on in those circling eddies which came to the surface of water under sunshine as naturally as smiles to the face of flattered beauty.

Colonel Sewell had invited the country-side to witness hack races in his grounds, and the country-side had heartily responded to the invitation. There were the county magnates in grand equipages—an earl with two postilions and outriders, a high sheriff with all his official splendours, squires of lower degree in more composite vehicles, and a large array of jaunting-cars, through all of which figured the red coats of the neighbouring garrison, adding to the scene that tint

of warmth in colour so dear to the painter's heart.

The wonderful beauty of the spot, combining as it did heath-clad mountain, and wood, and winding river, with a spreading lake in the distance, dotted with picturesque islands, was well seconded by a glorious autumnal day—one of those days when the very air has something of champagne in its exhilarating quality, and gives to every breath of it a sense of stimulation.

The first three races—they were on the flat—had gone off admirably. They were well contested, well ridden, and the "right horse" the winner. All was contentment, therefore, on every side, to which the interval of a pleasant moment of conviviality gave hearty assistance, for now came the hour of luncheon; and from the "swells" in the great marquee, and the favoured intimates in the dining-room, to the assembled unknown in the jaunting-cars, merry laughter issued, with clattering of plates and popping of corks, and those commingled sounds of banter and jollity which mark such gatherings.

The great event of the day was, however, yet to come off. It was a hurdle race, to which two stiff fences were to be added, in the shape of double ditches, to test the hunting powers of the horses. The hurdles were to be four feet eight in height, so that the course was by no means a despicable one, even to good cross-country riders. To give increased interest to the race Sewell himself was to ride, and no small share of eagerness existed amongst the neighbouring gentry to see how the new-comer would distinguish himself in the saddle—some opining he was too long of leg; some, that he was too heavy; some, that men of his age—he was over five-and-thirty—begin to lose nerve; and many going so far as to imply "that he did not look like riding"—a judgment whose vagueness detracts nothing from its force.

"There he goes now, and he sits well down, too!" cried one, as a group of horsemen swept past, one of whom mounted on a "sharp" pony, led the way, a white Macintosh and loose overalls covering him from head to foot. They were off to see that the fences were all being properly put up, and in an instant were out of sight.

"I'll back Tom Westenra against Sewell for a twenty-pound note," cried one, standing up on the seat of his car to proclaim the challenge.

"I'll go further," shouted another—"I'll do it for fifty."

"I'll beat you both," cried out a third—"I'll take Tom even against the field."

The object of all this enthusiasm was a smart clean-shaven little fellow, with a good blue eye and a pleasant countenance, who smoked his cigar on the seat of a drag near, and nodded a friendly recognition to their confidence.

"If Joe Slater was well of his fall, I'd rather have him than any one in the county," said an old farmer, true to a man of his own class and standing.

"Here's one can beat them both!" shouted another; "here's Mr. Creagh of Lismakerry!" and a thin, ruddy-faced, keen-eyed man of about fifty rode by on a low-sized horse, with that especial look of decision in his mouth, and the peculiar puckering about the corners, that seem to belong to those who traffic in horse-flesh, and who, it would appear, however much they may know about horses, understand humanity more thoroughly still.

"Are you going to ride, Creagh?" cried a friend from a high tax-cart.

"Maybe so, if the fences are not too big for me," and a very malicious drollery twinkled in his grey eye.

"Faix, and if they are," said

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farmer, "the rest may stay at home."

"I hope you'll ride, Creagh," said the first speaker, "and not let these English fellows take the shine out of us. Yourself and Tom are the only county names on the card."

"Show it to me," said Creagh, listlessly, and he took the printed list in his hand and conned it over, as though it had all been new to him. "They're all soldiers, I see," said he. "It's Major This, and Captain That—Who is the lady?" This question was rapidly called forth by a horsewoman who rode past at an easy canter in the midst of a group of men. She was dressed in a light-grey habit and hat of the same colour, from which a long white feather encircling the hat hung on one side.

"That's Mrs. Sewell—what do you think of her riding?"

"If her husband has as neat a hand I'd rather he was out of the course. She knows well what she's about."

"They say there's not her equal in the Park in London."

"That's not Park riding; that's something very different, take my word for it. She could lead half the men here across the country."

Nor was she unworthy of the praise, as, with her hand low, her head a little forward, but her back well curved in, she sat firmly down in her saddle; giving to the action of the horse that amount of movement that assisted the animal, but never more. The horse was mettlesome enough to require all her attention. It was his first day under a side-saddle, and he chafed at it, and when the heavy skirt smote his flank, bounded with a lunge and a stroke of his head that showed anger.

"That's a four hundred guinea beast she's on. He belongs to the tall young fellow, that's riding on her left."

"I like his own horse better, the liver-chestnut with the short legs. I wish I had the loan of him for the hurdle race."

"Ask him, Phil; or get the mistress there to ask him," said another, laughing. "I'm mighty mistaken or he wouldn't refuse *her*."

"Oh, is *that* it?" said Creagh, with a knowing look.

"So they tell me here, for I don't know one of them myself; but the story goes that she was to have married that young fellow when Sewell carried her off."

"I must go and get a better look at her!" said Creagh, as he spurred his horse and cantered away.

"Is any one betting?" said little Westenra, as he descended from his seat on the drag. "I have not seen a man to-day with five pounds on the race."

"Here's Sewell," muttered another; "he's coming up now, and will give or take as much as you like."

"Did you see Mrs. Sewell any of you?" asked Sewell, cavalierly, as he rode up with an open telegram in his hand; and as the persons addressed were for the most part his equals, none responded to the insolent demand.

"Could you tell me, sir," said Sewell, quickly altering his tone, while he touched his hat to Westenra, "if Mrs. Sewell passed this way?"

"I haven't the honour to know Mrs. Sewell, but I saw a lady ride past, about ten minutes ago, on a black thoroughbred."

"Faix, and well she rode him too," broke in an old farmer. "She took the posy out of that young gentleman's button-hole, while her beast was jumping, and stuck it in her breast, as easy as I'm sitting here."

Sewell's face grew purple as he darted a look of savage anger at the speaker, and turning his horse's head, he dashed out at speed and disappeared.

"Peter Delaney," said Westenra,

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"I thought you had more discretion than to tell such a story as that."

"Begorra, Mister Tom! I didn't know the mischief I was making till I saw the look he gave me!"

It was not till after a considerable search that Sewell came up with his wife's party, who were sauntering leisurely along the riverside, through a gorse-covered slope.

"I've had a devil of a hunt after you!" he cried, as he rode up, and the ringing tone of his voice was enough to intimate to her in what temper he spoke. "I've something to say to you," said he, as though meant for her private ear, and the others drew back, and suffered them to ride on together. "There's a telegram just come from that old beast the Chief Baron; he desires to see me to-night. The last train leaves at five, and I shall only hit it by going at once. Can't you keep your horse quiet, madam, or must you show off while I'm speaking to you?"

"It was the furze that stung him," said she, coldly, and not showing the slightest resentment at his tone.

"If the old bear means anything short of dying, and leaving me his heir, this message is a shameful swindle."

"Do you mean to go?" asked she, coldly.

"I suppose so; that is," added he, with a bitter grin, "if I can tear myself away from *you*;" but she only smiled.

"I'll have to pay forfeit in this match," continued he, "and my book will be all smashed besides. I say," cried he, "would Trafford ride for me?"

"Perhaps he would."

"None of your mock indifference, madam. I can't afford to lose a thousand pounds every time you've a whim. Ay, look astonished if you like; but if you hadn't gone into the billiard-room on Saturday evening and spoiled my match, I'd have escaped that infernal whist-table. Listen to me now! Tell him that I have been sent for suddenly—it might be too great a risk for me to refuse to go—and ask him to ride Crescy; if he says Yes—and he will say yes if you ask him as you *ought*"—her cheek grew crimson as he uttered the last word with a strong emphasis—"tell him to take up my book. Mind you, use the words 'take up;' *he'll* understand you."

"But why not say all this yourself?—he's riding close behind at this minute."

"Because I have a wife, madam, who can do it so much better—because I have a wife who plucks a carnation out of a man's coat, and wears it in her bosom, and this on an open race-course, where people can talk of it; and a woman with such rare tact ought to be of service to her husband, eh?" She swayed to and fro in her saddle for an instant as though about to fall, but she grasped the crutch with both hands and saved herself.

"Is that all!" muttered she, faintly.

"Not quite. Tell Trafford to come round to my dressing-room, and I'll give him a hint or two about the horse. He must come at once, for I have only time to change my clothes and start. You can make some excuse to the people for my absence; say that the old Judge has had another attack, and I only wish it may be true. Tell them I got a telegram, and *that* may mean anything. Trafford will help you to do the honours, and I'll swear him in as viceroy before I go. Isn't that all that could be asked of me?" The insolence of his look as he said this made her turn away her head as though sickened and disgusted.

"They want you at the weighing-stand, Colonel Sewell," said a gentleman, riding up.

"Oh, they do! Well, say, ple

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that I'm coming. Has he given you that black horse?" asked he, in a hurried whisper.

"No; he offered him, but I refused."

"You had no right to refuse; he's strong enough to carry *me;* and the ponies that I saw led round to the stable-yard, whose are they?"

"They are Mr. Trafford's."

"You told him you thought them handsome, I suppose, didn't you?"

"Yes, I think them very beautiful."

"Well, don't take them as a present. Win them if you like at picquet or ecarté — any way you please, but don't take them as a gift, for I heard Westenra say they were meant for you."

She nodded, and as she bent her head, a smile, the very strangest, crossed her features. If it were not that the pervading expression of her face was at the instant melancholy, the look she gave him would have been almost devilish.

"I have something else to say, but I can't remember it."

"You don't know when you'll be back?" asked she, carelessly.

"Of course not—how can I? I can only promise that I'll not arrive unexpectedly, madam; and I take it that's as much as any gentleman can be called on to say. By-by."

"Good-bye," said she, in the same tone.

"I see that Mr. Balfour is here. I can't tell who asked him; but mind you don't invite him to luncheon; take no notice of him whatever; he'll not bet a guinea; never plays; never risks anything—even his *affections!*"

"What a creature!"

"Isn't he! There! I'll not detain you from pleasanter company; good-bye; see you here when I come back, I suppose?"

"Most probably," said she, with a smile; and away he rode, at a tearing gallop, for his watch warned him that he was driven to the last minute.

"My husband has been sent for to town, Mr. Trafford," said she, turning her head towards him as he resumed his place at her side; "the Chief Baron desires to see him immediately, and he sets off at once."

"And his race? What's to become of his match?"

"He said I was to ask you to ride for him?"

"Me—I ride! Why, I am two stone heavier than he is."

"I suppose he knew that," said she, coldly, and as if the matter was one of complete indifference to her. "I am only delivering a message," continued she, in the same careless tone; "he said, 'Ask Mr. Trafford to ride for me, and take up my book;' I was to be particular about the phrase 'take up;' I conclude you will know what meaning to attach to it."

"I suspect I do," said he, with a low soft laugh.

"And I was to add something about hints he was to give you, if you'd go round to his dressing-room at once; indeed, I believe you have little time to spare.

"Yes, I'll go; I'll go now; only there's one thing I'd like to ask——that is—I'd be very glad to know——"

"What is it?" said she, after a pause, in which his confusion seemed to increase with every minute.

"I mean, I should like to know whether you wished me to ride this race or not?"

"Whether *I* wished it!" said she, in a tone of astonishment.

"Well, whether you cared about the matter one way or other," replied he, in still deeper embarassment.

"How could it concern me, my dear Mr. Trafford?" said she, with an easy smile; "a race never interests me much, and I'd just as soon see Blue and Orange come in, as Yellow and Black; but you'll be late if you intend to see my hus-

band; I think you'd better make haste."

"So I will, and I'll be back immediately," said he, not sorry to escape a scene where his confusion was now making him miserable.

"You *are* a very nice horse!" said she, patting the animal's neck, as he chafed to dash off after the other. "I'd like very much to own you; that is, if I ever was to call anything my own."

"They're clearing the course, Mrs. Sewell," said one of her companions, riding up; "we had better turn off this way, and ride round to the stand."

"Here's a go!" cried another, coming up at speed. "Big Trafford is going to ride Crescy; he's well-nigh fourteen stone."

"Not thirteen; I'll lay a tenner on it."

"He can ride a bit," said a third.

"I'd rather he rode his own horse than mine."

"Sewell knows what he's about, depend on't."

"That's his wife," whispered another; "I'm certain she heard you."

Mrs. Sewell turned her head as she cantered along, and, in the strange smile her features wore, seemed to confirm the speaker's words; but the hurry and bustle of the moment drowned all sense of embarrassment, and the group dashed onward to the stand.

Leaving that heaving, panting, surging tide of humanity for an instant, let us turn to the house, where Sewell was already engaged in preparing for the road.

"You are going to ride for me, Trafford?" said Sewell, as the other entered his dressing-room, where, with the aid of his servant, he was busily packing up for the road.

"I'm not sure; that is, I don't like to refuse, and I don't see how to accept."

"My wife has told you; I'm sent for hurriedly."

"Yes."

"Well?" said he, looking round at him from his task.

"Just as I have told you already; I'd ride for you as well as a heavy fellow could take a light-weight's place, but I don't understand about your book — am I to stand your engagements?"

"You mean, are you to win all the money I'm sure to pocket on the match?"

"No, I don't mean that," said he, laughing; "I never thought of trading on another man's brains; I simply meant, am I to be responsible for the losses."

"If you ride Crescy as you ought to ride him, you needn't fret about the losses."

"But suppose that I do not —and the case is a very possible one — that not knowing your horse——"

"Take this portmanteau down, Bob, and the carpet-bag; I shall only lose my train," said Sewell, with a gesture of hot impatience; and, as the servant left the room, he added, "pray don't think any more about this stupid race; scratch Crescy, and tell my wife that it was a change of mind on *my* part—that I did not wish you to ride; good-bye;" and he waved a hasty adieu with his hand, as though to dismiss him at once.

"If you'll let me ride for you, I'll do my best," blundered out Trafford; "when I spoke of your engagements, it was only to prepare you for what perhaps you were not aware of, that I'm not very well off just now, and that if anything like a heavy sum——"

"You are a most cautious fellow; I only wonder how you ever did get into a difficulty; but I'm not the man to lead you astray, and wreck such splendid principles; adieu!"

"I'll ride, let it end how it may!" said Trafford, angrily, and left the room at once, and hurried downstairs.

Sewell gave a parting look at himself in the glass; and, as he set his hat jauntily on one side, said, "There's nothing like a little moral indignation to bully fellows of *his*

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stamp; the key-note of their natures is the dread of being thought mean, and particularly of being thought mean by a woman." He laughed pleasantly at this conceit, and went on his way.

CHAPTER XXXI.—SEWELL ARRIVES IN DUBLIN.

It was late at night when Sewell reached town. An accidental delay to the train deferred the arrival for upwards of an hour after the usual time, and when he reached the Priory the house was all closed for the night, and not a light to be seen.

He knocked, however, and rang boldly; and after a brief delay, and considerable noise of unbolting and unbarring, was admitted. "We gave up you, sir, after twelve o'clock," said the butler, half reproachfully, "and his lordship ordered the servants to bed. Miss Lendrick, however, is in her drawing-room still."

"Is there anything to eat, my good friend? that is what I stand most in need of just now."

"There's a cold rib of beef, sir, and a grouse pie; but if you'd like something hot, I'll call the cook."

"No, no, never mind the cook; you can give me some sherry, I'm sure?"

"Any wine you please, sir. We have excellent madeira, which ain't to be had everywhere nowadays."

"Madeira be it, then; and order a fire in my room. I take it you have a room for me?"

"Yes, sir, all is ready; the bath was hot about an hour ago, and I'll have it refreshed in a minute."

"Now for the grouse pie. By the way, Fenton, what is the matter with his lordship? he wasn't ill, was he, when he sent off that despatch to me?"

"No, sir; he was in court to-day, and he dined at the Castle, and was in excellent spirits before he went out."

"Has anything gone wrong, then, that he wanted me up so hurriedly?"

"Well, sir, it ain't so easy to say, his lordship excites himself so readily; and mayhap he had words with some of the judges—mayhap with his Excellency, for they're always at him about resigning, little knowing that if they'd only let him alone he'd go of himself, but if they press him he'll stay on these twenty years."

"I don't suspect he has got so many as twenty years before him."

"If he wants to live, sir, he'll do it. Ah, you may laugh, sir, but I have known him all my life, and I never saw the man like him to do the thing he wishes to do."

"Cut me some of that beef, Fenton, and fetch me some draught beer. How these old tyrants make slaves of their servants," said he, aloud, as the man left the room—"a slavery that enthralls mind as well as body." A gentle tap came to the door, and before Sewell could question the summons, Miss Lendrick entered. She greeted him cordially, and said how anxiously her grandfather had waited for him till midnight. "I don't know when I saw him so eager or so impatient," she said.

"Have you any clue to his reason for sending for me?" said he, as he continued to eat, and assumed an air of perfect unconcern.

"None whatever. He came into my room about two o'clock, and told me to write his message in a good bold hand; he seemed in his usual health, and his manner displayed nothing extraordinary. He questioned me about the time it would take to transmit the message from the town to your house, and seemed satisfied when I said about half-an-hour."

"It's just as likely, perhaps, to be some caprice—some passing fancy."

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She shook her head dissentingly, but made no reply.

"I believe the theory of this house is, 'he can do no wrong,'" said Sewell, with a laugh.

"He is so much more able in mind than all around him, such a theory might prevail; but I'll not go so far as to say that it does."

"It's not his mind gives him his pre-eminence, Miss Lucy — it's his temper; it's that same strong will that overcomes weaker natures by dint of sheer force. The people who assert their own way in life are not the most intellectual, they are only the best bullies."

"You know very little of grandpapa, Colonel Sewell, that's clear."

"Are you so sure of that?" asked he, with a dubious smile.

"I *am* sure of it, or in speaking of him you would never have used such a word as bully."

"You mistake me—mistake me altogether, young lady. I spoke of a class of people who employ certain defects of temper to supply the place of certain gifts of intellect; and if your grandfather, who has no occasion for it, chooses to take a weapon out of their armoury, the worse taste his."

Lucy turned fiercely round, her face flushed and her lip trembling. An angry reply darted through her mind, but she repressed it by a great effort, and in a faint voice she said, "I hope you left Mrs. Sewell well?"

"Yes, perfectly well, amusing herself vastly. When I saw her last she had about half-a-dozen young fellows cantering on either side of her, saying, doubtless, all those pleasant things that you ladies like to hear."

Lucy shrugged her shoulders, without answering.

"Telling you," continued he, in the same strain, "that if you are unmarried you are angels, and that if married you are angels and martyrs too; and it is really a subject that requires investigation, how the best of wives is not averse to hearing her husband does not half estimate her. Don't toss your head so impatiently, my dear Miss Lucy; I am giving you the wise precepts of a very thoughtful life."

"I had hoped, Colonel Sewell, that a very thoughtful life might have brought forth pleasanter reflections."

"No, that is precisely what it does not do. To live as long as I have, is to arrive at a point when all the shams have been seen through, and the world exhibits itself pretty much as a stage during a day rehearsal."

"Well, sir, I am too young to profit by such experiences, and I will wish you a very good night—that is, if I can give no orders for anything you wish."

"I have had everything. I will finish this madeira—to your health—and hope to meet you in the morning, as beautiful and as trustful as I see you now—*felice notte*." He bowed as he opened the door for her to pass out, and she went, with a slight bend of the head and a faint smile, and left him.

"How I could make you beat your wings against your cage, for all your bravery, if I had only three days here, and cared to do it," said he, as he poured the rest of the wine into his glass. "How weary I could make you of this old house and its old owner. Within one month—one short month—I'd have you repeating as wise saws every sneer and every sarcasm that you just now took fire at. And if I am to pass three days in this dreary old dungeon I don't see how I could do better. What can he possibly want with me?" All the imaginable contingencies he could conjure up now passed before his mind. That the old man was sick of solitude, and wanted him to come and live with them; that he was desirous of adopting one of the children, and which of them? formed a query that he had held some correspondence with Fossbrooke, and want some explanations—a bitter pa-

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that racked and tortured him while he revolved it; and, last of all, he came back to his first guess—it was about his will he had sent for him. He had been struck by the beauty of the children, and asked their names and ages twice or thrice over; doubtless he was bent on making some provision for them. "I wish I could tell him that I'd rather have ten thousand down, than thrice the sum settled on Guy and the girls. I wish I could explain to him that mine is a ready-money business, and that cash is the secret of success; and I wish I could show him that no profits will stand the reverses of loans raised at two hundred per cent! I wonder how the match went off to-day; I'd like to have the odds that there were three men down at the double rail and bank." Who got first over the brook, was his next speculation, and where was Trafford? "If he punished Cresey, I think I could tell *that*," muttered he, with a grin of malice. "I only wish I was there to see it;" and in the delight this thought afforded, he tossed off his last glass of wine, and rang for his bedroom candle.

"At what time shall I call you, sir?" asked the butler.

"When are you stirring here—I mean, at what hour does Sir William breakfast?"

"He breakfasts at eight, sir, during term; but he does not expect to see any one but Miss Lucy so early."

"I should think not. Call me at eleven, then, and bring me some coffee and a glass of rum when you come. Do you mean to tell *me*," said he, in a somewhat stern tone, "that the Chief Baron gets up at seven o'clock?"

"In term time, sir, he does, every day."

"Egad! I'm well pleased that I have not a seat on the Bench. I'd not be Lord Chancellor at that price."

"It's very hard on the servants, sir—very hard indeed."

"I suppose it is," said Sewell, with a treacherous twinkle of the eye.

"If it wasn't that I'm expecting the usher's place in the court, I'd have resigned long ago."

"His lordship's pleasant temper, however, makes up for everything, Fenton, eh?"

"Yes, sir, that's true;" and they both laughed heartily at the pleasant conceit; and in this merry humour they went their several ways to bed.

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J. S. MILL ON OUR BELIEF IN THE EXTERNAL WORLD.

"THE question of the external world" is still, as Mr. Mill says, "the great battle-field of metaphysics." It has been so for some three thousand years, or since the time, whatever date that bears, when Indian philosophers first drove the thinking world distracted with their subtle doctrine that all we see and feel and believe of the external world is Maia or Delusion—that the space without us, if there be space, is filled only with imaginary forms, the creations of our own senses—that man *can* be conscious only of his own thoughts and feelings, which are nothing but properties of his own — that he moves about in a world of his own invention, or rather dreams his dream of motion, for that he really moves, or has anything in his mode of existence so real as motion, cannot safely be predicated of him. Since that time great has been the struggle in this battle-field; nor has the human intellect anywhere put forth more power or displayed greater ingenuity. Many an effort has been made to bring back the solid, comfortable, external world to us in its homely reality—that is, to bring it back to the satisfaction of philosophers; for we need not say that the multitude without has all along been as indifferent and as unconscious of the debate as the external world itself. These efforts have not, strange to say, been hitherto successful. This battle-field still resounds with the ceaseless murmur of its dream-like controversy. Here we have in Mr. Mill's book the last word spoken on the subject, and what does it say? This last word comes from one whom the voice of his country puts at the head of its living philosophers—it is uttered in an age distinguished for its application to physical science, and by one who has earned a large share of his reputation by tracing the processes of thought, and prescribing the rules of reasoning, by which men make discoveries in science—it is uttered by one who, rightly or not, has acquired the name of the "positive" philosopher, pre-eminently the lover of fact, the disperser of dreams — and this last word, uttered in the nineteenth century by one of the leaders of the age—what is it? It is the Indian doctrine of Maia or Delusion! — the old Brahminical *no*-faith, reasoned out on the advanced position of modern science, and by a master of logic.

When Mr. Mill, extending the old name of logic to the inductive processes of science, taught men how they had made their brilliant discoveries, he permitted, or seemed to permit, the man of science to reason about his atoms or forces as if they had an independent existence, and were not themselves the mere sensations, or thoughts of sensations, of him the man of science. But here, when Mr. Mill turns from physics to metaphysics, he withdraws this permission. Here the atoms which the chemist so intently keeps his eye upon, through their numberless combinations, are dissolved in a menstruum that he had taken no account of, are lost to him in his own sensations. These forces which the mechanician measures with so much accuracy, lo! they *are* nothing but the force in his own arm; nay, even that—nothing but the *sensation* in his own muscle, in his own mind. To such elements, when the physicist is at work with his retorts and crucibles and voltaic batteries, does he find the way

'An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy and of the Principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings.' By John Stuart Mill.

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reduced by a rival analyst. Physics and metaphysics apparently require, or produce, two very different conceptions of matter. The astronomer and the geologist — like the chemist with his atoms—speak of stars, and the sun, and the earth as real *things* existing in space—things whose mode of existence we set ourselves to learn—things that existed long before man came to look at them, came to submit his sensitive and intellectual nature to their influence, and thus produce in that twofold nature the last and most marvellous work of creation. The metaphysician, as represented by Mr. Mill, refuses all knowledge of *the thing*, except as some product of his own senses; he ensconces himself within his sensitive nature only, and declares that the attempt to think of suns, or worlds, or atoms as existing, except as sensations of his own, leads us merely to delusion.

This discrepancy between physics and metaphysics, to say the least of it, is embarrassing. Of course the metaphysician, of whatever school, will endeavour to show that scientific men might hold *his* doctrine of matter, and yet pursue their astronomical, or geological, or chemical researches with their old accustomed zeal. Scientific men, we may be certain, will not be disturbed in their course by any doctrine of the metaphysician, and will not need what sort of reassurance he may be able to afford them. It is by the inquiries into mental philosophy that the discrepancy will be chiefly felt; and were we bound to accept the conclusions of Mr. Mill, we know not, for our part, how we should be able to reconcile them with modes of thought which science requires or renders inevitable. We do not, however, find ourselves compelled to accept of his conclusions; nor do we think that a sound psychology will leave us with this feeling of discrepancy between physics and metaphysics.

Modern science assigns to matter no other properties than extension, resistance, motion, which are called its primary qualities. What are still sometimes called the secondary qualities of matter are recognised as the product of *these* on the sensitive organised creature. Now we are of opinion that these primary qualities are real facts—that extended, resisting, moving things *are*—whether we are there to be affected by them or not. We learn their existence through our sensations, but they are not merely other names for our sensations. There is something more than mere sensation engaged in the process of forming these ideas of extension, resistance, and motion, and consequently they cannot be resolved back into mere sensation. They are from the first cognitions as well as sensations.

Such is the difference we have with Mr. Mill on the present occasion. We have preferred to single out this topic from the many others discussed in his work rather than attempt to travel over the whole of its contents. We shall but cursorily glance at other portions of the book, that we may have space to examine with care the Idealism of Mr. Mill.

There is no better and certainly no more vivacious manner of expounding our own opinions than by criticising those of some distinguished predecessor. We add the zest of controversy to the interest belonging to the subject itself that we treat. Moreover, we define ourselves more sharply by this close contact with another; and so long as the spirit of controversy is subordinated to this end of a clear and vigorous exposition of our own views, it seems to be not only permissible, but wise and salutary. Whether Mr. Mill, in his 'Examination of the Philosophy of Sir W. Hamilton,' has altogether restrained the spirit of controversy within these limits — whether he has not been carried on, in parts of this volume, into needless, pertinacious, and not

altogether generous criticism — we shall leave every reader to judge for himself. It is certain that his volume gains in energy and sprightliness by the combat that he wages. A critic has always the advantage of the person criticised; he can choose his point of attack; can leave the solid breastplate unassailed, and direct his blade to where some loosened rivet betrays the joint in the armour. It is not surprising, therefore—especially when we consider the occasional, fragmentary, and fitful manner in which Sir William Hamilton wrote — if Mr. Mill's strictures should be often as just as they are pungent. It is not always, however, that the assailant remains master of the field; and on this subject we have selected for discussion, it is our opinion that the elder philosopher holds his ground, and holds it only the more securely after the ineffectual assault of his antagonist.

No man of such great powers as Sir W. Hamilton ever did so little justice to himself. He wrote, as we say, fitfully, at long intervals. To the last, his lectures were unfinished, fragmentary performances. Probably he supplemented them by oral instruction which has not found its way into print. As they were published after his death, they excited the surprise of the reader, who could scarcely understand how it was that a man whose knowledge of his own subject was so vast, should year after year have left his lectures — which it was his plain duty to make as complete as possible — in the same state in which, pressed for time, he had hastily written them for the first year of his professorship. The fact was, that he loved the erudition of philosophy far more than the task of systematically developing his own opinions. He loved *thinking over the book* better than thinking *over the pen*; and, indeed, it is the more agreeable intellectual exercise of the two. In the writings of such a man, discrepancies and contradictions were certain to appear. Mr. Mill meant, we are sure, to be generous; but it was, perhaps, impossible to be at war with an author through a large octavo volume and not be sometimes carried farther than necessary by the spirit of controversy. He meant to be generous, and he occasionally writes in that strain of courteous humility, which is, at all times, a grace of composition, if it is nothing else; but the spirit of strife, the ardour of the battle, will at other times prevail; the hand that is lifted for a salute, sometimes descends in a blow. In the final survey he takes of the intellectual character of Sir W. Hamilton, he regrets that a man of so great erudition, and of power so adapted to the task, had not written the history of philosophy. In the next paragraph he remarks, "I imagine he would have been much at a loss if he had been required to draw up a philosophical estimate of the mind of any great thinker. He never seems to look at any opinion of a philosopher in connection with the same philosopher's other opinions." If this was the nature of Sir William Hamilton's erudition, if such was the incapacity of his mind, it is hardly to be regretted that he did *not* write the history of philosophy. He could only have been the *Dry-asdust* of such a history.

The first portion of Mr. Mill's book is occupied with an examination of that philosophy of the Infinite and the Absolute which, owing to its application by Mr. Mansel in his lectures on "The Limits of Religious Thought," has lately attracted so much attention. We need hardly say that we agree with Mr. Mill in his strictures on the unfortunate line of thought into which the Oxford metaphysician was beguiled. Because an abstraction or a conception of some kind, called by the philosophers *The Absolute*, was pronounced to be altogether unintelligible, the world at large were told that they

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must resign the belief, which all creation blazons out to them, of an Eternal Wisdom as the source of all things—resign it as a truth developed by the processes of human reason. They were also told that their idea of the Infinite Being was not only inadequate, but a mere nullity. Mr. Mill says here, with admirable force—

"But *is* a conception, by the fact of its being a conception of something infinite, reduced to a negation? This is quite true of the senseless abstraction, 'The Infinite.' That, indeed, is purely negative, being formed by excluding from the concrete conceptions classed under it all their positive elements. But in place of 'the infinite,' put the idea of Something infinite, and the argument collapses at once. Something infinite is a conception which, like most of our complex ideas, contains a negative element, but which contains positive elements also. Infinite space, for instance: is there nothing positive in that? The negative part of this conception is the absence of bounds. The positive are, the idea of space, and of space greater than any finite space. So of infinite duration: so far as it signifies 'without end' it is only known or conceived negatively; but in so far as it means time, and time longer than any given time, the conception is positive. The existence of a negative element in a conception does not make the conception itself negative, and a nonentity. It would surprise most people to be told that the 'life eternal' is a purely negative conception; that immortality is inconceivable. Those who hope for it for themselves have a very positive conception of what they hope for. True, we cannot have an *adequate* conception of space or duration as infinite; but between a conception which though inadequate is real, and correct so far as it goes, and the impossibility of any conception, there is a wide difference. Sir W. Hamilton does not admit this difference. He thinks the distinction without meaning. 'To say that the infinite can be thought, but only inadequately thought, is a contradiction *in adjecto*; it is the same as saying that the infinite can be known, but only known as finite.' I answer that, to know it as greater than anything finite, is not to know it as finite. The conception of Infinite as greater than any given quantity, is a conception we all possess, sufficient for all human purposes, and as genuine and as good a positive conception as one need wish to have. . . .

"Put Absolute instead of Infinite, and we come to the same result. 'The Absolute,' as already shown, is a heap of contradictions, but 'absolute,' in reference to any given attribute, signifies the possession of that attribute in finished perfection and completeness. A Being absolute in knowledge, for example, is one who knows, in the literal meaning of the term, everything. Who will pretend that this conception is negative or unmeaning to us? We cannot, indeed, form an adequate conception of a being as knowing everything, since to do this we must have a conception, or mental representation of all that he knows. But neither have we an adequate conception of any person's finite knowledge. I have no adequate conception of a shoemaker's knowledge, since I do not know how to make shoes; but my conception of a shoemaker or his knowledge is a real conception; it is not a fasciculus of negations. If I talk of an *Absolute Being* (in the sense in which we are now employing the term), I use words without meaning; but if I talk of a Being who is absolute in wisdom and goodness, that is, who knows everything, and at all times intends what is best for every sentient creature, I understand perfectly what I mean."—P. 45.

With Mr. Mansel, the term Absolute is generally restricted to that sense which German metaphysicians have made so familiar to us; not the absolute perfection of any property, but that absolute *being* in which all things have their ground, in which mind and matter are said to be identical. The reader would willingly have received from Mr. Mill some further insight into a question which lies at the root of the matter:—How far is it true that all our conceptions of being are individual? or how far philosophers are justified in a favourite notion of a large class of them, that universal and veritable Being underlies all individualities, reducing them to what they call phenomenal beings?—whether, to use a somewhat barbarous nomenclature, our ultimate conception of Being is Individualism or

Universalism? It is the attempt to combine the ideas of *a* Being with Being in this universal sense, that is the origin of the puzzle which Mr. Mansel puts before us. So prevalent is this idea of unfathomable Being at once the One and the Universal, that even the Christian theist frequently detects that his conception of God takes for an instant a Pantheistic aspect, from which, however, he rapidly recalls it. Mr. Mill would probably tell us that he purposely refrained from entering more minutely into questions which lie beyond the range of human insight; or, perhaps, that he has sufficiently indicated his opinion by calling the Absolute an "abstraction."

Mr. Mansel has unhappily said that the moral attributes of God do, or may, differ from those of man, not in *degree* only but in *kind*, leaving the human reason (in the face of any assertion made of God) without any guidance whatever. Into this unhappiness the metaphysics of the Oxford preacher had beguiled him; but, as Mr. Mill remarks, Mr. Mansel never thought of drawing from his statement all the fatal consequences which might be deduced from it; he uses it to parry an objection, and, having used it for this purpose, he would gladly lay it down. If goodness in God is not what we call goodness, we are left without any power of estimating and *feeling* the moral attributes of God—without any power of framing for ourselves, or understanding when revealed, a conception worthy of our worship. Never was an amiable and intelligent divine betrayed by his own ingenuity, and the energy of argument, into an error more patent or more to be regretted. Here no obscurity of the subject can shield him from the blow—here neither the mysteries of ontology, nor the darkest night of German metaphysics, can shelter him.

"Language," as Mr. Mill says, "has no meaning for the words Just, Merciful, Benevolent, save that in which we predicate them of our fellow-creatures; and unless that is what we intend to express by them, we have no business to employ the words. If, in affirming them of God, we do not mean to affirm these very qualities, differing only as greater in degree, we are neither philosophically nor morally entitled to affirm them at all. If it be said that the qualities are the same, but that we cannot conceive them as they are when raised to the infinite, I grant that we cannot adequately conceive them in one of their elements, their infinity. But we can conceive them in their other elements, which are the very same in the infinite as the finite development. Anything carried to the infinite must have all the properties of the same thing as finite, except those which depend upon the finiteness. Among the many who have said we cannot conceive of infinite space, did any one ever suppose that it was *not* space, that it does not possess all the properties by which space is characterised? Infinite space cannot be cubical or spherical, because these are modes of being bounded; but does any one imagine that in ranging through it we might arrive at some region which was not extended—of which one part was not outside another—where, though no Body intervened, motion was impossible—or where the sum of two sides of a triangle was less than the third side? The parallel assertion may be made respecting infinite goodness. What belongs to it as infinite (or more properly as absolute) I do not pretend to know; but I know that infinite goodness must be goodness, and that what is not consistent with goodness is not consistent with infinite goodness. If in ascribing goodness to God I do not mean the goodness of which I have some knowledge, but an incomprehensible attribute of an incomprehensible substance, which, for aught I know, may be a totally different quality from that which I love and venerate—and even must, if Mr. Mansel is to be believed, be in some important particulars opposed to this—what do I mean by calling it goodness? and what reason have I for venerating it? . . . Besides, suppose that certain unknown attributes are ascribed to the Deity in a religion, the external evidences of which are so conclusive to my mind as effectually to convince me that it comes from God. Unless I believe God to possess the same moral attributes which I find, in however inferior a degree, in a good man, what ground of assurance have I of God's veracity? All trust in a Revelation presupposes a conviction that God's attributes are the same in all but degree with the best human attributes."

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This earlier part of the volume will engage the attention of all thoughtful readers; the latter part is encumbered with a subject which interests those only who love the intellectual exercise of unravelling a perplexity simply for the intellectual exercise itself. Discussions upon "formal logic" may be fit for an athlete going into training, or seeking an arena for artificial strife. Men who think because the problems of God, nature, and humanity compel them to think, will turn from such discussions—we will not say with disdain—for they are the sports only of the strong and vigorous; but they will marvel that men of strenuous intellect, with the real facts of this world, of nature, and of man lying before them, should earnestly contend about "the possibility of a Sorites in the Second or Third Figure," or waste their time and brains over the like technicalities or artifices of logic. As an *art*, Logic, even in the most extended use of the term, and applied to inductive as well as deductive reasoning, is of the least possible utility. No man ever learnt to reason by its rules, or avoided blunders because all possible blunders lay ticketed and defined before him. And as a *Science*, it is a part of the great science of psychology, and will be better studied without than with the peculiar technicalities that have been gathered round it.

There are, however, in this latter part of the work, other topics introduced of a more inviting nature, but we shall have quite enough upon our hands if we confine ourselves to the central portion in which the great question is discussed of the nature and origin of our knowledge of the external world. In chapters 11, 12, and 13, our author almost quits the attitude of the critic, and devotes himself to an exposition of his own views on this fundamental topic. Mr. Mill, though always and pre-eminently the philosophical writer, has not often descended to these first questions of philosophy, and therefore every one conversant with the literature of England, and not averse to these abstruser speculations, must have been curious to know what conclusions he had arrived at on this still much-debated question.

On this subject we agree, in the main, with Sir W. Hamilton and not with his critic. But we shall prefer to state such views as seem to us correct or tenable in our own language and manner, rather than attempt to occupy precisely the position of Sir W. Hamilton, to adopt exactly his phraseology or his mode of thought.

The great difference between Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mill lies in this—the former upholds the well-known distinction between the primary and secondary qualities of matter; he teaches that in such qualities as Extension, Solidity, and Motion we have not merely our own sensations associated with an outer space, or an imaginary something in that outer space (as is the case with what are called secondary qualities), but realities that are in space itself; realities whose existence we learn through our sensations and intuitive judgments. Mr. Mill, in common with many of our later psychologists, obliterates this distinction between primary and secondary qualities, and pronounces both alike to be nothing *but* our own sensations. In this, their main difference, we entirely agree with Sir W. Hamilton.

The observation we would at once make on Mr. Mill's theory is, that he starts from too narrow a basis; he admits for his primary elements nothing but sensations, whereas certain judgments, comparisons, perceptions of relations (whatever we choose to call them), are, it seems to us, contemporary with sensations. These are, or are destined to become, the intellectual element in the human consciousness. We shall have to maintain that out of sensations only, Mr.

Mill is unable to construct for us the notion all mankind have of a solid thing in space. Let that notion be a delusion or not, it cannot be derived from the elements he gives us; that notion is the result of the combined operation of sensation and judgment—if judgment be a fit term to use here.

It is very difficult to select an appropriate name for that intellectual element which we say is contemporary with sensation, and which enters into the formation of perception; because all the intellectual operations to which we have given names are carried on upon the basis of perception. Thought almost always implies, as one of its meanings, the memory of perceptions; judgment is occupied with perceptions; comparison is perhaps the only word that in its ordinary signification is applicable to the case, and this is only applicable to the perception of difference in kind or degree between two sensations. What we want is a word to express such first perceptions as of the relations of time and space. Some have called them by the name of intuitions. The only objection to this expression is that, like that of innate ideas, it seems to convey the meaning that the intuition itself is some full-formed conception, whereas the co-operation of our sensitive nature is as necessary to the formation of our first cognitions as that which has been called intuition. Intuitive judgment is perhaps as good a term as any that has been used. However, all that the psychologist can do is to give the best account that he is able, in the least ambiguous language that comes to hand, of the progressive development of the human consciousness.

What is the account which a zoologist or anatomist would give of the way in which we attain our knowledge of matter? He would point to a nervous system by which the body, so to speak, *fills with sensation*. The several nerves affected simultaneously, or in rapid succession, yield an assemblage of sensations which constitute for each animal its first self-consciousness. If the animal were without motion —had nerve only and no muscle— its self-consciousness would be limited to the recognition of a sensitive form, an area, an extension, vaguely marked out by sensations, some of which would be felt on its surface, some in the interior. But it is gifted with motion, and this vague sensitive *Extension* can scarcely be supposed to be realised before it is converted, by the limbs striking against other objects and against each other, into an extended resisting *body*. The recognition of other bodies and of its own as a resisting body is one and the same act.

Thus far the anatomist. The psychologist, when he comes to his task, obliterates from his mind all knowledge of a nervous system. He knows nothing yet of body. Should he, by his own process, legitimately acquire that knowledge, he may then look, with the anatomist, on the nervous system, and understand how the inorganic world, acting on it, has been instrumental in producing those perceptions he has been studying *from within*. But meanwhile he knows nothing of body, nor, we must add, of mind either. Mind, considered as a *spiritual substance* contrasted with matter, would evidently imply the knowledge of matter also. He simply endeavours to penetrate into the first stages of human thought or feeling, without any theory of how they are occasioned, or by what sort of percipient they are felt. Now we apprehend if he sets about this task in a quite unbiassed manner he will find that the first stages of human consciousness are precisely such as the anatomist, with the machinery of nerves and muscles before him, would predict. We do not commence our sentient life with sensations *felt nowhere*— we certainly have no memory of pains that were not felt somewhere —in that arena, in fact, which we

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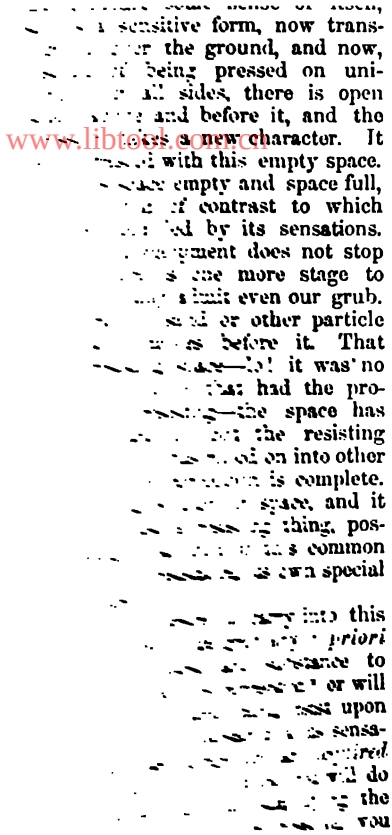
come to call our body. It is a mere hypothesis (though a hypothesis very generally accepted amongst metaphysicians bent on eliminating what they call a pure mental state, the property of a spiritual essence), that we commence with sensations altogether unlocalised. We will not insist upon the inability we have to conceive a pain *felt nowhere;* this inability, it may be said, is the result of long and obstinate association of our pains with our bodies, bodies whose existence is learnt or imagined by some subsequent process. And it may be said that the very first sensation could not be localised; for wherever (according to the laws of an organised being) it ought to be felt, no place can be recognised except by position, and it requires two or more terms to give position. But we insist on this, that no ingenuity whatever will *get our pains into our bodies*, or give us knowledge of these bodies, unless we commence with the admission that certain pains and pleasures of a physical order are, as soon as they attain to any distinctness, felt in different parts of a certain arena, thus localising each other. Now in this localisation of sensations, which the anatomist describes as the result of organisation, the psychologist is compelled to detect a perception of the relation of position: a mental fact which assumes to him the same primary character as sensation itself, and which he calls, or may call, an intuitive judgment. Some might be disposed abruptly to dismiss the idea that sensations may at once localise each other (the relation of position being felt between them), because a sensation from its very nature cannot *occupy space*. It cannot occupy space in the manner in which a resisting body occupies space; but that one sensation may be felt in one place and another sensation in another—that they may be felt, as it is sometimes expressed, *out of each other*—to a creature who as yet knows nothing of resisting bodies, is surely conceivable. Many writers describe this localisation as an "acquired perception." Now, no one doubts for a moment that the accurate localisation of our sensations is acquired by experience; but that experience, we maintain, would not be possible were there not some vague localisation given us at once by simultaneous sensations felt in different parts of our system. How else do we get our first idea of space or position? When we look at the young of other animals we find that some, like the human infant, have much to learn in this matter, and that others begin to "feel their life in every limb," with the greatest vigour and precision, the moment they are born; and this difference is traced by physiologists to the more or less perfect state of the organisation at the time of birth.

The first stages of conscious life may perhaps be better represented to the imagination in one of the lower animals than in the human infant. Fancy some little grub rolled round in its embryo state in its close-fitting sac or cell. As life develops we must suppose that internal sensations are felt, some due to the circulation of fluids in the process of nutrition or growth, others to the as yet useless contraction of the muscles, receiving probably their first stimulus from the same processes of nutrition, and that again certain other sensations are felt in the surface where it presses against its envelope. At first we may imagine that it would be a mere continuum with no [illegible] these sensations would have together [illegible] were the sensations [illegible] organised perception [illegible] one between the sensations [illegible] be merely felt, and [illegible] they would be felt [illegible] of its body. Sensations [illegible] necessarily a different [illegible] body would [illegible] sensations [illegible]



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established the independent existence of that *thing* which is now a free occupant of space. Such things not only affect the sensitive creature but they act upon each other, and they act upon each other when the sensitive creature is not there to see or feel. The river flows when no man is looking at it, and wears away the bank. The seed will grow into the plant though no eye watches it; and though the eye should seek to detain it, the plant will die down again into the earth. These *things* cannot be resolved into creations of my senses, for, whether my senses be asleep or awake, they are acting upon each other, giving and *receiving* influences. Independent creatures they also, of some kind. The qualities *by which they act upon each other* cannot be resolved into any receptivity or subjectivity of mine.

The perception of the space-occupant, whose development we have thus traced, cannot, we repeat, be resolved back into our own sensations, since sensations alone did not produce it. Muscular and tactual sensations, into which Mr. Mill resolves it, perform an indispensable part; but they do not perform the only indispensable part. The idea of motion, which is necessary to that of resistance of motion,

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relation felt between this thing and space. The perception cannot therefore be analysed into any number of sensations, or remembered or expected sensations, and what other description can we possibly give of this perception than that it is a cognition of the space-occupant? A mere sensation may be described as simply a cognition of ourselves as sensitive creatures; whatever may have been instrumental in producing it, the sensation itself plainly cannot be ascribed to anything external to ourselves; we may take back the sensation and shut ourselves up with it and declare we know only *it*. But how is it with the perception? Here we have not only sensations to take back, but a mental conception, a cognition that has been produced by their aid. This also is our property—it is our cognition, but it is a cognition of the space-occupant. It is this, or it is nothing. We may shut ourselves up with this idea of the resisting moving thing, but so long as the idea is ours, so long must we have that belief in the external reality which constitutes the idea.

"If it is not my sensation," the Idealist may say, "it is my idea. I know only my own idea." "Pardon me," replies the Realist, "your idea was a perception before it was an idea; and if in the perception there was a cognition of an external reality, the same cognition must remain in the idea."

This outline, to which we shall endeavour to give somewhat more completeness as we proceed, will be sufficient to indicate the ground we ourselves would assume in this controversy. Whilst criticising others we give, as is but fair, a target for others to aim at, if they should deem it worth their while. We maintain that the *resisting body*, or rather our consciousness of it, is not, and never was, a mere sensation, or any number of sensations. From the commencement the perception shares in the nature of thought. It is the product of sensations and the perception of relations coexistent with sensation. To call it a thought would be to run counter to the ordinary use of language, for we apply the term thought either to the memory of perception, or to relations apprehended between perceptions. There is no other word for it than Perception, which can be no more confounded with Sensation on the one hand than with Thought on the other.

We may as well commence our statement of Mr. Mill's doctrine by quoting his account of Resistance. Contrary to the order of development we have indicated—1. Extension, 2. Motion, 3. Resistance—he begins his analysis of our ideas of the Primary Qualities of Matter with this of Resistance:—

"That Resistance is *only another name for a sensation of our muscular frame combined with one of touch*, has been pointed out by many philosophers, and can scarcely any longer be questioned. When we contract the muscles of our arm, either by an exertion of will, or by an involuntary discharge of our spontaneous nervous activity, the contraction is accompanied by a state of sensation, which is different according as the locomotion consequent on the muscular contraction continues freely, or meets with an impediment. In the former case, the sensation is that of motion through empty space. After having had (let us suppose) this experience several times repeated, we suddenly have a different experience: the series of sensation accompanying the motion of our arm is brought, without intention or expectation on our part, to an abrupt close. This interruption would not, of itself, necessarily suggest the belief in an external obstacle. The hindrance might be in our organs; it might arise from paralysis or simple loss of power through fatigue. But in either of these cases the muscles would not have been contracted, and we should not have had the sensation accompanying their contraction. We may have had the will to exert our muscular force, but the exertion has not taken place. If it does take place, and is accompanied by the usual muscular sensation, but *the expected sensation of locomotion* does not follow, we have what is called the feeling of Resistance,

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[illegible] muscular motion [illegible] that feeling is the fundamental element in the notion of matter [illegible] arising from our common experience, but simultaneously with this [illegible] experience, we have also felt [illegible] sensations of which the [illegible] are the nerves diffused through [illegible] but those which form a [illegible] on the skin; the sensations [illegible] are produced by passive contact [illegible] without muscular action. [illegible] sensations of simple contact [illegible] necessarily accompany the muscular sensations of resistance, for we must touch [illegible] before we can feel it resisting [illegible] thus is early formed an [illegible] association between them. [illegible] feel resistance we have first [illegible] whenever we feel contact [illegible] that were we to exercise muscular force we should feel more or less [illegible] In this manner is formed [illegible] that fundamental group of Perceptual Possibilities of Sensation; and [illegible] in these examples that all our [illegible] sensations are connected in point [illegible] fact with Permanent Possibilities of Sensation that is consistence with [illegible] we should always, by sufficient [illegible] encounter something which would [illegible] on the feeling of contact combined [illegible] the muscular sensation of resistance our idea of matter, as a Resisting [illegible] of miscellaneous sensations, is [illegible] constituted." P. 219.

Mr. Mill's confident assertion, that the theory he is about to state is [illegible] generally admitted that "it can [illegible] any longer be questioned," [illegible] certain. It would be nearer the truth to say, that it had been received by very few. The theory [illegible] away from us the belief in the [illegible] thing altogether, even the belief of an unrepresentable *cause*, the occult substance of the schools. It resolves the external thing into the reality of sensation, which again is associated with a present sensation of our own, not with an independent existence of any kind in space. This is a theory embraced by very few, we apprehend. However, what we have to ask ourselves is, By what step, what process, does Mr. Mill explain the origin of this belief or this *Delusion* of an External Thing?

We have marked in italics the expression "sensation of locomotion," that the reader might pause on this. The muscular sensation, in its elementary simplicity, separated from all associations, all knowledge derived from other sources, is not a sensation of locomotion—it is a sensation felt directly (as we believe) in the arm or the leg, but that it is a precursor of motion cannot be known till motion is known; the connection of the sensation in the arm with motion of the arm implies other knowledge than can be extracted out of one simple sensation.

Mr. Mill would agree with those who assert that all localisation of sensation is acquired; he must do so, for he undertakes, as we shall see, by a most elaborate process, to extract the notion of *extension* out of *time;* which would have been quite unnecessary if sensations felt throughout our body gave us at once extension and some vaguely defined form. Had he admitted this much knowledge to commence with, we could understand how the muscular sensation becomes the *sensation of locomotion.* We have limbs contrasted in position to each other, and which can change this position—we have space, and ourselves in space. But a simple muscular sensation, stripped of all relations as he presents it to us, is nothing else than a sensation as yet unlocalised, and its association with Touch would yield nothing more than this, that one sensation was followed by another.

"Resistance is only another name for a sensation of our muscular frame combined with one of touch." But space is not a sensation, motion is not mere sensation, and both these conceptions must precede the idea of resistance.

It is well known that Condillac and his followers resolved judgment itself into sensation. These psychologists might say that space and motion are indeed derived from certain judgments, certain

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felt relations between our sensations; but they would add, that these judgments are themselves only a kind of sensation. If so, they are, at least, a quite peculiar kind of sensation. Judgment, under some name or other, must be introduced to explain the facts of perception. When the important contrast is perceived between full and empty space—between space that prevents and space that admits motion—(a contrast that lies at the basis of our conception of matter)—what, we ask, is the nature of this specific state of consciousness? You may call it a *feeling* of contrast or a *perception* of contrast—you may describe it as sensational or intellectual—the name matters not; one thing is clear, that it is essentially different from what is ordinarily understood as sensation.

Let us proceed to Mr. Mill's account of extension; by so doing we shall have the subject more fully before us.

"The next of the primary qualities of Body is Extension; which has long been considered as one of the principal stumblingblocks of the Psychological Theory. Reid and Stewart were willing to let the whole question of the intuitive character of our knowledge of matter depend on the inability of psychologists to assign any origin to the idea of Extension, or analyse it into any combination of sensations and reminiscences of sensation. Sir W. Hamilton follows their example in laying great stress on this point.

"The answer of the opposite school I will present in its latest and most improved form, as given by Professor Bain, of Aberdeen, in the first part of his great work on the mind.

"Mr. Bain recognises two principal kinds or modes of discriminative sensibility in the muscular sense, the one corresponding to the degree of intensity of the muscular effort—the amount of energy put forth; the other corresponding to the duration—the longer or shorter continuance—of the same effort. The first makes us acquainted with degrees of resistance; which we estimate by the intensity of the muscular energy required to overcome it. To the second we owe, in Mr. Bain's opinion, our idea of Extension.

"'When a muscle begins to contract, or a limb to bend, we have a distinct sense of how far the contraction and bending are carried; there is something in the special sensibility that makes one mode of feeling for half contraction, another mode for three-fourths, and another for total contraction. Our feeling of moving organs, or of contracting muscles, has been already affirmed to be different from our feeling of dead tension—something more intense, keen, and exciting; and I am now led to assert, from my best observations and by inference from acknowledged facts, *that the extent of range of a movement, the degree of shortening of a muscle, is a matter of discriminative sensibility.* I believe it to be much less pronounced, less exact than the sense of resistance above described, but to be not the less real and demonstrable.

"'If we suppose a weight raised, by the flexing of the arm, first four inches, and then eight inches; it is obvious that the mere amount of exertion or expended power will be greater, and the sensibility increased, in proportion. In this view the sense of range would simply be the sense of a greater or less continuance of the same effort, the effort being expended in movement. We can have no difficulty in believing that there should be a discriminating sensibility in this case; it seems very natural that we should be differently affected by an action continued four or five times longer than another. . . .

"'If the sense of degrees of range be then admitted as a genuine muscular determination, its functions in outward perception are very important. The attributes of extension and scope fall under its scope. In the first place, it gives the feeling of *linear extension*, inasmuch as this is measured by the sweep of the limb or other organs moved by the muscles. The difference between six inches and eighteen inches is expressed to us by the different degrees of contraction of some one group of muscles; those, for example, that flex the arm, or, in walking, those that flex or extend the lower limbs. The inward impression corresponding to the outward fact of six inches in length, is an impression arising from the combined shortening of a muscle and true muscular sensibility. It is the impression of a muscular effort having a certain continuance; a greater length produces a greater continuance (or a more rapid movement), and in consequence an increased feeling of expended power.

"'The discrimination of length in any one direction includes *extension* in any di-

rection. Whether it be length, breadth, or height, the perception has precisely the same character. Hence, superficial and solid dimensions, the size and magnitude of a solid object, come to be felt in a similar manner.

"'It will be obvious that what is called *situation* or Locality must come under the same head, as these are measured by distance taken along with direction; direction being itself estimated by distance, both in common observation and in mathematical theory. In like manner *form* or *shape* is ascertained through the same primitive sensibility to extension or range.'"—P. 222.

In this passage quoted and adopted by Mr. Mill, there seems to us the strangest confusion both of language and of thought. Every one is prepared to admit that the longer or shorter continuance of a muscular sensation may become the measure of distance or extension. But this very expression, "measure of distance," implies that the distance is something different from the sensation that measures it. Mr. Bain avails himself of familiar and intelligible expressions while he is explaining his process; but his process is intended to land us in a conclusion that takes away all meaning from these very expressions. That conclusion is that distance *is* nothing but a muscular sensation of greater or less endurance. It follows, therefore, that a muscular sensation, by its greater or less endurance, *measures itself*—measures its own greater or less endurance. What advance do we make by this?

When we perused Mr. Bain's very able work, we thought his explanation of our belief in the external world the least satisfactory part of it. We find, however, that Mr. Mill adopts that explanation. We reflect again on a theory that has received the sanction of two such eminent men; but renewed reflection only confirms our first impression. The theory, it seems, cannot even be stated *without assuming those very ideas or beliefs of the external world which it means to explain, and to explain away.*

"The theory," writes Mr. Mill himself, "may be recapitulated as follows:—The *sensation* of muscular movement unimpeded *constitutes* our notion of empty space; and the sensation of muscular motion impeded constitutes that of filled space. Space is room—room for movement; which its German name *Raum* distinctly confirms. We have a sensation which accompanies the free movement of our organs, say for instance our arm. This sensation is variously modified by the direction, or by the amount of the movement. We have different states of muscular sensation *corresponding* to the movements of the arm upward, downward, to right, to left, or in any radius whatever of a sphere of which the joint that the arm revolves round forms the centre. We have also different states of muscular sensation according as the arm is moved *more*, whether this consists in its being moved with greater velocity or with the same velocity during a longer time; *and the equivalence of these two is speedily learnt by experience.* These different kinds and qualities of muscular sensations experienced in getting from one point to another (that is, obtaining in succession two sensations of touch and resistance, *the objects of which* are regarded as simultaneous) are all we mean by saying that the points are separated by spaces, that they are at different distances and in different directions. An intervening series of muscular sensations before the one object can be reached from the other, is the only peculiarity which (according to this theory) distinguishes simultaneity in space from the simultaneity which may exist between a taste and a colour, or a taste and a smell; and we have no reason for believing that space or extension in itself is anything different from that which we recognise it by. It appears to me that this doctrine is sound, and that the muscular sensations in question are the sources of all the notion of Extension which we should ever obtain from the tactual and muscular senses without the assistance of the eye."—P. 229.

What can be meant by having "different states of muscular sensation corresponding to the movements of the arm upward, downward," &c., if the movements of the arm *are* to our consciousness nothing but muscular sensation?—if nothing really moves?—if there is

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only sensibility of longer and shorter duration? The muscular movements can only correspond—to the muscular movements. Besides, has Mr Mill supplied us at this stage with any upward or downward? "The equivalence of the two is speedily learnt by experience." By what experience can we learn that we do not move a muscle "more" during a prolonged sensation than during a shorter sensation of greater intensity—by what experience that does not imply a knowledge or belief of things in space, or points of resistance in space, of distance between them and of motion to and fro—of all the ordinarily received ideas of matter and motion? And whence comes the idea of *velocity* if we are yet at the acquisition of that of distance or extension? Difficulties of this kind start up incessantly.

Resistance, we are in the habit of saying, *is felt*—we are then thinking only of the feeling we have when repelled by the object; but if we were told that the resisting body *is* a sensation or two sensations, does any one recognise in this a full account of what he finds in his own consciousness? He finds there the cognition of a solid body to which he ascribes this sensation of resistance. Nor can it be said that this cognition is only another name for his feeling of resistance; for his idea of the solid body is made up of something more than this feeling of resistance; it has an *objective* element in it gathered from the contrast felt between space empty and space full. It is the *solid space* (afterwards known as the solid thing in space) that resists. It sounds, if possible, still more preposterous, when we are told that extension, or distance, can not only be measured by a sensation in the muscle, but *is* that sensation. We know not what other tests to apply to show the inadequacy of a mental analysis than this, that, adopting the analysis, no subsequent synthesis can reproduce for us the state of consciousness intended to be analysed, and surely the test is applied here with irresistible effect.

Brown, attracted by its subtlety, indulged in a similar speculation; attempting to resolve the idea of Extension, in fact the idea of Space, into that of Time or Succession. Sir W. Hamilton exposed, as we think, the futility of the attempt. Mr. Mill thus alludes to the theory of Brown, and to Sir W. Hamilton's objections:—

"A theory somewhat similar, though less clearly unfolded, was advanced by Brown, and as it stands in his statement, fell under the criticism of Sir W. Hamilton, who gives it, as he thinks, a short and crushing refutation, as follows:—

"'As far as I can find his meaning in his cloud of words, he argues thus: The notion of Time or succession being supposed, that of *longitudinal* extension is given in the succession of feelings which accompanies the gradual contraction of a muscle; the notion of this succession constitutes, *ipso facto*, the notion of a certain length; and the notion of this length (he quietly takes for granted), is the notion of longitudinal extension sought. The paralogism here is transparent. Length is an ambiguous term; and it is length in space, extensive length, and not length in time, protensive length, whose notion it is the problem to evolve. To convert, therefore, the notion of a certain kind of length (and that certain kind being also confessedly only length in time), into the notion of a length in space is at best an idle begging of the question—is it not? Then I would ask, whether the series of feelings of which we are aware in the gradual contraction of a muscle involves the consciousness of being a succession in length (1) in time alone? or (2) in space alone? or (3) in time and space together? These three cases will be allowed to be exhaustive if the first be affirmed; if the succession appear in consciousness a *succession in time exclusively*, then nothing has been accomplished; for the notion of extension or space *is in no way contained in the notion of duration* or time. Again, if the second or third is affirmed; if the series appear to consciousness a succession in length either in space alone, or in space and time together, then is the notion it behoved to generate employed to generate itself.'"

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of Sir W. be tolerably proceeds thus

rmidable, but the very as- who hold the the notion g in our con- structed by notion of ent is not, a fallacious meanings ciation tion did ent He such as ld not ions sup- plied ane- dy be at miliar mul- was, of on, ere hat ach nd of et ts s, ss e d n t

succession in time gives us, or is identical with, length or extension. It is just this, which Sir W. Hamilton denies, which forms one horn of his dilemma. Nor do we see that it is "blunted" in the least. "If," says this horn of the dilemma, "the succession of muscular sensations appear in consciousness a succession of time exclusively, then nothing has been accomplished, for the notion of extension or space is in no way contained in the notion of duration or time." In other words, they are not identical. Whether the horn is blunt or sharp, can be decided only by an appeal to each man's consciousness.

Our readers will perhaps suspect that we are entangling them in some extreme instance of analytic ingenuity, and that Mr. Mill cannot intend so completely to obliterate the external world as he seems to do in these few extracts. Let us go back to a previous chapter, and re-peruse his broader statements on the notion of matter. He says—

"Matter, then, may be defined a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. If I am asked whether I believe in matter, I ask whether the questioner accepts this definition of it. If he does, I believe in matter, and so do all Berkleians. In any other sense than this, I do not. But I affirm with confidence that this conception of matter includes the whole meaning attached to it by the common world, apart from philosophical, and sometimes from theological, theories."

Permanent possibilities of sensation are, as Mr. Mill himself explains, our expectations, our thoughts of sensation. The common world attach these expectations to a Something existing in outer space. If the expectation, or thought of sensation, were all, how comes it that they are thought

wn Sir W. Hamilton's meaning, when he space is in no way contained in the notion of ascology. The real difference is, that Sir ity of the two notions, and Mr. Mill asserts

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of in connection with the external thing? why not in connection solely with the percipient? presuming that the idea of a percipient remains to us.

"The belief in such permanent possibilities seems to me to include all that is essential or characteristic in the belief in substance. I believe that Calcutta exists, though I do not perceive it, and that it would still exist if every percipient inhabitant were suddenly to leave the place, or be struck dead. But when I analyse the belief, all I find in it is, that were these events to take place, the permanent possibility of sensation, which I call Calcutta, would still remain; that if I were suddenly transported to the banks of the Hoogly, I should still have the sensations, which, if now present, would lead me to affirm that Calcutta exists here and now."

If Calcutta were nothing but a "Permanent Possibility of Sensation," it could have no existence except in a sensitive creature. It could not be thought of as existing apart from all observers. The utmost that could be said for it would be, that any observer going into that region of space would recall it to existence, presuming the ordinary idea of space as space is still allowed to us. In consistency with Mr. Mill's theory, ought space to be anything but the negation of sensation?

Mr. Mill has a very ingenious passage, in which he seeks to account for the delusion mankind are under, in fancying that they have, in their idea of matter, any other real element of thought than groups of possibilities of sensation. Their notion of substance is thus disposed of:—

"Both philosophers and the world at large, when they think of matter, conceive it really as a permanent possibility of sensation. But the majority of philosophers fancy that it is something more; and the world at large, though they have really, as I conceive, nothing in their minds but a permanent possibility of sensation, would, if asked the question, undoubtedly agree with the philosophers; and though this is sufficiently explained, by the tendency of the human mind to infer difference of things from difference of names, I acknowledge the obligation of showing how it can be possible to believe in an existence transcending all possibilities of sensation, unless on the hypothesis that such an existence really is, and that we actually perceive it.

"The explanation, however, is not difficult. It is an admitted fact, that we are capable of all conceptions which can be formed by generalising from the observed laws of our sensations. Whatever relation we find to exist between any one of our sensations, and something different from *it*, that same relation we have no difficulty in conceiving to exist between the sum of all our sensations, and something different from them. The differences which our consciousness recognises between one sensation and another, give the general notion of difference, and inseparably associate with every sensation we have, the feeling of its being different from other things; and when once this association has been formed, we can no longer conceive anything, without being able, and even being compelled, to form also the conception of something different from it. This familiarity with something different from *each* thing we know, makes it natural and easy to form the notion of something different from *all* things that we know, collectively as well as individually. It is true that we can form no conception of what such a thing can be; our notion of it is merely negative; but the idea of substance, apart from the impressions it makes on our senses, *is* a merely negative one."

This subtle train of thought might have a fair place in a discussion on that occult substance which philosophers imagine underlying all things, which may be arrived at through some process of abstraction of generalisation. Perhaps it is to this alone that Mr. Mill intended to apply it; though, in this case, it could not touch the conviction of the "world at large." They see activities plainly going on without them; they perceive the palpable difference between space that is full and space that is empty—their notion of matter never waited for this elaborate extraction of a "negative idea."

This question of externality, and how (on the few elements Mr. Mill starts with in his task of reconstructing our consciousness) we come to feel ourselves living things, moving

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about in space with other space-occupants, is never as it seems to us, fairly grappled with. At the conclusion of the chapter on Belief in an External World, he says:—

"It may, perhaps, be said that the preceding theory gives, indeed, some account of the idea of Permanent Existence which forms part of our conception of matter, but gives no explanation of our believing these permanent objects to be external or out of ourselves. I apprehend, on the contrary, that the very idea of anything out of ourselves is derived solely from the knowledge experience gives us of the Permanent Possibilities. *Our sensations we carry with us wherever we go*, and they never exist where we are not; but when we change our place we do not carry away with us the permanent possibilities of sensation; they remain until we return, or arise and cease under conditions with which our presence has in general nothing to do."—P. 202.

If in this passage an explanation is intended of our conception of externality, we need hardly point out that the conception is at once assumed on the very terms of their explanation. "Our sensations we carry with us wherever we go." Here not only we are moving about in space, but the "wherever we go" has no meaning unless there are already landmarks recognised in space. In mere empty space the sensitive creature might recognise position, and change of position, amongst *its own limbs;* it itself, its full complement of limbs, could not have any position, any whereabouts, in perfectly blank space.

Supposing we get as far as this knowledge of our own limbs sufficient to have the idea of space and motion, we see no way to the explanation of the next step, the recognition of the obstacle in space, except on the hypothesis that the obstacle really exists. On the side of the creature there is a perceived difference between full and empty space, and it must believe this its own perception, just as certainly as it must feel its own sensation. Both are of that class we call primary facts.

We shall be thought by many of our readers to be arguing out this point—the reality of matter—of independent external substances or forces—with a most unnecessary zeal. To them even the name of Mr. Mill will not make scepticism on this subject worthy of a very serious consideration. The scepticism, they will say, must be always quite harmless. Harmless enough in a practical sense; but it breeds confusion in our thoughts, and it arises out of a too narrow system of psychology which may lead to other confusions not quite so harmless.

Mr. Bain, who holds the same doctrine on perception as Mr. Mill, puzzles his readers occasionally with a vague embarrassing idealism. In his 'Senses and the Intellect,' he says:—

"There is no possible knowledge of the world except in reference to our minds. Knowledge means a state of mind—the notion of material things is a mental state. *We are incapable of discussing the existence of an independent material world;* the very act is a contradiction. We can speak only of a world presented to our own minds. By an illusion of language we fancy we are capable of contemplating a world *which does not enter into our own mental existence*, but the attempt belies itself, for the contemplation is an effort of mind."

We cannot think of the world without thinking ourselves as existing *in order to think it.* But this plain truism is not what Mr. Bain has here so carefully reiterated. He means that a man thinking of the world can only think of properties which depend on him, the thinker—that he, the thinker, being no longer in existence, those properties cease to have any kind of existence; for, in fact, they existed always as his properties.

In this Mr. Bain is perfectly logical, perfectly consistent with his own theory of perception. But that his theory should lead him to this conclusion might have stirred sus-

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picion of the theory itself. Men *do* discuss the existence of an independent material world; they constantly perform this impossibility. The geologist, and every man of science, as well as the gross multitude, are constantly thinking of a world whose existence was and is independent of themselves and of all thinkers. They must be alive *to think this thought*, but the very nature of their thought is precisely this, that the world existed without their thinking it.

The puzzle is a puzzle to those only who have framed what we must pronounce to be an inadequate theory of perception. If the primary qualities of matter, extension, resistance, motion, *are* nothing but my sensations, it is impossible for me to think matter as existing apart from the sensitive creature. But if I, standing face to face with the material creation, recognise that there are properties which I *learn* through my sensations — forces, if you will, that belong in the first instance to space, not *me* — properties which I, as body, share only with other bodies — if I learn that they are properties by which matter affects matter as well as me, the percipient—if I, in the full exercise of my perceptions, am conscious of the presence of a material world whose parts are related to each other, and which, so far as those relations — those reciprocal activities — are concerned, must have an independent existence — the puzzle no longer exists. My thoughts of the world are a repetition of my perceptions of the world. If I have perceived a world that exists, that is what it is by reason of the relation of its parts and their activities to each other, and not by reason merely of its affecting me, then I can, of course, think of a world as capable of existing had I never been there to perceive it at all.

True, the knowledge that certain properties of matter exist or are manifested in the relation between matter and matter, is obtained by experience; it does not lie in the first impressions of our senses, is not an intuitive judgment. But if we are permitted to use the knowledge which science gives us to show the fallacy of some of our natural impressions, we may surely use the same kind of knowledge to confirm the validity of other natural or spontaneous beliefs. The science of optics convinces us that the sensation of colour is not due to any *coloured thing*—the colour is thrown upon the thing by the eye; the external thing is the motion and contact of some extremely subtle matter. We accordingly dismiss that first impression that the thing itself is, independently of our vision, coloured. But the same science of optics, and all other sciences, are constantly proving that the properties of resistance and motion are not properties of the sensitive creature *as* sensitive creature; they are not sensations of his thrown down into space; they are properties by which the inanimate is constantly acting upon the inanimate as well as the animate. That first perception, that a resisting, moving thing exists in space, is confirmed by every step which science takes.

If the account of Resistance which Mr. Bain and Mr. Mill give be the correct and complete one, the Berkleian hypothesis would indeed present a formidable aspect. A sensation which I have in some inexplicable manner posited in space I can take back out of space. Indeed, it belongs only to me, it is my exclusive property. But resistance is not my exclusive property. Resistance is never revealed in one body only. My sensitive limb (known at first, we must assume, merely as a sensitive extension or form) and the obstacle it comes in contact with are both at the same instant revealed to my consciousness as resisting bodies. Resistance, therefore, is from the first a relation between two somethings in space. The sensation we

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have when we encounter the obstacle is one fact; the perception of the relation between the obstacle and the limb is another fact: the two together constitute perception.

But if perception involves, in its very nature, a cognition, this cognition, we may be told — and we sometimes are told, and very dogmatically — is purely *subjective*. It is subjective, certainly, so far that it is *mine*, so far that cognition is the property of a cogitative being; but the belief in an object, *not me*, lies in the cognition itself: the cognition is this belief, or it is nothing. It is not pretended that it can be subjective in the sense that we can retain the cognition, or the thought, and not *believe* in the existence of the object as something in space beyond us. What alone can be asserted is, that this belief is a delusion. Now, we think we have shown that it cannot be asserted to be a delusion on the ground of any analysis which resolves it into mere sensations of our own. There remains, then, no ground for the assertion except that we *can* make it. Men know what delusion means, and can therefore say, with a certain air of meaning, that all beliefs are delusions.

With a certain air of meaning; but what really is the meaning when we say of a primary and universal belief that it is a delusion? We know a delusion by its antagonism to some truth. How can we bring this primary belief into antagonism with any other truth? A belief is said to be delusive because it contradicts other beliefs. How can the very conception of delusion apply to a belief that can be brought into opposition with no other beliefs? Or can it be said of such primary beliefs that they are simple apprehensions, neither true nor false, reserving these terms for relations amongst our subsequent beliefs? But if the sceptic should take up his rest here, will not the logician be down upon him with his *excluded middle*, and tell him that they must be either true or false?

We believe that in the primary qualities of resistance and motion we know matter as it exists, independently of the percipient; we do not say that we know *all about matter*—that we can answer all the questions that can be asked even about these properties. And, again, although the perception we have been endeavouring to give some account of is the foundation of all our knowledge, it does not follow that our idea of matter is altogether some stereotyped idea that must continue the same from age to age. With the progress of science, the ideas which we gather under the name of matter change in some respects, or they are better defined. Keen disputes arise amongst men of science about the nature of matter; but on all hands these disputants allow it to have its independent existence in space. Some delight in calling resistance merely a *force*, and will admit nothing *but* forces in the space around us. They have not only rejected the old idea of *inert* matter—a term that, in its popular signification, merely expressed the relationship between the obstacle and the moving body — but they will have no passivity in matter, only forces. Substance, if allowed to remain, is that which exerts a force. We should venture to add, that this substance must be capable of receiving some kind of impulse from *other forces* prompting its own force. There must be something we call a power to be *acted on*, as well as a power *to act*, else our conception of material forces falls into utter confusion. However that may be, we see that the elementary cognition of activities existing without us—activities that are not *ours* —is not disturbed by these speculations, but that all these speculations, on the contrary, require *it*.

What is gained by experience may be modified by experience. The action of matter on matter is to be only learnt by experience, and

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our ideas here may be expected to advance with science. Mr. Mill is, of all men, the least likely to forget this; yet there is one subject on which he seems disposed to pin us down to an immovability which is not necessitated by the subject itself — not, certainly, according to his views of it. With him our idea of causation is a matter of experience; it is the invariable order observed amongst phenomena. Now, what is this new law of modern science—the conservation of force? So far as regards physical facts, it seems established: its attempted application to sensation and thought is a very confused business. Now, if this law be true, must it not modify our idea of causation? Sir W. Hamilton has thrown out a theory of causation which is altogether disapproved of by Mr. Mill. "We think," says Sir W. Hamilton, "the cause to contain all that is contained in the effect, the effect to contain nothing which was not contained in the cause." This, put out as an idea of causation, present to all minds, and tantamount to a fundamental law of thought, we certainly should not receive. But does not modern science lead us to some conclusion of this kind? In addition to invariable antecedence and sequence, is not there this also of an identity of force retained through all change? Can causation be *now* said to be entirely expressed when we limit ourselves to mark the succession of events?

Mr. Mill makes some highly interesting observations on the sense of vision and on the enlargement of our conceptions of the external world which we owe to this sense. We regret that we have not space to enter into some examination of these remarks. We had designed, also, briefly to discuss the Berkleian theory of vision, which still apparently holds its ground with our most eminent psychologist, in spite of the powerful attack it received from Mr. Samuel Bayley in his well-known essay on the subject. We in the main agree with Mr. Bayley. Here, also, we think there is no discrepancy between psychology and the science of optics. What is given at once to the consciousness by the organ of vision is a luminous or coloured extension—a form more or less distinct. It is seen, we say, *in the direction* in which the light falls—that is, the eye must be turned in one specific direction in order to feel this new sensation; a direction which, of course, implies the knowledge obtained by other senses. It is, in fact, felt in that direction to which the eye is turned. Seen in that direction, the hand follows *the direction*, and, arriving at the object, fixes its *distance*. Was it at once localised for us at *some* distance from the retina? was it at first localised *there where we afterwards learn the retina to be?*—loosely localised there, and projected by association of the touch? Altogether unlocalised, from its very nature, it never could have been. Light of one uniform colour and brilliancy would give, indeed, no form, nothing which could be called vision; perhaps a mere feeling, like that of heat, within the eye. Vision must be said to imply variety of colours (or the variety which light and shade produces), and variety of colours, simultaneously felt, range themselves beside each other in space. We quite agree with Mr. Bayley that we cannot go back to a time when colour had (as Dugald Stewart says) no *outness*—that is, was not felt in space at all. Colours (the plural must be kept) at once bound each other, and so range themselves into forms. If we do not admit this—if we assert that there was a time when simultaneous colours could be felt without bounding each other—it would be difficult to assign any reason why they should not have been always so felt.

The subject of vision does not, however, immediately touch upon the main topic we had undertaken to discuss — the reality of the external world—because however the coloured form is produced, no one doubts that

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it is the production of the eye. We must devote the remaining space we have to a topic which cannot be altogether omitted. The complete perception involves the Ego as well as the Non-Ego. We have seen how Mr. Mill deals with the external world, the Non-Ego; we cannot fail to be curious how he treats the percipient, the Ego.

There is a short but interesting chapter, entitled 'The Psychological Theory of the Belief in Matter, how far applicable to Mind.' Of this chapter we must attempt to give some account. After restating his views upon the Non-Ego, he says—

"I now propose to carry the inquiry a step farther, and to examine whether the Ego, as a deliverance of consciousness, stands on any firmer ground than the Non-Ego; whether, at the first moment of our experience, we already have, in our consciousness, the conception of self as a permanent existence; or whether it is formed subsequently, and admits of a similar analysis to that which we have found that the notion of Not-Self is susceptible of.

"It is evident, in the first place, that our knowledge of mind, like that of matter, is entirely relative. Sir W. Hamilton, indeed, affirms this of mind in a much more unqualified manner than he believes it of matter, making no reservation of any primary qualities. We have no conception of mind itself as distinguished from its conscious manifestations. We neither know nor can we imagine it, except as represented by the succession of manifold feelings, which metaphysicians call by the name of states or modifications of mind. It is nevertheless true that our notion of mind, as well as of matter, is the notion of a permanent something, contrasted with that perpetual flux of the sensations and other feelings or mental states which we refer to it; a something which we figure as remaining the same, while the particular feelings through which it reveals its existence change. This attribute of Permanence, supposing there were nothing else to be considered, would admit of the same explanations when predicated of mind as of matter. The belief I entertain that my mind exists, *when it is asleep, not thinking, nor conscious of its own existence*, resolves itself into the belief of a permanent possibility of these states. If I think of myself as in dreamless sleep or in the sleep of death, and believe that I, or in other words my mind, is or will be existing through these states, though not in conscious feeling, the most scrupulous examination of my belief will not detect in it any fact actually believed, except that my capability of feeling is not in that interval permanently destroyed, and is suspended only because it does not meet with the combination of outward circumstances which would call it into action: the moment it did meet with that combination it would revive, and remains therefore a Permanent Possibility. Thus far there seems a hindrance to our regarding mind as nothing but the series of our sensations (to which must now be added our internal feelings) as they actually occur, with the addition of infinite possibilities of feelings requiring for their actual realisation conditions which may or may not take place, but which, as possibilities, are always in existence, and many of them present."—P. 205.

It will be admitted on all sides that we have no conception of mind apart from its manifestations, apart from our consciousness; or if we have any conception, it is analogous to that which philosophers attempt to form of matter, when its primary qualities are abstracted. In the above passage Mr. Mill discusses the belief in the permanence of the mind when it is *not* thinking. Some have hazarded the hypothesis that the mind always thinks, though it does not remember its thoughts, in order that they may escape from the difficulty of forming a conception of the existence of the mind when it does not think. We certainly shall not attempt to form any such conception. It seems to us that the real problem to be investigated is what conception or belief we form of the mind when we *do* think and *are* conscious of our existence.

To this problem Mr. Mill afterwards comes. Meanwhile, he sets down before *this* permanence of the mind, its permanence when it is *not* thinking. It may be conceded to

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him that we can make nothing of this existence, but this concession hardly touches the subject. It is the permanence we feel in the consciousness itself—the thread running through all the beads, without which they would have no coherence or unity—that is the great fact of our consciousness. Limiting himself, however, to this abstraction of an inactive entity, he has little difficulty in showing that, in fact, it is nothing at all—nothing that we can conceive of, and therefore, for the present, concludes that mind *is* a mere series of feelings or thoughts.

We seem to be landed in the conclusion of Hume, who, admitting Berkeley's argument against matter, turned it against mind, and proved (perhaps merely as a display of subtle reasoning) that there was neither mind nor matter. Mr. Mill so far seriously takes up this position that he proceeds to defend it against three grave objections which Reid and others have brought against it. They contended that in the theory of Hume it would be (1), Impossible to be assured of the existence of our fellow-creatures; (2), That belief in immortality would be quite unmeaning; and (3), That as the very idea of Being would be lost, there could be no conception of God. Mr. Mill gives elaborate, if not satisfactory, answers to these objections. We seem to have arrived at the final result in which he intends us to rest.

But suddenly (as it appears to the reader) a change comes over the spirit of his dream. He bethinks him of the conviction of that permanent Self which accompanies all our thinking, which is involved in memory and anticipation. That element of our consciousness cannot be readily dismissed, and will not harmonise with his theory. The whole edifice that he has been so sedulously constructing threatens to fall to the ground, and that by his own hand.

"The theory, therefore, which resolves mind into a series of feelings, with a background of possibilities of feeling, can effectually withstand the most invidious of the arguments directed against it. But groundless as are the extrinsic objections, the theory has intrinsic difficulties which we have not yet set forth, and which it seems to me beyond the power of metaphysical analysis to remove. Besides present feelings and possibilities of feeling, there is another class of phenomena to be included in an enumeration of the elements making up our conception of mind. The thread of consciousness which composes the mind's phenomenal life, consists not only of present sensations, but likewise in part of memories and expectations. Now what are these? In themselves they are present feelings, states of present consciousness, and in that respect not distinguished from sensations. They all, moreover, resemble some given sensations or feelings of which we have previously had experience. But they are attended with the peculiarity that each of them involves a belief in more than its own present existence. A sensation involves only this; but a remembrance of sensation, even if not referred to any particular date, involves the suggestion and belief that a sensation, of which it is a copy or representation, actually existed in the past, and an expectation involves the belief, more or less positive, that a sensation or other feeling to which it directly refers, will exist in the future. Nor can the phenomena involved in these two states of consciousness be adequately expressed without saying that the belief they include is that I myself formerly had, or that I myself and no other shall hereafter have, the sensations remembered or expected. The fact believed is that the sensations did actually form, or will hereafter form, part of the self-same series of states, or thread of consciousness, of which the remembrance and expectation of those sensations is the past now present. If, therefore, we speak of the mind as a series of feelings, we are obliged to complete the statement by calling it a series of feelings which is aware of itself as past and future, and we are reduced to the alternative of believing that the mind or Ego is something different from any series of feelings or possibilities of them, or of accepting the paradox, that something which, *ex hypothesi*, is but a series of feelings, *can be aware of itself as a series.*"—P. 211.

It would be impossible to state more clearly the difficulty in which

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his own theory involves us. Memory and anticipation involve the belief in personal identity, and this personal identity he does not think fit to describe as a "series of feelings aware of itself as a series." The difficulty is great, but not perhaps greater than some others by which Mr. Mill has not allowed himself to be deterred. How does he encounter it?

Strange to say he does not encounter it at all. He leaves his theory and this awkward fact, which he admits cannot be adjusted to his theory, standing side by side. The reader will admire the candour of this admission, but feel surprised that the speculations of the philosopher should be left in such an unfinished, such a disjointed and fractured condition. The paragraph which immediately follows the quotation we have just now made, is such as no one could have expected from our author, hitherto not wanting in confidence. The triumphant march suddenly gives place to all the confusion and disarray of a retreat.

"The truth is, that we are here face to face with that final inexplicability at which, as Sir W. Hamilton observes, we inevitably arrive when we reach ultimate facts; and, in general, one mode of stating it only appears more incomprehensible than another, because the whole of human language is accommodated to the one, and is so incongruous with the other that it cannot be expressed in any terms which do not deny its truth. The real stumblingblock is, perhaps, not in any theory of the fact, but in the fact itself. The true incomprehensibility perhaps is, that something which has ceased, or is not yet in existence, can still be in a manner present; that a series of feelings, the infinitely greater part of which is past or future, can be gathered up, as it were, into a single present conception, accompanied by a belief in reality. I think by far the wisest thing we can do is to accept the inexplicable fact, without any theory of how it takes place; and when we are obliged to speak of it in terms which assume a theory, *to use them with a reservation as to their meaning.*"—P. 213.

Which last expedient would certainly relieve the writer of some difficulties; the reader would not profit by it. What does Mr. Mill mean by saying the stumblingblock is not in any theory of the fact, but in the fact itself? What is fatal to any theory but some fact that cannot be made to harmonise with the theory? which, after you have arranged and systematized all other parts, stands out apart, and says to the theorist, you profess to have embraced all the facts of the case in your beautifully simple statement, and lo! I am here altogether unembraced. Mr. Mill continues—

"I have stated the difficulties attending the attempt to frame a theory of mind, or the Ego, similar to what I have called the Psychological Theory of Matter, or the Non-Ego. No such difficulties atttend the theory in its application to matter."

Very true, no such difficulties attend the theory in its application to matter; but will not the great admissions made with respect to the Ego react to the disturbance of the theory of the Non-Ego? Will not the account Mr. Mill gives of Memory necessitate some modification of the account he has given of Perception?

A disciple of Locke would have said that *personal identity* comes in with memory, is an element of memory; but in order that there should be personal identity in the memory there must have been Personality of some kind in the Perception. I, who stand thinking here and now, in the city of Edinburgh, am the same person who was some time ago standing or walking in the city of London. The same *I;* but there must have been the feeling of personality both in the present and the past, in order that this identity of the two Egos should be felt. We are clearly of opinion that the full development of the consciousness of self awaits the development of memory and anticipation; and that is why, we may remark in passing, the *ex-*

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istence in time, and not the *existence in space*, forms so prominent a part of the idea we form of self or the Ego. In proportion as memory and anticipation are developed, the idea of a material self gives place to that of a spiritual self. Nations and tribes that have had no distinct faith in immortality, have still had some notion of a something within them that belongs rather to time than to space. That which they call self is revealed to them so largely in memory and anticipation.

But memory and anticipation both require a present. Past, future, and present are linked together; I must be conscious of some present to think the past. In order to perfect memory, that is, not only a passing of ideas or images through the mind, but a distinct consciousness that we had them or *lived them* before, we apprehend that there must be some present *perception*. We have no true memory in dreams, or at least in the dreams of a perfect sleep. We must have a sufficient consciousness of an actual present in order to have the contrast of past time. This consciousness of an actual present is, at least, generally given us by some perceptions constituting the *here* and *now*. Whether the consciousness of some present thought would be sufficient to give us this relation between the present and the past, is a refinement we need not enter into. In the ordinary cases of memory, a waking man is conscious through his senses of a present condition of existence; he has this consciousness sufficiently strong to form the contrast with the past. Well, if the remembering man feels that he who now perceives is the same as he who had *previously perceived*, there must be in perception itself a feeling of Self, though it could not take, except through memory, the full development we are familiar with of a permanent Self.

Thus, by travelling into the memory, we have brought back into perception this feeling or cognition of Self. And now, how can we conceive this Self without the contrast of the Not-Self? The external world seems brought back again to us by admission of this permanent reality of Self.

The answer that has been made to this difficulty is, that the mind projects a delusive world in order to think itself: which leads us back to the dogmatic scepticism already discussed—the mere wilful assertion that all thought is untrue.

It is worth considering also, that if we admit this reality of the Ego, we inevitably form some idea of its nature; that is, we are either materialists or spiritualists, or we conceive the same real Being to underlie all phenomena of matter and mind.

If we are materialists, lo! we have made these bodies of our own realities. And if our bodies are realities, other bodies must be realities also. For not only do other bodies, in many points, resemble ours, but our bodies are constantly being resolved into, and re-composed out of, other bodies.

If we are spiritualists of the ordinary type, we are also dualists. Our Ego implies a Non-Ego. Spirit and matter reveal each other. The belief in spirit is the belief also of matter.

If we believe that one identical substance underlies both mind and matter, we, at all events, attribute as much reality to the one as the other.

There remains, it will be said, a fourth position, that of the Berkleian, who believes in the individual reality of the mind of man, and rejects the reality of the external world. In this position Mr. Mill seems reluctantly to leave us; or rather, he leaves us with a choice of accepting it if we feel ourselves compelled to do so.

But this theory of Berkeley or of Fichte is, in fact, nothing but the old dualism of mind and matter with one of the terms violently

broken off. Accordingly, it has never held its ground. In Germany it was made a stepping-stone to Pantheism, or what is sometimes called the philosophy of the Absolute. If a Fichte appeared in England, he would soon be followed by a Schelling. Whether this Schelling would, in our climate, be followed by a Hegel may be doubtful.

The Absolute may stand its ground, and for this reason, that we know nothing about it. We call it sometimes the Unknowable. But we know something about the mind of man. We know, for instance, how it comes *to think itself*. We know that it cannot think itself but by aid of a not-self. The disciple of Berkeley must say (it is, as we have shown, his only final response)—The mind is to be trusted when it thinks one of these terms, but not when it thinks the other. A wilful assertion of this kind is no basis for a philosophy.

We have brought our remarks to an end. It will be seen that we, in the main, agree with Sir William Hamilton in his views of our knowledge of the external world, although we have not wished to bind ourselves precisely to his statements; we have the same conviction of the reality of the world without as of substance and of force; mysterious realities, we must confess; but we at least know them as space-occupants; we are not dealing with mere sensations of our own. We ought, perhaps, to have mentioned that we are confirmed by his authority in our supposition that extension is first revealed to us by sensations felt in our own body and limbs.*

Mr. Mill, writing of the controversy which Sir William Hamilton maintained with Brown, says—

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* As this is an important point in our exposition, we are tempted to add a few words upon it. Mr. Bain says, in his 'Senses and the Intellect,' p. 385, "The localisation of our bodily feelings presents an interesting case of acquired perception. Previous to experience we have no notion of the seat of any local sensation, as, for example, a pain in the shoulder or the toe. It is impossible we should have any such notion instinctively; the very nature of the case forbids it, seeing that we cannot connect an internal feeling with a picture to the eye, or an external to the touch of the part where the feeling arises." It is very certain that mere pains in the shoulder and toe could not give us such ideas as we now possess of those parts of our body, ideas which are constantly present to us when we localise our sensations. All we assert is, that these and other intermediate sensations would at once localise themselves in a certain area or space. And what, according to Mr. Bain, are the mental pictures or notions we subsequently form of shoulder or toe, but certain sensations which, in some way or other are localised? He must begin his process of localisation somewhere, why not here?

But, it may be asked, was there ever a time when we felt ourselves mere extension—extension vaguely marked out by feelings within and on the surface of our body and limbs? If there was such a time it was instantaneous, and the state described merely transitional. What our analysis requires is this independent immediate origin of the idea of extension. The movement of the arm which brings it into contact with other objects might be contemporaneous with those sensations which give us our consciousness of the limb as sensitive and extended. But without this contemporaneous aid how would *movement* or *contact* have any significance for us? There must be something that moves as a foundation for the idea of resisted motion and the resisting body. There must be something that explores space in order that the space-occupant should be encountered.

Our position is, that just as we perceive that sensations follow each other (which is our idea of Time), so we perceive that certain simultaneous sensations have the relation of position (which is our idea of Space). Unless this admission be granted, we do not see how we are to obtain the ideas of space, of motion, of resistance—how we are to take a step towards explaining the belief, or the delusion, of an external world.

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"The really important difference of opinion on the subject of perception between Brown and Sir William Hamilton is far other than this. It is that Sir William Hamilton believes us to have a direct intuition, not solely of the reality of matter, but also of its primary qualities—extension, solidity, figure, &c.—which, according to him, we know as in the material object, and not as modifications of ourselves; while Brown believed that matter is suggested to us only as an unknown something, all whose attributes, as known or conceived by us, are resolvable into the affections of our senses. In Brown's opinion we are cognisant of a non-ego in the perceptive act, only in the indefinite form of something external; all else we are able to know of it, is only that it produces certain affections in us; which is also our author's opinion as regards the secondary qualities. The difference, therefore, between Brown and Sir William Hamilton is not of the kind which Sir William Hamilton considers it to be, but consists mainly in this, that Brown really held what Sir William Hamilton held only verbally, the doctrine of the relativity of all our knowledge. I shall attempt further on to show that on the point on which they really differed, Brown was right and Sir William Hamilton totally wrong."—P. 176.

We have selected to be totally wrong with Sir William Hamilton rather than exchange our real world of matter and motion, of substance and force, for permanent possibilities of sensation, attached to nothing at all—for mere thoughts of sensations;—a dreary and bewildering idealism. There can be no distinct idea of mind if we give up all distinct idea of matter.

SWITZERLAND IN SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

PART III.

"He who qualleth at the sight of a precipice or an abyss,
Will never travel upon the dangerous path of this world."

—ABD-UR-RAHMAN.

As the heading of a fashionable French journal, there is an engraving intended to represent the pursuits and pastimes of the *haut monde*. Judging from that high authority, it appears that the Parisian *élégant* must perfect himself in more serious arts than those of flirtation and dress. He is expected to be a master of the small-sword, and a dead shot with the pistol. The gloves on his table, and the *boule dogue* at his feet, convey an impression that, under some English master, he has been studying *la boxe*. The cards lying about, and the servitor entering with a salver, on which there appears something suspiciously like cogniac and seltzer, tell of deadly nights, while the spurs and rifle suggest the more manly pursuits of deer-hunting and the chase. On the one side he looks out of an opera-box, with a fair face beside him; and on the other, he is seen on a yacht driving through turbulent seas. But, still more markedly, he appears standing waving his hat, "alone in the midst of the heavens," on an impossible high Alpine peak. The Frenchmen I met on the high Swiss mountains were all photographers, but it is gratifying to find that the fashionable world of Paris has admitted the Alps among the pursuits of gentlemen. Notwithstanding, however, that immense condescension, Switzerland is one of the least, as well as one of the best, known countries of Europe. There is an 'Alpine Journal;' the Swiss have their 'Jahrbuch der Alpen Club;' and the Italians, by whom it seems the Matterhorn has been safely conquered, their 'Giornale delle Alpi.' It is visited by all and sundry, and is exceedingly well known to a small section of Englishmen who

have slept in hundreds of its chalets, crossed all its glaciers, ascended its high peaks, and have described their stirring adventures in a great number of lively narratives; yet many even intelligent English visitors seemed to me somewhat at a loss what to do with themselves after seeing Chamouni and the Righi, Interlachen and the Lake of Geneva. The Alpine Club have had so little to show in the way of positive results, that it required some such accident as that on the Matterhorn to redeem its labours from neglect, and draw general attention to the great field for healthy and exciting exercise which it has opened up by affording inducement for the establishment of hotels in lofty positions, by training up a superior class of guides, and by determining the best means of conquering or evading the dangers of the Alps. If the air of snowy mountains be found of immense use in a large class of diseases, and that of a class constantly on the increase with the increase of our civilisation, the Alpine Clubbists will, without entertaining any such aim, have conferred a great benefit upon their fellows, and justified the opinion of those who hold that the mere spirit of enterprise is always fruitful of important results. Meanwhile, I have been surprised to notice how little is known by the general public about what this Club has done, and what can be accomplished in Switzerland. Recent letters about that country in the newspapers, even as special correspondence in the 'Times,' have displayed not a little of this ignorance. At the British Association some one inquired of Mr. Whymper, the survivor of the Matterhorn accident, whether excursions in the high Alps were not sometimes dangerous. I several times came across young men who had never seen a glacier before, who proposed, without guides, to cross the Straleck and the Tschingel glacier, fancying these were ordinary walks; and can credit the story told of the inexperienced Londoner, who inquired at Breuil whether it would be better for him to spend the remainder of his time in crossing the Col du Géant, or in ascending the Matterhorn, which, he understood, was worth seeing. To cap all, Lord Brougham, in his address at the Social Science Association, has described ascents such as those of the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau as "climbing to heights whence nothing is to be seen."

What I specially wish to call attention to, is the fact that now the high Alps, the regions of snow and ice, can be explored, so as to give a sufficient idea of them, even by those who are quite unfit for the exploits of mountaineers. By a judicious use of ponies, high hotels, *cabanes* and caves, acquaintance can be made with the wildest scenery of snowy Switzerland, with positively less expenditure of physical energy than is laid out by innumerable pedestrians in tramping through hot valleys, and crossing such beaten tracks as the Furca and the Wengern Alp. Mont Blanc itself—the ascent of which, some years ago, made Albert Smith's fortune—is within the reach of any one who is a tolerable walker, and chooses to spend from two to three hundred francs. By taking three days to this labour, from the inn on the Col di Vosa, it is not necessary to go over more ground in one day than what is calculated, in favourable weather, as six hours' walking. From the *cabane* on the Aiguille di Gouté the distance to the summit is only four hours, and the traveller who feels himself unfit for further exertion can sleep a second night in the *cabane*, which he will probably do more comfortably than he did the first night, being more accustomed to the rarefied air, and finding even the atmosphere on the top of the Aiguille a relief from that on the top of Mont Blanc, just as Humboldt's

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travellers, on descending the Andes, found themselves oppressed by heat at places where on the ascent they had shivered. It is only five hours from the Riffel hotel to the top of the Cima di Jazi, and about three and a half back again. The way lies chiefly over glacier and *névé*, amid some of the wildest scenes presented by the Monte Rosa group; after rounding a crust of snow we stand above precipices thousands of feet in depth, and behold Lago Maggiore as if it lay beneath our feet, while the fertile plains of Lombardy stretch in the dim distance.

On entering Switzerland in July, I required steps to enable me to mount a horse, on which to ascend the Righi; and even at Mürren had no more idea of standing on the huge ice-wall above than of pedestrianising among the mountains of the moon. I remember being highly tickled with a young guide at Zweilütschinen, who, after circling round me for some time, like a moth round a taper, but deeply engaged in examining my boots, at last, not without hesitation, took me aside and told me privately that if I chose to engage him, he would take me a little passage of only fifteen hours over snow and ice—a passage never crossed by any one else, and known to himself alone. Not having walked fifteen miles, much less fifteen hours, in a day for more than a couple of years, this offer was more amusing than tempting; but the effects of Alpine air were soon so beneficial as afterwards to make me regret I had not taken down the guide's name and address. Every means I had tried to regain health seemed only to land me in a lower depth, and it was an instinct, more than intelligent reasons, which led me towards the Alps, without which remedy I believe I should have died, and where I found at least some measure of that health and strength for which I had been so long seeking in vain. Even more rapid and wonderful effects have been produced in other instances by Alpine air. Mr. Dodson, M.P., says, in one of his papers: "Neither the breeze of the Atlantic, nor the clear air of the desert, nor the bracing atmosphere of Scotch hills or English downs, can vie for one instant with the inspiriting, life-giving breath of the glacier. I speak from experience. I had been a good deal out of health, and not a little out of spirits, for two years. I had tried hard work; I had tried relaxation from all work; I had tried hygiene, orthodox medicine, and heretical cures. Nothing would do. In the autumn of 1859 I was persuaded to try Switzerland. Before I left England it was pain and grief to crawl up a Malvern hill: before I had been six weeks in Switzerland I made the ascent of Mont Blanc, and enjoyed it thoroughly." So also Professor Tyndall mentions that in 1860 his state of health was such that the mere writing of a letter or reading of a newspaper caused him the most alarming giddiness, and even when directing a note he had been sometimes compelled to pause, lest the effort required to complete the address should cause some fearful catastrophe in his brain. Yet, after a week in Wales, and a few days in Switzerland, he was able to go through eighteen hours of the most trying giddy rock, glacier, and snow work—making the terrific passage from Lauterbrunnen to the Æggischhorn hotel over the Lauwinen Thor or Gate of Avalanches; and after a few more similar excursions he returned to England with a stock of health which five months' constant work did not sensibly affect.

The instinct which led me to the Alps soon justified itself; and I felt strong enough to engage the services of a guide, taking care not to select one of those famous men who are ashamed of their employer if he stickles at eighteen hours'

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walking, or does not go up a snowy peak at least once a-week. Peter Bohren of Grindelwald, however, a most famous guide of this class, and a good-tempered amusing man, is now open to engagements with unambitious pedestrians. Alpine Clubbists are sometimes blamed for tempting guides by means of money to endanger their lives; but I should think any of the famous mountaineers of Switzerland and Savoy might retire on their laurels, and make even a better thing of it by conducting quiet parties than by continuing to lead in high ascents. The truth is, that the guide who excels in dangerous mountain-work has a passion for that kind of life, and feels it as a species of degradation to accept inferior employment during the season for ascents. On passing from the Grimsel to the Furca I picked up, or rather was picked up by, Andreas Marti, of Guttanen, who turned out a first-rate second-class guide, not without some experience of difficult mountaineering, but patient, useful, and willing to adapt himself to any pace. At first, I engaged him only for that day; but when, on crossing the Rhone glacier, he held me over a deep *moulin* in order to see a glacier waterfall, and in such a way that he might have dropped me into it with perfect ease to himself, I thought it expedient to examine his book, and see what were the testimonials to his efficiency and character. These were quite satisfactory, and our day's engagement lengthened out into one which lasted for weeks. The good guides in Switzerland are now well acquainted with most of the districts of country usually visited by travellers, and they have to pass a rather hard examination on that department of geography, so there is no object in changing them as one advances. Having got a suitable guide, it is best, and often cheaper, to keep him on. In this way, too, a friendly familiarity may be developed, which is very pleasant, especially for the solitary pedestrian, and often very useful, both at inns and châlets. Marti and I got so friendly that he was almost as much a companion as a guide, and I felt that I could fully rely upon him in any untoward circumstances which might arise. Indeed I experienced his care when laid up, of all dismal places in the world, at the big dark Italian *albergo* on the top of the St. Gotthard Pass, where the landlady besought me not to die, because it would be so unpleasant for her. The accommodation there is rather peculiar, for it is excessively cold, and you must either have the pungent wood-smoke in your eyes, or else open the windows. When I asked for breakfast, the landlady offered me soup and cheese—and an Italian breakfast of that kind is not unpleasant when the soup is good, and a little fruit is superadded. My experience of the night before, however, had informed me that the *potage* was simply hot water, with a piece of brown bread floating about in it, so I mildly petitioned for coffee and eggs. "Coffee? yes," she said, looking at me with that calm determination acquired only by middle-aged females with large families, and in desperate circumstances; "but *ove?* How could there be *ove?* Ah! if the Signor had only come six weeks sooner, then there was a *gallo*. Why, the *galline* did nothing but lay eggs all day. But he was such a bold fellow; she had often spoken to him about his temerity; he would go in among the horses' feet and had got killed. To be sure there was a *gallettino*, but the very hens drove him away from his food —how could he lay eggs?" All this, and much more, was poured out in the most voluble, distinctly-pronounced Italian, and so as to put me entirely in the wrong. I must do the old lady, however, the justice to say that when I was ill she was exceedingly kind, and charged me at the rate of three-fourths less

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than she had done in a bill I had previously paid to her.

The St Gotthard is a famous place for breeding large dogs, much more so than the St Bernard hospice, and I examined the stock there. More of the Terre Neuve or Newfoundland breed was visible in them than any other, and they were all black-and-white. For puppies under six weeks or two months old, of which there was a large stock, the owner wanted a hundred francs each, which was an exorbitant price; and for two-year-olds, not very remarkable animals, he asked five hundred. The only splendid animal among the lot was a very large ferocious four-year-old—a perfect lion, with a big brain. Under examination he kept up a protesting under-growl, like rolling thunder; and the people said he was so valuable in finding out travellers lost in the snow that they could not think of selling him. Martigny drily observed after we left, that it was just as well we had not been able to get the dog, for if we had we should have had to go where it pleased, and not where we chose. From the St Gotthard it is not at all laborious to ascend Monte Fibia, about nine thousand feet high; and, the latter half of the ascent being over rock and glacier, this mountain affords a very good *pons asinorum* for the high Alps. The view was a good deal obscured when I reached the summit; but Monte Fibia is the centre of the St Gotthard group, and that group may be regarded as the centre of the Alps—a fact to which Goethe called attention. Through the Rhine, the Rhone, the Reuss, and the Ticino, snows melt from it into the North Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Adriatic, so that, orologically, it affords the most central position in Western Europe, besides presenting many interesting views. The Canton Ticino is not run upon by tourists, except those who are crossing by the St Gotthard road into Italy, and affords many fine excursions. I was specially struck among the Leopontine Alps with the Val Bedretto, which affords signal manifestations of the destructive power of avalanches, and by the fine grassy slopes of the Passo di San Giacomo. At the splendid waterfall of the Tosa, in Piedmont, an inn has recently been opened, and it is well worth while descending the Formazza valley a little way to mark the change from Alpine to Italian vegetation. The return to Switzerland over the Gries glacier is not at all difficult, though that glacier has gained an unenviable reputation from the mysterious disappearance upon it, in 1849, of Dr. Wohlfahrt and the MM. Leonard. They were without a guide; but the portion of the glacier to be crossed is so short and easy, that by far the most probable explanation of their fate is the popular supposition that they were murdered. No trace whatever of them was found, and the theory that they were lost in a snow-storm is unlikely. This was the only regular pass among the Alps on which I met not a single traveller; and at the inn over the Tosa Falls there were only a couple of Italians, and an Italian corporal's guard. One of the travellers possessed a house on the field of Magenta; and the chief thing which appeared to have struck him in connection with that famous battle, was the amount of brandy which the French troops consumed. With the regiment quartered on his grounds, he said it was *cogniac*, *sempre cogniac* all day, from the colonel to the drummer-boy; and, inspired by the example of these heroes, he ventured himself on a small nip, of the effects of which he did not fail bitterly to complain next morning. The Tosa Falls descend in three sheets about 500 feet over a surface of about 1000; and a striking peculiarity about them is, that you could step off the path and lie down on the torrent's smoothness, within a few

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the feat is much easier; and standing on the top of the Æggischhorn, looking up the long Aletsch glacier and its tributaries to the white summits of the Aletschhorn, the Jungfrau, the Eiger, and the Mönch, I could not resist the mountain madness, and determined to try and stand upon some of the heights to which I had so often looked up hopelessly from the other side. The problem I had to solve was how to accomplish this at half speed, or at about half the rate of progress that a good mountaineer might calculate on. It appeared to me that even at a slow rate, by keeping "pegging away," as the late Mr. Abraham Lincoln would have said, or going "*doucement et toujours*," as the French more elegantly express it, I could get over a good deal of ground between dawn and dayfall; and by sleeping two nights in the Faulberg Cave, which is four hours distant from the Æggischhorn hotel, could manage to break up the excursion so as not to make any one day particularly distressing. Marti and M. Wellig of course gave every encouragement to the notion; but a local guide was required in addition to my own man, so I made an engagement with, Antone Ritz, Bennen's successor at the Æggischhorn, and now a noted guide for the higher excursions in that neighbourhood. Blankets were kept at the Cave, so porters were dispensed with, the guides undertaking to carry the necessary provisions and wine, together with a very small bundle of faggots and my knapsack.

The first day's work being easy, we did not start till after an early dinner on our excursion into the heart of the mountains, and travelled leisurely enough amid the mild-eyed, mild-tempered cattle, winding above the Viesch glacier, over the slopes of the Æggischhorn, then brown with autumn grass. After descending to the beautiful Märjelen See, which has been so often described with its miniature

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icebergs and green polar water, there was some little difficulty in getting upon the Aletsch glacier, the warmth of the adjoining rock having melted away the border of the ice, so that it was not easy to find a proper place for the passage, and the rocks themselves being very much broken. On the glacier itself progress was much easier, though we had to strike into the middle of it, to wind about a little, in order to avoid crevasses, and occasionally to cut a step or two. Sunset on this enormous glacier was exceedingly striking, there being a perfect sea of ice rising up in appearance into the distant snowy mountains of Savoy and Piedmont, and stretching before us into terrible wastes of snow, while there was something awe-inspiring in the great silence that came over the scene with the freezing of the innumerable glacier rills. As the shadow deepened in the valley of the Aletsch, the cold became intense; but behind us the peaks of the Monte Rosa group, mingled with a few as glorious clouds, were shining in the sunset like the mountains of the land of Beulah, and a clear half-moon soon arose to lighten our steps. In this mingled and somewhat confusing light, the vastness of the Aletsch became almost painfully oppressive. Ball says of it, that it is "of all European glaciers the greatest in its proportions, and that which best enables us to form a conception of the still vaster ice-streams that poured through the valleys of the Alps during the glacial period." It rises at a height of about 12,000 feet, and is at least sixteen miles long, and sometimes more than two miles broad, so that it really affords a very fair idea of polar regions, and of times when the Lake of Geneva was itself a glacier.

The Faulberg Cave is a triple grotto, on the face of a slope not far from precipitous, and about 150 or 200 feet above the Aletsch; but it will not henceforward be much in use by mountaineers, for this year Herr Wellig has erected a *cabane* a little lower down, in a spot sheltered from avalanches and falling rocks. This hut will accommodate six persons comfortably, and it has conveniences for cooking, besides blankets and straw—so it is not likely that the other hotel will be again used except when the *cabane* is quite full; but it was not at all a bad place for a party of three, costintuted as mine was. Ritz appeared rather to like sleeping in the inner cave, with water dropping upon him; and Marti, by curling himself up in a serpentine manner, found protection from the icy air which stole into the medium or outer cave, so I had all to myself the lower grotto, twenty feet beneath, a mere round hollow beneath an overhanging rock, but sheltered from the wind, and a place in which a single person may sleep with comparative comfort. As that lower dormitory is quite the reverse of the celebrated Irish cave "where no daylight enters," and looks decidedly the most exposed of the three receptacles, I was at first disposed to kick against this arrangement as a very gross attempt to leave me out in the cold; but a little examination proved that the guides had really assigned me the best place for repose; and so, with the aid of our faggots and of a solitary misanthropic iron pot, which had taken up its permanent abode in the Faulberg, we proceeded merrily to prepare our supper.

Properly speaking, one ought to fall asleep as soon as possible before a day of mountaineering; but I doubt if many persons do so, and I had no inclination that way. The guides soon lay down, and left me to watch the night, the intensely dark sky between the rocks frowning over and around, the brilliant half-moon crossing the arc of dark sky, and the long glacier serpent slumbering, but gleaming, in the moonlight. The night was intensely still for the most part, but every

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now and then the crash of some falling rock in the neighbourhood broke violently and harshly on the ear, or there came the dull muffled roar of cataracts of stones descending on the other side of the glacier, and some restless animal, probably a goat, for bears are now almost entirely unknown in the Valais, was moving about not far off. It was a wild night-scene, with a certain savage beauty of its own, inciting to contemplation rather than to slumber, and I had fortunately brought up with me three poems peculiarly suited to the scene and the hour: these were Byron's 'Manfred,' Coleridge's 'Hymn at Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni,' and Shelley's 'Hymn to Mont Blanc.' It was interesting to read them, partly by the clear moonlight, in such a place. They afforded one of those delicious evenings which it is in vain to attempt to reproduce. How immense is the debt we owe to the poets; and how poorly is it acknowledged! Except the consolations of true religion, and the tender love of unselfish women, there is no joy so pure, so profound, and so ennobling, as that we may derive, and do often obtain, from the great poets who have made us "heirs of truth and pure delight in heavenly lays." They seem almost to leave us

"The all of *theirs* that cannot die."

The ideal world into which they introduce us has so far relationship to the poor realities of life as to excite a great longing to make these realities more worthy of the higher aspiration of our souls, and yet it is so far elevated into the serener air of heaven as to raise our spirits above the more disturbing and degrading cares of earth. The poets, I believe, are the great moral teachers of mankind, even when it has been out of their broken hearts or maddened lives that the balm has been crushed for the healing of the nations. Take Byron, for instance, on the very point in which he has been considered most open to attack—his treatment of love. Was there no need, in the period at which he wrote, for recognizing the strength and essential character of that great and universal passion? When he arose, it was very generally treated in England either as a weakness to be taken advantage of, or a crime to be ashamed of, or, at best, an aid to social convenience. Against such injurious ideas Lord Byron, in his wild way, made a most energetic and successful protest. Though absolute faithfulness for ever to one object does not seem part of his system, yet his mind everywhere revolts against the ideas that a passion so powerful and exalted as that of love should be violently repressed as a crime against the nature in which it originates—that it should be regarded as a weakness making women, or men either, the lawful prey of cold-blooded seducers—and that it should be sacrificed to the dull bondage of convenient wedlock. This is the generous opposition which runs through all Byron's treatment of love, even when, in half despair, he seems to scoff at it; and the women of England scarcely know, and can scarcely be expected to know, how much of purer morals, and of deeper affection, our modern society owes to the noble-hearted Peer and Poet who was not afraid and not ashamed to glorify the great passion of Love when it was a brutality among the lower classes, and a jest in the Court of the Prince Regent. In 'Manfred,' this protest of the poet is uttered in a strange and expressive manner. The wild and inaccessible mountains, the deserts of snow, the storm and the avalanche, the spirits of the earth, are brought to witness that, though they are terrible, there is something more terrible still, for even the most gifted and, in a worldly sense, the most fortunate of the sons of men. Before the memory of an "all nameless hour," before

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a destiny scarcely to be shadowed forth, and the shadow of a shade, but yet connected with love in its most overpowering form, Manfred enters alone, undismayed, into the solitude of the mountains to confront the powers of nature and the powers of evil. What matters it though he see—

> "A dark and awful figure rise,
> Like an infernal god from out the earth;
> His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
> Robed as with angry clouds"?

Nothing awes him except his one memory of irreparable, ineffable loss, nothing consoles him but his feeling of nature's beauty even in *her* loss and desolation, as expressed in that exquisite passage which Shakespeare himself has never surpassed, commencing—

> "The stars are forth, the moon above the top
> Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
> I linger yet with nature, for the night
> Hath been to me a more familiar face
> Than that of man; and in her starry shade
> I learned the language of another world."

Shelley's lines, written in the vale of Chamouni, are full of profound thoughts, and show the most subtle understanding of the life of nature, as manifested in the Alps; but they are occasionally wild as glacier-covered mountains, and lack that exquisite perfection of form, which he afterwards obtained, and which, as in 'Adonais,' made him unapproached in the realms of pure poetry. Coleridge was only twenty-five when he wrote his hymn to Mont Blanc, than which, despite its touch of rhetoric, all literature presents no more wonderful union of sublimity and beauty. Anything we can conceive of might have been expected from such a poet, had his circumstances borne the slightest relationship to his genius. Freiligrath has remarked it as strange that Coleridge was able to reproduce Mont Blanc and the Vale of Chamouni at Sunrise in such an overpowering manner, though he had never seen the Alps, while half-Oriental Malta and classical Italy, both of which he had seen, gave him no fruits of poetry; but Coleridge's mind never understood or glorified objects close beside him so powerfully as it could those which his imagination beheld from a distance. And then *he was* only twenty-five when he wrote that marvellous hymn; his youth was in its hopeful spring; he had not learned that though England lavishes untold millions in its ill-directed though earnest desire for spiritual teaching, it can leave its noblest seers and poets to perish in their pride, to purchase so-called success by the degradation of all in them which is truest, or like him of whom I speak, to render tolerable an incomplete and broken life by the aid of such mandragora as the Fates may give them to drink.

Having retired to my stony couch, where the dampness of the blankets was remedied by a water-pool, it seemed that I had only began to doze when I felt some one bending over me, and found it was long Marti with a cup of coffee, and ready to move. It was half-past two in the morning when we started, and as the moon had then disappeared, we descended from the cave, crossed some ugly rocks, and went up the glacier by dim lantern light. I have a very indistinct recollection of that part of the journey, and must have been asleep most of the time. Occasionally we stopped at some difficult place, and, waking up, I saw enormous crevasses at our feet, disclosed by the dull rays of the lantern. Next, I have a distinct recollection of our being roped together at some very broken part of the glacier, where it ascended steeply; and there seemed to be some snow-bridges; but I remember nothing more until the dawn began to appear, and we found ourselves walking over a white sheet of *Firn*, *névé*, or *ghiacciaia*, the compact

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snow which covers the upper portion of a glacier,

"The glassy ocean of the mountain ice."

We were in, or rather just above, what has been called the Place de la Concorde of Nature, from the meeting in it of the four vast snow-covered and ice-filled valleys which join their contents to form the great Aletsch glacier. It is an immense circus of *névé*, miles in circumference, and rising up on every side into peaks of ice and snow. When the stars began to wane in the dark heaven, it could not be said that we beheld a golden dawn, or that

"God made Himself an awful rose of dawn;"

for the light which first streamed across the sky and touched the icy peaks around, and faintly illuminated the vast amphitheatre of snow, had no roseate tinge, but was intensely white, cold, ghastly, sepulchral, as if the ghost of day were stealing over the earth. In that light, amid these snowy solitudes, our small party, with their faces whitened by the cold, might have passed for doomed mariners on a frozen polar sea, or three murderers looking terrified into each other's faces in the first pale light of morning; but soon there flushed on the icy pinnacles a delicate pink hue, deepening into carnation as the chariot of the sun-god rose far away over the Noric Alps; then changing into a glowing celestial rosy blush, which stole down the snowy shoulders and bosoms of the Bernese Sisters, deepening as it spread, till everywhere around there shone a glory of light, and the whole mountain-group was burning crimson in its welcome to the Lord of Day.

My original intention had been to make for the Jungfrau Joch or the Eigher Joch; but Ritz proposed we should ascend to the more difficult Roththalsattel, if the *Bergschrund* on the way were bridged over by snow, as he expected it would be. As the Saddle is not far from the summit of the Jungfrau, which might possibly be achieved if my strength lasted, and, at any rate, would serve my purpose, I assented to this proposal, and we pushed on rapidly to get over as much ground as possible before the sun began to affect the *névé*. The sky was so clear, however, and the sun still so powerful, though it was late in the season, that we soon began to sink up to the knees in the snow, having to make fatiguing efforts, which have not inaptly been compared to those of a fly in a honey-pot. This portion of the ascent was by no means interesting, for though I knew we were walking over crevasses, they were too thickly bridged over to make an appearance. The summit of the Jungfrau appeared provokingly close at hand, though we never seemed getting any nearer to it; the snow-slopes were decidedly monotonous, and the fierce glare of the sun from their brilliant white surface demanded the precaution of a veil. Mounting the steep Kranzberg, which may be best described as a splintered falling glacier covered with thick snow, was especially trying in the way of exertion; but it was interesting on mounting it to find ourselves about the level of the Jungfrau Joch, and to see, far to the north, the yellow summits of Mons Pilatus and the Righi, rising like islands out of a sea of blue haze. This, so to speak, was taking a peep from amid the summits of the Bernese Oberland at the tourist crowd watching these summits from the distant Righi Kulm; and we found that the *Bergschrund* a little further on, a few hundred feet below the Roththalsattel, was so completely bridged over that scarcely a trace of it was then visible. It is not an ordinary crevasse which bears this horrible-sounding name, but one of those tremendous prolonged crevasses which occur between the frozen or compacted snow which adheres ordinarily (though of course it falls

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occasionally) to the rocky mass of the mountain, and the *névé* which is attached to, and moves with, the glacier. Thus the lower snow is torn away from the upper, and chasms are formed of unknown depth, and sometimes thirty feet in width. This one on the Jungfrau was, on Studer's ascent, descended with the aid of a rope for about a hundred and fifty feet by a guide called Bannholzer, who found that after that it continued to go down indefinitely, and that its surfaces of ice were steep as a tower. Not a desirable place, certainly, to fall into for those who object to an "imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice," or have no wish, as Jeremy Taylor has it, "to taste of death, and make an essay of the shades below." As a general rule, a ladder of some twenty-five feet is considered indispensable for crossing this *Bergschrund*, but my two guides could not well have burdened themselves to that extent, and Ritz was right in his calculation that this formidable obstacle would be found bridged over. The only fault I have to find with him, in this connection, is that, though we kept carefully as far apart as possible, he held the rope in his hand, while I was tied to it. On descending, however, when the danger was greater, we were all three roped together, and I sank through the snow, having the satisfaction of feeling my legs dangling in the opening of the abyss. Principal Forbes calculated the slope here to be at about an angle of 60°. From this point up to the Saddle there is a steep snow-slope to be ascended slantindicularly; and here I suffered much from the rarefied air, the unusual exertion, and from not having been able to eat. "Essen sie ein Bischen," Ritz was always urging; but the advice, though admirable, was of no use. The snow was very heavy, and had a tenacity about it which made wading up excessively fatiguing. My heart was beating painfully; an unquenchable thirst devoured me; my eyes swam, and I had every reason to believe that accounts of the mountain-sickness previously given by Alpine travellers need not have been at all exaggerated. It struck me very forcibly at this place, as I had often suspected before, that the human will can command a power, which perhaps might be further developed, of neutralising, to some small extent, the force of gravitation. Admitting Profesor Tyndall's assertion that mechanical laws rule man in the long-run, and that the office of will is to excite and apply power, not to create it, I am yet inclined to think there is in man a certain force, scarcely yet known and usually latent, different from muscular force, which will may evoke, and by which we can lessen the effects of gravitation both in ourselves and in others. There need be nothing unscientific or relating to the supernatural in such a supposition. It certainly appeared to me on the Jungfrau, that by an effort of will so painful and exhausting as to be of scarcely any practical use, it was possible to decrease my weight upon the crest of snow; and I am still surer of having seen some experiments made in what, some years ago, used vulgarly to be called "blowing up," which clearly pointed to the existence of some such power. Even if no such power acts directly in human will, we can command it to a certain extent in the magnet, where we have the power at will, though not by direct exercise of will, of increasing and decreasing, at a certain point, gravitation, or at least one of the elements of gravitation; so that there is nothing improbable in the idea, which it might be well for inquirers to keep in mind, that the advance of science may enable us some day to command the whole force of gravitation to the same extent that we can now command the forces of electricity and magnetism.

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but seemed at the same time to be absolutely gleaming with innumerable sparkles of dazzling light. I never before so realized the meaning of that phrase "the living air;" for, instead of "a blue wilderness of interminable air," in its very darkness there was a strange fierceness of living, and almost threatening, light.

A shadow passed over me, inexplicable at first from such a sky; but the cause soon appeared in a couple of enormous lammergeiers, or eagle-vultures of the Alps, that kept circling round, or resting in a watchful manner on the neighbouring cliffs of snow. It was interesting to see the white bodies and dark powerful wings of these savage birds, for they are now rare even in the Bernese Oberland; but there was an out-on-business air about them which forcibly suggested that perhaps a snow cornice was not the most favourable point for calm observation of their manners and habits. Their dimensions were very formidable; they flew away some distance, consulted together, and then came back again to the immediate neighbourhood of the Roththal saddle, as if there were something there which specially interested them; and they seemed male and female, probably with a needy family, and accustomed to act in concert. At one time they were so near that I fancied I saw the hungry gleam of their cruel eyes, and, perhaps luckily, remembered Tschudi's stories of their swooping against men on the verge of precipices. It was necessary to disabuse this respectable couple of the delusion that they were going to carry me off in large pieces wherewith to gorge their infants. The guides were bad enough, but the society of lammergeiers became extremely objectionable, and so I shouted and waved my alpenstock till they and their shadows disappeared.

Professor Tyndall has called this place "Lauwinen Thor," or Gate of Avalanches; and, as there are several Roththals in Switzerland, his name is preferable to that which it usually receives, besides being more suitable and poetical. How he, and afterwards Mr. Leslie Stephen, ever got up to it from the Lauterbrunnen side is almost inexplicable, and I should think that when attempting it they were quite as likely to have been killed as not. Tyndall says that he ascended by "a thread of snow" up "channels cut by the snow-torrents," while above there was "a massive cornice, from which the avalanches are periodically let loose." "Looked at from the top," he continues, "the pass will seem very formidable to the best of climbers; to an ordinary eye it appears simply terrific." That was the eye with which I looked at it; but it is astonishing what can be done in the Alps by means of combination, practice in climbing, and careful watching of the state of the snow and weather. The Gate of Avalanches certainly deserves its name in such a hot day as that in which I rested upon it; for though you may not chance to see one of them, the sound of their roar comes up frequently from beneath—sounds being much louder when heard from above than when heard from below. Any one who has stood on the summit of a mountain rising abruptly above a city—as Victoria Peak in Hong-Kong—or who has even listened from the dome of St. Paul's to the roar of London, can imagine the curious effect of avalanches suddenly roaring down beneath the Roththal saddle, themselves

> "Invisible: the ear alone
> Pursues the uproar till it dies;
> Echo to echo, groan for groan,
> From deep to deep replies."

Nor were these the only strange sounds heard, for a number of raging winds were prowling about. On the saddle there was perfect calm—not a breath of air was stirring; and the only immediate sound to be heard was the creeping of the frozen snow under the burning sunlight. The place appeared

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défendu; but outside, and especially beneath the Gate of Avalanches, violent blasts of wind were raging, dislodging masses of snow, beating their wings against precipices, and shrieking up gullies. It was like resting in perfect security on a snowy couch, while all the baffled demons of the mountain were vainly howling round outside invisible but adamantine walls.

The view from the saddle is more confined than it is from some points of similar elevation, but it presents sections of the horizon all round, and perhaps is more suggestive than one with a freer circumference might be. The only clouds visible were hanging round the distant summit of Mont Blanc; the neighboring peaks of the Oberland appeared on the same, or a little higher level than where I lay. Behind, vast amphitheatres of *névé* glistened in the sunlight; on the left, a snowy-corniced wall, with gentle ups and downs, ran smoothly towards the Blümlis Alp over the easy summits of the Gletscherhorn and the Mittaghorn; and on the right rose suddenly a dazzling icy cone, the Jungfrau's resplendent highest peak. Immediately in front was an abyss, into which it was impossible to look from the slope of the snow; but close on both sides, and stretching far away to the left, there fell black precipices, to the foot of which the eye could scarcely penetrate; almost perpendicular walls of snow, requiring but the touch of an alpenstock to send them thundering down into the desolate ravines; and torn, hanging, jagged glaciers streaming wildly over to give themselves, in shattered, heaped up debris, as the perennial source of great rivers—

"The breath and blood of distant lands."

Lower down, beyond the Lauterbrunnen valley, the scene was dimmer. Huge glaciers, like the Tschingel, more slug-like than serpentine, filled up the larger valleys. A confusion of mountain summits, streaked with snow, lay round and beyond the Schilthorn, sinking into the great plain of Switzerland, which was bounded as with a grey bank of clouds by the distant Jura, or stretched afar into

"Interminable gloomy realms
Of swimming shadows and enormous shapes."

There was a most marked contrast between the resplendent glory of all the high Alps around and the dull vapoury grey of the lower regions. It required no effort of the imagination to conceive the grand mountains in their pure white robes, breathing that keen heavenly air, glorying in the sunlight,

"And visited all night by troops of stars."

gazing with the grandeur of simplicity into the realms of light beyond and above, scarcely conscious of the quagmire of lower earth, with its slug-like glaciers and teeming *pediculæ*.

It was curious to sit there and feel that a turn of the elbow might end one's earthly history, and start the spirit not only through the Gate of Avalanches, but also through the portals of the dark kingdom. Were it allowed us to choose the place for our departure, the snowy crest of a lofty mountain might suit the most fastidious of men. There is no impiety in the wish to die decently and calmly, undisturbed by violent pain, with kindly feelings for the world we are about to leave, and grand suggestions of the great eternity on which we are about to enter. Herder, when dying, asked his son for a great thought, that when the darkness of death had gathered round him he might feel that a greater life and light were there. What nobler resting-place could we have than the snowy slope of one of these Alpine summits! what grander suggestions than their mighty forms, the calm heavens above, and the innumerable hosts of stars! Even for a human spirit duly pre-

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pared, it would be a blessed foretaste of the greater life beyond, to sink gently to rest on a couch of pure white snow, with all the sentient forces of our mortal frame not torn asunder from the immortal spirit by the cruel edge of pain, but sweetly lulled to their eternal sleep by the pure mountain air. Ere the chill but pitying hand of death for ever stilled the beating of his sore troubled heart, the warm rays of the setting sun would illumine for him the misty plains of earth below. Not in anger, not in sorrow would he gaze, for the last time, on the scenes of his earthly life, but with tender remembrance of all the good he had met there, and with vast pity for the mighty failure of the human race. The darkening earth beneath would disappear, not in its own darkness, but in the rosy light of a greater world streaming over the rim of blackness, with departing promise of a more glorious day; and when that departed, his spirit would float into the music and the light of stars.

Looking *down* upon the glacier region of the Oberland, its ice and *névé* presented a very different appearance from that which they have at other points of view. Their connection was visible, and their living unity suggested itself to the mind; for the glaciers were seen, like torrents and cataracts, to stream out on every side from the vast elevated lakes of snow. A lake and a river system, however, though there was something of that about them, was not the idea which they most forcibly presented. They resembled not a little an enormous star-fish lying upon the mountains, lapping over and cautiously feeling downwards with its rays. Still more vividly they struck me as a gigantic distended white paw, with contracted claws dirtied towards their tips, which came out of the dark curtain of the sky and grasped firmly the Alps. Nor is this image merely fanciful, for out of the upper air there does come forth a power, inimical to all the forms of life necessary to man's existence, which holds the upper regions of the earth in its vigorous grasp, and which can defy the direct heat of the sun, though it shrinks before that heat reflected from the earth. And as that power recedes in summer and advances in winter, so in eras to be represented in hundreds or thousands of centuries it has had its greater periods of retrogression and advance—periods when it withdrew altogether into the expanses of the upper air, leaving Europe to enjoy the warmth of tropical seas and the clothing of tropical vegetation; or when it advanced in power, grasping all the mountains, filling up all the neighboring lakes, descending into northern seas, and pushing its glaciers far into the now sunny plains of Italy and France.

There are few theories which geology has so firmly established as the existence of a glacial period, when Europe was in great part covered with ice; and Sir Charles Lyell, at the meeting of the British Association last year, adopted the idea that that state of things was caused by the great African Sahara being at that time covered with sea, so that there was no Föhn or warm southerly wind to strike upon the Alps as now. M. Dove, however, a Swiss meteorologist, has vehemently combated this theory, and has published observations made in Africa and elsewhere, from which he argues that the winds from the Sahara do not strike Switzerland at all, but blow over in the direction of the Caspian. We understand the cause of the variation of the seasons, but that of the immensely grander winters and summers which the earth has experienced still lies in the regions of unverified hypothesis. It may, however, and all the more on that account, not be presumptuous to observe that that cause is more likely to be found in motions similar to those which make the yearly seasons than in mere changes upon the earth's surface. The sub-

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mergence of a vast desert by sea, the elevation of a mountain mass, and a change in the direction of the trade-winds, or of the Gulf Stream, would certainly have a great effect upon particular portions of the earth. But these changes would have themselves to be accounted for; and in the great geological eras of the past this terrestrial ball appears to have been in many periods so widely affected over its surface, as to suggest the idea that the change of Europe from a tropical to a glacial state must have been chiefly owing to changes in the earth's orbit in space, rather than to minor changes in its own crust. These latter changes, however, must, at certain times, have been terrific, both in their suddenness and magnitude. Geologists of the present day rightly assign an important place to gradual processes—such as the disintegration of rocks and the slow upraisal of large sections of country—as causes which have affected, and are affecting, the state of the earth's surface; but, undoubtedly, sudden great convulsions, as well as slow processes, have been at work. How gigantic must have been these processes! how tremendous the upheavals which threw up the Alps! We can scarcely form any idea of them from the recorded experience of the human race, even upon the Pacific coast of Asia; yet it is not difficult to conceive, in a manner, the terrific darkness and crash and uproar when these gigantic masses of rock were thrown wildly about, and the waves of air which they caused were sweeping furiously over Europe. How strange will be the feelings of the survivor, if survivor there be, of the next great catastrophe which occurs upon the earth, or overtakes it in its course! A Swedish astronomer is said to have remarked, when the eclipse he had calculated was a few seconds later than his calculation, and his secretary asked him what the world would say next morning if no eclipse appeared—"If it doesn't appear in a few seconds, there won't be a shred of this world left to-morrow." In such a case, however, it might well be that some shred of the earth might carry with it, uninjured, or almost so, some individual of the human race, and land him in some other star, where the conditions of life would not be absolutely fatal to his existence. Even a minor movement of the earth itself might destroy the human race, or leave only a few specimens of it. Some Frenchman has calculated that, within ten thousand years, the accumulation of ice at the South Pole will reverse the ends of the earth's axis, causing our star to turn across its axis, thus sweeping fields of ice and the great oceans over its surface. Yet it may easily be believed, from what we already know of the forces at work around us, that even such a convulsion would leave the earth still ready to teem with innumerable forms of life, and only be part of

"Some vast and general purpose,
To which particular things must melt like snows;"

for, after all, there is nothing more extraordinary in the crushing of a world than of a snow-flake, nor is the Power more mysterious which moulds these crystals of granular snow on which we rest above the Gate of Avalanches, than that which shapes in ether the crystal-like light of stars. The snow-flakes which descend on these lofty mountain-summits are themselves six-rayed flowers of most exquisite form, of a purity which shames the whiteness of the lily, and of a softness more delicate than the down of the most tender plant. Where this snow-couch on which we rest has a reddened hue, it is alive with millions of a little animalcule—the *Discerœa nivalis*—which has orange-coloured lips, and goes about walking with a little shell upon its tiny back, and increases after its kind. Even here, in these awful mountain solitudes, where the unaided

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human eye can discern no forms of life, life is teeming round. All nature, as it were, is travailing and groaning in its incessant conception, changing the fleeing mists into the snow-flowers; the snow-flower into the crystal; the crystal into the animalcule, and sweeping all these down to form the serpentine glacier and the life-giving, summer stream. As Goethe says in 'Faust,' "Die Sonne duldet kein Weiss,"—the sun suffers no white; and the snow-flowers must end in slush and mud, but without the mud where were the summer flowers and the autumn grain? We, too, are lightly shaken out of heaven's lap, and fall on earth, chasing each other in swift succession. Do we not see the whole earth strewn with such flakes, drifted into heaps in great cities, blown over desert sands, or floating for a moment only on the dark ocean? And ever, as centuries roll on, the sky darkens, and ever thicker and quicker they pour down to soften the rugged earth and fill it fuller of richness and power. The sun, too, shines over us all, over pure and impure, the evil and the just, till each life melts away under his hot beams and is trodden down into the great mass. But the sky is full of others. Through unknown ages the snow-storm has been filling up the valleys and whitening the mountain-peaks. Through the immeasurable abysses it snows stars; it may snow gods, or rulers of worlds; and ever, through the illimitable Kosmos, works the Divine Power, as I thus imitate from a German poet,—

Far through the depths of Being it is breathing,
Far o'er the starry sea!
In farthest zones its silent power is wreathing
The glories yet to be.

Far in the still unmeasured deep is sweeping
The procreative dream;
In light-sown space, beneath where stars are leaping,
Its budding glories beam.

It urges on the mighty fiery comets
With ceaseless, awful force;
And through the labyrinth of suns and planets
Pursues its silent course.

O'er yet unformèd earths its power is streaming,
And works, creative, young,
Till these are germing, fair and gladly beaming,
In measured motion swung.

Circling it leads the wandering blossom on
Through gently movèd airs;
And stamps, in secret caves, upon the stone,
The steadfast shape it bears.

Now each in godlike, mutual ardour keen,
To over-rival strives—
The water, the unfruitful too must green;
And every atom lives.

So with exotic life it is supplanting
The dull and humid night;
And over-coloured Paradise is granting
Its splendours to our sight.

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Till perfect light is seen, most richly glancing,
In many a late-born star;
No rival-striving, only joy entrancing,
And perfect love afar.

I was not at all sorry when the [illegible] reposed me; and after a [illegible] rest, we roped ourselves for the descent. It was then about one o'clock, and the snow had been much softened by the heat. Above the long slope we had to cross down to the Breuzberg were immense overhanging masses of snow looking in a very dangerous condition, as if ready to sweep us away into the [illegible]. I asked Ritz if these [illegible], and he answered, "Jeden [illegible] day." "This then," I said, "would be about the time of [illegible] them to do so;" and Ritz [illegible] adding, however, that we [illegible] perhaps be able to escape out [illegible] as they were falling. [illegible] perhaps he added [illegible] vielleicht." As [illegible] the spectacles on, [illegible] his eyes to dis- [illegible] thinking of; but [illegible] of the fate [illegible] noon, and of [illegible] whom he him- [illegible] an avalanche, [illegible] the dust of some [illegible] have but [illegible] the general pub- [illegible] make an ascent [illegible] are accused [illegible] accelerated the [illegible] mortal; but [illegible] they are in [illegible] wickedness [illegible] their lives. [illegible] well with [illegible] very good [illegible] the winter- [illegible] skilled in [illegible] but still I [illegible] the curious [illegible] proper [illegible] among [illegible] not end. [illegible] Bernese, [illegible] Fair [illegible], and [illegible] The Alps do not allow people to go about over them with entire impunity. In the year 1860 there were six fatal accidents among them. This year I have heard of ten persons being killed: four on the Matterhorn; Mr. Knyvett Wilson on the Riffelhorn: Mr. Bailey's porter on Monte Rosa; a German student on the Gross Venediger, who fell into a crevasse and was frozen to death before a long enough rope could be procured to extricate him; a newly-married lady, who was killed by lightning on the Schilthorn; and M. Hupner, of Dresden, together with the guide, Imfanger, who were killed by slipping on a snow-slope of the Titlis. The Chamouni guides are specially afraid of making ascents on saints' days; for on one of these occurred the fatal accident on the Col du Géant, and on another one of the guides, Tairraz, was swept away by an avalanche. They also do not like to miss early mass on Sunday; and from this same cause the Zermatt guides refused to accompany Mr. Whymper on his first search for the victims of the Matterhorn. The Bernese guides draw some very fine distinctions as to Sunday work. When I was at the Æggischhorn a discussion was held on this subject among them, and the conclusion come to was, that it was lawful to go over a pass on the Sabbath, but not to go up a peak. This distinction was advocated by the celebrated Christian Almer of Grindelwald, who argued that it was not their business to inquire too curiously into the motives of those who engaged them; that it was quite evident no one could have any sufficient reason for ascending a peak on a Sunday; but it might be safely assumed that the traveller who engaged them to go over a pass on that day was en-

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gaged on some work of necessity or mercy.

It was six at night, and dark, when we got back to the Faulberg Cave. Oh, the horror of that last ascent of 150 feet from the glacier! I was so knocked up and shivering with weakness, that I could not speak, and had to motion the guides to make me some tea. I had eaten nothing all day except a few prunes, and felt that I must either eat or die; but my stomach revolted at the bare idea of the stringy leg of mutton with which M. Wellig had burdened us, of the tough bread, and of hard eggs, without salt or pepper, these condiments having been left on the Jungfrau. A great effort of gastronomic genius was necessary, and there luckily come to my aid sundry recollections of experience in another hemisphere. It was necessary to make soup, and for that soup I determined to use *all* the ingredients at my command. I made Marti break the bone of the leg of mutton and produce some marrow; then the misanthropic iron pot was emptied of têa; and here, O weak-minded cooks! were the ingredients I put into it — water, red wine, mutton, marrow, hard eggs, cheese, bread, butter, honey and prunes. A sort of divine *furor* — a gastronomic inspiration — came over me, so that the quantity of each ingredient was most cunningly calculated. Never had I before tasted, never do I again hope to taste, such a glorious potage as this "Salmigondis à la Faulberg." It was not hunger that supplied the sauce, for I was so sick and weary that nothing but the most exquisite food could have roused my appetite. The red wine had diffused a warm fragrance through the whole mess; the cheese of Gruyères more than supplied the want of condiment, and some of it had been burned at the bottom of the pot so as to give a fine pungent flavour; the marrow served as the very finest stock, the mutton and egg had been cut to tenderness, and the mellowing honey gave unity to the whole. It was not only my eating which was the proof of this potage. Ritz had been looking with ill-disguised contempt at the whole proceeding; and, when I had finished, took up the pot with a sceptical leer, and tasted the remnant by aid of a cup, for we had no spoon. The very first taste, however, wrought an entire change in his opinions. Without saying a single word, he looked at Marti and handed the pot over to him. Marti tasted and looked eloquently at Ritz. Ritz looked at Marti; and straightway, without exchanging a single word, the two worthies fell to work to make a similar concoction. I am happy to say their combined efforts turned out a failure. That soup could no more have been repeated than "Paradise Lost" could have been rewritten. Under its soothing influence I was able to sleep the sleep of innocence and peace in my rocky hollow, and did not wake until morning was far advanced; and Ritz, whose services were no longer required, had departed.

Many years before, I had seen in May the setting-in of spring among the Alps—the loosening of winter's icy bands, the falling of enormous avalanches then to be seen everywhere, the great floods sweeping even rocks before them, the bursting forth of the brilliant vegetation, and the rejoicing of the cattle on a thousand hills as they were released from their long imprisonment. It was not so exciting, but still interesting, to watch winter in September slowly descending the mountains in waves of frost and snow; but while this process was completed among the higher Alps, there was lovely weather, like the Indian summer of America, upon the Lake of Geneva in October, and many of the vines were still bending with their clusters of grapes. That is the season to enjoy the loveliest lake of which Switzerland can boast—a lake associated

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with so many dear memories, and hallowed by so much immortal song. Well might Voltaire say—

"Mon lac est le premier! C'est sur ces bords heureux
Qu'habite des humains la Déesse éternelle,
L'âme des grands travaux, l'objet des nobles vœux,
Que tout mortel embrasse, ou désire, ou rappelle."

The most beautiful portions of the northern shore of this lake are now spoiled, in great measure, by innumerable grand hotels, small pensions, imitation châteaux, a railway, and crowds on crowds of people, both tourists and residents, who understand it little. The mere pressure of uninteresting philisters depresses the spirits, and prevents the free intercourse of those who would naturally draw together and interchange the feelings which its beauty is fitted to arouse. Utilitarian demands have cut away trees, leveled rocks, and destroyed all those finer features of a lake shore which are necessary to full enjoyment. One feels a painful sense of bizarreness and discrepancy on the Lake of Geneva; but to a less extent it was always so. Rousseau told us that its shores were designed for a Julia, a Clara, and a St. Preux, but that we need not seek for such characters there, because its inhabitants were of a totally different disposition. There is enough left in the general features of Lake Leman, and in the surrounding scenery, to suggest, in quiet moments, its singular charm, and to make us associate it with the aged Voltaire at Ferney, leaning on his staff, and still hot with his long, bitter, life-battle, vehemently declaring with his dying breath—

"Je veux le dire encore dans le royaume sombre,
S'ils ont des préjugés j'en guérir les ombres;"

with the youthful tender-hearted Rousseau on the shore at Vevay, sighing and weeping like a child, stopping to weep more at his ease, and sitting down on a stone that he might amuse himself by seeing his tears drop into the water of the lake, yet cherishing in his heart the indignant fire which kindled the revolutions of America and France; with Madame de Staël holding her little court at Coppet in defiance of Napoleon; with Gibbon walking by moonlight under the acacias, and looking down from Lausanne on the silvery sheen of the water after he had penned the last paragraph of his great History; with Byron voyaging round it in storm and in calm, murmuring the exquisite verse that has expressed its every feature; and with Shelley, of the sweet ethereal soul, dreaming, as he was rocked in his solitary skiff on its deep blue waves, of the destined hour, so swiftly on the wing, when his spirit's bark would be driven

"Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
Whose sails are never to the tempest given;"

and through the massy earth and spherèd skies he would be borne darkly, fearfully, afar into "the abodes where the Eternal are."

I had intended to spend Christmas at Chamouni, in order to see the high Alps in the depth of winter; but *la bise* became unendurable at Geneva, and it must be left to Prince Jerome Napoleon to describe his winter visit to the foot of Mont Blanc. One more reminiscence of Switzerland, and I have done.

I was fortunate in an opportunity of being able to realize the sudden difference between Lake Leman in storm and calm. One quiet day I went out from Ouchy alone, in a very small boat, more punt than skiff; and, rowing into the middle of the water, lay there till it was time to return for dinner. At that part the lake is a little more than six miles broad; and when I began to row leisurely back to Ouchy, I felt a cold wind strike my back, and looking down on the surface of

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the water, which a minute before had been smooth as oil, with a dreamy haze hanging over it, it appeared of an intense freshened rimpled blue. This was *la bise*, the north-east wind, which in autumn and winter sweeps down on the Lake of Geneva with terrific fury. It is often impossible to walk against it: and, later in the season, I saw it sink a boat lying at anchor before the Quai de Mont Blanc at Geneva, in a sheltered nook, protected by two piers, where the Rhone issues from the lake. At first I tried to pull through this wind, and gain the shelter of the Lausanne shore; but that effort was utterly futile, so there was nothing for it but to make over for the Savoy side, where I had not been before. A small white streak, that looked like a village, induced me to pull in that direction; but I was soon convinced that it would be better to husband my strength, and allow the wind to blow me where it listed. Those who have not experienced a storm on the Lake of Geneva may have difficulty in understanding how quickly, and to what extent, the waves rise; but it is well known that the effect is so great as often to cause a *seiche*, or upraisal of the water, at one part of the lake to half-a-dozen feet above its ordinary level. Before I got half-way from the middle of the lake to the Savoy side, the waves were running so high that it was difficult to keep the boat from sinking. In a sort of laughing glee they tumbled on, one after the other, increasing as they rolled. Their snowy tops combed over many times into the small skiff, and I had to watch them carefully, in order, by an effort with the sculls, to pull it out from under them, when they came on more turbulent than usual. In point of fact, I gave up the boat, slipped off my boots—than which nothing drowns a man faster—and calculated what it would cost, being disturbed only by a dreary vision of mercenary Swiss, who would make it out to be worth ten times its value. The advantage of being lost on a lake is the immense chance of your coming on shore somewhere or other. If you are driven out to sea, there is a wide stretch before you on which it would be rash to say what might happen; but on a lake I felt pretty sure that, with the aid of a scull, I should swim and float about until driven ashore somewhere, or some one picked me up. There was only a fine sense of loneliness about the position. The sky was darkening, and the superb blue underneath the snowy crests of the waves was darkening, for eve was approaching. In the direction of Geneva, a blood-red sunset, breaking sullenly through lines of heavy clouds, cast a troubled protesting light on the laughing blue-white waves, as an angry but not unfeeling man might glance askant at a laughing group. Above Lausanne there was a thin curtain of white cloud, with a circle in it of pale blue northern sky, through which *la bise* seemed to be pouring down, as through a funnel, upon the lake. The situation was very striking, and a kind of solemnity was imparted to it by a strange wailing cry which rose from the water close behind me. I looked quickly round, thinking it came from some drowning person, but nothing was to be seen upon the lake except the tumbling waves. All the vessels which had been floating on it before *la bise* came, each with its white sails stretching out on either side like the wings of a butterfly, had disappeared, having run for shelter; and not a single lake-bird was visible on the water or in the sky. I was perfectly cool, expecting nothing of the kind when this sound rose, and could not have been deceived in regard to it. The idea occurred to me, even at the time, that it might have been caused by air escaping from some wave which had suddenly curled over and imprisoned it; but this explanation was not very satis-

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factory, for the cry was long-drawn, most melancholy, and musical. Unlike anything I had ever heard before, it reminded me of the words of the old ballad of "The Demon Lover":—

> "And waesome walled the snow-white sprites
> Upon the gurlie sea."

Fortunately the wind blew me across to Evian, a small watering-place of Savoy, where there is a large stone breakwater for the protection of steamers landing passengers. An unknown lee shore is not pleasant to approach in a storm, in whatever craft you may happen to be; and on nearing the other side, where the waves were beating dangerously, I felt exceedingly thankful that I had not, on leaving Ouchy, turned back to ask a young lady to accompany me whom I had seen walking in the garden of the Beaurivage. When I reached the breakwater the waves were breaking upon the huge rough stones in such a way that they would have smashed the boat to splinters upon these in half a minute. As it was, I just managed to get safely round the corner of the breakwater into the stiller water behind, and to disappoint the expectation of two priests who were watching the adventure as if with some hope of having soon to administer the sacrament of extreme unction. On trying to rise in the boat I sank down again, finding that my limbs were paralysed for the moment by the long sitting posture and the cold wind; and a French *gendarme* immediately began scrutinising me in a severe and suspicious manner. There happened to be a second pair of sculls in the boat, and his eye, catching these, glanced on me interrogatively, as much as to say, "What have you done with the murdered man?" To the mind of this little Javert there was evidently something essentially wrong in an unknown individual thus suddenly emerging out of a storm and landing on the coast of France. At all events it showed a want of proper respect for the territory of a great nation, and he never lost sight of me until I recrossed the lake in a steamboat, leaving the skiff to follow when Madame la Bise would allow.

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CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART XX.

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

"You are requested not to speak to the man at the wheel." An admirable injunction this, and not the less likely to be obeyed that it addresses itself to the personal safety of those to whom it is directed. The man at the wheel has an important function to discharge, and highly necessary is it that he be left to the full and undisturbed use of all his faculties. He is not to be spoken to lest his attention be called off from his duties; he is not to be questioned lest he be led into conversation; but, above all things, he must not accept volunteer counsel and advice, nor any other guidance than such as the compass and his skill afford him. Now there is not one of us on his way to Broadstairs or Margate who would so much as dream of an infraction of this precept. We accept it as a command, and it would as soon occur to us to interrupt the Vicar in the First Lesson as to obtrude even a passing remark on "the man at the wheel."

Is it not somewhat strange, then, while we are so scrupulously delicate in our reserve on board of a river steamer, we are so free to obtrude our advice to the man who has the wheel of State, and holds the tiller that guides the whole Government of England?

Since Lord Russell has acceded to power there is scarcely a newspaper in the kingdom which has not addressed him in counsel, in warning, in menace, or in encouragement. Such admirable politicians are we, that we know all the advantages of the course we advise, and all the perils that beset neglecting it. We have told him that his Ministry must stand or fall by his honest fulfilment of the pledges of his whole political life—that Reform was the measure by which he earned his fame as a Politician, and by Reform will be tested his honour and character as a Minister. We have told him that the country demands this measure, and will have it—if not from him, from his successor; for we have pretty plainly hinted that there is another quite ready to take the wheel whenever he leaves it, and who already fancies it ought to have been his watch on deck long before this.

Others, almost as loudly, have said, "Don't touch Reform. Nobody wants—nobody asks it. All the support of the Radicals will not outweigh the opposition the measure will create, since all the Palmerstonian Whigs, semi-Tories as they are, will leave you whenever your attempt a policy it was the boast of their ancient chief to have quietly shelved and placed in abeyance. Their convictions, not the less than their respect for the memory of their late leader, will make them cross the House on the day you accept Bright as an ally."

Each declares his firm belief that if his counsel be not listened to, the Administration falls. It is not necessary to say by what admirable arguments these opinions are sustained, or how impossible it would be for a placeman not to yield to both.

This is talking to "the man at the wheel" with a vengeance! nor is it mere talking, but shouting, screaming, objurgating, and denouncing. "Mind what you're at, sir. That's not the channel before you—yonder's the buoy. There's the deep water. Take care, there—take care!

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You almost touched that time. Are you blind! don't you see that shoal? there are breakers over it this minute. Are you deaf? There's a thickset man, in a broad-brimmed hat, shouting like mad to you to bear up."

I confess that when I heard all this row and rumpus, I began to wonder what manner of man could hold the tiller, and keep his faculties cool in the midst of it. I bethought me, it is true, that he was no common person, and it gave me great comfort at the moment to remember that it was no ordinary seaman was steering us, but one of whom a great judge of human nature once said, he was "quite ready to take command of the Channel Fleet." This was very reassuring to me, I own, and I drew near him to watch his movements, and see what he would do in the difficult choice of the two channels before him. One of them had been buoyed by his predecessor—every sounding taken, and every shoal marked. There might be some murmuring if he were seen trending up the old course. But of the other the people spoke confidently enough—said it was safe, and so forth. The real truth was, nobody knew anything about it. Some Manchester men said the Yankees had done it, but we are never quite certain what Yankees have done, nor are we quite sure how they feel after it.

What will our pilot do now? was then the question that I asked of myself; for, of course, though he seems not to heed these counsels on every hand, he hears them all. I watched him closely and long. If he didn't look flurried and anxious, he certainly seemed less at his ease than usual. He had been for'ard, and had a talk with some of the crew, and it appeared that opinion was pretty equally divided as to which was the "right course." "I'll distract 'em a bit," said he to himself, and I overheard him. "I'll put the boatswain in 'the tops,' and I'll make the carpenter coxswain. I'll change all their watches—give them new stations, and they'll soon see they've got little time for grumbling. And as to the on-shore fellows that are watching me, I'll dodge them. I'll just paddle about here where I am—backing and filling, as we sailors call it. If they say, 'Why don't you put a head of steam on and push up?' I'll say, 'Wait a bit, the time aint just come for that. There will be spring-tides one of these days, and we'll have more water.' So long as I do this, neither will like to quarrel with me, for there's no saying to which side I might ultimately incline, and if either of them lose patience and become mutinous, the others are certain to help me to put them down. And if they presume to become bumptious and threaten me, I'll just say, 'Let us have a fresh survey of the whole coast. It's a matter of more than thirty years since any one took a sounding here; there has been plenty of drifting sand and mud-bank in that time.' Once we get a surveying ship in these waters," says he, with a grin, "it will be many a long day before she leaves it. It's a pleasant service, well paid, and no one to hurry you. And as *we* are in no great haste for the maps, they needn't break their hearts to furnish them."

"Of all things in the world," said he aloud, "there's nothing my owners like so much as 'caution.' We don't want to astonish the world with quick voyages; we're no American clippers, cracking on till the masts are bending like whips. And it is not alone that I have a valuable cargo on board, but a very agreeable ship's company—many of my mates my own family, and all of us on excellent terms. Let us, then, hang on till the weather clears—let us exercise the ship's company, drill the boys; and when we turn in at night, let us, above all, rest and be thankful."

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WHY IS ITALY EMBARRASSED?

If any gentleman with a moderate patrimony, and of reasonably careful habits, were suddenly to find that a considerable heritage was left to him, and a large estate on which stood several costly mansions, with ample outhouses, granaries, stables, and gardens, which not only required a number of people to keep in order, but on which, from time immemorial, vast quantities of hangers-on and lazy dependants had quartered themselves, not one of whom, for many reasons, could be summarily sent adrift,—I say, if there were such a man, the probabilities are that he would not deem himself peculiarly lucky, nor imagine that he had succeeded to any remarkable good fortune.

But if, in addition to all this, he discovered that throughout the whole estate there were scattered old dependants of the late proprietor, who believed or thought that their interests were much damaged by the new destination of the property—who fancied, perhaps correctly enough, that in the old days their gains were greater, and their peculation less looked into, and who consequently lent themselves to whatever could disgust the new owner with his wealth—it is still more likely that he would feel the bequest was no great benefit, and that, though nominally richer now, he was certainly a happier and more contented man in his former station.

And last of all, if he came to find out that most exaggerated expectations of benefits existed on the succession of the property to him—that all believed it was to be an Arcadia of plenty and idleness, with low rents and high wages—when, even to maintain the places, repair the damages of long neglect and wanton dilapidation, required not alone an increase of income, but a stringent economy,—it is only reasonable to conclude that he might have his doubts whether such prosperity as this was worth praying for.

Such, in a few words, is the condition of Italy. Every state of the Peninsula had a capital, and every capital a court, and it was to these, with all their dependants, that Victor Emmanuel succeeded when he became King of Italy. Now, let it be borne in mind that though the residence of royalty is not essential to the well-being of such cities as London or Paris—vast centres not alone of trade and commerce, but of territorial wealth and aristocratic splendour—it is an immense element in such capitals as Naples and Florence, which have derived no small share of their prosperity from the recourse of strangers, mainly induced by the attractions, the attentions, and the hospitalities of a court. Society in such places formed the centre of all prosperity. From the "world of pleasure" were derived all the channels that refreshed and enriched the "world of labour;" and if such were the case in Florence or Naples, how much more so in the small cities, like Parma and Modena, where the Court was everything?

All of those states had, besides their capitals, their courts of law, their public offices, and their universities, the various officials of which, long trained to peculiar customs and ways, could not be easily brought to unlearn the habits and adopt the modes of a country essentially foreign to them. It was not alone a question of weights and measures, of standards of value and of a coinage, but how were old traditions to be abrogated—old rivalries forgotten—old jealousies ignored? And, heavier again than all these, here were towns which aspired to be metropolitan reduced to the rank of mere villages, their importance obliterated, and their very existence menaced.

Take away from such a city as

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Modena, for instance, the bustle and movement that revolve around the palace of its prince, and what is left? It is in the revenues of the State returning to refresh the State, just as dew rises to descend in rain, that such places are maintained in fecundity. I don't want to pretend that this is a very healthful or admirable condition. I will not assert that a prosperity so fictitious is either safe or sound; but I take the world as I see it, and as I saw it last week at Massa Carrara, where once a Duke resided as the reigning prince, and where several handsome palaces yet attest the residence of a nobility, with a beautiful public Piazza, and gardens on every side laid out with taste and elegance; and what is it now? A grass-grown village, the pavement unsafe to drive over, ruin and dilapidation everywhere. The few inhabitants who remain seem poverty-struck and wretched—no stir, no movement of industry, silence and depression around, so that one might imagine he stood in a city from which the inhabitants had fled to escape a pestilence. In all likelihood Parma and Modena, before ten years have gone over, will be no better than Massa. These are possibly small prices to pay for great benefits: be it so; but they are grievances in another way, which I desire now to consider. All these small centres were vested interests with officials of various sorts and kinds. It was not merely an army of palace intendants and chamberlains, and grooms in waiting, and suchlike vermin of a court, but there were innumerable functionaries of state whose livelihood depended on the prince; and, last of all, there were the professors of the university, a class always too numerous in Italy, ill paid, little followed, and rarely held in high repute.

None of these could be thrown adrift on the world. A wise economy would, of course, reduce their salaries, but the same wise economy would convert them into rabid enemies of the State. How is he whose pay has been reduced from five thousand francs per annum to three —perhaps to two—to recognise in the new order of things greatness, prosperity, and splendour? How is the palace intendant, who strutted about his little capital with a dignity only short of his master's, to bless the advent of a period that turns him out of a palace to live in a little dreary lodging, and instead of ease and comfort, to confront penury and hardship? All the time that they grumble against the State, the State has to see them in the civil list—a heavy charge and a grievous weight on its resources.

Now, we all of us know that in our ordinary lives the men who circulate scandals, who propagate false rumours, and are, in fact, the mischief-makers of society, are not the busy, active, or industrious, but the lazy, lounging people of little means and much leisure. These are the men who sow discontent broadcast, and keep up in the world the perpetual murmur of discord that goes on through life. It is exactly the same in the State. Your half-fed official, or your ill-paid pensioner, is the *ex-officio* reviler of the country that supports him: he holds a brief for "the unsatisfied," and he studies it daily.

To burden your income to keep up a class who have no other occupation in life than to revile you is a sorry legislation, and it is what Italy is doing, nor can she help doing it.

The old courts of Tuscany and Lucca were overlaid with pensioners. They were of every class and condition—from the noble who drove four-in-hand to the cascini, to the fourth cousin of the cook who dressed the grand-ducal maccaroni. These all devolved upon the new kingdom. So that, in reality, when people talk of the burdens of the country, and advise the reduction of army and navy, the stoppage of public works, and suchlike,

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they are forgetting that the real ulcer which is eating into the bowels of the State is the overwhelming number of idle dependants who have come down as bad bargains from the former courts; the myriads of do-nothing people—a sort of lay priesthood, lazy, bigoted, disloyal, and intriguing, not a whit above their shovel-hat colleagues in either morals or intelligence. Now, if they were all that they are not to the new kingdom, in good faith, loyalty, and allegiance, they would still be a heavy burden on the country for which they do nothing. The eleven thousand virgins at Cologne are about as virtually useful to the cause of Prussia as the eleven thousand professors—that is the number—to the well-being of Italy. Italy wants one, or at most two, universities, and the mass of these lecturers with four hearers should be sent to seek their fortune in more busy careers.

As of the universities, so of the palaces. The first wise retrenchment will be to reduce the staff of idle men who, whether learned or unlearned, render nothing to the State. There is plenty of outcry against the friars—he would be a bold man who would say a word for a Benedictine or a Carmelite—but there is a class just as mendicant, just as lazy, and just as great an anachronism to our eye as any bare-footed Dominican of them all. These are the fellows I want to see discarded. The first Napoleon sent the monks to dig at the intrenchments of Antwerp—are there no shovels left for the ex-chamberlains of Lucca? can nobody find a wheelbarrow for the Master of Ceremonies at Parma? Let not the finance minister rack his brain for new subjects of taxation, or lie awake at night speculating what new burdens could be imposed upon the nation, so long as the revenues are squandered in this shameless fashion. I do not speak of the immense sums paid in secret service money, because Italy, like a borough member, has had to carry her election by bribery; and of all men the agents of corruption are least open to scrutiny. It is notorious how many of those who served the former governments in subordinate offices and with very moderate salaries, are now men of leisure, and means ample enough, in some instances, to afford even display. Is it necessary to ask how?

Italy, however, has not had merely to pay for a very expensive "contest," but she has had to maintain a mode of life intended to inspire a confidence in her future, and trustfulness in her permanence. Like a ship dressed for a gala, with ensigns floating and the yards manned, she still is obliged to have half the crew at the pumps to keep down a leak. She builds arsenals and dockyards, forts and breakwaters, at the very moment when her annual deficit is a third of her revenue, and when she is driven to sell her capital—the crown lands—to maintain another year of her outlay.

As for the people who say there is no avoiding a bankruptcy except by going to war, it is like advising an embarrassed country gentleman to escape from his difficulties by keeping a pack of hounds; and yet, incredible as it may seem, there is a war party in Italy, and a war party on grounds of pure economy. They maintain it to be cheaper to fight Austria than to support in permanence a large and costly army. In other words, they assert that one is more likely to be drowned in his "tub" than in the Atlantic.

Every contractor of public works in this country will tell you that the profits he expected to reap have been consumed by the inordinate number of inefficient and worthless people he has been obliged to maintain. Every one who has had a household here will tell you that his establishment is doubly as numerous as it would be in any other country, for the same amount of

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service. Every office of the State is over-manned; and wherever there is a functionary paid for any duty, there is attached to him an unpaid subordinate who lives by perquisites.

I have within sight of where I write this, a town gate at which a toll is collected on all articles that pass. By no possible contingency of traffic could this excise amount to twenty francs a day, and yet there are five men there now on a bench to collect this impost, three of whom are in very handsome uniforms, with a considerable amount of gold lace on their cuffs and collars.

I am no advocate for the friars. I am as much averse to their dirt, laziness, and general inutility, as any one; but I do think it hard that public indignation should be directed so intensely against these comparatively cheap humbugs, while the great swindles in high-heeled boots and embroidery should go free.

Our pension-list, in the old days of corruption and roguery, would seem a plausible estimate of public services if placed alongside of Italian officialism.

Had Cavour lived he might have had the courage to atttack this monster abuse. That there is another man in the Peninsula equal to the encounter I do not believe; and yet, till some energetic step be taken in this direction, the friends of Italy must be satisfied to hear the Chancellor of the Exchequer declare an annual deficiency of some millions sterling, and see the newspapers quote the five per cent stock at the modest figure of 64 and a fraction.

PROFESSIONAL AMENITIES.

Professional politenesses are very strange things; at least they appear so to the outer world, who know nothing of their springs of action, and who are ungifted with the instincts that suggest them.

In the walks of life where they are principally practised, the men who exercise these courtesies are cultivated, well-instructed persons, who well know that none of the ordinary amenities of society are denied them, but who feel that there is a species of peculiar civility, which it is their province to bestow, that confers far more honour and far more distinction on the recipient than a visit of ceremony, or an invitation to dinner.

That they hold these privileges very highly, that they deem them matter of great account, is not difficult to show. The parson, for instance, has a great and solemn duty towards his parishioners. It is not alone that there must be no shortcomings in his care of them —not enough is it that he must guide, chasten, encourage, and console; but he must take especial care that by no casual lapse in either word or deed he give cause for scandal, nor even open discussion on topics which it is his duty to affirm as sacred. In a word, to exclude from the ears of those who hear him the very faintest whisper of false doctrine, is his great care; and yet the almost instinctive politeness of this man is to offer his pulpit to a brother clergyman whom he meets for perhaps the first time, and hand over to him, for maybe an hour, the congregation which it is only fair to suppose he regards with the watchful solicitude and affection of a family.

Of course he knows that he who replaces him has given all the required guarantees of his walk in life, that he is an ordained priest. But after all, what does that vouch for in our present condition? Upon how many essentials of doctrine will "Exeter" agree with "Cashel"? What an ocean of distance separates Colenso from Carlisle! When the great humorist suggested tinting a map of England with one colour for the Cul-

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vinists and another for High-Churchmen, he never dreamed of a time when it should require every hue of the rainbow to designate the shades of doctrine, and when even certain opinions were so beautifully commingled that they should be represented by the process we see in a "shot silk."

The strangest part of all this is, that it is not in the less important duties of life we find men so ready to take a substitute. The painter, for instance, does not offer his brush and palette to the first colleague who enters his studio, and say, "Throw a little vigor into that Judas for me; tone down Moses a bit, he looks too lively in the bulrushes;" nor does that irresponsible creature, the novelist, ask his friend to finish a love scene, or polish off an affecting separation or a poisoning. And yet the surgeon, who has the whole care of a man's being—in whose hands, humanly speaking, are life and death—does the honours of his hospital to a distinguished foreigner, not merely by pointing out peculiarities of native practice, but actually offers the new-comer the knife, and invites him to perform a lithotomy, to remove a jaw, or tie a carotid, as the accustomed civilities of the place — attentions in which he would no more be wanting than in returning a call or inviting to his house.

In all this, the patient is no more thought of than was the parishioner. They are there to be made better or worse, as the skill and address of him to whom they are committed may determine.

I have myself seen the little coquetries of such a scene—not, I own it, without horror. I have witnessed the polite invitation to cut up a fellow-creature replied to by modest assurances, that "he would prefer looking on; that he was no stranger to the great address of his distinguished colleague," and so on; the compliments and apologies exchanged being pretty much what might have been bandied over the carving of a turkey. I forbear from alluding to the little clerical jocosities which go on in the vestry-room, but which are not one whit above the habits of "hospital practice." But I ask once more, Is not all this very curious and very remarkable? Is it not strange that the very highest responsibilities that can be imposed upon humanity do not suggest higher modes of action, and that men, with the weightiest cares upon their hearts, are ready to transfer their burdens to the first comer, little heeding whether his shoulders be broad, or his legs muscular?

Of one thing I am certain, there is no levity nor any thoughtlessness in this. The whole proceeds from an exaggerated estimate of a career. The profession is a priesthood, and he who once enters and officiates at the altar, has, in his own esteem at least, emancipated himself from the vulgar prejudices of the outer world, and learned to think and act with other motives and other instincts. The professional feeling is a far stronger and more powerful sentiment than the world deems it.

The individual man so merges in this sentiment that his personality is more than half effaced, and he comes not only to regard the world at large as something extraneous to him, but to refer all its doings, its thoughts, words, and works to the influences which move, and the instincts that inspire his own especial calling.

When the landscape-painter, on seeing the fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, exclaimed, "Well done, water, by Jove!" he simply expressed the highest professional estimate of the scene.

How actors bring everything to the meridian of the footlight we all know, and how little account they take of the actual events of life, when brought side by side with the unrealities of their own profession.

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The strongest instance, however, of the professional sentiment I have ever heard of, came under my notice a few days back. It was in a Roman newspaper, and ran to this purport: His Holiness the Pope, not content with writing an autograph letter to Madame Lamoricière, full of affectionate condolence on her husband's death, but also bestowed upon her—what think you? You will probably say, a pension to recompense the great services of the illustrious soldier?—a palace at Rome to reside in?—some priceless gem from the Vatican? None of these. The sentiment of his calling was too strong in his Holiness to descend into such mundane channels; his gift was infinitely more precious and more appropriate—he sent her the bones of a martyr from the Catacombs! It was unfortunately an unknown saint; but, with a tact that only the Church could inspire, and an *empressement* that bespoke the courtier as well as the churchman, he christened the unknown Christopher — Lamoricière's name—so that even in nomenclature was the gap filled up, and the measure of consolation rendered brimful.

I do not know whether ladies in general or widows in particular will agree with his Holiness, and think that a saint's bones are equal to a flesh-and-blood husband, and whether the happiness of a married life can be as well cared for by a denizen of the Catacombs as by a creature of this breathing world.

My concern here is simply with the Pope's part in the transaction. If his holiness takes a very exalted estimate of the consoling powers of saintly osteology, is it not clear that he takes a proportionately humble one of connubial bliss? If the Christopher of the Catacombs be not a worthy successor of the Christopher the General, the gift would savour of an unfeeling *plaisanterie*. Why recall the personality if not to replace it?

The well-known song tells us, with less gallantry than we like, that the "Pope leads a happy life," by reason of his celibacy; was his present on this occasion, then, a sly intimation of the fact—a gentle hint—that marriage was a sham—a poor thing—nothing in it? "I send you another Christopher; you'll see he'll just do as well as his predecessor." If the theory be correct—and far be it from me to impugn the justice of what emanates from such a source!—what a stock of consolation does it open to humanity, and what a real blessing to widows will his Holiness be!

Might it not, however, be a grave question in the present embarrassed condition of the papal exchequer, how far his Holiness was warranted in such munificence? The adage teaches us that generosity should follow justice; why not then utilise these martyrs? Every one might not be rich enough to buy an entire Christopher, but a humerus or a tibia might be brought within the means of even moderate fortune.

I have no doubt that they would be popular. I can even imagine the thousands of letters that would pour in from released affliction, vouching for the comfort they had obtained since they had availed themselves of "the bones;" and I can fancy the Cardinal Secretary coming into the share-market for a loan on the guarantee of a supply that, to use the language of Petroleum, "promises to be inexhaustible."

What a mass of "Testimonials" would cover Antonelli's table? What shoals of letters in the usual style!—"Since I have used the vertebræ your Eminence was kind enough to send me;" or, "Since the arrival of the blessed femora, I have found my rest at night considerably improved, and my appetite better;" or, "With the aid of the holy shin-bone I now take my usual walks," &c., &c.

Talk of Peter's pence indeed! Here is a mine of more than Californian wealth. The Catacombs are

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said to contain hundreds of thousands of saints only needing to be rechristened and distributed. Even should his Holiness not yield to the financial aspect of the question, can he reject the moral? Can he bring himself to lock up this fountain of unbounded consolation? Can he see widowhood around him in sorrow, and not offer the solace of even a false rib?

I don't believe it. I think he will be actually forced to become a comforter. If "Christopher" be a success, the Pope will be besieged with applications which he will not be able to resist.

One lesson the incident strongly impresses upon us, which is, that in making celibacy the rule of the Church, the priests do not, in their own estimation, impose upon themselves a heavy sacrifice. If all that the connubial state offers can be replaced by the Catacombs, the Pope is better off than the Sultan.

HIBERNIOR HIBERNICIS.

Ireland has the supreme satisfaction of knowing that she is "the Difficulty" of every administration. Whatever be the successes of Whig or Tory rule in home questions, with foreign relations, in India or the colonies, no sooner is St. George's Channel crossed than begin blunders, confusion, misunderstandings, and mistakes. Send over the most matter-of-fact and phlegmatic Saxon, let him be saturated with official forms and impregnated with all the spirit of bureaucracy, and in three months you will find him flighty, fanciful, irregular, and reckless; a regular gambler on events, and ready to take the odds for or against Dr. Cullen as if he were entered for the Derby.

The *genius loci* will prove too strong for the hardest head and the sternest heart that ever issued from Whitehall; and one has no more right to visit upon a man the indiscretions he may have committed in Ireland than to reproach respectable females and elderly gentlemen for the wild excesses they may have been led into under the influence of nitrous oxide gas.

O'Connell once said that young statesmen were sent to Ireland for their apprenticeship just as barbers make their boys practise their hands on the beggars, "No matter if you cut *their* chins" being the maxim that guided the precept. And of a truth there is a good deal of gapping and chin-cutting in Irish legislation, and one reason is that our barbers change their "boys" too frequently, and just as a young fellow is getting a little skill with his razor, he is called away to shave some one in England.

English officials are wont to complain of the almost impossibility of "getting at the truth" in Ireland. Now, they ought to be told that there is a vast deal of unintentional falsehood in the country. A great deal of what a Saxon would call untruth is simply the habit of answering what the speaker fancies will be agreeable to the hearer, and is no more meant as falsehood than the phrase "your very obedient servant" at foot of a letter.

But the impetuous march of the Celtic nature is itself so opposed to all English modes and ways that it is set down as unreal, and poor Pat's exaggerations are assumed to be rogueries. Setting an Englishman to deal with Irishmen in Ireland is the old story of the dog and the fish—neither can live in the other's element, and the mere attempt is ruin to both.

I can forgive Saxon mistakes—I can easily pardon the man of no imaginative flights, no traits of fancy, for his errors in dealing with those who, whatever the stern realities of their lives, will still dash their destiny with bright colours of hope, rich hues of aspirations, as

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fleeting as cloud-lines; but what I cannot forgive is the pretension of certain Englishmen to rule Ireland through her weakness—to make her faults minister to her subjection, and, by affecting what they deem a Celtic spirit, think to cajole us into the impression that our nationality is being indulged.

The Whigs have long been famous for this; not unnaturally, perhaps. They are the charlatans of statecraft, and no wonder if they employ quack remedies. All their Viceroys, nearly all their Secretaries, have been appointed with this view. Did it never occur to the wise rulers in Downing Street, that sending humbugs to Ireland was not only sending coals to Newcastle, but sending very bad coals too—coals that gave more smoke than fire, and very soon became "slack" besides?

Similia similibus curantur may be very good homœopathy, but it is sorry legislation; and trying to manage Ireland by out-blundering her—trying to rule the country by knocking one mistake against another, as billiard-players make cannons—will scarcely add to the safety of the empire or its greatness.

We are told that at this moment we are on the brink of a very formidable outbreak; widespread organisations have been detected, and preparations for a rising, which, however we may despise them on the score of completeness, are quite sufficient to suggest faith to a population far more impulsive than logical, and ever more prone to risk an adventure than to drag on lives of dreary monotony.

One would imagine that a government warned by the recent history of Europe, might easily take the alarm at such a prospect, that every precaution would be instituted, increased activity in the public service prevail, and whatever resources the country could command would be immediately called forth for such an emergency. Far from it. This is the moment they have chosen for a bit of "Irish legislation."

See what has occurred! To effect a petty saving in the maintenance of a few policemen, we have suffered the chief Fenian, Stephens, to make his escape from prison. We were told that this man was the very head and front of the conspiracy, and we were called on to commend the zeal and activity by which the Government tracked him out, followed, and apprehended him; and we were profuse of our praises thereat, and we said, Blessed be Strong, for he is a great chief, and very valiant are the men who serve under him.

Stephens, however, showed no faint-heartedness—he laughed at the accusation, and he refused a legal adviser—his faith was in something more potent than an attorney, and he was right. We would not spend ten shillings extra per diem to watch him, but we are quite ready to give a thousand pounds for his recapture. Is not this the Humane Society over again? Nothing to prevent the drowning, anything for the restoration.

Talleyrand once said, I believe in allusion to our colonies, The English never value anything till they lose it. I suspect he was right. This is singularly the case with our felons: we feel for them just as the Humane Society does for a drowned man; so long as he lived in safety he had no manner of interest for us, he inspired no anxieties, he suggested no trial of skill; at the thought of losing him, however, all our susceptibilities are awakened, we send right and left for stomach-pumps or policemen as it may be, and we act as if his recovery were a very condition of our existence. I quote the Dublin 'Evening Mail' of the 25th November, which says—"The twenty-five policemen to whose safety the jail was intrusted were yesterday reduced to three! and even these three were

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placed in such a situation as to be perfectly useless. By whose order was the change made? who are responsible for it? why was it permitted?"

That the prisoner could not have made his escape without concert and connivance is self-evident; and I really believe the public are entitled to the fullest and most searching investigation as to where, and in what quarters, that concert and connivance extended. I do not know, at the distance at which I write these lines, where or to whom suspicions may attach. I cannot follow the inquiry, after the lapse of days, but I cannot help lamenting how often it has occurred to a Government in difficulties like the present to have caught a man they had rather have missed—just as fishermen now and then find an ill-looking monster in their nets that they are only too glad to be rid of. Was Stephens a dog-fish? Was he a creature that nothing could make marketable? Were Mr. Nagle's talents—I trust I spell the informer's name aright—overtaxed? was he called on for more than a respectable gentleman in his line should be asked for? and had he struck work and refused to identify another Fenian at any price? was the whole incident a got-up thing to show how mildly, how mercifully, and how paternally Ireland was governed, and that not only were men suffered to spout treason at will, but that, when imprisoned, the very gates were unguarded, and you might drive through Kilmainham as easily as O'Connell said he could through an Act of Parliament.

Some years back a Viceroy of Ireland attempted a great stroke of popularity. He made a sort of royal progress through the kingdom, and, as he went, he visited the jails and liberated certain prisoners—not great criminals, doubtless, but still men on whom the law had pronounced its fiat, and who had been sentenced to punishment. The Viceroy, however, took a view higher than mere legality could have afforded. He looked into human nature, a volume that was in circulation before Blackstone. He saw himself in a land of incongruities, where anything was possible and nothing certain. He perceived that, somehow or other, English institutions and English habits made but little progress in the country; that repression did not keep down, nor beneficence elevate; and that from no possible line of action could an exact result be predicted, and so he bethought him to try a little illegality. He did it, I must say, in the spirit of a thorough gentleman, as he was. It was in the same temper as, had he found himself in a party of small squires, he would have mixed himself a tumbler of whisky-punch and not occasioned dismay in the company by asking for claret. He said, "The Irish will like this; there is a dash of inconsistency about it that will take them. It is so generous, so lawless, so irregular, and so totally indefensible, it cannot but please them."

There were various opinions at the time, as to the success of the policy. I will not go back to these discussions. I may mention, however, that at the period I speak of the "Castle" receptions were almost entirely deserted by the highest classes in Ireland, and the levees and drawing-rooms only frequented by a very second-rate society, who had never in any former time thought of appearing at court.

It was at one of those very motley assemblages with a more than usual sprinkling of a *tiers état*, that the Viceroy chanced to enter upon the popular topic of the day—his recent jail deliveries. Addressing himself to Chief-Justice Bushe, he attempted an explanation of the policy, based upon peculiarities of the Irish character, and suchlike; and wound up by saying, "Of one thing I feel assured—the men set at liberty have been touched by

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the kindness, and they are very grateful." "Yes, my lord," said Bushe; "I am sure you have their gratitude. I think I see a great many of them here to-night."

When we remember what Whig rule always has been in Ireland—alternate insult and conciliation—a Durham letter to-day, a denunciation of parsons to-morrow—who is to say that the present performances at the Richmond Bridewell are not a great stroke of statesmanship? Instead of the cry of Ireland for the Irish, our rulers have read the motto backwards, and declared, something "Irish for Ireland."

The English boast is, that no man need criminate himself, and that the law of England actually surrounds a prisoner with a triple line of protection; but how much more generous is the Irish practice, where he need not go to trial at all!

I would say to my countrymen at this trying moment, Do not press too far on British generosity; make no exaggerated demands on English liberality; remember what happened before. You asked so urgently for equality, that they gave you the income-tax. If you show yourselves importunate now, who knows but they'll put locks on your jails?

The measure may fail; in Irish legislation nothing is certain; but I maintain that the escape of the Head Centre was a grand stroke of Whig policy—it was conciliation.

Conciliation was a Whig invention, and they have reason to be proud of it. They have conciliated the Romanist clergy into being the most insolent and exacting corporation that ever defied a government, and they have conciliated the people into a rebellion.

Let any stranger take up the newspapers of a few days ago, and will he be able to say who is the ruler and who is the rebel in Ireland? Here it is the Queen *versus* Luby, and there it is Luby *versus* the Queen's representative—charge and cross-charge. Which is the thief? which the Justice?

What comparison between the Viceroy who made jail-deliverers of faction-fighters and small misdemeanants, and him who presents high treason with a skeleton-key, and sends off the supernumerary policemen lest evasion might be detected? Is not this a bid for popular favour that even the old Whig rulers of Ireland never dreamed of? I have seen a Viceroy with a shamrock in his hat; but the Viceroy that guards Fenians with a Fenian—that sets rebellion to watch rebellion—leaves him miles behind.

What a new argument in favour of an Established Church might be found in the fact that we pray for a Lord-Lieutenant every Sunday, and for the Lords of the Council, that they may be endowed with grace, wisdom, and understanding—and, of a verity, the two last-named gifts we may safely continue to implore on their behalf. A very limited bestowal of such precious endowments might have saved the country from the disgrace it is now enduring.

If you abolish the Protestant Church in Ireland, what security is there that any one will persist in asking for these blessings? and are you quite certain, from your present experiences, that our rulers can dispense with them?

The newspapers favoured us a few days ago with a very severe censure on a certain aged Judge on the Irish bench, recalling to him, in terms certainly of little courtesy, the various reasons by which he was bound to resign his office and retire into private life. It was not very difficult to trace that the counsel was given in the interest of his probable successor, and that the advice was prompted by the posibility that the gift of a high office might devolve upon another Cabinet were the Chief-Justice to delay his retirement.

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In their eagerness to prove its charge against the judge, the papers quoted paragraphs from Irish journals indicating the unwillingness of suitors to submit their claims to the failing intelligence of a man so old, and declaring that barristers almost refused to plead before one who confounded plaintiff with defendant, and who, "while clients are bewildered and counsel in despair, attempts a decision which it is in vain to attempt to understand, and which no one pretends to respect."

Might it not be—I merely offer it as a suggestion—that the Government, seeing how powerless they were to persuade the old Judge to retire, have resolved on shelving him, as it were, by giving him no prisoners to try? You may open the Term, my lord, but we'll open the Jails. You may file an indictment, but we'll file off the handcuffs!

This may prove a home-stroke. A Chief-Justice with nothing to do may grow ashamed of inactivity; it is only a Bishop *in partibus* that can take a salary without a see.

We certainly live in hopeful times; we cannot keep a rebel in jail, and we cannot keep Mr. Bright out of the Cabinet. For my own part I wish him there, just as, *more Hibernico*, I like a row, for I know well he'll not be the only "Quaker" in the Ministry.

As to Stephens, let us find out, if we can, how he made his escape. It will be a great scandal, doubtless, if we discover that men high in station, of rank and influence, were his aiders and abettors; but if only my pleasant and witty friend Corny Cornellion be not implicated, I care very little for what may attach to John Lord Wodehouse, Mr. Maguire, or Daniel Byrne!

I am told that Sir Robert Peel was actually "bullied out of Ireland;" is it not just possible that Stephens might have the same complaint to make? Who knows how uncomfortable his late position may have been, and how imperative he may have found the necessity of "resigning"?

P. S.—An astute friend to whom I have read over these lines dissents *in toto* from my opinion. His theory is, that Stephens having been already captured at the price of £300, he will certainly "draw" a thousand at his next capture. "Have you not observed, Cornelius," says he, "that the dog-stealers are the dog-finders? An old lady's poodle is sometimes worth from forty to fifty pounds per annum, and I remember a Skye terrier that kept a small family with great respectability. Take my word for it, he'll be caught and re-caught repeatedly during the winter. 'A handsome reward and no questions asked,' is a bribe not to be resisted in a poor country, and with beef at eighteenpence a-pound."

My friend may be right, and we may live to see a clause in the Budget "for the capture of Head-Centre Stephens," just as we see an hospital grant, or sum applied for the Hook Lighthouse.

"EX OFFICIO" HOSPITALITIES.

About the very dreariest things in life are *ex officio* hospitalities. The Court ball, the Ambassador's reception, or the Banker's soirée, are, each and all of them, purely detestable. Between the host who must ask, and the guest who may come, what bond of union can there be? Kings make little effort to conceal their weariness—weariness that at times goes to utter disgust—at these gatherings. Ambassadors limit their courtesies and smiles to their colleagues and colleagues' wives; and it is only the Bankers—mind I am talking of

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Continental life—who do the honours of the occasion; honours strictly graduated by the guests' "credit," and varying with the vacillating fortune of the "Exchange."

Go where you will, and nobody will confess to like these mobs; for mobs they are. Every one will tell you that the whole thing is a bore, a nuisance—that the rooms are crowded with rabble—that the air is stifling, the scene a bear-garden, and the supper-room a row in a fair; and yet none of these "plaintiffs" will not be found engaged in the next "suit" that comes of—still bored, suffocated, famished, and disgusted, but still there.

If a man were in the discharge of some duty as a citizen—if it were a case of philanthropy—if the occasion were one where his presence gave support and his counsel gave courage, all this would be intelligible; but here is a vast concourse, from which any but the very highest might absent himself without remark; a heaving mass of all sorts and conditions of men, which none need frequent against his will, and yet here we find him day after day, year after year, swearing, sweltering, and declaring that, short of a penal settlement, he knew nothing like a "rout." The aggregated force of this discontent—a discontent that pervades every salon and every boudoir—must surely swell the sense of dreariness, which is the appropriate spirit of these meetings. You go to be bored, and you are never disappointed. There can be no society; there can be no conversation in such places. The onward movement of the dull current gives time for only a word or two; and if you would escape being flat, your only resource is to be ill-natured. An epigrammatic impertinence on your neighbour's wig or his wife's turban, is all that is left you, unless you may have reached the buffet, and can sneer at your host's sherry.

Is it not strange to think that this amorphous gathering of oppressed spirits and jaded minds has in it all that a great city contains of beauty, wit, eloquence, and fancy; that here are the most engaging women and the pleasantest men, but so saturated with dulness that they are sick of themselves and of each other? Is it over-dilution with stupid people does this? Do the dreary dogs so impregnate the air with their dulness that the smart fellows are asphyxiated? Or is it some strange magnetism by which matter gets the mastery over mind, and the Dundrearies are enabled to swamp the men of intellect.

I confess myself unable to answer this question. Not that of late I have turned attention to the topic, for how the world wears in respect to its great gatherings, I only know at second hand. I am told that they are pretty much what I remember them, and the tidings suggest no ambition to corroborate them.

The tendency of society is unquestionably more in the channel of these assemblages than in favour of smaller gatherings and more intimate reunions. As we travel, so do we associate. The train is the type of the salon. The taste of the day is to know every one—to be familiar with very few. There is certainly a degree of breadth and freedom gained by this practice; but at what a loss of happy geniality and pleasant humour!

That when the world grew richer it should grow stupider does not surprise me. There is a weight and importance about great wealth that would sink the lightest, gayest spirit that ever floated in life's ocean. What brilliancy of fancy ever enabled a man to soar above his scrip and his share-list? All the millionaires I have ever met were men of deep depression; and in their tone of gloom and despondency they have often satisfied me with a condition which, whatever

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its causes for anxiety, has had none on the score of plethora!

It is not a very grateful admission, but I am afraid it is a true one, that prosperity favours dulness, and that as we grow in riches we grow in stupidity. A certain amount of wealth is a necessary adjunct to society. Nay, the world of pleasure is not the worse for having an occasional Cræsus in its circle, whom nobody asks to be witty, but only to be hospitable—but this once attained, the converse of the world needs no more; and when Florence was the most brilliant capital of Europe, there were not three large fortunes in its society; and to go back farther, to Dresden in its days of wit and splendour, the festivities were sustained by men of moderate means, but of immense personal resources.

Courts have a right to be dull. They could not be dignified if it were otherwise. A witty Polonius might destroy a monarchy. Embassies, too, are dreary; they represent the sovereign, and they are necessarily slow. Besides this, we in England have a happy choice in the men we select; we take them as they take the heavy fathers in comedy—for their gravity of aspect, their ponderous presence, and their splendid mediocrity.

When we do chance upon a man whose social agreeability and brilliant gifts raise him above his fellows, and make him sought after and admired, we begin to suspect him to be un-English, and make him retire on a pension.

Now, in America, these monster receptions are all in keeping. Every thing there—trees, rivers, oysters, and hotels—is Brobdignag. Five hundred sit down of a morning to scrambled eggs, corn-bread, and chicken fixings, as a small select party, and a bar with two hundred "gentlemen" liquoring-up is a mere knot; but we are not so gregariously given, nor do we see anything to imitate in the White House and its Presidential levees.

I am not surprised that the minister or the envoy likes to include a thousand people, and make one night serve to receive all his acquaintances in a city. Like an election candidate entertaining his constituents, he is glad to have got them all in the one draw of his net. What I really wonder at is that there are people who take these invitations as courtesies, and who respond to them by going.

To more than three-fourths of the company the host is unknown; and as for the hostess, she sweeps by her guests as she would by the strangers in the *foyer* of the opera. They are there *de droit*—that is, they have had a foreign office letter, or somebody of a rank like their own has presented them, or they have left their cards so often and so persistently that they have at last been invited; and if they like the honour it is their affair, not mine.

The headache after a debauch is the *vendetta* that morality insists upon, but the next mornings after these routs are perhaps the only true compensations of that much-neglected, pushed-about, and ill-used class of people for all their agonies of the night before. They like to recall the fine people whom they know by name, to chronicle their looks, their dress, their chance words, if by an accident they have heard them. The importance conferred by being supposed to be in a certain "set" reconciles vast numbers of people to the indignities they suffer when in it. I remember once seeing a very humble supplication addressed to an ambassadress for a ticket for one of her balls, the writer pledging herself not to make use of the privilege, but only profit by the display of the card on her chimneypiece. Snobbery can scarcely go much further than this!

It is the rigid discipline of class in England—that strict observance which limits a man to associate

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with his own exact equals in fortune, station, and pursuits—that turns the heads of our people when they come abroad. Like the cheap rum in Jamaica, making the newcomers drunkards, the cheap nobility of the Continent intoxicates the freshly-arrived Bull, and makes him fancy that he has got a private entrance and a latch-key into the high society of Europe. The overgrown receptions I have spoken of fill the measure of his bliss, and to find himself in the room with grand cordons and crosses is something little short of ecstasy.

Now, the awe and deference inspired by a great house impresses these visitors sufficiently to render them very quiet, very unobtrusive, and very inoffensive at "the Minister's;" but see them at the Banker's, where they come to take their "seat and the oaths," as it were—where they enter by right of their circular notes or "their letter from Drummond's." There they come out in their strongest colours—loud in talk, free of criticism, and candid in reprobation. Are these gatherings society? Is there aught to be learned from these mobs other than a dread of one's species?

I do not want to close the doors to such assemblages—I seek not to limit the happiness of those who like these meetings. There are fortunately in life diversities of taste enough to make the world wide enough for us all; but I do insist that these things be not palmed off upon me as society. I will not take these greenbacks for gold.

If I do not like my Banker's receptions I delight in my Banker himself. As I seldom go to a theatre, he recompenses me for the loss. He is the most dramatic of men—his bustle, his importance, his bursting self-conceit, his mingled mysteriousness and dash, his splendid familiarity with millions, and his accurate appreciation of sixpences. What an air of well-to-do surrounds him! You think him purse-proud, but you recant at once and actually deem him humble, for what could not one so rich and so affluent do if he but liked it? I have retired from an audience of a king unimpressed with his greatness, but I can aver I have never left my Banker's presence without feeling that there must be more in money than mere value—that there must be some subtle essence of power in its touch; that it must impart to those who deal in it some magnetism of greatness—else how should I stand in such awe of that "Priest of the Exchequer," and wait so reverentially for his benediction on my bill?

I have but one grudge against him. So long as he lives there will be monster parties. While he survives, dinners of five-and-thirty, and evening parties of eight hundred, will continue to be given; and in both one and the other the usages of society are so imitated as to have the unpleasant effect one experiences on witnessing at the Adelphi the travesty of Ristori by Paul Bedford.

I'd rather pay a little more for "commission" and escape the "company."

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MEMOIRS OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, BY HEROS VON BORCKE, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

PART V.

THE EXPEDITION INTO PENNSYLVANIA—LIFE AT "THE BOWER" DURING GENERAL STUART'S ABSENCE—THE GENERAL'S OWN REPORT OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE day came, the 9th of October, and with its earliest streakings of light the bustle of preparation for departure. Arms were cleaned, horses were saddled, and orderlies were busy. About eight o'clock the bugle sounded to horse, and soon afterwards I, and the rest of my comrades who had been left with me behind, saw, with great depression of spirits, the long column disappear behind the distant hills.

We determined, however, with a soldier's philosophy, to accept the situation, and to forget our disappointment by indulging, as much as was compatible with the performance of duty, in rides, drives, shooting, and social visiting at "The Bower." So I resumed my field sports with very great success, except in respect of the turkeys, often accompanied by Brien, who was an excellent shot.

I had now also the satisfaction of greeting on his return to headquarters my very dear friend and comrade, Major Norman Fitzhugh, who had been captured, it will be recollected, near Verdiersville in August, and had spent several weeks in a Northern prison. There was much for us to talk over of life and adventure, of success and disaster, joy and sorrow, vicissitudes which had been brought about rapidly in the progress of the war during our separation. Fitzhugh had been pretty roughly handled at the beginning of his captivity, and the private soldiers of the enemy that took him—provoked, probably, by his proud bearing—had ill-treated him in the extreme; but he soon met officers whom he had known before the war in the regular army, and afterwards fared better.

On the 10th arrived Major Terrel, who had formerly served on General Robertson's staff, and was now under orders to report to General Stuart, and we had again a pleasant little military family at our headquarters.

From General Stuart we heard nothing for several days. There were some idle rumours, originating doubtless with the Yankee pickets, that he had been killed, that his whole command had been dispersed, captured, &c. Though we certainly did not in the least credit this nonsense, we were yet not without a good deal of anxiety as to the result of the expedition; and as I was under the necessity, in any event, of inspecting our line of outposts, I rode on the 12th to Shepherdstown, in the hope of obtaining some more trustworthy information. Here I received the earliest tidings of the General's successful ride through Pennsylvania, the capture of Chambersburg, and his great seizure of horses, and also learned that our daring band of horsemen was already on its rapid return to Virginia. I availed myself of the opportunity while in Shepherdstown of paying my respects to Mrs. L., by whom and the other ladies of her household I was welcomed with the utmost kindness.

On the morning of the 13th General Stuart arrived again safely at "The Bower," heralding his approach from afar by the single bugler he had with him, whose notes were somewhat oddly mingled with the thrum of Sweeney's banjo.

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Our delight in being again together was unspeakable, and was greatly enhanced by the glorious issue of the expedition. Many prisoners had been taken; he had secured large numbers of horses and mules, and he had inflicted great material damage upon the enemy. All my comrades had mounted themselves on fresh horses, and they came back with wonderful accounts of their adventures across the border, what terror and consternation had possessed the burly Dutch farmers of Pennsylvania, and how they groaned in very agony of spirit at seeing their fine horses carried off—an act of war which had been much more rudely performed for months and months, not to mention numberless barbarities, never sanctioned in civilised warfare, by the Federal cavalry in Virginia.

General Stuart gave me a gratifying proof that he had been thinking of me in Pennsylvania, by bringing back with him an excellent bay horse which he had himself selected for my riding.

As I am fortunate enough to have General Stuart's own official report in MS. of this memorable enterprise among my papers, I give it here, in the belief that the reader will be glad to follow our horsemen upon their journey in the words of the dashing raider himself.

HEADQUARTERS, CAVALRY DIVISION,
October 14, 1862.

"To General R. E. LEE,

"Through Colonel R. H. Chilton, A. A. General, Army of Northern Virginia.

"Colonel, I have the honor to report that on the 9th inst., in compliance with instructions from the Commanding General, army of Northern Virginia, I proceeded on an expedition into Pennsylvania with a cavalry force of 1800 men and four pieces of horse-artillery, under command of Brig.-Gen. Hampton and Cols. W. H. F. Lee and Jones. This force rendezvoused at Darkesville at 12 o'clock, and marched thence to the vicinity of Hedgesville, where it camped for the night. At daylight next morning (October 10th) I crossed the Potomac at M'Coy's (between Williamsport and Hancock) with some little opposition, capturing two or three horses of the enemy's pickets. We were told here by the citizens that a large force had camped the night before at Clear Spring, and were supposed to be *en route* for Cumberland. We proceeded northward until we reached the turnpike leading from Hagerstown to Hancock (known as the National Road). Here a signal station on the mountain and most of the party, with their flags and apparatus, were surprised and captured, and also eight or ten prisoners of war, from whom, as well as from citizens, I learned that the large force alluded to had crossed but an hour ahead of me towards Cumberland, and consisted of six regiments of Ohio troops, and two batteries under General Cox, and were *en route*, *via* Cumberland, for the Kanawha. I sent back this intelligence at once to the Commanding General. Striking directly across the National Road, I proceeded in the direction of Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, which point was reached about 12 o'clock. I was extremely anxious to reach Hagerstown, where large supplies were stored, but was satisfied from reliable information that the notice the enemy had of my approach, and the proximity of his forces, would enable him to prevent my capturing it. I therefore turned towards Chambersburg. I did not reach this point till after dark in a rain. I did not deem it safe to defer the attack till morning; nor was it proper to attack a place full of women and children without summoning it first to surrender. I accordingly sent in a flag of truce and found no military or civil authority in the place; but some prominent citizens, who met the officers, were notified that the place would be occupied, and if any resistance were made

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the place would be shelled in three minutes. Brigadier-General Hampton's command being in advance, took possession of the place, and I appointed him Military Governor of the city. No incidents occurred during the night, throughout which it rained continuously. The officials all fled the town on our approach, and no one could be found who would admit that he held office in the place. About 275 sick and wounded in hospital were paroled. During the day a large number of horses of citizens were seized and brought along. The wires were cut and the railroad obstructed, and Colonel Jones's command was sent up the railroad towards Harrisburg to destroy a trestlework a few miles off. He, however, reported that it was constructed of iron, and he could not destroy it. Next morning it was ascertained that a large number of small-arms and munitions of war were stored about the railroad buildings, all of which that could not be easily brought away were destroyed—consisting of about 5000 new muskets. pistols, sabres, and ammunition; also a large assortment of army clothing. The extensive machine-shops and depot buildings of the railroad and several trains of loaded cars were entirely destroyed. From Chambersburg I decided, after mature consideration, to strike for the vicinity of Leesburg as the best route of return, particularly as Cox's command would have rendered the direction of Cumberland, full of mountain gorges, exceedingly hazardous. The route selected was through an open country. Of course I left nothing undone to prevent the inhabitants from detecting my real route and object. I started directly towards Gettysburg, but, having passed the Blue Ridge, turned back towards Hagerstown for six or eight miles, and then crossed to Maryland by Emmettsburg, where, as we passed, we were hailed by the inhabitants with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. A scouting party of 150 lancers had just passed towards Gettysburg, and I regretted exceedingly that my march did not admit of the delay necessary to catch them. Taking the route towards Frederick, we intercepted despatches from Colonel Rush (Lancers) to the commander of the scout, which satisfied me that our whereabouts was still a problem to the enemy. Before reaching Frederick, I crossed the Monocacy, and continued the march throughout the night, *via* Liberty, New Market, and Monrovia, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, where we cut the telegraph wires and obstructed the railroad. We reached at daylight Hyattstown, on M'Clellan's line of communication with Washington, but we found only a few waggons to capture, and pushed on to Barnesville, which we found just vacated by a company of the enemy's cavalry. We had here corroborated what we had heard before, that Stoneman had between four and five thousand troops about Poolesville and guarding the river fords. I started directly for Poolesville, but instead of marching upon that point, I avoided it by a march through the woods, leaving it two or three miles to my left, and getting into the road from Poolesville to the mouth of the Monocacy. Guarding well my flanks and rear, I pushed boldly forward, meeting the head of the enemy's force going towards Poolesville. I ordered the charge, which was responded to in handsome style by the advance squadron (Irving's) of Lee's brigade, which drove back the enemy's cavalry upon the column of infantry advancing to occupy the crest from which the cavalry were driven. Quick as thought Lee's sharpshooters sprang to the ground, and, engaging the infantry skirmishers, held them in check till the artillery in advance came up, which, under the gallant Pelham, drove back the enemy's force upon his batteries beyond the Monocacy, between which and our solitary gun there was a

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spirited fire for some time. This answered, in connection with the high crest occupied by our piece, to screen entirely my real movement quickly to the left, making a bold and rapid strike for White's Ford, to force my way across before the enemy at Poolesville and Monocacy could be aware of my design. Although delayed somewhat by about 200 infantry strongly posted in the cliffs over the ford, they yielded to the moral effect of a few shells before engaging our sharpshooters; and the crossing of the canal (now dry) and river was effected with all the precision of passing a defile on drill—a section of the artillery being sent with the advance and placed in position on the Loudoun side, another piece on the Maryland heights, while Pelham continued to occupy the attention of the enemy with the other, withdrawing from position to position until his piece was ordered to cross. The enemy was marching from Poolesville in the mean time, but came up in line of battle on the Maryland bank, only to receive a thundering salutation, with evident effect, from our guns on this side. I lost not a man killed on the expedition, and there were only a few slight wounds. The enemy's loss is not known, but Pelham's one gun compelled the enemy's battery to change its position three times.

"The remainder of the march was destitute of interest. The conduct of the command, and their behaviour towards the inhabitants, are worthy of the highest praise. A few individual cases only were exceptions in this particular. Brigadier-General Hampton and Colonels Lee, Jones, Wickham and Butler, and the officers and men under their commands, are entitled to my lasting gratitude for their coolness in danger and cheerful obedience to orders. Unoffending persons were treated with civility, and the inhabitants were generous in their proffers of provisions on the march. We seized and brought over a large number of horses, the property of citizens of the United States. The valuable information obtained in this reconnoissance as to the distribution of the enemy's force, was communicated orally to the Commanding General, and need not be here repeated. A number of public functionaries and prominent citizens were taken captive and brought over as hostages for our own unoffending citizens, whom the enemy had torn from their homes, and confined in dungeons in the North. One or two of my men lost their way, and are probably in the hands of the enemy.* The results of this expedition in a moral and political point of view can hardly be estimated, and the consternation among property-holders in Pennsylvania was beyond description. I am specially indebted to Captain B. I. White (C. S. Cavalry) and to Messrs. Hugh Logan and Harbaugh whose skillful guidance was of immense service to me. My staff are entitled to the highest praise for untiring energy in the discharge of their duties. I enclose a map of the expedition, drawn by Captain W. W. Blackford to accompany this report; also a copy of orders enforced during the march.

"Believing that the hand of God was clearly manifested in the signal deliverance of my command from danger and the crowning success attending it, I ascribe to Him the praise, the honour and the glory.—I have the honour to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) J. E. B. STUART,
Major General Commanding Cavalry."

* "I marched from Chambersburg to Leesburg, 90 miles, with only one hour's halt, in thirty-six hours, including a forced passage of the Potomac—a march without a parallel in history."

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CAMP LIFE AT "THE BOWER" CONTINUED, AND THREATENED FINAL DEPARTURE, WITH AN INTERLUDE OF TWO DAYS' FIGHTING NEAR KEARNEYSVILLE.

All now went merrily again at "The Bower." General Stuart, who had been blessed with the satisfaction of "winning golden opinions from all sorts of people," was the lightest-hearted of the whole company. On the 15th another ball was given in honour of the expedition, and the ladies of the neighbourhood were brought to the festivity in vehicles captured in the enemy's country, drawn by fat Pennsylvania horses. Stuart was, of course, the hero of the occasion, and received many a pretty compliment from fair lips.* Yielding to the urgent solicitations of the ladies and the General, Brien and I again produced our popular extravaganza, which was received, as at its first representation, with the greatest applause.

The beams of the morrow's sun were just making their way through the intricacies of foliage above our heads, as we lay in camp resting from the fatigues of the night's dancing, when a blast of the bugle brought the whole command to their feet, with its summons to new and serious activity.

The enemy in strong force, with cavalry, infantry, and artillery, had crossed the Potomac during the latter part of the night, had driven in our pickets, and were resolutely advancing upon the main body of our cavalry, which, having been duly advised of their approach, confronted the far superior numbers of the Yankees, in a tolerable position on the turnpike between Shepherdstown and Winchester, near the small hamlet of Kearneysville. General Stuart had already with great promptness reported their advance to Generals Lee and Jackson, asking for reinforcements; our horses were now saddled, and we soon passed at a full gallop the mansion-house of "The Bower," where only a few hours before the violin and banjo had sent forth their enlivening strains, riding forward to the scene of action, which already resounded with wilder music.

We found a full division of the Federal infantry moving upon us in admirable order, their cavalry operating on either flank, and their artillery seeking to get in position upon some heights in our front, where several pieces had already arrived and had opened a brisk and annoying fire upon our horsemen. Large clouds of dust rising all along the road towards Shepherdstown indicated the approach of other bodies of the enemy, and it was quite plain that our resistance to odds so overwhelming could be only of short duration.

A great part of our men had been dismounted as sharpshooters, and General Stuart and myself endeavoured to place them to the greatest advantage, and to animate them to the utmost obstinacy in the fight by our own example, on horseback as we were, and exposed to the continuous fire of the Federal tirailleurs; but we were compelled to withdraw from position to position, all the time happily well protected in our retreat by the excellent service of our horse-artillery under the untiring Pelham. During the afternoon we were reinforced by a brigade of infantry, which aided in checking for a time the onward movement of the enemy, but which did not accomplish as much as we had hoped for, and the order for a still further retreat had just been

* The ladies of Baltimore presented General Stuart at this time with a pair of golden spurs, as a token of their appreciation, whereupon he adopted for himself the *nom de guerre*, "Knight of the Golden Spurs," signing his name, in private letters of his, sometimes "K. G. S."

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given, when about dusk the Federals came to a halt, and, to our infinite surprise, turned slowly back for a mile and a half, where we soon saw the main body go quietly into bivouac, and became convinced from their numerous camp fires that no further attack was to be apprehended during the night—if, indeed, satisfied with their success, they had not determined to return the following day into Maryland.

General Stuart himself directed the placing of a strong double cordon of outposts, and, having planted two pieces of artillery on a crest of the road, gave orders for the remainder of his troops to bivouac and cook their rations. The General then proceeded with his staff to headquarters at "The Bower," which was only a few miles distant.

Before we reached there we were overtaken by a drenching shower of rain, and we thankfully accepted Mr. D.'s kind invitation on our arrival to dry our dripping garments and warm our chilled bodies before a roaring wood fire in his large and comfortable family drawing-room. Here we found two Englishmen, the Hon. Francis Lawley, the well-known Richmond correspondent of the 'Times,' and Mr. Vizetelly, who was keeping the readers of the 'Illustrated London News' informed of the events of the war with pen and pencil, with both of whom we were to spend many pleasant hours in camp. These gentlemen were at the time guests at General Lee's headquarters, and had undertaken the long ride to "The Bower" for the satisfaction of one day with Stuart. This satisfaction had been greatly marred by the troublesome advance of the Yankees; but by snatching a few hours from the night, we secured time enough for a delightful parley, of which the news from the old country formed a considerable part.

The fighting was renewed at an early hour the next day; and, as the enemy was also reported to be advancing in strength upon Charlestown from Harper's Ferry, it appeared to be a general movement of the whole Federal army. At "The Bower" the breaking up of our camp seemed to indicate a final departure from our soldier's paradise. The tents were struck, the waggons were packed, and every preparation was made for starting at any moment. Our amiable guests, who had come only for a day, had now an additional reason for taking leave, as they were not prepared for accompanying us upon any extended military adventure.

The Yankees, fully conscious of their own strength and our comparative weakness, were pressing slowly forward, and General Stuart had given orders to our troops to offer only a feeble resistance, and retire deliberately to an easily defensible position, about a mile and a half from "The Bower," where our artillery had been elegibly posted on a range of hills forming a wide semicircle.

About nine o'clock General R. E. Lee arrived at this point; A. P. Hill's division was on the march to reinforce us; and it seemed clear that the further progress of the Federals, certainly any attempt on their part to cross the Opequan, would be energetically opposed. At this time I received orders from General Stuart to proceed with a number of couriers at once to the little town of Smithfield, about twelve miles distant, where we had a small body of cavalry, to watch the enemy's movements on our right, and establish frequent communications with Jackson at Bunker Hill only a few miles off. *En route* I had to pass in the immediate neighbourhood of "The Bower," where I found the ladies of the family all assembled in the verandah, in a state of great excitement and anxiety. I did my best to console my fair friends, who wept as they saw me; but I

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could not help feeling a good deal of solicitude with regard to their position, since they would certainly be within range of the artillery fire; and should the enemy get possession of the place by any accident, it could hardly be hoped that they would not revenge themselves savagely upon the household for all the kindness we had received at their hands.

It was about mid-day when I reached Smithfield, which I found occupied by a squadron picketing the turnpike to Shepherdstown and Harper's Ferry. Our brigade stationed at Charlestown had evacuated the place before the superior numbers of the enemy, and retired in the direction of Berryville, so that there was nothing in the way of the Federal advance but these our pickets, and the dreaded blue uniforms were expected by the excited inhabitants to make their appearance every minute. Accordingly, I had not been more than an hour in the village, when our outposts from the Shepherdstown road came galloping along in furious haste, reporting a tremendous host of Yankee cavalry right behind them in hot pursuit. I rode forward immediately with about fifty men to meet the enemy, but found, as is usual in such cases of alarm, that the danger was by no means so imminent as had been represented, the Yankees having halted on a little hill about two miles from town, and their whole force consisting of a squadron of horsemen, which turned back on my approach, and moved off when a few carbine-shots had been exchanged. This squadron had come from Harper's Ferry, along a by-road which struck the turnpike at a point about midway between Kearneysville and Smithfield, which point they had reached just ten minutes after General Lee with a very small escort had passed by. Our Commander-in-Chief had thus made a very narrow escape from falling into the hands of the enemy, and I thought it necessary to dispatch a courier at once to General Stuart to inform him that the road was not clear.

During the afternoon the alarm was renewed, this time in the direction of Charlestown; but industriously as I endeavoured to discover the whereabouts of the Yankee infantry, who had been plainly seen advancing along the turnpike with glistening bayonets, and the dust rising on their line of march, I could obtain no trace of them whatever, after a ride of four miles towards their supposed quarter of approach.

Late in the evening I received a report from Colonel Jones, now commanding Robertson's brigade, that the hostile forces were retreating again towards Harper's Ferry, and that he hoped to be again in occupancy of Charlestown even before his message could reach me. The firing in the direction of "The Bower" had now ceased; and as I felt well assured that the two Federal columns were in corresponding movement, I rightly conjectured that the Yankees were also retreating there. So I established my men and myself at the house of an interesting young widow, who, with her sister, enlivened our evening with songs and spirited discourse.

Agreeably with my expectation, I received orders early next morning to return to "The Bower," which not a little delighted me. It was a sparkling, beautiful morning of autumn, and I enjoyed the ride home the more for being fortunate enough—firing from my horse's back with my revolver—to kill a grey squirrel, which, as our mess arrangements had been thrown into utter disorder by the events of the last two days, was gladly welcomed the same evening on our dinner table.

Meanwhile our tents had been again put up at "The Bower," and no one who had not visited the place in our absence would have

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supposed that any change had occurred in the interim.

The Federal army, after considerable fighting the previous day, had recrossed the Potomac, their rearguard being badly cut up by a dashing charge of Lee's cavalry. The Federal newspapers called the movement a "grand and successful reconnaissance in force," and it had evidently been undertaken to counteract a little the effect, and abate the ill-feeling, that had been produced all over the North by Stuart's expedition into Pennsylvania.

A VIVACIOUS VISITOR—MILITARY REVIEW—AT LAST WE BREAK UP CAMP AT "THE BOWER."

Once more established in quietude at "The Bower," we received from our kind friends, Mr. D. and his family, numberless proofs of their great satisfaction in having us near them. In accordance with his promise, Mr. Vizetelly came now to pay us a longer visit, unaccompanied, however, to our regret, by Mr. Lawley, who had been obliged to go to Richmond for the purpose of sending off his regular letter to the 'Times.'

Our new guest was an old campaigner, who accommodated himself very readily to the hardships of camp life, and was soon established in his own tent, which I had caused to be erected for him in the immediate neighbourhood of that of Blackford and myself. He was not long in becoming a general favourite at headquarters. Regularly after dinner, our whole family of officers, from the commander down to the youngest lieutenant, used to assemble in his tent, squeezing ourselves into narrow quarters to hear his entertaining narratives, which may possibly have received a little embellishment in the telling, but which embraced a very wide circle of human experience, and had a certain ease and brilliancy beyond most such recitals. The "ingenuous youth" of our little circle drank in delightedly the intoxications of Mabille and the Chateau des Fleurs, or followed the *raconteur* with eager interest as he passed from the gardens and the boudoirs of Paris to the stirring incidents and picturesque scenery of the Italian campaign, which he had witnessed as a guest of Garibaldi. V. was greatly pleased with our musical entertainments; and when, after talking for several hours, he had become exhausted, and when, from the gathering darkness, we could only distinguish the place where he was reclining by the glow of his pipe, and thus lost all the play of the features in his rehearsal, we proceeded to our great central campfire, there to renew the negro dances to the music of the banjo—scenes which Vizetelly's clever pencil has placed before the European public in the pages of the 'Illustrated London News.' Less successful was our friend in his efforts to improve the *cuisine* of our negro camp cook, and we often had the laugh upon him—especially when one day he produced in triumph a roast pig, with the conventional apple in its mouth, which we found to be raw on one side and burned to a cinder on the other. This work of art had been prepared under his own personal management, and was served as *cochon à l' Italienne*, but it proved by no means so happy an accident as the original roast pig, done *à la Chinoise*.

Our supplies now commenced to fail in the country around "The Bower." The partridges had grown exceedingly wild, and we were obliged, each in his turn, to make long excursions into the woods and fields to keep our mess-table furnished. I was therefore very much gratified when my friend

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Rosser appeared early one morning at my tent, with the news that there was to be a large auction sale of native wines and other supplies that very day, at a plantation only eight miles off in the direction of Charlestown. As all was quiet along our lines, we at once determined to attend the sale, so the horses were hitched to the yellow-painted waggon, and we were soon proceeding at a rapid trot over the rocky road, amid the loud outcries and bitter complaints of my gallant Colonel of the 5th Virginia Cavalry, who declared that he had never in his life experienced such joltings. Arrived at the place of destination, we bought largely, making frequent trials and tastings of Corinth and blackberry wines, and returned to camp with our waggon well-filled with stores of various kinds. Among our purchases was an immense pot of lard, which we placed in the back part of the waggon, regarding it as an acquisition of great value for our camp biscuit-bakery. We had not, however, counted on the melting influence of the sun upon the lard, and the consequence was that with every jolt of the waggon over the frequent stones in the road, the fluid mass sent its jets of grease in a fountain over the hams, potatoes, and apples that covered the bottom of the vehicle. This annoyance, provoking as it was, little disturbed our temper, which had been somewhat mellowed by the frequent imbibitions of the country wine (in the way of tasting); and we continued our drive at a rattling pace, varying our discourse from the gay to the sentimental. We had just reached the topic of the tender passion, when, all unheeding the roadway before us, I bumped the waggon against a large stone with so severe a shock that Rosser was thrown out far to the left, while I settled down, after a tremendous leap, far to the right. Fortunately, beyond some slight contusions, neither of us sustained any damage by this rude winding-up of our romantic conversation. The horses were reasonable enough not to run off, and we quietly continued our drive to headquarters, but we talked no more sentiment on the way.

Major Terrell having been ordered to Winchester in attendance on a court-martial, had left his excellent horses to my exclusive use, and my own animals, enlarged in number by the addition of the stout Pennsylvanian, had very much improved by their long rest and rich grazing, so that my stable was now extensive, and we had many a pleasant ride with our fair lady friends. On Sunday, the 26th of October, there was a grand review of Hampton's brigade, which was attended by the ladies from far and near, and as the day was lovely, it proved a fine military spectacle. When the review was over, the officers of our own and Hampton's staff assembled to witness the trial of a diminutive one-pounder gun, which turned out to be of very little account, and afterwards we had some equestrian sports, matches in horse-racing, fence-jumping, &c. Captain Blackford, who, with a thoroughbred chestnut mare, attempted to take a high fence just in advance of Stuart and myself, had a severe fall, which was fortunately unattended with serious consequences. Remarking upon it, that, in my opinion, the fault lay not so much with the horse as with the rider, Stuart said, "Hear old Von, how grand he talks!" Then turning to me, he added, in a banter, "Why don't you jump the fence yourself, if you know how to do it better?" I had never leaped my heavy-built Pennsylvanian as yet, and I was in doubt whether he was equal to the lofty barrier, but as there was no possible escape from Stuart's challenge, I struck my spurs into his sides, and over he went like a deer, amidst the loud applauses of the General himself and other spectators. I had now the laugh on my side, and very

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... afterwards the opportunity of bantering Stuart, when he could say and do nothing in reply. Returning to camp, we took, as a short cut, a road that led through a field of Indian corn; upon getting to the farther end of which, we found that the fence, usually pulled down at this place, had been recently put up, making a formidable barrier to our further progress. Stuart and others observing this, turned off to the right towards the main road; but seizing my opportunity, I cried out to him, "General, *this* is the way;" and clearing the five-barred fence in a splendid leap, I arrived at headquarters several minutes in advance of my comrades, whom I welcomed upon their approach, rallying my chief very much for not having followed my example.

Our long and delightful sojourn now drew rapidly to its close. Guest after guest departed, and every day the indications of a speedy departure became plainer. At length, on the 29th of October, a hazy, rainy autumn day, the marching orders came, and the hour arrived for the start. A number of the staff did not fail to indulge in the obvious reflection that nature wept in sympathy with us at the separation. With heavy hearts indeed, we left the beautiful spot, and bade adieu to its charming, kindly inhabitants. Silently we rode down the hill, and along the margin of the clear Opequan stream, musing on the joyous hours that had passed away—hours which those few of our dashing little band of cavaliers that survived the mournful finale of the great war, will ever hold in grateful remembrance.

CHANGE OF BASE—CROSSING THE SHENANDOAH—FIGHTS IN LOUDOUN AND FAUQUIER—CROSSING OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK—FIGHTS IN THE REGION BETWEEN THE HAZEL AND RAPPAHANNOCK RIVERS—HEADQUARTERS NEAR CULPEPPER COURT-HOUSE—MY DEPARTURE FOR RICHMOND.

General M'Clellan, the Federal Commander-in-Chief, having largely reinforced his army with regiments from the new levy of 300,000 volunteers called out for nine months, and having brought it to a strength of 140,000 men, well equipped in every respect, had at last determined upon a forward movement, all unknowing at the time that the supreme command was soon to be taken from him by the Government at Washington. The right wing of the Federal forces, by a strong demonstration towards Harper's Ferry, made a show of invading Virginia from this point, but the great bulk of the army crossed the Potomac about fifteen miles lower down, near the little town of Berlin. General Lee having been opportunely informed by his vigilant cavalry of the enemy's operations, had commenced, in the mean time, a movement on the opposite side of the Blue Ridge, in a nearly parallel direction towards Front Royal, being about a day's march ahead. Longstreet's corps was in the advance, Jackson's troops following slowly, covering the rear, and still holding the passes of the Blue Ridge, Snicker's, Ashby's and Chester Gaps. The cavalry under Stuart had orders to cross the Ridge at Snicker's Gap, to watch closely the movements of the enemy, retard him as much as possible, and protect the left flank of our army.

So we rode quietly along in the tracks of our horsemen, who, before the staff had left "The Bower," had proceeded in the direction of Berryville. Our mercurial soldiers were as gay as ever, and even the most sentimental members of the staff had rallied from the despondence incidental to departure from our late encampment, when, during

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the afternoon, we reached *en route* the little town of Smithfield, where, under Bob Sweeney's direction as *impresario*, we managed to get up a serenade for the amiable widow who had entertained me with such hospitality.

Meanwhile the rain, which had been falling when we rode off from "The Bower," had ceased, a keen north wind had set in, and it had commenced to freeze hard, when, late at night, we reached Berryville, chilled, wet, and hungry. The provisions of the country had been more or less consumed by the troops who had preceded us on the march, and it was therefore regarded as exceedingly apropos that we were invited to supper by a prominent citizen, at whose pleasant house we greatly enjoyed a warm cup of tea, a capital old Virginia ham, and afterwards a pipe of Virginia tobacco before a roaring wood fire.

Our troops bivouacked about two miles from town, and as on a march, for the sake of the example, we never took up our quarters beneath a roof, we left our hospitable entertainer about midnight, and established ourselves in an open field under some old locust-trees, near several large fodder stacks, which furnished us with abundant food for our horses.

It was a clear, cold, starlight night, and as we had no protection from the frost but our blankets, we kept in lively blaze several tremendous fires, the wood for which each and every one of us had assisted in collecting. General and staff were all fast asleep, when, on a sudden, we were aroused by a loud crash, which startled even the feeding horses and mules. One of the old hollow trees, against the trunk of which our largest fire had been imprudently kindled, after smouldering for hours, had at last yielded to the force of the wind and fallen heavily to the ground, fortunately without doing any damage whatever.

In the early morning when we awoke to the *reveillé*, the fires had quite burnt out, a white hoar-frost lay thick over every object around us, and the shivering officers of our military family expressed in every feature their ardent desire for a good warm breakfast. As we were discussing the probabilities of such a thing, we were most agreeably surprised by a kind invitation of a neighbouring planter to satisfy ourselves at his hospitable board, an invitation which we did not hesitate to accept. To provide against a future want of breakfast, when a good Samaritan might not be so near at hand, our careful mess caterer, the portly doctor of our staff, availed himself of the opportunity of purchasing a quantity of hams and bacon, which, being deposited for safety in an army waggon, were stolen before two hours had elapsed by some of our rascally negro camp-followers.

The sun shone down with the warmth and glory of the soft Indian summer, a season of peculiar loveliness in America, when we reached the Shenandoah, our passage of which was extremely picturesque. The banks of this beautiful stream are often bold, and sometimes even majestic, the current breaking through gigantic cliffs which rise to the height of several hundred feet on either side, or flowing placidly along between wooded shores, whose stately trees, where the river is narrowest, almost interminglo their branches. The forests skirting the course of the Shenandoah were now glowing with the gorgeous hues of the American autumn, which the landscape-painter cannot adequately reproduce nor the writer properly describe. The light saffron of the chestnut-trees was in effective contrast with the rich crimson of the oaks and maples, while the trailing vines and parasites displayed every tint from the palest pink to the deepest purple. Upon the opposite shore, at a distance of only a few

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hundred yards from the margin of the river, rose the mountain-range of the Blue Ridge thickly covered with forest, within whose depths the head of our column was just disappearing as we arrived at the bank. The main body was passing the stream, while here and there a single trooper might be seen watering his horse or quietly examining his weapons.

On the summit of the mountain we found a portion of our Maryland cavalry, which, having been stationed there to guard Snicker's Gap, had been engaged in a sharp conflict with a party of Federal cavalry that disputed its possession, and had driven back their opponents with severe loss. Dead bodies of men and animals, lying still unburied along the road, gave evidence of the obstinacy of the fight on both sides.

The Federal army in its forward movement had meanwhile made but slow progress, the main body having proceeded no farther than Leesburg and its immediate neighbourhood, only a few detachments of cavalry having advanced beyond that point. So we continued our march wholly without interruption all the beautiful autumn day through the smiling county of Loudoun, one of the fairest and most fertile regions in Virginia, passing many fine estates with extensive cornfields and large orchards, until we arrived in the evening in the vicinity of the little village of Upperville, where we bivouacked, and without difficulty obtained abundant provisions for our men and forage for our animals.

The counties of Loudoun and Fauquier had known but little as yet of the devastations of the war, and abounded in supplies of every description, which were eagerly offered for sale by the farmers at moderate prices, and might have subsisted our army for six months. Instead of being permitted to profit by this plenty, we had been compelled for the past two months, through the mismanagement and want of experience of the officials of the Quartermaster's Department at Richmond, and against the earnest remonstrances of General Lee, to draw all our supplies from the capital, whence they were sent by rail to Staunton, there to be packed into waggons and deported beyond Winchester, a distance of more than one hundred miles after leaving the railroad. The subsistence which was so near at hand was thus left for the enemy, by whom it was afterwards used to the greatest advantage. The importance, nay the necessity, in a war of such magnitude, carried on over so vast and thinly populated a territory, of establishing great magazines for the collection and storage of provisions for the army, very often occurred to me during the struggle in America, and I have, on several occasions, expressed my opinion with regard to it. Had the Confederate authorities, following Napoleon's example, established at the beginning of the war (when it might easily have been done), large depots of army supplies at points not exposed, like Richmond, to raids of cavalry, I am convinced that it would have had a material influence on the final issue of the great conflict. The difficulties that were experienced during the last two years of the war in supporting the army, and the terrible privations to which men and animals were subject in consequence of early maladministration and neglect, can be known only to those who were eyewitnesses of the misfortune and participants in the suffering.

Having sent out a strong cordon of pickets from our place of bivouac near Upperville, General Stuart yielded to the urgent solicitations of Dr. Eliason, our staff surgeon, to ride with him to his home in the village, and spend the evening and night at his house. As I was included in the invitation, I bore them company. We were received

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very cordially by the ladies of the doctor's family, and many others, who, as soon as our arrival was known, had flocked to the mansion. I very quickly secured for myself the friendship of Dr. Eliason's little daughter, a child of ten years of age, who suffered under the sad infirmity of blindness. With the most eager interest she listened to the words of the foreign soldier, whom she required to give her an exact description of his personal appearance, and I was deeply touched as I looked into those tender, rayless blue eyes which gave back no answering glance to my own, and which were yet bent towards me with such seeming intelligence. How little I thought, as I enjoyed the hospitality of these kind people, that nine months later I was to be brought to their house prostrated by a wound which the surgeons declared to be mortal, and that I was to be received by them with an affectionate sympathy such as they could only be expected to manifest for a near and dear relative!

FIGHTS AT THE POTHOUSE AND ALDIE—RECEPTION AT MIDDLEBURG.

31*st October*.—Our horses stood at the door of Dr. Eliason's house at the hour of sunrise, and a short gallop brought us to the bivouac of our horsemen, whom we at once aroused to activity with orders for immediate saddling. As Messieurs the Yankees were so long in finding us out, General Stuart had determined to look after them; and in a few minutes our column, animated by the hope of again meeting the enemy, was in motion along the road leading to the little town of Union, about midway between Upperville and Leesburg, near which latter place we were quite sure of encountering them. We reached Union at noon, where we came to a halt, sending out in various directions scouts and patrols, who speedily reported that the main body of the Federal cavalry were at Aldie, where they were feeding their horses, having arrived there since morning, but that a squadron of them was three miles nearer to us at a farm known as Pothouse. Towards this squadron we started immediately, and, moving upon by-roads, arrived within a few hundred yards of them before they had any idea of our approach. Their earliest warning of danger was the wild Confederate yell with which our advance-guard dashed upon them in the charge. They belonged to the 3d Indiana Cavalry, a regiment which we had often met in battle, and which always fought with great steadiness and courage. I could not resist joining in the attack upon our old enemies, and was soon in the midst of the fight. This lasted, however, only a few minutes. After a short but gallant resistance, the Federal lines were broken, a great part of the men were cut down or taken prisoners, and the rest of them driven into rapid flight, pursued closely by the Confederates.

Captain Farley * and myself, being the foremost of the pursuers, had a very exciting chase of the captain commanding the Federal

* Captain Farley, who served as a volunteer aide-de-camp on the staff of General Stuart, was a very remarkable young man. He was by birth a South Carolinian, but he entered the service quite independently of all state military organizations. Promotions and commissions had been frequently offered him by the General, but he refused them all, preferring to be bound to no particular line of duty, but to fight, to use an American phrase, "on his own hook." He was accustomed to go entirely alone upon the most dangerous scouting expeditions. With his own hand he had killed more than thirty of his country's enemies, and had never received the slightest injury, until June 1863, when, in the great cavalry

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squadron, who, at every demand that we made for his surrender, only spurred his horse into a more furious gallop, occasionally turning to fire at us with his revolver. But each moment I got nearer and nearer to him; the long strides of my charger at last brought me to his side; and I was just raising myself in the saddle to put an end to the chase with a single stroke of my sabre, when, at the crack of Farley's pistol, the fugitive, shot through the back, tumbled from his horse in the dust.

Yet a little further Farley and myself continued in pursuit of the flying Federals, and then returned to rejoin General Stuart. While slowly retracing my steps, I discovered the unfortunate captain, lying against the fence on the roadside, apparently in great agony, and evidently enough in a most uncomfortable situation. Desirous of doing all that I could to alleviate his misery, I alighted from my horse and raised the poor fellow into an easier recumbent position, despatching at the same time one of my couriers to our staff surgeon, Dr. Eliason, with the request that he would come to me as speedily as possible. The wounded officer seemed to me in a state of delirium, calling out, as he did, to every passing horseman, that the rebels who had killed him were about to rob him also, and scattering his personal effects, his watch, money, &c., in the road, so that I had some difficulty in saving them for him. One of our orderlies, who had galloped up, begged me to give him the captain's canteen, it being a very large and handsome one. This of course I refused, the more decidedly as the poor fellow had been crying out continually for drink, and, resting upon my arm, had already nearly exhausted the canteen of its contents. In a few moments Dr. Eliason came up, and, having examined the wound, said to me, "Major, this man is mortally wounded, but what you have taken for delirium is nothing more than a very deep state of intoxication, which had commenced before the shot was received." I did not at once fully credit this medical opinion, and my surprise was therefore great when, taking a smell of the canteen, which I had supposed to contain water, I found that it had been filled with strong apple brandy, which the unfortunate man had snatched at in his dying moments. When the next morning I sent his effects to the temporary field-hospital, to which he had been conveyed over night, I received the report that he had died before daybreak, still heavily intoxicated. Fortunately we were enabled to find out his address, and had the satisfaction of sending his valuables to his family in Indiana.

Our squadron that had been sent in chase of the Yankees, having continued the game into the village of Aldie, and having been much scattered by the length of the pursuit, was met at that place by a fresh body of Federal horse, and easily repulsed. But our main column was very soon at hand for its protection, and reached a range of hills overlooking the village, in time to see a force of several thousand of the enemy's cavalry advancing in beautiful lines across an open field on the right.

The fight was at once opened with great spirit by Pelham's guns, which met with a furious response from several Federal batteries, and we were soon hotly engaged all

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battle at Brandy Station, a shell from a Federal battery terminated his heroic exploits with his life. Captain Farley was of medium stature, but he was sinewy and strongly built, and capable of great endurance. His expression of countenance was singularly winning, and had something of feminine tenderness; indeed, it seemed difficult to believe that this boy, with the long fair hair, the mild blue eyes, the soft voice and modest mien, was the daring dragoon whose appearance in battle was always terrible to the foe.

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along our line of battle. The enemy's resistance was obstinate; charges and counter-charges were made over the plateau in our front, and for a time the issue seemed doubtful, no decided advantage having been gained on either side. At last, however, we succeeded in driving the Yankees back into the woods, and before sunset they were in full retreat, by the road they had come, towards Leesburg. Our flying artillery, under the intrepid and energetic John Pelham whom I have so often had occasion to mention in these memoirs, had, as usual, done admirable service, disabling several of the enemy's guns, and contributing greatly, by the terror it carried into their advancing columns, to the final result.*

About dusk in the evening we marched back along the road to Middleburg, near which place General Stuart intended to encamp, having ordered me to gallop ahead of the column into the village to make the necessary arrangements for food and forage with the Cavalry Quartermaster stationed there.

Middleburg is a pleasant little place, of some 1500 inhabitants, which, by reason of its proximity to the Federal lines, had often been visited by raiding and scouting parties of the enemy, and had suffered specially in the shameless barbarities committed by those Yankee robbers, Milroy and Geary. The citizens had awaited the result of our late combat with the greatest anxiety, and manifested their satisfaction at our success in loud expressions of rejoicing.

Riding up the main street of the village, I was brought to a halt by a group of very pretty young girls, who were carrying refreshments to the soldiers, and invited me to partake of the same, an offer which I was not strong enough to decline. In the conversation which followed, my fair entertainers expressed the greatest desire to see General Stuart, and were delighted beyond measure to hear that the bold cavalry leader was my personal friend, and that I should probably have little difficulty in persuading him to give a quarter of an hour to their charming company.

This spread like wildfire through the village, so that half an hour later, when Stuart galloped up to me, I was attended by a staff of fifty or sixty ladies, of various ages, from blooming girlhood to matronly maturity. The General very willingly consented to remain for a while that every one might have an opportunity of seeing him, and was immediately surrounded by the ladies, all eager to catch the words that fell from his lips, and

* The famous "Stuart Horse Artillery" was made up of volunteers of many nationalities, and embraced Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, and Americans. Many of these men had not brought to the standard under which they served an immaculate reputation, but they distinguished themselves on every field of battle, and established such an enviable character for daring and good conduct that the body was soon regarded as a *corps d'élite* by the whole army, and it came to be considered an honour to be one of them. I have often seen these men serving their pieces in the hottest of the fight, laughing, singing, and joking each other, utterly regardless of the destruction which cannon-shot and musket-ball were making in their ranks. They were devoted to their young chief, John Pelham, whom an English writer, Captain Cheeney, justly styles "the boy hero," and as they knew my intimacy with him, and as in many engagements we had fought side by side, they extended something of this partiality to myself, and whenever I galloped up to the batteries during the battle, or passed them on the march, addressing a friendly salutation in English, French, or German, to such of them as I knew best, I was always received with loud cheering. They called Pelham and myself, in honourable association, "our fighting Majors," and after my dear friend's death, and when I had myself been disabled by wounds, I often received letters from the *braves* of the "Stuart Horse Artillery" written in a style sufficiently inelegant and extraordinary, but expressive of the sincerest sympathy and attachment.

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many with tears in their eyes kissing the skirt of his uniform coat or the glove upon his hand. This was too much for the gallantry of our leader, who smilingly said to his gentle admirers, "Ladies, your kisses would be more acceptable to me if given upon the cheek." Thereupon the attacking force wavered and hesitated for a moment, but an elderly lady, breaking through the ranks, advanced boldly, and, throwing her arms around Stuart's neck, gave him a hearty smack, which served as the signal for a general charge. The kisses now popped in rapid succession like musketry, and at last became volleys, until our General was placed under as hot a fire as I had ever seen him sustain on the field of battle. When all was over, and we had mounted our horses, Stuart, who was more or less exhausted, said to me, "Von, this is a pretty little trick you have played me, but in future I shall detail you for this sort of service." I answered that I would enter upon it with infinite pleasure, provided he would permit me to reverse his mode of procedure, and commence with the young ladies.

The General and staff bivouacked with the cavalry near Middleburg, while for me was reserved the agreeable duty of riding on special business to Upperville, where, beneath the hospitable roof of Dr. Eliason, I passed some pleasant hours with the family circle, to whom I had to recite fully the events and adventures of the day.

FIGHTS NEAR UNION—RETREAT TOWARDS UPPERVILLE.

(*1st and 2d November.*)

The following morning we received reports that the enemy in heavy force was advancing from Leesburg in the direction of Union. Thither we marched at once, arriving just in time to occupy a naturally strong position about a mile and a half from the little village. Scarcely had our artillery got ready for action, when the Yankees made their appearance, and there began a lively cannonade with spirited sharpshooting, the latter doing little damage to either party, as the high stone fences which enclose the fields in this part of Virginia afforded protection to both sides. The Federal cavalry being far superior in numbers to our own, and our scouts reporting the approach of a strong infantry force, whose glistening bayonets, indeed, we could already see in the far prospect, it seemed almost certain that, after some little resistance, we should be compelled to retire. The Yankees, however, appeared to have their reasons for not moving too rapidly forward, and so the day passed in comparative inaction, the whole resembling, with its slow manœuvring of troops and regular firing, the operations of a sham-fight or a field-day of volunteers.

Stuart and FitzLee, with the officers of their respective staffs, had taken their position on a gigantic rock, from which they had an excellent view of the movements of the Yankees, and could observe with perfect security the effect of the incessant explosions of the shells that were exchanged between our own guns and those of the enemy.

We had the opportunity here of witnessing one of those daring feats which Pelham was so constantly performing. He had been greatly annoyed during the day by a squadron of Federal cavalry which operated with great dash against his batteries, rapidly throwing forward their sharpshooters and as rapidly withdrawing them, after their mus-

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kets had been discharged, behind a piece of wood which completely hid them from view, This they did before Pelham could get a shot at them, and they had already killed or disabled many of his horses, when our gallant Major, losing all patience, suddenly advanced with one of his light howitzers at full gallop towards the wood, where the horses were unhitched and the piece drawn by hand through the impeding undergrowth which rendered further progress of the horses impossible. From our position, which was some distance to the right of the batteries, we could plainly see the Yankee squadron, which had come very quietly to a halt without the slightest suspicion that a cannon loaded with a double charge of canister was directed upon them from a point only a few hundred yards off. All at once, the thunder of the howitzer was heard, and its iron hail swept through the ranks of the Yankees, killing eight of their number, among whom was the colour-bearer, wounding several others, and putting the rest to flight in hopeless stampede. Pelham and his cannoneers now emerged from the wood in a run, bringing with them many captured men and horses, and the Federal standard, amid loud shouts of applause. Before the Yankees could recover from their astonishment, the howitzer was removed, the horses were hitched to it again, and it had arrived safely at the battery.

With the approach of evening the firing ceased, and as the smoke of the camp-fires rising all along the Federal lines clearly indicated that it was not the enemy's intention to push on further during the night, Stuart gave orders for his command to encamp about a mile beyond Union, after having established a strong cordon of pickets in front of the village. The General and his staff bivouacked near the extensive plantation of a Mr. C., at whose house we supped luxuriously, our host serving up for us a gigantic saddle of Virginia mutton which might have rivalled any of the famous Southdowns of Old England.

Peacefully broke the morning of Sunday the 3d of November, a rich, soft day, with all the splendour of the autumnal sunshine, and all the quietude of the Christian Sabbath, till, instead of the sweet church-bells from the neighbouring village calling us to the house of God, we caught the summons to the field in the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon. It would have been exceptional, indeed, if, confronting the enemy so closely, we had not been compelled to fight on this "day of rest," for it is remarkable that many of the most important and sanguinary engagements of the war in America—Chancellorsville, and others—were fought on Sunday.

The enemy commenced his attack on us at an early hour with great vigour. A double line of tirailleurs advanced in excellent order; four batteries opened upon our guns from different points; the air shook with the continuous roar of the cannonade; on every side the bullets buzzed like infuriated insects; on the whole, the outward signs were rather those of a great battle than of a mere cavalry combat.

This day the enemy's artillery was admirably well served, and its effect was very dreadful. Just as I rode up to a battery, which was answering as rapidly as possible the Yankee fire, a hostile shell blew up one of our caissons, killing and wounding several of the men, and stunning me completely for several minutes. For some time the fire was terrific at this spot. In less than half an hour one battery alone lost fifteen men killed and wounded, and I was obliged the force the frightened ambulance-drivers to the assistance of their suffering and

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dying comrades by putting my revolver to their heads, and threatening to shoot them if they did not go.

On our right the sharpshooting grew warmer and warmer, the enemy bringing line after line of their dismounted men into action, and I was despatched thither by General Stuart to watch the movements of the Yankees, and to animate our soldiers to an obstinate opposition. Here I found my dashing friend Rosser stationed with his brave fellows of the 5th Virginia Cavalry. In reply to my question as to how he was getting along, he said, "Come and see for yourself." So, to obtain a good look at the enemy, we rode forward together through the wide gaps in the stone fences, which had been made to admit of the passage of cavalry and artillery, and presently discovered, somewhat late, that we had got much nearer to our antagonists than we had intended. Suddenly the Yankee sharpshooters emerged from behind rocks and trees, sending their bullets in most alarming proximity to our ears, and running forward to cut us off from our line of retreat. Fortunately, we were both well mounted, and our horses had escaped a wound, so that we were able to clear the stone fences, where they stood in our way, without difficulty. This steeplechase afforded great amusement to Rosser, who seemed delighted at having gotten me into what he called "a little trap," but what I regarded as an exceedingly ticklish situation.

As the far superior numbers of the enemy's cavalry, which up to this time we had successfully opposed, began now to be reinforced by infantry, General Stuart at last decided to fall back upon a new position. The retreat through Union was admirably covered by Pelham with his artillery, and was executed with great steadiness and order, under a perfect hail of shot and shell, which, crashing through the houses of the little village, had already set on fire several stables and straw-ricks. The furious flames, leaping from one to another of these great masses of combustible material, and the dense volumes of smoke that rolled from them, added to the terror and confusion of the scene, which now became truly frightful.

On a ridge, behind a small creek where we had encamped the previous night, about a mile and a half beyond the town on the road leading to Upperville, we halted and again confronted our assailants, who did not keep us long in waiting for their attack, and ere half an hour had elapsed the thunder of cannon again shook the air, and the sharpshooters on either side were hotly engaged.

The enemy here, by a resolute and united charge, drove a portion of our dismounted men back in some confusion through the woods, and the officer in command, the gallant young Captain Bullock of the 5th Virginia, in the attempt to rally them, had his horse shot under him, and, before he could get on his legs again, found himself surrounded by the Yankees, who demanded his surrender. Bullock, however, responded with two shots of his revolver, killing two of his adversaries, and then endeavoured to save himself by flight. The whole incident having taken place within fifty paces of Stuart and myself, we could see, and even distinctly hear, the Yankees as they gave chase to our poor Captain. Taking some of our couriers, and such of the tirailleurs as had recovered from their stampede, with us, we galloped forward at once to the assistance of our brave comrade, whom we succeeded in rescuing from his pursuers, but in a state of such utter exhaustion that we had to lift him to the back of one of the led horses that chanced to be on the spot.

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After a short but spirited resistance we were again compelled to retire, turning round and showing fight wherever the nature of the ground would admit of it, until late in the afternoon we took a new position near the large estate of Colonel Dulaney, which was of some strategetical importance.

Preparing for a more serious opposition to the movements of the enemy, Stuart and myself had halted on an eminence which afforded an extensive view of the surrounding country, when a squadron of Federal cavalry, which came trotting along over an open field in beautiful lines as if on parade, and which seemed quite disdainful of the opposing host, attracted our attention. Stuart turned to me, and said, "Major, pray amuse yourself with giving these gentlemen a lesson: take two of Pelham's guns, place them in such position as you think best, and receive our impudent friends with a proper salute." Our cannoneers followed me with loud expressions of joy, bringing with them the two howitzers, to a small hill, where dense bushes concealed our preparations from the enemy's notice. The guns were carefully aimed, and when the hostile squadron came within easy range, both shots sounded simultaneously, the shells exploding with wonderful accuracy right in front of the foe, emptying several saddles, and driving our contemptuous adversaries into headlong flight, along the line of which we sent several missiles from the howitzers with less effect.

All our pieces were now concentrated on a wooded acclivity, and were soon brought into a spirited cannonade with four or five hostile batteries. As usual, General Stuart and his staff exposed themselves for several hours continuously to the hottest fire—shells and solid shot fell around us on all sides, covering us with dust and dirt, and tearing the splinters from the trees right and left; and I could not comprehend how any of us escaped death. The scene was one of the wildest and grandest confusion and destruction. Men were falling, killed or wounded, on every hand, wounded horses galloped hither and thither, and the numerous herds of cattle, which had until that Sunday grazed peacefully in their wide pastures, wrought up to the highest pitch of brute frenzy by the first battle they had ever known, ran about in frantic terror and excitement.

In the very fury of the cannonade, one or two little incidents excited our surprise and amusement. A shell, falling in the midst of a large flock of sheep, exploded there, and we thought that the greater part had been converted into mutton; but when the dust and smoke had cleared away, we saw the frightened animals scamper off, not one of their number missing, and all apparently unhurt. A few minutes afterwards, a stout young bullock, out of a herd of oxen that had been galloping up and down for a considerable time before our batteries, suddenly threw a sommersault, and lay, to all seeming, dead upon the field, but presently got on his legs again, and after reeling and tumbling about for a little while in a drunken sort of way, started off all at once with the speed of an arrow. I have already mentioned cases of prostration by "windage" of cannon-balls. A more diverting instance occured, in a later fight, with one of our soldiers, a North Carolinian, who, lying flat on his back, apparently badly wounded, answered to General Stuart's demand whether he was hurt, "Oh, General, I shall soon be all right again, but I am dreadfully demoralised by a bomb-shell;" the fact being, that a cannon-ball, passing very close to his head, had knocked him over.

With the darkness of evening,

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our situation became a critical one. Our artillery had lost many men and horses; our cavalry, having been exposed all day to a murderous fire, had also suffered severely, and our sharpshooters were unable any longer to resist the double and triple lines of Federal tirailleurs, which were again and again sent against them. General Stuart accordingly determined to retreat to Upperville, and ordered me to recall our dismounted men all along the line. To obey this order, I had to ride to our extreme right, where Captain Farley, with a small body of riflemen, occupied some hay-stacks, which he had held all day against the vastly superior numbers of the enemy. As I was the only man on horseback in range of the Yankee carbines, I was exposed for the whole distance to a heavy fusillade; but returning was yet more perilous, for having to ride between the enemy and our own troops, the former hotly pursuing, and the latter, in their dogged retreat, returning with spirit every shot that was sent after them, I was subjected to two fires, and was in as much danger of being killed by friendly as by hostile bullets.

The Yankees did not continue their pursuit after nightfall, and allowed us to retire quietly to the vicinity of Upperville, about a mile from which place we bivouacked.

A feeling of devout and fervent thankfulness possessed my heart, as I lay down on my blanket for a short night's rest, and recalled the innumerable dangers through which I had safely passed on that exciting eventful day. These smaller combats with the enemy are far more dangerous than great battles. Especially is this true as regards the staff-officer, who, having to be constantly in the saddle, remains throughout the day exposed to the enemy's particular attentions. In a general engagement, there is much more rattle of musketry and thunder of cannon, but the fire is not so much concentrated upon a small tract of ground, and four-fifths of the balls and bullets which wound or kill, find their mark accidentally.

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LIFE AND LETTERS OF FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON was born on the 30th February 1816, at the house of his paternal grandfather, Colonel Robertson, in London. He was the eldest son of a gentleman who, after serving through the great war of the French Revolution, retired, in 1821, on the half-pay of a captain of artillery. The first five years of the boy's life were spent in Leith Fort, where his father's battery happened at the time to be quartered. They appear to have made a deep and lasting impression upon a very impressionable nature. He refers to them in his correspondence at various periods in his after career, and always in the same way. They were years to him of something more than childish delight. He speaks of "being rocked and cradled to the sound of artillery;" of "the morning and evening gun chronicling each day as it passed;" of "the orderly who used to walk with him hand in hand up and down the barrack square;" of "the short, sharp word of command which set men, horses, and guns in motion." In a word, he imbibed from his earliest associations a passion for the military profession, which, though he was destined not to become a member of it, never passed away, and which undoubtedly had considerable effect in throwing over his entire future life that shade of melancholy which attends on disappointment, and is often the deepest in cases where the loss sustained is more imaginary than real.

When Frederick was five years old his father quitted the service. He settled first at Beverley in Yorkshire, where he devoted himself to the education of his children, sending the boys to a good grammar-school in that town, and by-and-by, in 1829, he removed with them to Tours, in order that they might have an opportunity of acquiring, while yet young, a thorough knowledge of French. The revolution of 1830, however, broke in upon this arrangement. Captain Robertson, not knowing what the social effect of that movement might be, returned to England, and entered his son Frederick as a pupil at the Edinburgh Academy, of which the late Archdeacon Williams, a philologist of no mean reputation, and an admirable teacher, was then at the head. By Archdeacon Williams young Robertson was treated with great, yet characteristic attention. The boy brought with him to his new school habits of industry and perseverance which, added to excellent abilities and fair scholarship, enabled him to take and maintain a good place in his class. He was encouraged to aspire after more, and at the end of the first session carried away prizes for Latin verse, English prose, and knowledge of the French language. In Greek composition, likewise, he stood so high that one boy only, George Moncreiff, the worthy brother of the present distinguished Lord Advocate, disputed with him the foremost place; and so nearly were their merits balanced that it was left to Sir Daniel Sandford, at that time Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, to decide between them. Sir Daniel gave his award in favour of Moncreiff, though not without highly complimenting Robertson; and the Rector took his own way—and a very original way it was—of evincing his respect for the defeated candidate. Robertson was requested, when the prize day came round, to read his rival's

'Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton.' By Hepford S. Brooke, M.A.

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[illegible] hearing of the assem- [illegible] "It is hard," he wrote to his father, "to be thus made the [illegible] of my own defeat. I have determined, however, to comply, partly for Muncreiff's sake, partly because I am determined that whatever I feel it shall not be visible." The whole transaction might well appear to be a trial of patience and nothing else; yet, we, who remember the idiosyncrasies of the man, are satisfied that nothing could be further from the Archdeacon's purpose than to distress, far less to humiliate, one of his favourite pupils.

After a year or two passed in the Academy, young Robertson entered the University of Edinburgh, residing in the house of Mr. (now Sheriff) Turner as a boarder, and attending the professors' classes. Here these, and especially from the lectures of Professor Jamieson, he profited greatly. But he never ghook off one jot of his predilection for a military life. "He wrote from the Academy," says Mr. Brooke, "to his brother, begging that the miniature fort in the garden might not be blown up till he returned. He argued daily with his friends upon military engineering. It is no wonder that on leaving Edinburgh, the secret wish of his heart had grown into a settled purpose. This was not, however, the intention of his father, who [illegible] his character of his own and his many religious feeling, was unfitted for a barrack life. The Church was therefore proposed to him as a profession, but his answer was decisive—"Anything but that."

We have all more or less been led to exclaim that "there is a Providence that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." Had the wish of his heart been gratified, we have no hesitation in believing that Robertson, with his excitable temperament, his warm imagination and sensitive nature, would have been hopelessly shipwrecked. He looked at the future through a medium which was as delusive as it was brilliant. He did not know—till he had experience of it he never could have known—what military life in this country really is. His dream was of perils braved, hardships endured, great deeds done—all at the bidding of patriotic principle. He saw only the outside of things—the air of generosity, of manliness, of obedience, prompt without being servile—which colour the web of the soldier's existence, and connect it with incidents calling into active exercise some of the noblest traits in human nature. All that leads up to these incidents, and paves the way for them, escaped his observation. He never stopped to ask himself the question, how the order of peaceable service at home or in the colonies would be likely to go down with him? the daily routine of drill, parade, and guard-mounting, relieved by long hours of listless indolence, and vapid conversation at mess and elsewhere? Yet these make up, with us, the staple of a soldier's life. That such must necessarily be the case we should be very sorry to insinuate. Improve your system, and the army of the line may become as much the nursery of noble thought and scientific research as at this moment it is unhappily the reverse. But nobody who has looked behind the scenes can pretend to say that, under existing circumstances, military life is, in this country, any other than a life of the most pitiable idleness, from the deadening influence of which, if individuals succeed in escaping, they owe their deliverance to their own strength of will, and to the power which a strong will gives, of holding our course in spite of the strongest possible inducements to the contrary. Now, though it can scarcely be doubted, looking to what he ultimately became, that in the army not less than in the Church Robertson would have asserted the right to think for himself and to act for himself on all points where

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duty was not involved, it seems equally clear that to make this assertion in a profession which he had embraced, anticipating no such need, would have caused him even greater pain than he experienced in standing aloof from the beaten path in a calling on which he entered, if not reluctantly, at all events without enthusiasm. The fact is, that being, more than he himself imagined, a poet, Robertson beheld life at all its stages with a poet's eye, and saw it inaccurately. He was not happy as a clergyman—in spite of the utmost conscientiousness in the performance of his duties—because he persuaded himself that these duties were antagonistic to the impulses of his nature. He would have been a thousand times more unhappy if, after serving some years in the army, he had discovered that for the faculties with which he was endowed, and the high impulses which were upon him, there was in that profession neither scope nor opportunity. This, however, he never could see. "A review suggesting the conception of a real battle impresses me to tears; I can not see a regiment manœuvred, nor artillery in motion, without a choking sensation."

His mind was in this state, stirred by visions which cast the realities of life into the shade, when, having completed so much of the Edinburgh curriculum as was considered necessary, Robertson returned in 1833 into the bosom of his own family. He was now seventeen years of age, and he and his father equally felt that it was time for him to consider gravely what his future career was to be. To the army as a profession Captain Robertson was opposed; to the Church, Frederick himself continued to entertain strong objections. Other lines were, however, open to him, and he expressed his readiness to enter upon any which, apart from the ministry, his father might select for him. It was under these circumstances that he became articled to a respectable solicitor at Bury St. Edmunds, in whose chambers he spent an entire year. But the sedentary occupation to which he was set affected his health; and, being pressed upon the subject, he acknowledged reluctantly that the profession was odious to him. The indentures were at once cancelled, and Captain Robertson, being at length convinced that his son's passion for the army was something more than a boyish caprice, applied in the summer of 1834 to the Horse Guards for a commission. He applied too late. Frederick was beyond the age when, in those days, young men were eligible for admission into the infantry, and the commission was on these grounds refused. It happened, however, that by some unexplained means his mother's family had been able to lay, in bygone years, William IV., then Duke of Clarence, under obligations; and to William IV. a petition was presented, which that good-natured monarch received favourably. Though ineligible for the infantry, Frederick was still young enough to be received into the cavalry, and Captain Robertson was informed that as soon as a vacancy occurred his son should be appointed to a cavalry regiment serving in India. The receipt of this intelligence made Frederick the happiest of human beings. All the depression which hung over him in the solicitor's office, all the nervous anxiety which had been visible in his manner, while the struggle went on between inclination and duty, entirely disappeared. He threw himself with characteristic energy into such studies as promised to fit him for the profession of arms, visiting a younger brother, just appointed to the Engineers at Chatham, and attending as a volunteer the various classes which the subaltern was required to attend as a duty. "He often recalls," says his biographer, "in later times that time. On that road I had walked and ridden, oh how often! exulting

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in the future, fearless, full of hope, and feeling the perfection of the present day when I was prodigal of happiness."

Days, weeks, and months passed without realizing the hope on which he lived; yet he never lost heart. From childhood he had taken delight in athletic sports. He now made himself a first-rate rider, a good shot, and an excellent draughtsman. But when two years had run out, and still no commission came, Captain Robertson naturally concluded that the appeal made to the King so long before was forgotten, and that the army, as a profession, was closed to his son. Again he suggested that Frederick would do well to look at the matter in the same light, and go into orders. Again was the proposal set aside in a tone perhaps more decided than before. He had set his heart on being a soldier, and a Christian soldier; and no other scheme of life possessed the smallest attraction for him. Not that he was blind to the temptations to which he would be exposed. He foresaw them all, or believed that he did so; but he believed also that there was strength enough in him, or that strength would be given, successfully to resist them. Indeed, he went further. He yearned for the opportunity of setting to others the example of a pure and Christian life in camp and quarters—of becoming, so to speak, a Cornelius in the regiment to which he might be appointed. Hence the delay which shook the faith of others made no perceptible impression upon his. He persevered in his military studies; he persevered in taking strong exercise with a view to harden his physical frame. But "hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and by-and-by Robertson began to understand how painful such sickness is. The old shadow fell again upon his brow. He became unhappy by fits and starts, and was at continual strife with himself to subdue these bursts of feeling, or, at all events, to hide them.

Though bent on becoming a soldier, and somewhat exaggerating the amount of physical training necessary to fit him for the profession, it is not to be supposed that Robertson did violence all this while to what was, in point of fact, his proper nature. He lived, on the contrary, two separate lives; one of marked activity and steady exercise, which was his outer life; the other of subtle thought and deep feeling, which was his inner life. In all this the poetic temperament largely manifested itself, causing him to blend into one objects which were essentially different, and to study simultaneously for both. He read military history, and especially Indian military history, with a view to that special field on which he looked forward to operate in war. He devoured, at the same time, everything on which he could lay his hands relative to the native superstitions, to the progress of Christian missions, and the causes of their failure; for, ardent as his desire was to earn a proud name and to serve his country in arms, his zeal for the conversion of souls to Christ was to the full as vehement. And so it was at every stage in his career. The standard of excellence which he set up for himself was so high—so much above the level of humanity—that the impossibility of attaining to it forced itself from time to time upon his own convictions; and he became depressed and agonised by failures, the contemplation of which would have given to men less morbidly sensitive scarcely any concern whatever.

Courses of study between which the link of connection is so slight, cannot be long pursued together with equal diligence. By little and little his religious researches commanded the larger share of Robertson's attention, which may in some degree perhaps be accounted for by

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the fact that the long expected cornetcy still delayed its coming. He began in 1836 to look more into prophecy than he had heretofore done; and to make the evidences, internal as well as external, on which Christianity rests, to a greater extent the subject of investigation. As these topics engrossed his attention more and more, the burning desire to gird on the sword moderated, and at last, in 1837, incidents, to all appearance casual and fortuitous, decided his fate. In the spring of that year he was thrown, one after another, into intimate association with Mr. Davies, now Vicar of Tewkesbury, and with Mr. Daly, the present Bishop of Killaloe. Both were struck with the earnestness and simplicity of his character. Both urged him to relinquish all thought of a military life, and to study for that profession in which they were persuaded that he could best serve the Master whom he had chosen. The arguments of these gentlemen seem to have turned the scale, so far at least that Robertson ceased to express that aversion to the duties of the ministry of which he had formerly made no secret. Then followed a surrender of himself without reserve into his father's hands; and by-and-by, on the 4th May in this same year, he went up to Oxford, passed his preliminary examination, and was admitted as a commoner into Brazennose College.

There is no doubt that Mr. Robertson took this important step with his eyes fully open. He knew at the moment, and he never ceased to feel, that he sacrificed the dearest wish of his heart. It was characteristic of the man, likewise, that the sacrifice proved to be altogether gratuitous. Within three weeks of his matriculation, a letter arrived from the Horse Guards, offering him a cornetcy in the 3d Light Dragoons, the same regiment which, in the war of the Punjab a few years subsequently, greatly distinguished itself. He at once declined it. The prize so long and so ardently coveted came too late. He had put his hand to the plough, and he would not withdraw it. What was he that, having left all, he should now look back, even though the world might see nothing in the proceeding to condemn? At the same time he never could be brought to affirm that he was satisfied with what he had done. "Wait," was always his answer; "some day I will tell you." But this much he did not hesitate to say, that it was a great comfort to know that a commission had been within his reach. "They cannot say now that I went into the Church because I could not get into the army." At the same time, Mr. Davies adds, "often, when passing a soldier in the street, has he tightly pressed my arm, observing, 'Well, so I am to have nothing to do with them;' and at other times, 'Poor fellows, they are but little thought of; few care for their souls.'" Had Mr. Robertson lived a few years longer than he did, he would have seen a better and holier feeling arise, both in the Government of his country and among the people, in regard to that important matter. The war in the Crimea, if it led to no other beneficial results, was at least the proximate cause of showing how much the soldier appreciates the services of a clergy devoted to himself, and how large the measure of good which a body of earnest chaplains can affect in their ranks. Let us hope that peace may not bring back again that indifference to subjects so grave which too much prevailed at the date of his just but sad utterance. Woe to the Government which shall again throw her Majesty's troops for spiritual consolation and advice on an over-wrought and ill-paid parochial clergy! and woe to discipline in the ranks, and to higher considerations still, should so insane a course be pursued!

In October 1837 Mr. Robertson entered into residence at Brazennose.

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It was a season when, for good or ill, the influence of the Tractarian party was at its height, and Dr. Newman, not as yet touched by the noxious vapours which found vent in Tract 90, commanded in St. Mary's the breathless attention of overflowing congregations. Mr. Robertson had breathed in Cheltenham an atmosphere to which that which surrounded, without absolutely controlling, Oxford, offered a strong contrast. He could not refuse to listen and to revolve, but he was not convinced by the arguments of the gifted preacher. Mr. Newman's sermon on sin after baptism greatly interested him; and the fervour and self-denial of the party which approved that sermon, demanded his admiration. But he could not go all lengths with them; and he fortified himself in his opposition to their views by studying Collier's 'Ecclesiastical History,' Calvin's 'Institutes,' and Ranke's 'History of the Popes.' We are glad that Mr. Brooke has put upon record this fact, because many divines of the Evangelical school (probably because they never read it) include Collier's 'History of the Church in England' among works which have a tendency to turn the thoughts of the young towards Rome. Mr. Robertson, however, who did read the book, satisfied himself that it points in an opposite direction, and was probably more influenced by its teaching at a later stage in his career than either he or his biographer appears to imagine. Be this, however, as it may, the result of his inquiries at that time was to lead him into a current in some measure the opposite of that which carried most of his companions away with it. He gave in his adhesion to Evangelicalism, and just escaped—thanks to the instinctive generosity of his nature—that narrow-minded bigotry which is too much the characteristic of the school and of its more zealous professors. Robertson could not, however, rest satisfied with a silent protest in his own person against what he believed to be error. With a view to counteract among his personal friends whatever influence Tractarianism might put forth, he set on foot a society for the purpose of common prayer and conversation on scriptural subjects. It never had much success. It consisted from the first of not more than seven members, and after lingering for a term or two, it died a natural death.

Oxford was not altogether congenial to Robertson's tastes and temper. Perhaps he became a member of the University a little too late in life, for at three-and-twenty men rarely feel as they used to do at eighteen or nineteen. Perhaps he fell among associates with whom he had few ideas in common; or he had too much accustomed himself to brood over the incidents of real life to take very kindly to studies which seek mainly to create habits of concentration of thought in such as pursue them. Be this as it may, he evinced no desire to win honours in the schools, or to carry away any of the University prizes. Content to hold his own at college lectures, he made himself nevertheless a good classical scholar; and besides mastering the philosophy of Aristotle and of Plato,—for the latter of whom he imbibed a strong predilection,—he mastered also the chief of Butler's works, and took much interest in geology. This he studied under Dr. Buckland. It was a great mortification to his tutors, and especially to Mr. Davies, that when the time came to go in for a degree, he refused to go in for honours. The examiners, however, appear to have estimated him more justly than he estimated himself, for though he took up no more than might entitle him to a "simple pass," they marked their sense of the accuracy of his scholarship by placing him in the fourth class.

Another peculiarity observable in Robertson at this time—and more

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or less it adhered to him through life—was this, that he shunned rather than sought the society of his contemporaries. With a few men whose tastes and habits resembled his own, he lived in close intimacy; but at a period when the mind of the University was more than commonly open to receive impressions, he neither aspired to become a leader of thought to others nor condescended to follow in the train of those who did.

It seemed, likewise, as if that love of athletic sports, which from childhood had been unusually active in him, was put in abeyance. He joined no cricket club, he took no advantage of the racket-court, and the oar which he rowed was of the least ambitious kind; he never once pulled in a boat-race. His biographer accounts for this, as well as for his entire absence from the hunting-field, by telling us that "an injury which he received in the knee at the beginning of his first term cut him off from these pastimes at the outset, and that he never afterwards took to them." We doubt whether, had no such accident occurred, he would have ever taken part in these pastimes at all. There was within him an instinctive shrinking back from noise and crowds; and noise and crowds are inseparable from public sports, as well at Oxford as elsewhere. He joined the Union, however, and spoke from time to time, argumentatively rather than rhetorically. But even in the Union he never took a foremost place. It seemed as if his powers would not be called forth except in the discussion of matters which were real.

Meanwhile he read, for his private instruction and amusement, in a very desultory manner. His favourite poet was Shelly, to whom Coleridge by-and-by succeeded. It was not till later that he took up Wordsworth, and learned to appreciate the healthy tone which pervades every line which that great man has written. Whatever he read, however, he read at random, without any aim beyond the indulgence of a taste which was crude and very versatile. The consequence was, the overgrowth of an imagination which had always too much the ascendant in his nature, and soon became morbid. He has well described the process which led to this result in a letter addressed in after years to a young friend. It is too wise in itself, and too characteristic of the writer, not to be transcribed at length.

"BRIGHTON, *June* 8, 1851.

"MY DEAR KENMORE,—It is with some reluctance that I write to you on the subject of your studies, as, in the first place, I have no right to give any opinion, and, in the next, I quite feel the truth of what you say in your letter to your mother—that none can decide for you a question with all the bearings of which none but yourself can be acquainted. She is extremely anxious, however, that you should decide rightly, and has written to me to ask what I think, so I am sure that you will not think I am intruding advice. The chief point seems the question of reading for honours. Now, I believe with you that honours make little or nothing in practice, so far as they bear upon a man's future success—that is, the prestige of them does little in life, is forgotten or slightly touched upon by the large world. But the mental habits got insensibly during the preparation for them are, I think, incapable of being replaced by anything, and this quite independently of whether a man succeeds or fails in his attempt. To my idea, the chief advantage is the precluding of discursiveness. For three years or four a man has an aim, a long-distant, definite aim. I defy any young man to create this aim for himself. 'History, with contemporary authors,' is a very vague plan at best. But, granting it well mapped out, still he has chosen his own aim, cannot be certain that he has chosen well, becomes distrustful of the wisdom of the plan; because his own will infallibly find that ripened experience will not approve the line chosen, inasmuch as, being untravelled by him, he only selects it by guess. Difficulties break his ardour: he cannot struggle with a difficulty while half sceptical as to the unalterable necessity of overcoming it; and at last, having read *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam*

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aliis, he finds that, whatever he may have got of bitter experience, one thing he has not got, and that is, the steady habit of looking forward to a distant end, and unalterably working on till he has attained it—the habit, in short, of never beginning anything which is not to be finished. At college I did what you are now going to do—had no one to advise me otherwise—was rather encouraged in it by religious people, who are generally—at least the so-called religious—the weakest of mankind; and I now feel I was utterly, mournfully, and irreparably wrong. The excitement of theological controversy, questions of the day, politics, gleams and flashings of new paths of learning, led me at full speed for three years, modifying my plans perpetually. *Now* I would give £200 a-year to have read on a bad plan, chosen for me, steadily."

Mr. Robertson was no more capable, at the period of taking his degree, of reasoning thus, than he was capable of squaring the circle, or discovering perpetual motion. His mind was at that time too full of the subjects which had stood between him and the course which he had recommended to others. The religious controversies of the day engrossed him quite; and not without effort he broke off from the net which the Tractarians are understood to have laid for him. The necessity of making this effort awakened anger; and he wrote of them to his father as if they were "the enemies of the cross of Christ." "I seem," he says, "this term" (it was in 1846 that he so expressed himself) "to have in some measure waked out of a long trance, partly caused by my own gross inconsistencies, and partly by the paralysing effects of this Oxford delusion—heresy, for such it is, I feel persuaded. And to know it, a man must live here; and he will see the promising and ardent men sinking one after another in a deadly torpor, wrapped up in self-contemplation, dead to the Redeemer, and useless to His Church, under the baneful breath of this accursed upas-tree." We perfectly agree with his biographer in believing that the "almost fierceness" with which he spoke against the Tract school and its teaching, was proof of the strong attractions which it had for him. It was a school of self-discipline, in its own way—of devotion to a definite cause—drawing to it men who were prepared to suffer, as well as to do, provided only the principles for which they strove were advanced by these sufferings. There was thus a reality about it which commanded his respect, and appealed more powerfully than he chose to admit to that spirit of conscientiousness—that unbending devotion to truth—which lay at the root of his own proceedings, and formed the main ingredient in his character. And this it was which left him no option, except either to throw himself heart and soul into the movement, or to denounce it as unchristian and pernicious. He chose the latter alternative, not because his judgment was convinced, for he was as yet in no condition to judge at all upon the subject, but because prejudices imbibed in boyhood, and cherished ever since, were outraged by what he heard and saw; and to acknowledge, even to himself, that these prejudices were erroneous, was a greater effort than he could then make. It was not to be so with him always. A Tractarian he never became. He could not dwarf himself to the measure of a school which exhausts its fervour on ceremonial observances, and places, or seems to place, the outward constitution and decorations of the Church far in advance of those eternal verities, of which the Church is but the appointed guardian. But his devotion to the antagonistic party was not thereby confirmed. On the contrary, as his knowledge of men and things expanded, Evangelicalism, with its narrow views, and narrower charity, lost its hold upon him, till, in the end, he broke away from it with almost more of bitterness than he

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had expressed when his anger burned most fiercely against the Tractarians and their teaching. The fact is, that he probed both schools of theology to the bottom, and found them wanting. He spoke, therefore, of what he knew, when he protested against both; Evangelicalism, however, being, in his estimation, far more objectionable than its opposite. Yet no man was ever more prompt than he to recognise the personal excellence of individuals, whether they professed to follow one section in the Church or the other; for it was an article of his belief, that the Spirit of all good acknowledges no limits to His operations; and is often as active among those whose abstract views seem to us to be erroneous, as among the most rigid adherents to the strictest orthodoxy.

To this frame of mind Robertson did not come till after years of searching inquiry and earnest thought. His ministerial career he began an avowed professor of Evangelical opinions, with, however, a remarkable avoidance in his pulpit discourses of the peculiar phraseology in which these opinions are usually expressed. This was doubtless owing, in a great degree at least, to the ascendancy, in his moral being, of that poetical temperament of which we have elsewhere spoken. His tastes were too fastidious, his devotional feelings too sublime, not to be offended with the coarse familiarity of terms which men of ruder minds apply unhesitatingly to the Supreme Being, and the mode of his operations. Besides, the religion which he taught was, from the first, too much of a reality to admit of more than the incidental description of points which appear rather to the intellect than to the heart. He desired to influence the daily lives of those to whom he addressed himself, and the peculiar field of labour which held out to him the strongest attraction, shows how dominant the feeling was within him. Just after taking his degree, he received from his father an intimation that a curacy, with a title for orders, was ready for him at Hull. He wrote to decline the proposal, grounding his refusal mainly on reasons which can best be given in his own words:—

"When I quitted the army it was with an inward feeling of connection with it still unbroken; that the step which, if it had been taken at my own instance, would have been a cowardly desertion of an appointed post, was, even under the circumstances in which it did take place, too remarkable to leave me quite at liberty. Somehow or other I still seem to feel the Queen's broad arrow stamped upon me, and that the men whom, in my vanity, I wished to benefit in a red coat, I might now, with a better founded hope of usefulness, in the more sombre garb of an accredited ambassador of Christ. In short, if it were practicable, I feel a strong desire for a military chaplaincy."

How unalterable this feeling continued to be, up to the very day of his death, the tone of his correspondence now published clearly shows.

The idea of a military chaplaincy, if it was ever seriously entertained, came to nothing, and Mr. Robertson was ordained, on Sunday, the 12th of July 1840, by the Bishop of Winchester. He became curate to Mr. Nicholson, rector of the united parishes, in the cathedral city, of St. Maurice, St. Mary, Kalendar, and St. Peter, Colebrook. The parishes had not been fortunate. Mr. Nicholson's immediate predecessor had been suspended for drunkenness, and out of the entire population not more than a hundred attended the church. With Mr. Nicholson's arrival a new spirit was awakened, and it lost nothing of its vitality through the co-operation with him of his young but devoted curate. Here, as everywhere else, Mr. Robertson laboured especially among the poor and the working men. At first they seemed to resist his interference; and their betters in rank and circumstances certainly did not,

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for a while, support him as he had a right to expect; but he showed himself so manifestly in earnest, he was so courteous in his manner, so eager to be useful, that by little and little the ice gave way, and he carried his point. He was not elated by success, and put from him impatiently everything like praise.

"I would rather be doing my little nothing," he wrote, "in Christ's vineyard, than enjoying the wealth or honour of the country. It is a weary wandering this, but it is a great comfort it will not last long, and there will be an end of battling with a sinful heart when the resurrection of the Lord is perfected in the resurrection of His members. I have been reading lately 'Brainerd's Life,' which, to my taste, stands alone as a specimen of biography. 'To believe, to suffer, and to love,' was his motto, like that of the early Christians; but with us, if a minister gives himself a little exertion a hundred voices flatter him with an anxiety for his life; as if a fireside, plentiful table, and warm clothing were compatible with the idea of suicide. Brainerd did spend himself in his Master's service, and his *was* self-denial—and a self-denial which there was none to witness and admire."

This little extract from his correspondence shows what was at that time the tone of his mind. It had grown day by day more desponding in proportion as the magnitude of the task to which he was committed came out in strong relief before him. Against this feeling he sought support in asceticism, which tended only to aggravate its violence. His reading became confined entirely to devotional works and the biographies of eminently holy persons. He prayed much and fervently, mapping out the week so that to each day as it came round some special object of supplication might be attached. And the better to insure the subjection of the body to the spirit, he practiced numerous austerities. He restricted himself in the expenditure of his income, that he might have the more to divide among the poor. He systematised, by reducing them to the lowest amount compatible with existence, both his diet and his sleep. For wellnigh a year he abstained almost entirely from the use of animal food; and besides sitting late, he rose early in order that he might find leisure for study without breaking in upon the hours devoted to parish work. Under a regimen so severe his bodily health gave way, and the shadow fell continually darker and darker upon his soul. It is sad to read what he says of himself at this period, and sadder still to reflect that the root of the evil lay in the abuse of what is in itself most excellent.

"It is plain," says his biographer, "that if he had lived more naturally at Winchester he would not only have retained his health, but also given a manlier vigour to his intellect. But, trained in a very restricted school of thought and religion, which was prominent thirty years ago, he could not emerge from it without first going down into the depths. It seems to have weakened everything that he wrote. His letters of this time are scarcely worth reading. His thoughts are not marked by any individuality. . . . The desire to die, first suggested by ill-health, seemed to him to be a spiritual desire. The sensitiveness of his conscience unduly exaggerated every failure into a sin. He fell into a habit of unwise self dissection."

An unwise habit indeed! which, though it gave him, so to speak, an insight into the hearts of men, showed him only the evil of their hearts. His sermons as was to be expected, took their tone from that habit. Delivered with impassioned earnestness, in a clear and musical voice, they touched to the quick persons oppressed by the same weight of sin under which he himself lay. But they will not bear the test of private reading; they are startlingly inferior to those which he afterwards preached at Brighton. How could it be otherwise? He was still in bondage to that system of theology which, based as it seems to be upon antagonism to free inquiry, cramps men's intellects as much as it narrows their sympathies. It was not

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till he got rid of all this, and became alive to its worthlessness, and its positive hostility to the true spirit of a life in Christ, that he gave himself fair play, and shot up from a dwarf into the full stature of a man.

We have alluded to his failing health, of which he was himself conscious, though he made no complaint about it, and declined receiving medical advice. There was in his family a hereditary taint of consumption; and a cough, with a continuous pain in the side, led him to conclude that this malady, of which his sister was then dying, had cast its spell over him. The same apprehension arose among his friends, and the Rector, Mr. Nicolson, pressed him to go home for a while, and try the effect of rest. At last he so far yielded that the doctors were called in; and foreign travel was prescribed for him. He waited only till he had taken priest's orders, and then went abroad. The effect was marvellous. Withdrawn from scenes which enslaved while they destroyed him, he soon regained his elasticity of spirit; and health came back with the excitement of exercise, for he travelled through the Continent on foot. He had brought with him letters of introduction to several families in Geneva; and he made that city his headquarters. That portion of his correspondence which describes the journey and its results is interesting, as showing the sort of intercourse which he maintained with persons of all shades of opinion, from "an avowed infidel" and "a blasphemous Socinian," up to Messrs. Malan and Merle, and other leaders of religious thought in Germany and Switzerland. With Mr. Malan he appears to have been much struck — though he could not, even at that time, assent to all the views which the Swiss divine enunciated. Indeed, it is pretty clear to us, that the tenacity with which the Swiss patriarch held to the dogmas of non-baptismal regeneration and final assurance, was not without its effect in shaking that general faith in these doctrines, which he had heretofore professed, without perhaps either feeling or pretending to understand it.

At Geneva, Mr. Robertson formed the acquaintance of Miss Helen Davy, the third daughter of Sir George William Davy, Bart., of Easton Melon, Northamptonshire. An attachment sprang up between them, and they were married; after which he returned to England, and settled near his father's family in Cheltenham. For some months he remained without regular duty; but, by-and-by, the Rev. Archibald Boyd, now Rector of St. James, Paddington, proposed to him to become his curate, and Robertson accepted the engagement. For Mr. Boyd he entertained at that time unbounded respect and admiration. So completely, indeed, did the pulpit eloquence of that gentleman — who always took the morning service — overwhelm him, that when his own time came to preach in the afternoon, Robertson seldom did himself justice. This fretted and humbled him, creating, or at least adding strength to, the apprehension that his style was not suited to those among whom he was placed — that he could not make himself understood. In both respects he was mistaken. At first there might be some prejudice against him. He went out of the beaten path to which his audience was accustomed, and his audience, as was to be expected, failed for a while to go with him. But this state of things did not last. All those in the congregation who were capable of thought, all whose minds had any point of contact with his own, acknowledged the fascination of his deep earnestness, and learned to understand and be swayed by him. He seems never to have been persuaded of this till after he had removed to another sphere of duty. He became

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again, in consequence, desponding, and morbidly sensitive. And the disease, for disease it was, gained upon him the more that he allowed himself none of the out-door exercises which he passionately loved, except an occasional walk and ride into the country. In spite of all this, however, his character matured itself at Cheltenham wonderfully. His reading took a wider and healthier range. He recovered his early interest in scientific pursuits, and made himself conversant with every subject, political as well as religious, which occupied the attention of the public. He even took to German metaphysics, and studied Niebuhr, Guizot, and Carlyle. Entering into society likewise, he both suffered it to exercise a large influence over him, and exercised over it an influence still larger. He was a bright and eloquent converser, receiving impressions from every quarter, and giving them back again in dresses so new that the very men from whom he borrowed his ideas failed to recognise them. He spoke best, it appears, in the open air, when riding or walking. The scenery about Cheltenham gave him intense pleasure; and as his animal spirits rose, his conversation became more animated and discursive. He did more, however, on such occasions sometimes; as the following extract shows:—

"One day, riding with his wife and some friends, he put his horse to a lofty hedge. It was a dangerous leap. The horse refused it again and again. His friends, who saw all the hazard—for the ground was hard on the other side—dissuaded him earnestly from another effort. But he could not bear to be conquered; and he did not believe in danger. The horse, urged, at last cleared the hedge, but came down with such a crash on the other side, and with his rider under him, that the lookers-on thought both must have sustained serious injury. Robertson got up, smiling; but afterwards owned that he had been too rash. His courage was always greater than his love of life. It is no wonder if, with such a spirit, matched with so chivalrous a heart, he often thought he had mistaken his profession, and said to his friends 'that he would rather lead a forlorn hope than mount the pulpit-stairs.' He believed in his own courage, and honoured it without a shade of vain delight in it. Once, when walking with a friend in Cheltenham, his little boy became frightened for some slight reason. On his friend remarking it, and saying that perhaps the child lacked courage, he turned sharply round and said, 'Courage—want courage! he should never be a son of mine.'"

The three years which he spent in Cheltenham were years of steady advance. He found there friends to whom he could open his heart, and there never was a human heart which more yearned after or more required sympathy than his. He was forced, likewise, from being brought into daily and intimate communication with the professors of that school of theology in which he believed himself to be grounded, to weigh more deliberately than he had heretofore done the soundness of their views; and the results were a growing distrust of principles heretofore accepted, and a new and healthier perception of the relation in which God stands towards man, and man towards God. These happy convictions did not, however, come to him all at once; on the contrary, he had to go through that phase of irresolute distrust in everything which more or less waits upon all who, like himself, having pinned their faith too strongly to one set of opinions, discover their hollowness, and find themselves without a compass to direct them in their further course. His biographer hints at a sharp rupture with one with whom he had previously been intimate, and to whom he looked as to a guide, as tending to bring this about. He refers also to what we can easily understand—the painful impression made upon a man of Mr. Robertson's sensitive nature by the state of religious feeling in Cheltenham, during the height and fury of

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the storm which the publication of Tract 90 called up:—

"The town was a hotbed of religious excitement. Popular preachers were adopted as leaders of party; and to hold certain doctrines, and to speak certain phrases, and to feel certain feelings, was counted equivalent to a Christian life by many among these congregations. . . . At first, with his unquestioning charity, he believed that all who spoke of Christ were Christ-like. But he was rudely undeceived. His truthful character, his earnestness—at first unconsciously, and afterwards consciously—recoiled from all the unreality around him. He was so pained by the expressions of religious emotion which fell from those who were leading a merely fashionable life, that he states himself, in one of his letters, that he gave up reading all works of a devotional character, lest he should be lured into the same habit of feeling without acting."

It was this, and other things of the same kind, which shook his faith in Evangelicalism to the foundation; and Tractarianism, as then expounded, presented as many points of revulsion to him. There followed a state of mind of which one of the lectures subsequently delivered to the working-men of Brighton gives a description as appalling as it is truth-like:—

"It is an awful moment when the soul begins to feel that the props on which it has blindly rested so long are, many of them, rotten, and begins to suspect them all; when it begins to feel the nothingness of many of the traditionary opinions which have been received with implicit confidence, and in that horrible insecurity begins also to doubt whether there be anything to believe at all. It is an awful hour—let him who has passed through it say how awful—when thus life has lost its meaning, and seems shrivelled into a span—when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared."

It would savour of hypercriticism were we to object to this passage because it sets all the laws of grammar at defiance, for of such bold writing Mr Robertson was habitually guilty; but behind his broken metaphors shine out images on which we cannot gaze without being greatly moved by them; and nowhere are these images more abundant or more appalling than in the tract from which we have taken this short extract.

In September 1846 Mr Robertson, wearied and disgusted with Cheltenham, set off to regain, if he could, health both to mind and body on the Continent. He walked on this occasion through the Tyrol, and settled at last in Heidelberg. There he spent nine weeks. They were devoted to the study of German theology, in which he took a deep interest, and the result is well described in a short series of letters, to which, however, the space at our command will permit us only to refer. The letters in question describe an inner life saddened by doubts which gradually wear away. He finds his first sure footing in the acceptance of a truth which he never afterwards abandoned:—

"'Moral goodness and moral beauty are realities lying at the base and beneath all forms of the best religious expressions. They are no dream, and they are not mere utilitarian conveniences. That suspicion was an agony; it is passing away. It was impossible, however, that he could rest there, yet continue in the exercise of his calling: and 'to give up that, seems throwing away the only opportunity of doing good in this short life that is now available to me.' He perseveres, therefore, in his investigations, and, better still, in his self-culture, till, between October 1846 and January 1847, he arrived at something like a solution of his difficulties. 'You will remember,' he writes, referring to certain axioms, such as that 'to do good is better than to do wrong, and Christ's church is high'—'you will remember that this creed leaves all that we are accustomed to consider the essentials of Christianity, as distinguished from natural religion, undermined. For instance, suppose a man puts the question, Who was Christ? What are miracles? What do you mean by inspiration? Is the resurrection a myth? What saves a man, his own character or that of another? Is the next life indi-

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vidual consciousness or the continuation of the consciousness of the universe? To these and twenty other questions which I could put, Krause would return one answer, Neander another, and Dr. Chalmers another; and I am certain that neither of the two last would be satisfied with even all that you urged as constituting Christianity; no, nor a great deal more in addition. These are not points on which any man in health can suffer a doubt to last three-quarters of a second . . . My mind is more under control than it was, my nerves braced by the surrender of Christ-church; and, in proof of this, I mean to keep my weakness and wretchedness to myself, instead of plaguing my friends with them."

His resignation of the Cheltenham curacy was sent in from Heidelberg, and he returned to his family not long afterwards. He roamed among his old haunts unemployed above two months, and fretted, as was inevitable, under an existence so profitless. "I am now well, but idle and useless; I have given up the curacy at Christ-church. If I take work, it must be single-handed. I am afraid I can no longer brook to walk in leading-strings." The offer of a chaplaincy in India was made to him by the Bishop of Calcutta, but he declined it; and by-and-by he wrote to the Bishop of Oxford, with whom, as Archdeacon Wilberforce, he had become acquainted at Winchester, soliciting employment. This act on his part laid him open to a charge from the Evangelical party, that he had gone over to the Tractarians, and meant henceforth to act with them. It was a false accusation. With the views of the extreme High Church party, on many theological points, he had no sympathy, and of the extravagant value which they attached to forms he always spoke with regret; but he had great sympathy with the men themselves, with their self-devotion, and with the modest and reverential tone of all their writings. He valued very highly the work which they were doing among the poor and in heretofore neglected parishes. He said that as a body they had reasserted the doctrine of a spiritual resurrection which had been almost put out of sight by their rivals. To the day of his death he continued to read Newman's sermons with profit and delight, and 'The Christian Year' was to him a work coming little short of inspiration. His ideas on the subject of baptism—that great crux for both Evangelical and High-Churchman—were not in accord with the views enunciated by either party. They came nearer, perhaps, to the Tractarian than to the Evangelical view of the subject; but they cannot be said to have been in accord with either. He objected to the Evangelical view, that it leaves all in doubt whether the baptised child be a child of God or not; and he stood apart from the opposite view, by asserting that the act of baptism does not create, but merely declares, that sonship which the death of Christ has secured to all men. He was perfectly ready, therefore, to read the baptismal service, in honesty and with a clear conscience, which, he always contended, no Evangelical clergyman could do. His illustration of the doctrine had at least the merit of being very simple, and consistent with itself. "The Queen is not Queen of England," he declared, "because of her coronation—she was Queen of England before the ceremonial took place; but the ceremonial declared the fact to the whole world, making, so to speak, that visible and real, which had previously been real without being visible." It is not our present purpose to inquire how far this mode of interpreting the Church's teaching does or does not come up to the standard of required orthodoxy; but at least it might have protected the interpreter from the imputation of having broken the pledges of his earlier life, and gone over to the party in the Church which he once reviled. Neither is it fair to say of Robertson, as has sometimes been done, that he sank so low as to become a Christian socialist.

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In the first place, it is doubtful whether in England, or anywhere else, there exists such a monster as men usually understand a Christian socialist to be. Mr. Maurice and Mr. Kingsley have, we are aware, been twitted with Christian socialism—surely without the slightest justification, and in breach of charity and common sense; but with Mr. Maurice, Robertson's connection was of the slightest kind; and we doubt whether he ever spoke to Mr. Kingsley, or corresponded with him, in his life. With the philosophy of Louis Blanc, on the other hand, he was familiar; and he condemned it as being not only unchristian but impracticable. So much, indeed, he had in common with Mr. Maurice, Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Thomas Hughes, that he took a lively interest in the wellbeing of the working-men, and did his best to plant among them the germs of love, religion, integrity, and self-respect—the only sure means of raising them, as well as their betters, in the scale of moral being. But he held back from Mr. Maurice's proposal to co-operate directly with him and Mr. Kingsley, and refused point-blank to join in the publication of a series of sermons, of which it should be the object to recommend their opinions and practices to the world. The truth is, that Robertson, as Mr. Brooke has well observed, "was the child of no theological father;" he fought out his own principles alone. Like other men of strong impulses, he entertained, no doubt, both predilections and antipathies generally in the extreme. And in latter years the Evangelical party appears to have become to him especially obnoxious—principally, no doubt, because he fell into the mistake of supposing that the 'Record' newspaper is the acknowledged organ of that party. This abhorrence of cant in one direction, however, never led him to overlook or condone it in another. Carlyle himself could not more loathe *sham*, whatever dress it might put on, than he.

We mentioned a short time ago, that Robertson, after declining an appointment in India, wrote to the Bishop of Oxford to inquire whether employment could be found for him in his lordship's diocese. The letter was kindly answered, and the incumbency of St. Ebb's, a poor parish in Oxford itself, and long neglected, was offered to the writer. We cannot quite make out why Mr. Robertson, after applying for a cure in Bishop Wilberforce's diocese, should have been the one to raise objections to entering upon it when the cure was offered. Had there been any deep-seated scruples of doctrine—any distrust in his own mind that he might be unable to teach as the Bishop taught and naturally desired that his clergy should teach also—the proper proceeding, as it seems to us, would have been,—either not to make the application at all, or to state these doubts and misgivings in the communication which conveyed the expression of the writer's desire to serve in the Bishop's diocese. Possibly the latter course may have been adopted. As we read the narrative, however, the impression made upon us is, that not till after St. Ebb's had been placed at his disposal, were Mr. Robertson's difficulties explained, or even fully stated. Be this as it may, the Bishop and Mr. Robertson met. They discussed calmly and frankly, as men of liberal minds alone can do, the points of difference between them; and the result was that the Bishop, without requiring that Mr. Robertson should sacrifice one jot of his own opinions, pressed the cure upon him. It was a wise as well as a generous conclusion, and it brought with it its own reward. Robertson entered upon his new charge unshackled by restraints of any kind, and fought his battle with an energy such as he had never exercised or manifested before. It was a brief battle, for his residence in St. Ebb's extended

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over barely two months. Yet in that space of time "the place yielded entirely to him." His church was crowded, Sunday after Sunday, not by his own parishioners exclusively, but by numbers of undergraduates who, from every college in Oxford, thronged to listen to appeals which went home at once to their understandings and their hearts. Just then, as his influence was beginning to be acknowledged, Trinity Chapel at Brighton became vacant, and the incumbency was offered to him. He declined it by return of post, arriving at once at the conclusion that courtesy towards the Bishop and the duty which he owed to his people alike forbade so abrupt a termination to a connection which had just been formed. The trustees of the chapel, including among others the Rev. James Anderson, Lord Tynemouth, and Mr. Thornton, were not, however, to be diverted from their purpose. They opened a communication with the Bishop, who fell into their views, and himself advised Mr. Robertson to accede to their wishes. Thus honourably released from his engagement in Oxford, Mr. Robertson had no longer a legitimate excuse for declining a proposal which, in a worldly point of view, had a good deal to recommend it. It was not without a pang that he made up his mind to withdraw from a field on which he had just begun to cherish the idea that he was labouring not in vain. He made the sacrifice, however, as soon as he felt that he could do so with an easy conscience, and, removing in August 1847 to Brighton, entered upon that charge which he was not to relinquish except with his life.

Brief as his sojourn in Oxford had been, Mr. Robertson derived from it unspeakable advantages. He learned then, for the first time, to trust to himself, to think for himself, to speak for himself. The consequence was, that he brought to Brighton fixed opinions on all important subjects, with a settled purpose of expressing them, let the consequences be what they might. This healthy state of mind was the more confirmed in him, that the external aspect of the town and of the scenery amid which it is planted greatly pleased him. He found intense enjoyment in the clear sea, the bracing air, and the grassy slopes and bosses of the downs. He was not so much satisfied with the condition of society, which appeared to him a good deal out of tune. Yet it may be doubted whether anywhere in England he could have fallen on a sphere of duty more suited to that earnestness and touch of genius with which he was gifted. Brighton in 1847 was not like Cheltenham, a half-fashionable place, where men's interests are petty and their views of things narrow. Nor was it, like Oxford, a great centre of thought, throughout which the deepest questions of political and theological philosophy are discussed with as much of keenness as of latitude. It was peopled in part by persons who, in the greater world of London, had made their fortunes and now lived at ease, or who still carried on their business in the city, the train conveying them in the morning to their counting-houses, and bringing them back again in the evening to their homes;—where many of them dwelt with the retired officers of the army and navy, professional men, and shopkeepers, without being socially mixed up with them. But the peculiar feature was, and we believe still is, in the population of Brighton, the large number of officials connected with the railway, who exercise over the mind of the place a far more extensive influence than the careless observer is apt to imagine. For almost all the mechanicians connected with that important station are north-country men, among whom infidelity in religion and in politics, Chartism to its utmost

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verge, largely prevails. Nor are these uninstructed men, whom any demagogue may twist about from one extreme in opinion to another, at his own pleasure. On the contrary, they are for the most part well educated for their station—great readers; though unfortunately one-sided readers, who study, or persuade themselves that they study, every question in ethics, and arrive at the conclusion that the world is governed by lies, and that they are especially the sufferers from this reign of error. And in this they are the more confirmed by beholding the rancour which prevails among the classes which profess to be most under the guidance of religious principle. For Brighton is, and has long been, notorious for the bitterness of its polemics, the Dissenting interest in all its shades, from Presbyterianism to Unitarianism, being powerful, and the Church split up into every variety of section, from extreme Anglicanism down to the lowest depths of Evangelicalism. All these coteries cordially dislike one another, though in Brighton as elsewhere it must be admitted that the Evangelicals are the best haters. So far, therefore, Brighton and Cheltenham resemble one another, that in each the religious tendencies run into extremes. But in this they differ, and the difference is immense, that whereas in Cheltenham Evangelicalism has to a great extent the ascendancy, in Brighton the antagonisms are both numerous and decided, fostering, if they do not create, among persons outside one or other of the cliques, that absolute unbelief in the fact of revelation of which we have just spoken.

Robertson had not long taken up the duties of Trinity Church, before a perception of the state of things prevalent in Brighton dawned upon him. The discovery at once distressed and excited him, and he resolved that his entire time and all his energies should be applied to abate, if he could not succeed in removing, the evil. Ever since his escape from the slough of Evangelicalism, and, indeed, for some time previously, he had felt that the Gospel in this country is preached too much as a system of theology, too little as a rule of life. He determined that he at least should not so preach it. It was his settled purpose so to handle the great truths of Christianity that they should be seen to bear upon every question which agitates and interests society, from the movements of states and empires down to the relations of classes and the economy of domestic life. He formed his plan of action upon this principle at once, and never deviated from it. The consequences were very remarkable. Trinity Church changed by degrees, not entirely, but to a great extent, its congregation. Some respectable persons, accustomed all their lives to a different style of preaching, withdrew from it. Others, whom his appeals startled at the outset, began by degrees to understand and relish them. But the striking incident of all was the gradual dropping in—by twos and threes at first, by-and-by in shoals—of men who had never been known to enter a place of worship before. These became, after listening to him once or twice, regular attendants; and over them, and in deed over all on whom the spell of his peculiar eloquence was cast, he soon exercised an influence, of the extent of which it may be doubted whether he himself was ever fully aware.

It was perhaps unfortunate for Mr. Robertson that he should have begun his ministrations in Brighton at that critical period when men's minds were unsettled by the French revolution of 1848. His was not a temperament to rest unaffected by the swell of the wave which then passed over Europe. In an enthusiasm which was at all times too warm to be under the control of sober judgment, he rejoiced in what he described as "the downfall of old oppressions," and "thought that he

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heard in the young cries of freedom the wheels of the chariot of the Son of Man coming nearer and nearer to vindicate the cause of the poor." It so happened that, about a month previously to that outbreak, he had begun a course of afternoon lectures on the first book of Samuel. These naturally led him to discuss, in detail, questions belonging to the life of society, and to the rise and progress of national ideas. He began by speaking of a great revolution in ages long gone by, and he found himself, as he proceeded, in the midst, so to speak, of a contemporary revolution. All the points in dispute during 1848 were thus brought before him, and he did not turn away from them. We are not prepared to say that he handled these points always and at all times very discreetly. Discretion, in the commonly received acceptation of that term, was not one of Robertson's virtues; and in 1848 he was too full of hopes, which older men than he never cherished, to conceal either the grounds on which they rested, or to disguise the results in which he anticipated that they would issue. The consequence was a marked division of opinion respecting him in Brighton. Timid persons, extreme in their religious and political views, spoke of him as a revolutionist and a democrat: he was even complained of to the Bishop as preaching politics. The working-men, on the other hand, of whom almost all were revolutionists at heart, flocked to hear him, and accepted his lectures as an effort to solve, on Christian principle, the problems which tormented and perplexed themselves. We believe that Mr. Brooke neither exaggerates nor misstates when he says that "many a man traces to this influence upon him his escape from the false fraternity and false freedom of socialism, into a higher region of thought, where a truer brotherhood and a purer liberty were conferred on him by Christ."

We willingly accept this account of the matter, which is corroborated by other, and perhaps less unprejudiced evidence than that of a personal friend and a biographer. It is quite possible that, from time to time, a spirit, ardent and earnest like that of Robertson, may have given expression to its sympathies in language which was liable to be misunderstood. But, on the whole, the lectures wrought an excellent purpose so far, that they confirmed that confidence which the workingmen were already inclined, with reason, to repose in him. And out of that confidence sprang his power to divert to a good end a great movement among them, which might have resulted in evil. A member of his congregation, Mr. Holtham, was taken, early in this year, with a severe illness. Mr. Robertson visited him, and "found one thought uppermost in his mind, 'how shall I do good to the working-classes?'" Discussions ensued, which ended in the determination to establish, if possible, a Workingman's Institute in the place, and to organise it on a plan which should throw all the details of management into the hands of the working-men themselves. Provision was to be made for the admission into the society of honorary members, and for the acceptance, from them, of such aid in books and money as they might be disposed to give. But no power whatever was to be placed in their hands—not even that of voting or serving in committees. The working-men threw themselves heartily into the scheme. Upwards of a thousand put down their names at once; and for the small weekly payment of a penny apiece, they provided a house and a library; papering, painting, and fitting-up the former with their own hands, and providing the latter chiefly out of their own funds.

Robertson seems to have distrusted the wisdom of his own rules—for the rules were of his concoction—so far that he doubted

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the wisdom of thus separating classes, by refusing to honorary members a fair share in the government of the society. He stifled the doubt, however, in his anxiety to prove to the working-men that there was no desire to rule over them, and for a brief space it appeared as if he had done wisely. He thus speaks of the Institute and its proceedings soon after it had been formed:—

"Last night I attended the meeting of the Working-man's Institute, and was very much struck with the genuine, manly, moral tone of the speakers. I went home with quite elevated hopes for my country, when I compared the tone with that of the French clubs. And my whole heart sympathised with what your feelings must have been in the success of your brave effort. Of course, people who expect in it a perfect Utopia will be disappointed or gratified by finding it, *so far*, a failure. But the similar institutions of the upper classes have been, like all human things, checkered with good and evil—a means of increasing the powers of good men for good, and those of bad men for bad. You do not expect more than this, the inevitable result of all power and privileges added to humanity. But this *must* be added, come what may. There is no other intelligible principle which will not be compelled, in consistency, to recognise barbarism as the highest state."

The meeting of which this account is given was a preliminary meeting, called for the purpose of arranging details and confirming rules. The inauguration took place on the 23d of February 1848, Robertson delivering the inaugural address. "It was listened to," says Mr. Brooke, "with deep admiration and attention. It was so eloquent, the voice and manner in which it was delivered were so thrilling, the earnestness and deep belief of the speaker in all he said was so impressive, that men said the words were imprinted on their character for ever. It was, moreover, a brave and a noble speech, more brave and noble than can be easily understood at present." The subject, "the elevation of the working-classes," was much more likely to be misunderstood then than it is now, because only demagogues had heretofore discussed it; and misunderstood to a great extent it certainly was outside the circle to which Robertson explained it. We have reason to believe, however, that Robertson a good deal over-estimated, at the moment, as his biographer, in alluding to the circumstance, has a good deal over-estimated the extent and bitterness of this misunderstanding. Angry Evangelicals and timid women might exclaim against one who could for any purpose introduce such terms as "liberty, equality, and fraternity" into a lecture addressed to working-men. Persons of sounder sense held their judgment in suspense, and saw reason by-and-by to congratulate themselves on having done so. Robertson's discourse, though it sailed pretty close to the wind, never degenerated into the jargon which vitiates while it affects to elevate the wishes of the sons of toil. And the consequence was that the lecturer won more and more upon the confidence and goodwill of those to whom he addressed himself. "The whole address," says Mr. Brooke, "may be described as an effort to destroy the errors of socialistic theories, not by denouncing them, but by holding forth the truths which lie beneath them, and give them their vitality; to show that these truths were recognised in Christianity, and placed there upon a common ground, where the various classes of society could meet, and merge their differences in sympathy and love."

Mr. Brooke, we repeat, has a good deal exaggerated the amount of opposition to which his hero was exposed in pushing forward the laudable purpose in which he had embarked. He has fallen into a still graver error in trying to account for the success which attended Robertson's efforts. Not content to assure us that Robertson's "know-

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ledge of history and political economy, the many-sidedness of his views and feelings, and the chivalry and justice of his character, peculiarly fitted him for this task of reconciliation," he goes on to say, "there was a kind of double nature in him; he was instinctively a Tory, but he was by conviction a Liberal." Begging Mr. Brooke's pardon, this is a piece of clap-trap unworthy both of him and of his hero. Robertson, a Tory at heart, and in his dealings with the working-classes *therefore* Liberal, as all true Tories are, was provoked by the bigotry of narrow-minded men who called themselves Tories into once supporting at the hustings a candidate whose views on important points in religion and politics were directly opposed to his own. This is shown plainly enough by the eagerness with which he defends the proceeding, and the false hilarity which runs through his account of the impression made upon the crowd when his vote was recorded. But the act was quite in keeping with the man. It sprang out of the impulsiveness of a nature too impatient of cant, or what he accepted as cant, to look beyond it. Robertson did his best in 1850 to send Mr. Trelawny to Parliament, because Mr. Trelawny was known to have nothing in common with the 'Record' or the 'Guardian.' He never stopped to inquire whether mere antagonism to extremes on such questions implies perfect soundness in him who denounces the extremes. He voted for a gentleman concerning whom public opinion was divided whether he were an Atheist or a Roman Catholic, and of whom, by his own confession, Robertson himself knew nothing.

The truth is, that Robertson's politics, properly so called, partook as little of the character of partisanship as his religious opinions chimed in and were limited by those of any known school of theology whatever. He honoured the Queen; he obedience to the laws; he was a lover of order and the kindly intercourse of classes in society. He was no democrat, but desired rather that working-men should, by industry and temperance, raise themselves to the level of the constitution, than that the constitution should be lowered to the level of working-men who neither control their passions nor cultivate their intellects. If this be Liberalism, then we too are Liberals. If this be Toryism, then was Robertson as much a Tory as ourselves. But not being a partisan, he suffered prejudice, in a single instance, to run away with him. In like manner his principles were pronounced in Brighton to be liberal in the extreme, because he expressed his disapproval of Lord John Russell's celebrated Durham letter, and refused to go all lengths in forcing upon Christian men the observance of a Jewish Sabbath. But this only shows that the politicians of Brighton do not know what Toryism is. It has nothing in common now, it never had, with the Puritanism which from 1640 to 1660 lay like an incubus upon England, and still presses, with a weight which bids fair, ere long, to become unbearable, upon Scotland. We need not, however, dwell more at length upon a matter which bears so very little upon the character, public or private, of Frederick Robertson. Whatever his own opinions might be, they were taken up and maintained in all sincerity, and enunciated only so far as he was persuaded that their tendency was to promote the moral, and therefore the highest, wellbeing of his fellow-men.

From 1848 to 1850 the Workingman's Institute continued to be to Robertson a source of much interest and some anxiety. By little and little the noxious influence of the rule which excluded honorary members from all share in the management of the concern began to make itself felt; and at the lat-

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ter of the two dates given above, the crisis came. A section of the committee, supported by a not inconsiderable proportion of the subscribers, proposed to introduce infidel publications into the library. This was resisted, and an appeal was made to Robertson to mediate between the factions. He was greatly troubled, but did not decline the responsibility. Of the original regulation, which at the outset he had sanctioned, he wrote thus:—

"It was a mistake which originated in an over-scrupulous generosity on the part of one who suggested it; but fatal, because false in principle. To have vested the power of unlimited control or rule in the richer classes, would have been to surrender the very principle on which the plan rested. But to reject all co-operation and assistance from them, to receive their contributions and refuse their advice, was to create and foster a spirit not of manly but of jealous independence, and to produce in a new form that vicious state of relationship between class and class which is at this day the worst evil in our social life—the repulsion of the classes of society from each other at all points except one, so as to have them touching at the single point of pecuniary interest. And thus the cementing principle of society is declared to be the spirit of selfishness—the only spirit which is essentially destructive. A fatal blunder!"

Robertson was not a man to seek the attainment of an end, however praiseworthy, in an underhand manner. He invited the members of the Institute to meet him in the town-hall, and there delivered an address on the subject under discussion, which was listened to by a crowded audience with the deepest attention. The infidel and socialist section were present with the intention of hooting him down; and the better to effect that purpose they scattered themselves in little groups among the crowd. But his calm self-possession overawed them. "You have heard," he exclaimed, when the murmuring and shuffling of feet began, "of a place called Coward's Castle. Coward's Castle is that pulpit or platform from which a man, surrounded by his friends in the absence of his opponents, secure of applause and safe from any reply, denounces those who differ from him." The effect upon the dissentients of this appeal to the manlier part of them, was very striking. They held their peace; and not a few, carried away by feelings which they could not restrain, joined in the applause with which the address was repeatedly greeted. The results proved to be most satisfactory; for among the infidel and socialist party, not a few, yielding their judgment to his guidance, accepted the new rules which were proposed. The remainder, drawing off, claimed and received their proper share of the common stock. They set up a club of their own, which expired in a few weeks; while the old institution throve and extended its influence for good all the while a master spirit was present to direct it. Alas! it did not long survive the brave and eloquent man who infused into it his own spirit, and so kept it alive. It passed away wellnigh with its founder.

While he thus laboured among his people by a succession of the most suggestive and well-considered pulpit discourses, and by his fostering care of every scheme which had for its object the binding of class with class in the bonds of mutual love and respect, Robertson found time for a larger and more discursive private correspondence than men with far more of leisure at their command are in these days wont to indulge in. We are not sure that Mr. Brooke has exercised a wise discretion in holding back the names, and in some cases even the written communications, of those to whom Robertson's letters were addressed. He is mistaken if he supposes that in points so apparently minute the public takes no interest, and still more so if he assumes that letters, provided they

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be worth reading at all, lose nothing of their interest by being read rather as separate essays than as the interchange of thought between one mind and another. It is far otherwise. When we find a noble spirit like that of Robertson giving utterance to complaints which savour occasionally of the querulous, it would be a great satisfaction to know not only the grounds of these complaints, but the reason why they were committed to paper, and the position of the correspondents to whom they were addressed. So also his arguments, whether in disparagement of one set of views or in support of another, lose half their force in consequence of our ignorance of the circumstances which induced him to enter upon the controversy. Take for example his ingenious discussion, in the letter marked LXII. of vol. i., of the differences between the modes pursued in the Romish Church and by Evangelical Protestantism in the treatment of penitence. It is most interesting, very able, almost conclusive, as it stands. It would have been, we are satisfied, still more conclusive, retaining every other charm which appertains to it, had the biographer let us into the secret of its origin and destination. So also his criticism on literary and artistic subjects — his letter dated 14th March 1851, for example, to which we can only refer—his explanation of Tennyson's expression,

"When I felt the days before me"

—his remarks on the extravagance with which enthusiastic Shakespearians discover beauties in very commonplace expressions only because they are employed by the great master,—all these are extremely good as we have them. But they would have been still better had Mr. Brooke given us an insight into the causes which more immediately produced them. These, however, are very slight blemishes in a work, if indeed they deserve so to be considered, which, in other respects, commands a large share of our admiration; and we point them out rather in the hope that in future editions they will be removed, than from any desire to find fault where so little that is censurable appears.

Another reason why we should be glad to have supplied what is rather an omission than a defect is this; in his letters, far more plainly than in his sermons and published essays, Mr. Robertson sets forth his own peculiar views on all the religious controversies of his day, and on some which were in his day scarcely beginning to be agitated. No doubt we can judge of the soundness of these views, enunciated, as they seem to us to be, without any specific purpose, but we cannot judge so fairly. Men often go farther than they intended themselves to go when questions are started by others for them to solve. They are almost always hurried into this procedure if objections be raised to their supposed opinions, and urged with ability. Now we are far from wishing to insinuate that Robertson on any question, whether it referred to the example and effect of inspiration generally, to the light in which the earlier portions of sacred history ought to be regarded, to the doctrine of the incarnation, or the meaning of the term regeneration as used in the baptismal service—we do not intend to insinuate that in any one of these points Mr. Robertson was justly chargeable with the heresies which critics of little learning and less judgment laid at his door. But it would have been satisfactory to know in every instance what provocation it was which induced him to strike out, as in his correspondence he does sometimes, in a tone rather of indignant contempt than of argumentation. For the worst consequence of our ignorance on this head is, that Robertson will certainly be claimed by the disciples of the Colenso and Essay-and-

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Review school as belonging to their order. Now, this we positively deny. He is as reverential in everything that he says as these gentlemen are the reverse, and he holds, and over and over again avows, a faith to which they would hardly subscribe. Take as one specimen his reply to a review in the 'South Church Union' of one of his own lectures on party. "He" (the reviewer) "falls foul of my 'first principle'—Sever yourself from all parties and maxims. Now, there is a double ambiguity which belongs to such a rule. It may be a merely negative one, in which case it is only latitudinarian, being equivalent to 'It does not matter what you think, provided you are not bigoted to one opinion above another.' And this is the way in which he has chosen to understand it; but in the way I said it, it became a positive rule, as indeed the context shows. 'Servant only to the truth;' in other words, surrender yourself to no maxims, because you must be servant to something much higher. Doubtless, the way of attaining truth is not indicated in that sentence, nor could it be; it is a second lesson—I was giving one at a time. The way of reaching truth is by obeying truth, you know. 'If any man will do His will, he will know,'" &c. Is there anything in Robertson's maxim which is not asserted on authority far higher than his? "Search all things—hold fast that which is true."

Take again his manner of dealing with the "Necessarian Theory." "It is a holy truth, and we shall flounder away into fearful self-correction if we take 'The Constitution of Man' instead of the Prophets, economic wellbeing instead of the Gospel, and put vice and crime as amiable diseases. I am still, in many cases, for the Christian virtue of an English oak stick with an English hand to lay it on, and show mercy when you have done justice."

Take again his letter to "a Roman Catholic friend," which well deserves to be read at length. We can afford only space for an extract or two. Arguing against and explaining the progress of Mariolatry, he says—

"At first the sculptures were strict copies of known heathen goddesses, with a child in arms; then the woman standing before the Son; next the woman crowned on a throne with the Son, but lower; after that, on the same throne, with a higher level; lastly, the Son in wrath, and about to destroy the universe, and the woman interposing her woman's bosom in intercession. Well, I remembered at once this is what the evangelicals do in another way. They make two Gods—a loving one and an angry one—the former saving from the latter. Both then agree in this, that the anger and the love are expressed in different personalities. Now here I get a great truth. Not by eclecticism, taking as much of each as I like, but that which both assert; and then I dispense with the formal expression of the thought. The Son and the Virgin, the Father and the Son, opposed to each other—this is the form of thought, in both false; the human mind's necessity of expressing objectively the opposition of two truths by referring them to different personalities. Having them thus distinct, real, and undestroyed, by a namby-pamby blending of the two into one, I recognise as the truth of the whole. . . . Humanly speaking, therefore, it is impossible that I could ever become an Evangelical, a Romanist, or an infidel. Neither of the two first, because I feel that they have only poor forms of truth, materialistic and metaphysical; not the last, because, I feel too deeply even in his negative truth; in his 'is not' how much more truly 'something is.'"

Again his conception of the effect and extent of inspiration, and of the probable origin of the documents out of which the Book of Genesis was compiled, differs far more essentially from that with which Bishop Colenso has favoured the world than from the Jewish ideas entertained on the subject by uninquiring Christians. He believes that the narrative in the first chapters of Genesis is the blending together of two traditions—an

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opinion which, whether well or ill founded, was maintained long before his day by divines whose orthodoxy has never been called in question; and he conceives that inspiration works no further in any of the writers either of the Old or New Testament than to guide them in enunciating clearly and correctly moral and religious truths—the sole purpose for which inspiration has been granted. Of the apparent contradictions between sacred history and physical science he therefore makes very light—deprecating, as all wise men, we presume, are now disposed to do, every attempt to bring them into accord. But we find no arithmetical or other childish objections raised to the inspired narrative as it runs, nor any insinuation, more or less wrapped up, that all which precedes the date of chronological history deserves to be treated only as a myth. But we must not dwell longer upon these high matters. It is enough to say that everywhere we find Robertson truth-loving, reverential, sound. If he dwell more on the humanity than on the Divine nature of the Saviour, it is because in his humanity the Saviour is most closely connected with us. If he make religion a religion of love and not of terror, it is because he takes a right view of the character of Him from whom we receive it. If he appear to narrow the influence of baptism a little more than High Churchmen usually do, it is because he takes a larger view than they of the effects of the Atonement. The Essayists and Reviewers may claim him if they please—we quite anticipate that they will—but no unprejudiced person who reads this biography, trying the sentiments expressed in it by the test of Robertson's printed sermons and lectures, will arrive at any other conclusion than that he was an humble and firm believer—a Christian man, if ever Christian man and teacher has appeared among us in modern times.

We must hurry over what remains to be [illegible] Robertson's health [illegible] been delicate. He would not admit this, and as often as he could escape from the work of his profession, he endeavoured to strengthen his constitution by violent exercise. He delighted in field-sports, shot well, and, as often as the opportunity was afforded, threw himself into the sport. He took long walks, both at home and abroad, and greatly enjoyed them. He was a naturalist, and found abundant sources of interest in the habits of birds, beasts, and even of insects. He went likewise into society from time to time, and continued to the last to be a welcome because a most entertaining and instructive guest. At length that fatal disease set in, under which, though he himself never contemplated such a result, he was destined to succumb. He became at times partially paralysed, and his emaciation was as pitiful as his infantine feebleness. He suffered intense pain likewise. But worse to him than bodily pain was the prostration of all mental force, the obliteration of large spaces from the memory, and the loss of all power of attention. The disease was in the brain, and it killed him. His mother, his wife, and one friend, with his physician, watched over him, seeking by every means in their power to alleviate his sufferings; but he could not bear to be touched. "I cannot bear it," he said; "let me rest. I must die. Let. God do his work." These were his last words. On Sunday the 18th of August 1853, a few minutes after midnight—a few hours after his congregation had prayed for him with tears streaming down their cheeks—all was over. He died, aged thirty-eight years and six months, leaving behind him the well-earned reputation of a profound thinker, a noble gentleman, a thoroughly devout and earnest Christian minister.

We shall not further extend this article by attempting to draw an ela-

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borate portrait, physical, moral, and intellectual, of the subject of it. Physically he was a remarkably handsome man, tall, slight, lithe in figure, with a countenance expressive of all the finer feelings, full of intelligence, full of energy. Morally and intellectually he was very much as Mr. Brooke has described him. His influence over all who came in contact with him was very great. A deep sorrow lay upon him, not, we suspect, entirely originating in that disappointment in the matter of the choice of a profession, which to the last was keenly felt. But whatever might be the cause of it, there it lay, creating a yearning desire for sympathy which never reached him, and coloring more or less every thought which passed through his mind. If the peculiar sympathy for which he craved did not come to him in his life, his death called forth ample proof that multitudes felt for him and with him. His remains were laid in a hollow of the Downs, in a cemetery to which the roar of the sea reaches—a sound in which he delighted; and a massive monument raised over his grave testifies, by the inscriptions which are engraved upon it, how fervently he had been loved, how deeply he is regretted by the members of his congregation, and by the working-men of Brighton.

We may add that a beautiful bust of him has been put up in the Bodleian Library by his Oxford friends; and that a painted window in Oriel testifies to the respect with which the members of his own college regard his memory.

THE PARLIAMENT OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

A NEW SONG.

A BOLD Bright idea has flashed on my mind,
Which of excellent service Reformers will find,
That THE BILL should just give what we else might attain,
Could the Nation assemble on Salisbury plain,
Singing, Down, down, Tories, lie down.

If that great Monster Meeting could realised be,
What sounds we should hear, and what sights we should see!
What statesmanlike measures we then should obtain
From the multitudes mustered on Salisbury Plain,
Singing, Down, &c.

To compare the two things, if, in fancy, we sought,
The great Day of the Derby would dwindle to nought;
The pencil of Frith would be summoned in vain
To depict the vast Chaos on Salisbury Plain,
Singing, Down, &c.

Both sexes, all sizes, each station and age,
The hedger and ditcher, the scholar and sage;
Those who work with their hands, those who toil with their brain,
Would be put on a par upon Salisbury Plain,
Singing, Down, &c.

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High perched on Stonehenge, with stentorian power,
The Demagogue loudly might rant by the hour;
Ever strong to excite, but too weak to restrain,
The tumultuous masses of Salisbury Plain,
Singing, Down, &c.

The Millionaire, too, with his purse in his hand,
And his well-paid adherents, a place might command;
While Brandy and Bribery jointly might reign,
And preside in the councils of Salisbury Plain,
Singing, Down, &c.

What though Reason and Truth wouldn't get in a word?
What though Justice in vain would demand to be heard?
It is pleasant to think how they'd fruitlessly strain
Their weak little windpipes on Salisbury Plain,
Singing, Down, down, Democrats, down.

A few million Irish, in ragged array,
Orange, Papist, and Fenian, would heighten the fray;
And the brogue and the bludgeon the strife would maintain,
Playing Donnybrook Fair upon Salisbury Plain,
With a Down, down, Saxons, lie down.

The combat would thicken, till Physical Force,
Without fetter or fear, should accomplish her course;
And perhaps the old story of Abel and Cain
Would soon redden the grass upon Salisbury Plain
Singing, Down, down, Tories, lie down.

Then forward, Reformers, your projects pursue,
And this noble Idea keep ever in view;
Let but Numbers and Noise the ascendancy gain,
And then *both* Whigs and Tories, on Salisbury Plain,
Will lie Down, down,—all of you down!

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THE LATE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

THERE is only one other man in Europe whose death would give rise to greater anxieties than the old King who has just died at Lacken.

The world had grown very weary of war when Leopold took his place in political life, and brought to the task before him that mass of qualities which, if not enough to make him a great king, stamped him as one of the wisest, most patient, and most observant of the public men of Europe.

The early life of King Leopold, like that of the French Emperor, was passed in the straits and difficulties of one who had his way to work in the world. With his good blood and his good sword he was a mere soldier of fortune. There is every reason to doubt the story related by O'Meara, that Prince Leopold had once applied for the post of aide-de-camp to the first Emperor; but there is quite sufficient in his career, without this incident, to show it was as checkered and eventful as that of any adventurer we read of.

Now there is this to be said of lives of adventure — they either make men shifty, selfish, and unscrupulous, or they are the finest teachers of determination, persistence, and self-confidence. These were the lessons that Leopold learned in his humbler fortunes, and they were the qualities which mainly distinguished him in after life.

Sovereigns are, in ordinary cases, from pure necessity, men little conversant with the world. They know events; they never know men. Their whole early training is especially conducted with a view to estrangement from persons with whom it is likely they might contract friendships; and thus they came to treat of great questions without being able to attach any weight to the capacities, the tastes, or the tempers of the men who influence them.

It was the good fortune of Prince Leopold to have lived long in a subordinate station, and to have had abundant time to become thoroughly acquainted with the character of the chief men of his day.

With the late Duke of Wellington he lived on terms of close friendship; and there were many points of character and disposition in common between them. With Lord Palmerston, too, the King maintained a most constant correspondence, only once interrupted through a series of years, when the English Minister declined to advocate a Coburg for the hand of the Spanish princess, and refused all interference whatsoever in the Spanish marriage intrigue. This breach was, however, of very brief duration; and the King himself was the first to offer to repair it, and restore the old relations between them.

To the great knowledge of mankind—a knowledge in which probably no statesman in Europe could pretend to rival him—Leopold owed nearly every success of his successful life. It is not often given to men to read the designs of cabinets through the tempers of the men who rule them. It is a very rare gift in political life to be able to interpret acts through the medium of character; and this Leopold was fully able to do. He knew the impulsive and almost inconsiderate nature of Canning, and what value to attach to his hastily-formed designs, just as well as he read the wily duplicities of Louis Philippe, who imposed on so many by the *bonard* habit of his free speech, and the careless way in which he spoke of what ought to have demanded caution and reserve.

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Leopold, too, did what few men in his station have ever arrived at —he looked beyond governments to the nation. He saw that cabinets represented, even at best, but some transitory mood of the country, and that behind them stood the people, fast, firm, and little changing. That he understood England as no man born out of England understood her, is beyond a doubt. He knew every trait and every temper of our people; and we ought never to forget in our affectionate remembrance of the Prince Consort how much we owe to the wisdom of the uncle who guided and counselled him. It was a rare stroke of fortune that united the destinies of King Leopold with Belgium. There were many things that accorded well with each; and if the Belgians could have been permitted to devise a king, they could not have formed a more admirable union of qualities than were possessed by King Leopold. They wanted great moderation, patience, a tolerant spirit in religious matters, a keen sense of all industrial gain, the dignity that should inspire respect for a new nationality, and, above all, that even-handed justice to all other nations that would show Belgium relied upon the guarantees that secured her independence, and never sought to prop or support it by separate alliances.

It must be said the King had a fine soil to work on; and the difficulties of government are certainly diminished when an industrious, thrifty people can be advanced on the road to become rich and prosperous, and where every facility is provided to develop the resources and increase the revenues of the State.

Belgium was the first country in Europe to carry out to its full extent the railway system. While even France possessed but two trunk lines, Belgium was a perfect network of railways. Simultaneously with this means of progress Liège started up into a great manufacturing centre, and in a few years became the formidable rival of Birmingham.

While the Flemings were bringing agriculture to a degree of perfection by hand-labour which made the western province a garden, Eastern Belgium was becoming one of the great centres of European production.

The desire to be well-off—to be comfortable—is a very governable element. The people who have little to lose are proportionately hard to rule. It is your well-to-do, thrifty, careful populations, conservative of their own, that are ever amenable to guidance, and especially so when they see that their own interests are amongst the chief objects of the ruler.

If Orangeism, as the sentiment of attachment to the old Dutch rule was called, was one of the early difficulties of Leopold's government, he showed consummate tact in the way he dealt with it. Never treating this party as opponents to his rule, he avoided giving them the importance of an enemy; nor did he, as the French Emperor with the Faubourg, endeavour to seduce them to his side by offers of place and advancement, and thus increase the animosity and bitterness of those who resisted such blandishments. No: Leopold simply ignored their resistance; he assumed, as it were, that the sentiments that bound them to a former dynasty would die out with the generation that professed them; and he was right. In the very house that adjoined his palace at Brussels, and under whose vaults it was said barrels of gunpowder were placed to explode the palace and all its inmates—such was the sworn hatred of the new royalty—in this same house Leopold lived to see a new generation firmly attached to his cause and devoted to his dynasty.

Orangeism might very readily have been coerced into an opposition, and a formidable opposition too.

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A system of disfavour, a show of severity, any exclusion practised to those who professed it, would have made of this party the same mass of discontent, intrigue, and malevolence we see in the Faubourg; but Leopold was too wise for this. He would not give them the martyrdom they sought for. The public service, the various roads to wealth and affluence which others enjoyed, were open to them as to the rest; even the Court itself and its hospitalities were not denied to those whose rank and station made them eligible to the honour.

The dignity which a course so perfectly impartial conferred was no small benefit to a new rule. Men saw in it the element of a justice that augured well for the future of the State. Active, industrious, and independent, the Belgian asks for no favouritism. Freedom of action and freedom of speech, to be at liberty to advance his own interests and to express himself frankly on all around him, are his two objects in life; but he neither asks for any supremacy above his fellows nor any especial and peculiar privileges.

Leopold very quickly apprehended the instincts of those he was set to rule over. To make them governable it was only necessary to make them prosperous; but there was another feature of his subjects it was almost equally necessary he should regard, and this was the native jealousy they felt towards a stranger, and a stranger of a religion different from their own. The same abstention that he employed towards the Orangeists served him here. No provocation could make him a partisan; and whether the Cabinet was presided over by M. de Theux, and advocated the ideas of the Conservative party, or led by Lebeau, the more than John Bright of the Belgian Chamber, the King remained an almost impassive spectator of the contest that raged before him.

By the exercise of the same qualities which made him the great arbiter of Europe, he stood impartially between the parties in the State, and only pronounced when, in the full conviction of his integrity and his wisdom, men appealed to him for a decision. There was something essentially judicial in the whole course of his sovereignty. He had his periods of unpopularity, but he never prolonged them by any show of resentment; and even those public men whom he well knew to be animated with little feeling of attachment to himself, when elevated to power by the emergencies of political life, he accepted and treated as frankly and as loyally as the chosen followers of the Crown.

It is probable that he was enabled to perform this part of unswerving neutrality by the fact, that there was scarcely a man in Belgium who did not desire to see King Leopold on the throne more than he did himself. He was there through a sense of duty; but the same sense of duty required that he should be there on the conditions that his conscience approved.

The writer of these lines once heard him regret he had not taken the Crown of Greece. He thought the task was one to demand greater efforts, and call forth the exercise of qualities which the prosperous course of Belgian affairs could not possibly elicit. The avowal seemed to escape from him accidentally, for, as if eager to efface the impression of it, he added laughingly—"And the fine climate would probably save me from these bronchitic attacks I suffer from here."

While no reign could possibly appear more fitted to advance the cause and strengthen the claims of constitutional monarchy, is it not strange that, even before this wise and good king was carried to his last resting-place, Europe should be agitated by dark rumours, and that everywhere should be heard the question—"What is to become of Belgium?"

Is it the fact, as some assert, that

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monarchies can never take root again in Europe, and that the age of dynasties is over, save when consecrated by the unbroken succession of ages? Is it true that men accept a Sovereign only as they accept a President, and take Government on trial?

What policy could have been more calculated to inspire sentiments of respect for a throne, than that of the late King's? Was there a monarch in Europe who attracted more respect for wisdom, for integrity, for impartial justice and honourable dealing? And yet it would seem as though he had been building on sand, and if the language we hear around us have any significancy, Belgium is once more unsettled, and her future on the cast of the die.

It is certainly not easy to understand the cry of the day, that Belgium desires annexation to France; but that there is a strong party who so wish, and that France has long intrigued to encourage these views, is beyond a doubt. It is possible to believe that men might distrust the power of a small state to preserve its neutrality on the first great convulsion of Europe. It is easy to conceive how anxiously Belgium might regard the late increase of territory acquired by Prussia, and speculate on the compensations which France might think it right to insist on in consequence; but it is by no means so easy to see why Belgium would readily accept annexation to a kingdom which, besides effacing their nationality, would mulct them of the liberty they enjoy, and the privileges which they bought with their blood.

Belgium has a freedom like our own. The laws on the Press are, in liberty, nothing inferior to ours. Freedom of discussion is with them as with us; and what is to become of these if they vote themselves Frenchmen? When Italy revolted from Austria, she had before her the promise of a more liberal and enlightened rule. When Belgium herself shook off the Dutch yoke, it was to escape from the imposition of restrictions which she regarded as the enactments of slavery; and is she now, after thirty-odd years of prosperity and freedom, prepared to return to a bondage which Frenchmen accept exile that they may denounce, and go into banishment to stigmatise?

Any one who has bestowed common attention on the late history of Europe, cannot be a stranger to the course of French intrigue. The system by which French opinion is propagated has risen to the dignity of a science. It is not, then, very difficult to understand that a large and very influential French party already exists in Belgium.

The artful policy of the present ruler of France has utterly destroyed that public faith in Europe which once made alliances possible. He has contrived to separate Prussia from Austria, and Russia from both; and he has so disparaged the power of England, that her word is no longer waited for on the Continent, and the side she may take in any coming event a matter of comparative unimportance. Nor have we been slow to aid him in this process of depreciation.

Our truculent despatches and our weak acts, our brave words and our poor deeds, have placed us before Europe in an attitude positively pitiable; and France is not the country to spare the nation she has so long viewed with jealousy and dislike the courteous attention of her ironical commiseration.

There was a time when the possession of the Scheldt by France was deemed the greatest menace that could be declared against Great Britain. I believe sailors still hold it, that the Scheldt increases the peril of invasion fourfold, and that, to guard the Channel against fleets issuing simultaneously from Flushing and from Cherbourg, would require such a force as we never have yet possessed; and yet, were the French to march into Antwerp to-

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morrow, we should accept the fact exactly as we accepted the occupation of Savoy. It is true we might relieve our indignation by an impertinent despatch, an official note, to declare that we could not recognise the aggression; but there would end our interference.

Nor are these things easy to remedy. Parliamentary government in England has given us many blessings; but it is not, as regards foreign policy, without its difficulties; nor can we with confidence approach foreign countries with pledges of friendship and promises of aid which the first adverse division in the House may scatter to the winds. Our Radical leaders tell us that this is as it ought to be; they declare that we have no rightful concern with the affairs of Europe, and that what preponderance any State of the Continent may arrive at, can never be a question of moment to us.

The men who deemed otherwise were not worse Englishmen, nor inferior in ability to Mr. Bright. The men who felt that the might of England was the greatest element in preserving the peace of Europe were certainly the equals of the Manchester school in knowledge and statecraft.

We have lost immeasurably through the influence of these men; we have led foreigners to judge us as a people totally destitute of honourable ambitions, and only eager for gain; and where once we were a name of honour and fair fame, we have become a reproach and a byword. There was a period in our history—and not too far back for men still young to recall it—when the prospect of French designs on Belgium would have called this country into active preparation. Now, it is the signal of a Radical song of triumph, and the reduction of our army to fifty thousand men.

Of course we shall be told that nothing is more chimerical than any danger to Belgium, and that the kingdom is as safe now as in the most popular days of the late King. Indeed, already are we admonished to repress our causeless fears, by a reference to that courtly letter of the French Emperor to the Duke of Brabant. Now, surely, it is no sign of an over-suspecting nature not to feel the fullest confidence in those "comforting and sustaining expressions," when we remember the formal denials which emanated from the same source on the subject of Nice and Savoy—denials given after the ratification of a secret treaty at Plombières, by which these countries were ceded and made over to France.

It is not probable—indeed, it is highly improbable—that France will put forward, in any open shape, her pretensions to Belgium. Indeed, it is far more likely that we shall read some very indignant rebukes by the 'Moniteur' on those "senseless agitators who disturb the peace of states by unfounded imputations." The high-sounding phrases which announced French self-denial in the Italian campaign are yet in our ears. France need not shock the proprieties of European statesmanship. She has but to wait—to wait patiently on the course of events—and the condition of Belgium will, in all likelihood, offer her the pretext for at least an intervention. That the young King will be able to arbitrate between the two great parties which divide the country with any semblance of his father's success, no one presumes to hope.

Even were he gifted with all the prudential reserve—all that patient abstention which characterised the late King, he would be wanting in that prestige which gave him his weight. Belgium could not—she never attempted to disparage the wisdom which all Europe recognised and applauded; nor was any party in the State strong enough to set aside his judgments, or reverse his decisions.

Between the intolerance of the Ro-

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man Catholic, and the licence of the Liberal party, the late King held the balance with a wisdom which certainly cannot be looked for from a young sovereign, new to the duties of his calling, and beset with the difficulties which a state of public distrust engenders.

It is well to bear in mind that France has now arrived at the position in Europe in which no change in the condition of a state, no compact of union, no rectification of a frontier, can be effected without her sanction. So far, indeed, has she pushed her pretensions, that we lately saw her justifying the increase of her own possessions by conferring on the country upon whose territory she had encroached a portion of another state. In other words, she paid for Nice and Savoy by the duchies of Tuscany and Modena. Is it very unreasonable, then, to suppose that Schleswig-Holstein may now be ceded under a like compact? France owns the territory of the King of Denmark fully as much as she owned that of Leopold of Tuscany. She has about an equal right to dispose of it.

Prussia is more interested than any Continental power in the extension of French territory to the north; but Pr[illegible] night be brought to conc[illegible]e annexation of Belgium by the bribe we have mentioned. It is very possible that M. Bismarck was not at Biarritz for nothing; and there is a marvellous similarity in the apropos of "the comforting letter" with the bland assurances given by the Emperor to Lord Cowley, when asked his intentions on the score of Savoy. The disclaimer precedes the spoliation by a law as immutable as that which makes lightning precede thunder. If the independence of Belgium be not in danger, one thing is certain, the people of that country are now in a state of unreasoning and unreasonable panic. If Belgium be not menaced, the Belgians are about the most timid and apprehensive citizens of Europe; for so strong is the conviction of impending change, that vast numbers have already transferred their capital to foreign securities, and many have made preparations for seeking shelter in other lands.

For all these reasons, the life of King Leopold was precious to the peace of Europe, and all who desire that peace have sound reason to deplore him.

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BLACKWOOD'S
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WHAT WILL THE GOVERNMENT DO?

There are conditions of the atmosphere in tropical climates which, without exactly indicating that a tornado or an earthquake is coming, trouble, and to a certain extent alarm, both man and beast. When, the temperature being unusually close and sultry, and the sky without a cloud, there is heard, from time to time, the sound as of thunder in the distance, people look about them, and say that things are not quite as comfortable as could be wished. There may be no storm impending after all—not even a waterspout brewing; and in an hour the land or sea breeze may spring up, giving health and elasticity of spirit to all who breathe it. But so long as the air we inhale seems to come from a furnace, and the pores of the skin shrivel and refuse to do their duty, the stoutest-hearted amongst us would rather not stand where he does, and is anxious that the crisis, whatever it may be, should come off with as little delay as possible.

It appears to us that the political condition of England bore, till of late, and still bears, though in a modified degree, considerable resemblance to the atmospheric phenomena of which we are speaking. Ever since the death of Lord Palmerston, it has been felt that we were probably entering upon a new phase in the relations of parties towards one another. But forasmuch as nobody could make up his mind as to the course which events were likely to take, the attitude of all was one rather of expectancy than of vigilance. On both sides, likewise, among Liberals not less than among Conservatives, there was the utmost uncertainty in regard to the probable temper of the new Parliament. The one asserted that they had achieved in the House of Commons a majority more decided than had ever supported a Liberal Government since 1833. The other affirmed that this was by no means clear; because a third part, at least, of the professed friends of Government were returned for the single purpose of supporting Lord Palmerston. Hence little was heard on either side, except an utterance of the vaguest conjecture, mixed up with a good deal from the Ministerial press which sounded

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very like alarm. Within the last six weeks or two months, however, things have a good deal changed. On the part of Government, indications are given that their policy, so far as it concerns domestic affairs, is not to be what it was. And with a view, no doubt, to confirm what are assumed to be the Ministerial resolutions, great efforts are made to get up agitation in the provinces. Of the agitation in the provinces hitherto, we confess that we think very little. It has been limited in its area, far from hearty in its tone, stirred and kept going, for the most part, by a knot of well-known demagogues; and, so far as the ends sought for are concerned, by no means in unity with itself. The movements within the Ministerial circle itself are undeniably more significative. The changes effected in the *personnel* of the Government, though few, are remarkable. They show pretty plainly how the wind is setting; and would have sufficed, had they stood alone, to put us on our mettle. But they do not stand alone. There has come upon the back of them this Jamaica difficulty, which, had it occurred in Lord Palmerston's day, would have been no difficulty at all; but which, hampered as Lord Russell is by old ties with the Dissenters, cannot fail to prove to him embarrassing in the extreme. Indeed, the step which he has already taken in the matter is so false, and so mischievous, that if his Administration survive it we shall be very much surprised. For many more than the conservatives in both Houses of Parliament are indignant with his manner of conducting an inquiry, about the propriety, and indeed the necessity, of which there is no difference of opinion anywhere. And if he now see reason to suspect that this indignation will probably carry high-minded Liberals, when the day of voting comes, into the Opposition gallery, then we may depend upon it that he will forestall the danger by proposing measures, as soon as the Houses meet, which will give the people of England something to think about, even more likely to excite them than negro executions, or the hunting to dishonour, if not to death, of a colonial governor. Under these circumstances it may be worth while to consider not only the nature of recent ministerial changes in their relation to coming events, but the course which, assuming our conclusions to be sound, it behoves all public men to adopt, who prefer the claims of country to those of party, whatever their party may be.

We must begin by looking back a little and setting ourselves right in regard to the opinions which we entertained, and certainly never affected to disguise, concerning the late Prime Minister. When Lord Palmerston died we did not pretend to load his memory with panegyrics which we never heaped on him while living. But we were as fully awake to his merits—and they were many—as the most fulsome of his flatterers, though we could not, at the same time, shut our eyes to his defects. Born and bred in the Tory camp, going over to the Whigs only when the Tories destroyed themselves, he carried to his new allies so much of the lore acquired in youth as kept him from going with them further than a certain point in that downward course which he never followed except reluctantly. He understood as well as any man of his day the principles of the Constitution, and was prepared to sacrifice in defence of them everything except his own political power and influence. The consequence of this determination on his part was that the machine worked, on the whole, well in domestic matters so long as the direction of it lay with him. For if he made some bad bishops, he did nothing to separate the Church from the State, and reform of Parliament was in his hands a mere plaything

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with which to amuse the mob. His views on questions of foreign policy were, on the other hand, manly, and bravely avowed. He desired to have the name of England everywhere respected abroad, and for the most part he succeeded. And he would have succeeded to the full, had he better understood the temper of the country on more than one important occasion. But more than once there came in between him and real greatness that love of power, that fear of breaking up a rickety Administration, which more or less kept him in leading-strings throughout the whole period of his Premiership. There were those among his colleagues who told him that, if he pursued his own wise policy, he must do so without them; and rather than see them go into opposition he yielded convictions which were as settled as they were statesmanlike. A man so wedded to office, so little self-reliant when great occasions arose, could not command our respect, as he appears to have commanded that of many for whose opinion we entertain the greatest deference. Yet we feel equally with them that Lord Palmerston's death, occurring when it did, was a great misfortune to the country. In his grave lies buried, to all appearance, whatever elements of Conservatism existed to any practical purpose within the Government of which he was at the head. And now the only chance for the country turns upon the issue of the coming struggle, which is to determine whether it shall again place itself under the control of a really conservative Government, or drift away gradually and helplessly into pure democracy.

Looking next to the constitution of the Cabinet over which Lord Palmerston presided, and to the foremost place in which Lord Russell has succeeded, we find that there is no lack of Conservatism in its individual members. Unfortunately, however, the Conservative leaven is most ample in the noblemen and gentlemen whose opinions carry with them the least weight, and who are, therefore, the least disposed to assert their own opinions. These know, that whatever prestige belongs to them, belongs to them in virtue of their office; and that if they resigned to-morrow, no human being, in or out of Parliament, would either grieve or rejoice. Still, so long as Lord Palmerston lived, they formed the backbone of his Administration. On all questions about which he was resolute, they voted with him; and their votes enabled him, generally speaking, to dictate its policy to the Cabinet. For it happens in Cabinets, as in vestries and in private families, that though there may be members of each who think apart, on most subjects, from their acknowledged leader, there are comparatively few who feel disposed to make every battle of opinion a battle *ad extrema*. It is only when some point involving great and immediate consequences comes under discussion—such as a question of war or peace, or a financial operation calculated to tell upon the credit of the country—that the most spirited and determined member of an Administration refuses, point blank, to follow his leader. Of this nature were the proposed acknowledgment of Southern independence, the armed support of Denmark, and the repeal or continuance of the paper-duties. On all of these, the opposition in the Cabinet prevailed over the Prime Minister, because he chose rather to yield against his judgment than to force certain of his colleagues to a resignation.

On the other hand, the question of Parliamentary Reform, though admitted by every section in the Cabinet to be an important one, was, during the six years of Lord Palmerston's tenure of office, quietly passed by. Nobody cared to press it in opposition to the well-known wishes of his chief; for

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if he had pressed it to a division, the division would have gone against him. We are not prepared to say that Mr. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Villiers, and latterly, perhaps, Mr. Gladstone likewise, were entirely satisfied with this state of things. We believe the contrary to have been the case; but they were content to wait till time should remove out of their way an obstacle which, had they ventured in such a quarrel forcibly to override it, might have proved too strong for them.

Time has, in this respect, done its work, and Lord Palmerston, having survived just long enough to throw the weight of his name into the scale at the general election, goes to his rest. His Cabinet survives him—the old body in all its parts, with a new head. But it is one thing to have a Cabinet consisting mainly of nobodies, presided over by an experienced statesman, who hated change for the sake of change, and who, having achieved the great purpose of a long life, desired to enjoy in peace what he had bravely won: it is quite another to have at the head of the same Administration a nobleman battered and riven by a life-long war of party-strife; who has risen and fallen, over and over again, and rests his fame entirely upon the fact that, six-and-thirty years ago, he helped to concoct and to pass into law a great measure of Parliamentary Reform. Such a statesman cannot well be other than a man of one idea—a Parliamentary Reformer and nothing else—who finds it impossible to let well alone without losing the only hold which he ever had upon public confidence. Now, Lord Russell is exactly a statesman of this calibre. If he be not engaged in making changes, he is nothing. Over and over again he has already done his part to improve upon the measure which, on its first introduction, he eulogised as anticipating, by its magnitude and fulness, all possible requirements in time coming. And so entirely in earnest has he shown himself in the work, that when last thwarted—thwarted where he counted on support—he burst into tears, not metaphorical but real tears, and wept like a child. No doubt Earl Russell is older, and we hope wiser than he was, when he made that pitiable exhibition of himself; and having for the third time reached the great object of his ambition, it would be natural to suppose that, at the mature age of seventy-four, he might be better pleased to govern the country as it is, than plunge into the turmoil of fresh party contests. But however natural this supposition, it is not in unison with the idiosyncrasies of the man. Lord Russell must be always doing something, and something new; he cannot stand still on ground gained, nor allow the country to stand still for a moment. His unfortunate reference to the resting-place in Glencroe put all his popularity in jeopardy, and he hastened to republish an old bad book, and to prefix to it a dissertation as full of fallacies as it is indifferently written, in order to explain that he did not mean what he said—that he is just as impatient of repose as he ever was, and that he would take the earliest opportunity of again throwing the country into the agonies of a constitutional struggle,—that is to say, if he should be able to do so.

The reception given to his *brochure* by the real intellect of the country was disappointing enough. Reasonable people, Whigs as well as Tories, thought that he would have done well to let the dead lie in their graves. The more violent of the newspapers, especially of the Radical newspapers, took it up, however; and as what is written in newspapers makes a greater apparent stir than the dispassionate opinions of sensible people, Lord Russell is doubtless persuaded that the old game of change is still open

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to him. Hence, we presume, his anxiety to make known, through that promising scion of the house of Bedford, Lord Amberley, that he is quite in earnest in eating his own words. "Rest and be thankful" does not mean rest and be thankful; it means bide your time, keep your own counsel, do nothing rashly; but be ready, as soon as the opportunity presents itself of kicking up a row, to seize that opportunity. The opportunity comes or is occasioned by the death of Lord Palmerston, not while the Houses are sitting, but before they meet for the first time. If it had been left to Lord Russell to determine his own chance, he could have desired nothing so much in his own favour as this; for it is astonishing how much more easy it is to reconstruct a government and remodel a policy at any time during the recess than when Parliament is actually sitting. And if the occasion arise to effect these objects immediately after such a general election as that which the country last went through, the minister who fails to adjust matters so as to suit his own purposes must be wanting both in tact and foresight. Whether Lord Russell has exhibited these qualities in the manipulation of the *personnel* of his Administration, will best appear when he develops his general policy, and invites the great council of the nation to affirm it. There can be little doubt, looking to the antecedents of his new colleagues, as to the basis of the policy to be developed.

There were introduced into the Administration after Lord Palmerston's death first one new Cabinet Minister (the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs), and two Ministers of a second order (a new Under Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, and a new Vice-President of the Board of Trade). There were removed from the Administration at the same time two members, not being Cabinet Ministers—the Chief Secretary for Ireland and the Vice-President of the Board of Trade. Lord Clarendon succeeded to the Foreign Office, vice Lord Russell, who becomes First Lord of the Treasury; Mr. Goschen, one of the members for the city of London, went for a few days to the Board of Trade, vice Mr. Hutt dismissed; Mr. Chichester Fortescue became Chief Secretary for Ireland, in the room of Sir Robert Peel sent about his business; and Mr. Forster, the member for Bradford, took Mr. Fortescue's place at the Colonial Office. For some weeks there was no Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The place seemed to be kept open as a sort of lure, being offered, in the first instance, to Lord Stanley—an extraordinary admission of weakness on the part of the Minister, who could not find among the members of his own party any one strong enough to bear the burden. Lord Stanley refusing, as it was to be expected that he would do, Mr. Bright is understood to have been next sounded. But Mr. Bright's demands proved too exorbitant, and his furious speech at Bradford still sent its echoes through the land, to the horror and dismay of the whole Whig faction. The idea of coalescing with Mr. Bright was in consequence abandoned; and rumours got into circulation of communications opened with Mr. Lowe, Mr. Horsman, and even with Lord Elcho. Whether these rested on any foundation of fact we do not undertake to say. They died out, however, as had done the gossip, veritable as it was, about Lord Stanley and Mr. Bright. And now, at last, after many days of anxiety and speculation, Mr. Goschen is suddenly advanced, from the subordinate office which was thought good enough for him as a starting-point, to the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet. If this arrangement please the supporters of the Government, we, who neither support nor trust the Government, cannot have a word to say against

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it. It passes a far heavier sentence of condemnation upon Mr. Layard, Lord Hartington, and other minor members of the Administration, than any which the bitterest of their political opponents ever passed upon them. Not years of experience in the details of public business—not their eloquence in debate nor their fidelity to their leaders—give them any claim, it appears, to advancement in the line of their profession. They make very good hacks, very trustworthy and hard-working subordinates; but as to moving them on to superior places, and making them sharers in the honours, emoluments, and responsibilities of the Cabinet—that is a matter not to be thought of. They have neither character nor training for the situation. If Mr. Layard, with his brusqueness and acknowledged ability, submit to this slight, he is scarcely made up of the materials which we believe to be interwoven in his constitution. If the slight fail to rankle in the aristocratic bosom of Lord Hartington—if the ducal house of Devonshire, and the old Whig families in general, take it patiently, or silently acquiesce in it—then Whiggery, as a power in the State, may be considered as defunct. But this is not all.

It is well known that, in order to conciliate Sir Robert Peel, and reconcile him to his abrupt dismissal from the Irish Secretaryship, the Duchy of Lancaster was offered to him, without a seat in the Cabinet. It is equally well known that Lord Russell, in conducting the negotiation, explained that, for certain reasons assigned, it was determined not at the present juncture to make the Duchy a Cabinet office. But the Duchy being in itself a sinecure, Sir Robert, like a man of spirit and sense, declined a post which, thus shorn of its dignity, could be coveted only for the sake of the salary attached to it. The red ribbon was then offered, and accepted rather as a sort of outward token that he was not disposed to let personal feeling run away with him, than for any importance which he attached to the decoration, honourable as it doubtless is. But what will Sir Robert Peel say now? and what will not only Sir Robert Peel's friends think, but all honourable men on either side of the House think, of a Minister who could first stoop to cajole an ancient colleague thus disingenuously, and then insult him afterwards by falsifying his own statements? Sir Robert Peel, we presume, can no longer keep on any terms with a ministry which has played him this trick; and Sir Robert's feelings being shared by others who hate wrong, on whomsoever perpetrated, and despise canning, however adroit and for the moment successful, the chances are that, when the day of division comes, this dirty little act will cost the Government more votes than they can conveniently spare. As to Mr. Lowe, Mr. Horsman, Mr. Bernal Osborne, and Lord Elcho, their connection with the so-called Liberal party is ended, we presume, once and for ever. They are all able and useful men, whose general policy comes nearer to that of the present Opposition than of any section in the Ministerial ranks. Their course is, therefore, obvious enough; and we shall be very much surprised if they do not enter upon it at once, and pursue it with equal benefit to their country and to themselves.

To the appointment of Lord Clarendon to a place in a Whig Cabinet there can be no possible objection. Lord Clarendon is in name a Whig—in point of feeling and principle he is a good deal of a Conservative. Circumstances, and the allegiance due to party, may carry him farther on some points than his judgment approves; but there is no touch of Radicalism about him; he could not endorse the speeches of Mr. Forster at Bradford, of Mr. Bright at Manchester, nor even of Mr. Stansfeld at Hali-

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fax. Lord Clarendon, indeed, is one of those Whigs with whom, when the day for fusion arrives, the most honest and resolute of Conservatives might readily consent to coalesce. But Lord Clarendon is scarcely the man, in the present state of the world, to direct the foreign policy of Great Britain. Facile, gentlemanlike, loath to offend, far more to wound, Lord Clarendon is just as likely to carry the doctrine of conciliation too far, as his immediate predecessor was given to not carrying it far enough. Instead of letters of advice so expressed as to read very like letters of admonition if not of threatening, we shall probably have, when the occasion arises, foreign Governments assured that though England may regret their meditated wrongs, especially the threatened outrages of powerful on weaker States, she can never think of interfering with them. And should our cousins across the Atlantic find what they believe to be a convenient opportunity of repeating their demands for compensation in the Alabama case, or of asserting their claim to St. Juan, or even to Vancouver Island, it is quite within the range of possibility that they may be put off with remonstrances so gently and delicately enunciated as to encourage them to take the law into their own hands and force us into a war, which a little more firmness on the part of the Foreign Secretary might have averted. We do not say positively that these things will come to pass. We only, arguing from the past to the future, assume that they are very likely to come to pass. But Lord Clarendon, like Lord Russell, is older now than he was when the last opportunity was afforded him of showing how gentle he is, and he wrote well to Mr. Adams. Let us hope that he, too, is wiser. Be this, however, as it may, we repeat that his appointment to the Foreign Office can offend nobody. Looking to the bulk of the statesmen who lead the party to which he professes to belong, a Whig Prime Minister could scarcely have made a better choice.

The case is very different when we come to ask ourselves why Mr. Forster should have succeeded Mr. Fortescue in the Colonial Office; why Mr. Goschen should have first displaced Mr. Hutt at the Board of Trade, and then gone to the Duchy; and why Mr. Chichester Fortescue should have taken the place of Sir Robert Peel as Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Forster, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Chichester Fortescue are all able men in their way. As a speaker, as a writer, as a scholar, and in his acquaintance with the principles of trade, Mr. Goschen is infinitely superior to Mr. Hutt; and Mr. Fortescue's talents, whether as brilliant as those of Sir Robert Peel, or the reverse, are at all events more under the control of sober judgment. But Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Goschen, equally with Mr. Forster, represent certain fixed ideas not hitherto developed, at least decidedly, in any Government which up to the present time has endeavoured to conduct the affairs of the nation. No doubt two of them are outside the Cabinet, and one, Mr. Forster, must of necessity play second fiddle in debate; the chief of his department being, like himself, in the House of Commons. But if Mr. Forster must of necessity, on questions of colonial administration, take his tone from Mr. Cardwell, he is quite as free as the new Cabinet Minister to follow his own line in matters affecting the general welfare of the empire. Now, both he and Mr. Goschen have never made a secret of the views which they entertain on points more important by far than any questions of mere trade or colonial administration. Their reputation, indeed, whatever it may be, rests mainly upon the vigour with which they have enunciated these

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views. It is therefore fair to conclude that the Minister who selects them to be his colleagues in office, is prepared on these special points to make common cause with them. There is, to be sure, another point of view from which this transaction may be regarded. Lord Russell may intend to do with them what Lord Palmerston did with Mr. Milner Gibson, and failed to do with Mr. Cobden. He may propose to muzzle them. But this is a theory which we cannot accept, for two reasons. Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster are not men to be muzzled, and Lord Russell has too little tact to lay plans for muzzling anybody. We believe that they have become members of Lord Russell's Administration on the clear understanding that he is prepared to go as far as they desire him to go in reforming both the University of Oxford and the electoral system of the country.

Turning next to Sir Robert Peel's dismissal and the transfer of Mr. Fortescue from the Colonial Office to the Irish Secretaryship, we find an indication of coming events in that incident quite as clear as in the recent appointment to office of Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster. Sir Robert Peel was no favourite with the Romish hierarchy of Ireland. He began his career with snubbing and putting them in their proper place; he never to the last disguised his respect for the Established Church, and his determination to support it, as far as he could, in its rights and property. Mr. Fortescue, on the contrary, is one of those statesmen who make no secret of their hostility to the Irish Church. Wherever he goes, he gives it as his opinion that there will be no peace in Ireland till that nuisance is abated; and on the memorable occasion when Mr. Gladstone broke loose, contradicting all the recorded principles of his former life, Mr. Fortescue was the most vehement among those who cheered the declaration. Here, then, in the reconstruction of the Ministry—if the expression be allowable where so little in the way of reconstruction has been done—we have pretty good evidence of what the country may expect, provided Lord Russell find that there is sufficient weight of opinion in his favour out of doors to justify his proposing to Parliament certain measures of radical change. Without proposing such measures, he knows as well as we do that he will not be able to retain office six months after Parliament meets. We may, therefore, lay our account with these three great moves at the outset—a bill for altering and improving the system on which members are elected for the House of Commons; a bill for further reforming the Established Church in Ireland; and probably, though not perhaps so immediately, a bill for effecting certain changes in the constitution and management of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

Postponing for a month the consideration of University Reform, and the reform or abolition of the Established Church of Ireland, it appears to us that we shall best consult our readers' convenience, as well as do the largest measure of justice to a subject of paramount importance, if we confine our attention on the present occasion exclusively to the subject of Parliamentary Reform. Not that we can pretend, in dealing with a question so stale, to bring forward any argument which shall have the slightest originality about it. All that can be said in favour or against the abstract justice of the claims advanced by Reformers calling themselves statesmen, and treated as such, has been said in and out of Parliament scores of times already. But what we, and those who think as we do, have to consider at this moment is, not so much the arguments of men like Lord Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Bright, as the state of public opinion, properly so called,

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in regard to the point at issue. For whatever may be our private opinion in regard to the wisdom or folly of possible changes, the history of the past, if it has taught us anything, teaches this, that when the nation sets its heart on change—whether it affect a church, the constitution of Parliament, or the stability of a dynasty — change will come. The Reform Bill of 1830–31 was not, according to our mind, nor according to the minds of the wisest and most experienced statesmen of that day, a wise measure. We therefore resisted it with all the eloquence and force of reason which we could bring to bear. But eloquence and force of reason are of small avail against the will of a people spontaneously declared, and the Reform Bill was carried, as we trust and believe that no other reform bill will be carried in time coming. Now it is quite in Mr. Bright's way, and in the way of Mr. Beale, and even of the poor Chartists whom Mr. Beale's meeting ejected with so little ceremony from St. Martin's Hall, to affirm that a great measure of Parliamentary Reform is the thing on which the heart of the people is set. But Mr. Bright and Mr. Beale cannot expect that, till they are convinced of that fact, either the Tories or the moderate Liberals will yield up their own judgments, and vote for measures which appear to them uncalled for and pregnant with danger. The question, therefore, for us mainly to consider is, Can it be said with truth that the heart of the nation is set on Parliamentary Reform—in other words, have the people of England so spoken out, or are they likely so to speak out, as to leave no doubt on any reasonable man's mind regarding the intensity of the feeling which prevails on that subject? Let us compare, before going further, the signs of the times as they manifested themselves before and during the Parliamentary struggle five-and-thirty years ago, with what is patent now, and will, unless we be mistaken, become still more patent a few weeks hence. If there shall be found such a similarity between them as to lead to the same inferences respecting the people's will, then the less we talk of resisting or even criticising the Ministerial measure, whatever it may be, the better. If, on the contrary, all their characteristics are different, then it becomes the duty of moderate men, by whatever party name they may be called, to commit themselves to nothing, but to wait patiently till they see what it is that the Ministers propose to do, and to support, or reject, or modify the scheme, calmly and without either prejudice or needless alarm, upon its own merits.

From 1826, when Lord Liverpool died, up to 1830, when the Duke of Wellington resigned, the state of this country, and the relations of parties, internal as well as external, were as little satisfactory as it is possible to conceive. Great distress prevailed, first in the manufacturing, and afterwards in the agricultural districts. The operatives were in such a state of destitution that collections were made for them, under the authority of a king's letter, in every church of the kingdom; and by-and-by, when the turn of the agriculturists came, farmers became bankrupt, country gentlemen sold their estates, and the labouring people, thrown for subsistence on their parishes, fell into a state of something very like rebellion. When thrashing-machines were broken by mobs in open day, and stacks and farm-buildings set on fire at night, it is no wonder if the minds of men became unsettled; for what had heretofore been the Conservative portion of society appeared at last to have changed its nature, and become as uneasy and inflammable as the most inflammable of manufacturing districts. It was a truly formidable state of things.

He who writes history will say, and say truly, that the sufferings of the people in those days originated

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causes which no Government could control. But the sufferers themselves were not to be persuaded of this, and, naturally enough, blamed their rulers and clamoured for Parliamentary Reform. The clamour abated as times improved. But just as the times were beginning to improve began that schism in the Tory camp which ended in the break-up of the party into fragments. The Duke took office in 1828, knowing that the Canning section of his own people bore him no good will, and he alienated the Eldon and King's party by passing his measure of Catholic emancipation. The Whigs always bore him a special grudge, and by the Radicals he was detested. Just at that time occurred the three glorious days of July, with all that followed in France and elsewhere. And while the public mind of England was agitated by what the Continent was going through, George IV. died. But for this last event it is very probable that the Duke might have outlived, as Minister, the unpopularity of which he was then the object. The death of the King, however, forced on a dissolution of Parliament, and all parties and sections of parties combined against him. The elections proved adverse. The angry Tories took up the cry of Parliamentary Reform, and the Whigs worked it, when raised, to their own ends. There was a frenzy in the land which carried all before it; and amid the burning of Bristol, the sack of Nottingham Castle and the mobbing of the Great Duke, and the threat of swamping the Lords, the bill of 1832 was carried.

Compare all this with the state of public feeling at the present moment, and say what resemblance there is between them. For the last six years the Liberal party has governed the country after their own fashion. They tell us through the newspapers, and in their election and other speeches, that the country was never so prosperous as it is now. Trade has developed, and is developing its energies more and more every day. Taxation is reduced. If the necessaries of life be dearer, including bread and meat, the luxuries which come within the reach of the poor as well as of the rich are far cheaper than they used to be. Good tea is to be had for two shillings instead of six shillings the pound. Tobacco costs about half what it once did. Even the cotton-famine has proved powerless to occasion in Lancashire distress, and its usual accompaniment, discontent; and now that the American civil war is at an end, hands enough cannot be found to keep the mills going. Wages, too, have risen, and are rising, and, what is more, skilled workmen do far less in the shape of a day's work than used to be expected of them. Shops close early, that shopmen and shopwomen may have time to improve their minds. The Whigs say that these are the fruits of thirty years of Liberal government. We are of a different opinion. But if the Whigs be right and we wrong, why disturb a state of affairs which has worked so favourably? Why call a man who is confessedly well an invalid, and treat him as if he were going into a decline? The answer to this question comes pat enough. Lord Russell feels that his own influence and that of his party is on the wane, and rather than see it die out altogether, he is ready to act over again, and, as he hopes, to better purpose, the great game of five-and-thirty years ago,

It will scarcely be denied by the most bitter Whig living, that one great purpose of the bill of 1831 was to create a constituency which should be neither Tory nor Radical, and therefore disposed at all times, and under all circumstances, to follow the lead of the Revolution families. To this class the occupants of ten-pound houses, especially in the metropolitan districts and in the large manufacturing

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towns, were supposed chiefly to belong. Among them we find the strength of the Dissenting interest. Not that all ten-pound householders really are Dissenters—far from it. A large proportion of them love their Church, and would do all that in them lay to support it; but the authors of the Reform Bill of 1831 thought otherwise, and into their hands, by the measure of 1832, was the greater share of the political influence of the country thrown. It was a sort of paction entered into, directly on one side, indirectly on the other, to this effect: "We give you the right to return members to Parliament on the understanding that, disliking equally old Toryism and mob rule, you will keep us, the representatives of the Revolution families, in place and power. And so long as you adhere to what we assume to be your part in this bargain, you may depend upon it that we shall do nothing to dilute your power, by forcing you to share it with the classes under you."

Having settled this point, and assumed the reins of government, the Whigs, with that religious faith in themselves which seems to be a portion of their nature, stuck to their places amid many failures. Neither the known dislike to them which William IV. evinced, as exemplified in his summary dismissal of the Cabinet in 1835, nor the apparent willingness of the country to accept Sir Robert Peel's Administration when a paltry bed-chamber intrigue interfered to baulk it—neither of these incidents appears to have shaken the faith of which we are speaking. On the contrary, they tended rather to confirm it; and so long as it remained in vigour, we never heard a word from them of the policy or necessity of a new Reform Bill. But the triumphant majority at the elections of 1842, and the irresistible evidence subsequently afforded, that so long as they remained true to themselves, the Tories were as sure of keeping their place under the new order of things as they had been under the old, opened the eyes of our friends the Whigs, and showed them the reality of their position. There was far more of a Conservative spirit among the ten-pound householders in boroughs, and among the copyholders and fifty-pound tenants in counties, than the framers of the Act of 1832 had given them credit for; and this was demonstrated by the fact that, when the men who had lifted them into power came to be tried on their own merits, even the ten-pounders and the copyholders deserted them. The middle classes preferred good government and a flourishing revenue under Sir Robert Peel to bad government and a revenue continually falling off under Lord John Russell. What was now to be done? To sit down contented with the situation? Certainly not; but to raise once more the cry which had done them so much excellent service before, and to ride back, if they could, into office upon the wings of the tempest which they hoped to excite. Had the Tories only been true to themselves—had Peel either stood by his friends, as he ought to have done, or by frank and manly argument prevailed upon them to take his view of the crisis—the cry of Reform might have been far louder than it was, but nobody would have heeded it. Peel, however, was neither true to his friends nor man enough to convince them that the time for making a sacrifice of opinion was come, and that it would be wise to make it. He preferred repeating the folly, in method, of 1829, and broke up, in so doing, the noble party which it had cost years of self-denial and prudence to recreate and consolidate.

It was under these circumstances that the Whigs regained the lead in politics; and they have ever since played their game with characteristic cunning. They no

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more desire for the country's sake, a change in the electoral system of the country than we do; and they have, in consequence, played fast and loose with their own professions to an extent which is marvellous. In 1846, being pretty secure in their seats, they said nothing whatever about Reform of Parliament; and in 1848, they put down with a strong hand by far the most decided popular demonstration in favour of it which has occurred since 1831. In 1850, the Tories running them hard, the policy of recasting the constituencies in some shape or another came under discussion. But 1850, 1851, and 1852 were years too busy to admit of the elaboration of a Reform policy; and in 1854, the famous Coalition Government was formed, with Lord Aberdeen at its head, and Lord John Russell at its tail. Amid the anxieties of the Crimean war, into which our sapient rulers drifted us, there was no time to think of party questions or of party interests. Reform slept; while Lord John walked in gyves, and did not cast them off till disgust with his colleagues induced him to betray them. By this time, however, Lord Palmerston's star was in the ascendant. With undisguised vexation Lord John bowed before it, having secured the right to keep himself in the public eye by coquetting with the Reform question. That he coquetted to little purpose everybody knows. He could not persuade his popular chief to regard the movement otherwise than with disgust. He could not succeed, labour as he might, in supplanting his chief in popular favour, by throwing all his own energies into it. Still, there it was, to harass and perplex the Tories; and harassed and perplexed with it they have undeniably been, to a far greater extent than was, in our opinion, necessary. Having ousted a Government which in a Queen's speech had recommended the H[illegible]ons seriously to consider the question, the Tories unfortunately, in assuming office themselves, believed that they were bound to settle it. Hence that ill-fated Reform Bill, which, with a good deal to recommend it—if we assume that a Reform Act of some sort is necessary—was by no means a graceful weapon in their hands. And hence the return of Lord Palmerston to power, on the ground that the measure proposed by Mr. Disraeli did not go far enough. Observe what has followed. Lord Palmerston soon arrived at the conviction that his Government was safe for at least the natural life of one Parliament. He could not prevent the introduction of a Reform Bill, nor vote against it when introduced. But he soon made his party aware that he was quite indifferent about it; and it died of sheer exhaustion before passing through the House of Commons. From that hour to this the matter has been, to all practical purposes, sound asleep. From time to time a violent member from below the gangway has endeavoured to rouse it. Mr. Baines has had his measure ventilated more than once; and Lord John Russell, as long as he sat in the House of Commons, supported it. But neither Parliament nor the country evinced the slightest interest in the debates; and the measure was rejected, over and over again, without a voice out of doors being raised to condemn the proceeding. Does any human being suppose if Lord Palmerston had been now alive, as vigorous as he was three years ago, and with such a House of Commons to support him as that which the general election has returned, that at this time or hereafter one word would have been heard about lowering the franchise in counties and boroughs, or redistributing the political influences of the country in any way whatever? Nothing of the sort. Lord Palmerston, more Tory

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than Whig, was content to let well alone; and would have adhered to that wise policy however long his life had been continued. He was safe in his seat; and he knew it. And it is only because Lord Russell knows that he is the reverse of safe in his seat—that nobody, not even his closest friends in the Whig faction, trust him—that he has resolved to divert public attention from the personal incapacities of the Minister, by throwing down, to be fought over, points a thousandfold more important, because they must affect, for good or for evil, according as they are adjusted, the best interests of the country, both now and in all time coming.

Reform having thus become the turning-point of Ministerial policy, the necessity of getting up something like a popular demonstration in favour of it became at once apparent. The matter had been nibbled at in very many places at the time of the general election, but the results were dubious. More decisive steps must now be taken, and the word goes forth—not, as it would seem, very distinctly at the outset, otherwise Mr. Bright's remarkable speech at Bradford would scarcely have been spoken, but in a tone which becomes clearer and clearer as the evidence grows more conclusive—that without a tumult of some sort, the Administration cannot stand Hence, in the course of part of November and the whole of December, a considerable space in the newspapers was taken up with accounts of Reform meetings at Manchester, at Bradford, at Brighton, at Birmingham, at Liverpool, at Lambeth, and in St. Martin's Hall. Is there anything in these announcements which can startle the most timorous? Quite otherwise. The state of things therein described may be said to be a chronic state; for in every one of these places, at any given moment of time—whether the country were prosperous or otherwise—in time of war or during profound peace—we would undertake, at a day's notice, to get up meetings, quite as numerously and respectably attended, to ask for Parliamentary Reform, or Church Abolition, or the getting rid of "the barbaric pomp of royalty," or anything else which should promise to bring about change—the one great desideratum of the discontented. And as to the speeches, wherein are they different from those to which we have been accustomed to listen—whether from Mr. Bright, Mr. Forster, Mr. Baines, Mr. Beale, and Mr. Tom Hughes—or from honourable gentlemen who have preceded them in the course which they now follow? But where are the nobility and gentry of the land, the leading merchants and bankers of the metropolis and elsewhere, the honourable middle classes, the substantial farmers, the great body of the shopkeepers, the members of the bar, the clergy, the attorneys, the doctors? Their voices are silent, or if raised at all, they are raised in deprecation of any movement which might threaten to disturb the even flow of events. Compare this state of things with that which prevailed four-and-thirty years ago, when fairly or unfairly, wisely, or foolishly, the nation was stirred to demand what it got, and is said already to be tired of. Was there then a county town in England, of which her corn-market was not crowded with yeomen and farmers who came to listen, while some Peer, long known as a fast friend of the constitution, told them how the Wellington Cabinet had betrayed the country, and that there could be no security against a repetition of such treason, except by abolishing rotten boroughs, and securing a just and full representation of the people in their own House? Can anybody point to anything of the kind now? No. At Maldon, a small borough—which, by the by, rejected, on the latest possible occasion, its Whig

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member—all the Liberals of Essex came, to be sure, together, and had their say. But the most incredulous of Reformers has only to read the names of the speakers, and of the principal gentry who supported them, in order to be convinced that so far as Essex is concerned the feelings of the people are against change. So likewise it has been in Kent, of which the western division asserted its independence in spite of the weight of such towns as Maidstone, Greenwich, &c., thrown into the Liberal scale. So it is even in Middlesex, represented though it be by gentlemen who take their seats on the Ministerial side of the Speaker's chair. When we see counties as well as boroughs, small towns as well as large, meeting and declaring that they will not be satisfied till certain specified changes are brought about, then we shall begin to believe that the people are in earnest. But so long as the clamour is confined to places which have always been clamorous, and always will be, we must confess that, if it were ten times more boisterous than we know that it is, it would produce no effect whatever upon our convictions. Of course the thing will go on. The nearer we approach the day when the Legislature is to begin its business, the more vehement will be the efforts of agitators to rouse the people to action. But all that we can look upon patiently. It does not weigh one feather in the scale in determining how we ourselves should be prepared to act, or what advice we consider it our duty to tender to others. We are, therefore, free to give the intentions of the Government the dispassionate consideration which they deserve; and about these intentions we speak only the opinion of all well-informed circles when we say that there cannot any longer be the smallest doubt.

Mr. Cardwell is neither the eye, nor the arm, nor the heart of the present Administration; but he is a very r[illegible]ble member of it, and he has [illegible]ght fit, with his usual excess of caution, to tell his constituents at Oxford that the country is to be favoured with a Reform Bill. The general tenor of his speech, together with the Government inquiry into the occupancies in parliamentary boroughs, throw ample light upon the nature of the scheme about to be developed. We are not, for the present, to have any redistribution of seats, far less any division of the realm into cut-and-dry electoral districts. All that the Ministerial measure will aim at is, a lowering of the franchise, doubtless to the scale fixed upon in the lapsed bill of 1860. He who aspires to a vote for a county member must henceforth, if he be not a freeholder, show that he is the tenant of property in that county to the amount of £10 per annum at the least. He who seeks to vote for a borough member must make it appear that the house which he occupies is taxed, or might be let, for not less than £6 per annum. As no provision was made in the bill of 1860 for what Mr. Disraeli termed lateral extension, so, we presume, nothing of the kind will be attempted in the bill of 1866. In this case educated men—men of intelligence and property—will be excluded from the franchise because they live in lodgings, or occupy chambers in colleges and inns of court. We are to have a uniform qualification, which is to consist in the occupancy in boroughs of a £6 tenement, and in counties of land or house paying rent, or valued at a yearly rental, of £10 at least. All standing above these arbitrary lines are hereafter to form the constituency, all standing below them are to be excluded from the constituency.

Now, granting for argument's sake that the arrangement were a sound one as far as it goes, we confess that we cannot see in it any solution of the political difficulty in which the country is assumed to be

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placed. If we are merely to go down upon the scale of qualification, why stop at £6 in boroughs and £10 in counties? Is there any magic in the figure 6 which indicates the presence of moral and intellectual faculties not to be found in 5 or 5½? Is there any magic in the figure 10 which cuts it off from all social relation with 9 or 9½? Why should not one market-gardener who pays only £8 for his plot of land be as competent to judge of the fitness of a county member as his neighbour, who happens to pay £2 more? Why should the five-pounder, or the four, or the three, be debarred from privileges which are conceded to the six-pounder as his right? The fact is, that the coming bill, if it be such as we anticipate, must break down, because it is based upon no principle. It leans neither upon property nor upon intelligence. It ought to do one or the other. If you make intelligence, or assumed intelligence, your standard, then it is absurd to take any account of rental at all, because the skilled mechanic who occupies a single room is probably a more intelligent man than the £6 cow-keeper who supplies him with milk. If you lean upon property you must stop somewhere, and why disturb the settlement with which, though it was a good deal objected to when first proposed, all classes, except the more noisy of those whom it excludes from the franchise, are now satisfied?

Look next to the effect which in boroughs will certainly be produced by the bill if it pass into law, and remember that our borough representation is already far more powerful than our county representation. Preston returns two members to Parliament. Its constituency consists of about 2800 voters, most of them occupants of houses paying rent at or above £10 a year. But the houses in Preston which are taxed for less than £10 and more than £6, as nearly as possible double in number the houses which are valued at more than £10 of rent. We do not say that the voters inhabiting these houses would necessarily and at once combine to put up candidates of their own. As the ten-pounders differ now among themselves, and fight each side its own battles, so in all probability the new constituency would act. But this action on their part would as completely override the influence of the ten-pounders, as if they entered into a league to vote against whomsoever the ten-pounders might support. No doubt the new constituency might be made reasonable by solicitation, by bribery, and by much lying. No doubt, also, the ten-pounders, or old constituency, could become the agents for so working upon them. But how many of the respectable persons who now vote on account of their rental would stoop to follow this course; or, having followed it once, could be persuaded a second time to engage in an occupation so unsavoury? Besides, it is one thing myself to carry my member by my own vote, and by friendly communication with my neighbours; it is quite another, that, in order to carry the member of whom I approve, I must go out into the highways and hedges, and bring in all whom I find loitering there. The ten-pound voters of Preston may, if they think proper, urge their members to vote for the Ministerial bill, but they should do so with a right appreciation of the consequences. Let the bill be carried, and there is an end at once and forever to their influence as a power in the State.

What is true of Preston is true of every one of our smaller boroughs, whether they be manufacturing or purely agricultural, or a mixture of both. Reading is an agricultural town, which can boast of one or two industries besides agriculture; so is Oxford; so is Rochester. There is not one of these places but has hanging upon

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its outskirts, or intertwined among its more imposing streets, whole clusters of tenements which are rented under £10 and over £6 a-year. What chance will the middle classes have—the shopkeepers, the brewers, the millers, the lawyers—in carrying an election against the wishes of the poorer and more ignorant classes, to whom, however unwilling they may be to admit the fact, our respectable middle classes are, as a body, a thousand-fold more distasteful than the landed aristocracy? We are not particularly delighted with the choice which Oxford, Reading, and Rochester, have made of members to represent them in Parliament. But much as we differ from Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Goldsmid, and Mr. Sergeant Kinglake, we should certainly prefer them as legislators to any whom the inhabitants of the slums of the three towns just named would be likely to choose in the room of them.

Turning now to the larger boroughs,—such as Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow—and to the counties, a prospect dawns upon us in connection with the proposed change which might well appal the boldest. What amount of human strength will suffice to canvass the least considerable of these, when the constituencies, already counted by thousands, shall have been raised by the admission of the six-pounders and the ten, to tens of thousands? and where will the property, intelligence, and respectability of the constituencies find themselves when the rush of six and ten pounders has been made upon them? But this is not all. Nobody professes to believe that a bill similar to that which was put to sleep in 1860 will be accepted as final. Everybody is aware that it is regarded by anticipation, among the classes whom it is designed to propitiate, as nothing more than a means to an end. We may pass over Mr. Bright's tirade at Bradford, and the speeches of [illegible]eale and his friends in St. [illegible]'s Hall, not because they lack significance, but because they are obsolete, having been uttered two months ago. But let s consider what was said at S eld, so recently as the 3d o t month, by Mr. Potter, who presided, and by Mr. Bright, at the great Reform meeting held there. Mr. Potter spoke shortly, but much to the purpose. He will accept the Ministerial measure "as a substantial instalment of what they would ultimately claim." Mr. Bright, who never spoke better in his life, who was straightforward, able, argumentative in all his utterances, went far more deeply into the subject, and with far greater skill. His object is to make sure not that each individual man shall be represented, but that no class shall be excluded from representation. Questions of rental are therefore with him matters of very secondary moment. The great body of the people live in houses which they rent at £5, £6, and £7 a-year, a very large proportion of them in lodgings, for which they pay from 3s. to 5s. a-week. He will not consent that any one of these classes shall be permanently excluded from the franchise. He is satisfied, moreover, that, when admitted to the franchise, they will require the protection of the ballot, and that we must come at last to household, if not to manhood suffrage. And he is further convinced that all the smaller boroughs must be suppressed, and the kingdom laid out into electoral districts, to be arranged according to population. Being aware, however, that the public mind is not yet ripe for all this, and presuming that any single measure which comprised so much would certainly be rejected in the present House of Commons, he advises Ministers to content themselves with reproducing the bill of 1860. They will thus escape awakening the jealousy of the places which are doomed, and secure the

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support of many members who would otherwise fall off from them. He is very ingenious, too, in seeking to allay the fears of some, and awaken those of other, gentlemen who have no desire to go back at once to their constituents. We are not now circumstanced as we were in 1832. The legislation of 1832 was a revolution. We are glad that he admits this, which we have always asserted, though heretofore it has been the cue of Liberals of all shades to deride the assertion. But the legislation of 1866 will be a mere extension of an existing system, and cannot be brought into working condition under a year. It will be August before the new rolls are made out, and January 1867 before they are proved. Till January 1867, there will, therefore, be no call for a dissolution. On the other hand, Lord Russell is warned that, in the event of his bill being rejected, he is expected to dissolve at once, as if it were quite certain either that Lord Russell would desire so to cut his own throat, or that his colleagues would assent to the act, or the Queen sanction it. And then, whether carrying the bill or losing it, all that Mr. Bright desires must follow in due course. For without the bill, the country will rouse itself as it did in 1830; and with the bill the new constituencies will soon show both the aristocracy and the middle classes who are henceforth to be masters.

Mr. Bright's able and eloquent speech at Sheffield has done more to show what is intended by the agitators of the Reform question than anything which we, and those who think as we do, could have said about it. No human being can pretend after this to be ignorant of what he is doing when he votes for the Ministerial bill. He is trying to put the lever into hands which will certainly use it to such purposes as Mr. Bright has sketched out. We can hardly imagine that, in a House of Commons elected to mark the nation's approval of Lord Palmerston's policy, a majority will be found capable of so entirely reversing it. We anticipate, on the contrary, a rejection of the bill, be the threat of a dissolution ever so explicit—that is to say, if time be afforded to the present wretched Government of proposing a measure of Parliamentary Reform at all; but of that we entertain great doubts.

Mr. Bright, in the speech to which we have just referred, touched also upon the Jamaica imbroglio; and, as was to be expected, censured Mr. Cardwell for expressing himself at Oxford with such unbecoming tenderness of Governor Eyre. We are much mistaken if Mr. Cardwell do not hear more of his treatment of Governor Eyre, and in a very different strain, after Parliament meets. Nobody will say that, under any circumstances, there were not ample grounds to justify inquiry into Governor Eyre's conduct. But if Mr. Cardwell and Lord de Grey both wrote, as it now appears that they did, in terms of general approval of the measures adopted to suppress the negro rebellion—and if, as we believe to be the case, these letters were sent off after the most startling of the incidents connected with the suppression had come to their knowledge—then Mr. Cardwell and the Cabinet which supported him will find it difficult to account for the extraordinary change which took place in their language and policy subsequently to the inroad upon them of the Anti-Slavery Association and the Dissenting philanthropists of Exeter Hall. Till Mr. Cardwell was bearded in the Colonial Office, and Lord Russell truckled to the deputation which waited upon him at the Treasury, it may be doubted whether one or the other entertained any thought at all of distrusting the Jamaica Government. If they had been endued with the self-respect which is becoming men in their station, they would have received these deputations civilly indeed, and civilly dismissed

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them, with the hint that her Majesty's Ministers are responsible to Parliament, not to knots of private citizens, for all that they may do or propose; and that when Parliament met they should be prepared to give all the information which the Houses might require of them. Being deficient in the self-respect by which men in high office ought to be sustained, they shrank from this manly course, and hastened to make promises, which they have since fulfilled, in defiance of justice and right, and to the manifest detriment of good government everywhere. Weak men! their policy was as clear as the sun at noonday. Of their own accord, they ought to have informed Governor Eyre, in answer to his first despatch, that they must be furnished with the fullest information in regard to the conspiracy; and that, in order to collect such evidence as they should be able to lay before Parliament, they would send out persons to collect it, through him, on the spot. When the evidence arrived, and had been sifted, it was for them to decide whether or not it commanded their confidence, and was likely to be accepted as satisfactory by the House of Commons. If they arrived at the conclusion that the evidence was satisfactory, then Governor Eyre, and all whom he recommended, should have received at once substantial marks of the Queen's approval. If the opposite conclusions were arrived at, then, and not till then, Governor Eyre ought to have been suspended, and some such line of action followed as that into which their political cowardice inopportunely hurried them. Whether it would have been best to send out a Commission, of which the powers are uncertain, or to bring home the Governor, and, confronting him with his enemies, try the case fairly in London, is a point which we are not called upon to decide; but there cannot, we think, be two opinions among unprejudiced and competent persons, in respect to the gross injustice of first condemning General Eyre by suspending him, and then calling for evidence to justify his condemnation. For let the inquiry terminate as it may, Mr. Eyre must now withdraw from Jamaica. Having stood like a criminal at the bar before his own subjects, he can never govern them more, nor, as it seems to us, prove an acceptable governor to any other colony, however free from the stain of disloyalty. Now, here is a positive wrong committed, for which no fitting expressions of regret and feigned respect can make amends. The persons who ought to have stood by a brave man, fall off from him when he most needs their support; and, with a view to obtain a little worthless popularity, cover him with disgrace, and positively hound on his enemies to demand his life. Governor Eyre may escape from the persecution, and probably will; but observe the inevitable effect of this act of political baseness upon all other men who now fill, or may hereafter fill, offices under the Crown analogous to that from which Mr. Eyre has been removed. There is an end, from this time forth, to everything like confidence between the Home Government and its representatives abroad. No governor of a colony, no officer in command of troops, will any longer be prepared to act with vigour, however imminent the crisis, however great the danger, till he shall have been distinctly authorized to do so from home. Rebellions may be thus hatched with impunity, and life and property sacrificed, before gentlemen acting under the Colonial and War Offices will venture to stir hand or foot to avert the evil by anticipating it. How different the conduct of Lord Russell and his colleagues from that to which the representatives of the Crown in distant regions have heretofore been accustomed! "It is not enough," said Lord Palmerston, on

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a memorable occasion, when Sir John Bowring had involved the country in a needless and unjust war with China—"it is not enough to support the representative of the Crown when we are satisfied that he is right. Even if we believe that he took an unwise course we will not desert him so long as we are satisfied that he acted honestly, and with a conscientious desire to do his duty to the country. The moment your policy takes a different direction you cease to deserve the confidence of honourable men. You may get people to serve you, and you doubtless will; but they will not be high-minded English gentlemen, such as it is necessary to have at the head of affairs in the great colonies and dependencies of this country."

So spoke to the House of Commons, a few years ago, one who knew what he was about, and never deserted a friend in the hour of need. So ought to have spoken recently both the First Lord of the Treasury and the Colonial Secretary to the impertinent deputations which, representing the fanaticism and ignorance of the pseudo-philanthropists of Exeter Hall, presumed to dictate to them the course which they were expected to pursue. And the reasons why they did not so speak will, they may depend upon it, be required of them, where they can neither evade the question nor refuse to answer it, not many days hence. But other questions than this will be put to them which they may find it no easy matter to answer. What is the Liberation Society, that it should send out counsel to conduct the case in Jamaica against the degraded Governor? And upon what plea of expediency or right are the emissaries of this Society permitted to mix themselves up in any way with a strictly Government inquiry? Observe that we pronounce no opinion, one way or the other, in regard to the recent outbreak, or the manner of its suppression in Jamaica. There may have been no rebellion, nor any thought of a rebellion, after all; and Mr. Gordon, instead of a traitor, and the fomenter of treason, may turn out to be a martyr to the great cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world. But even if this should prove to be the solution of the whole difficulty, not the less are Ministers chargeable with having grossly abused the trust which their Sovereign committed to them, and done cruel wrong to persons in high command, whom no motive except a conscientious desire to serve their country could have swayed on a recent occasion.

All this, however, is somewhat beside the immediate purpose of our present article. The incidents which have provoked us to deal with it, too, are rather supplementary to the general causes of the nation's lack of confidence in the present Government, than portions of those causes; but they are not, therefore, lightly to be thought of. They will doubtless be sifted to the bottom before any other business can be brought on in the new Parliament; and should the issue be as we anticipate, then it is more than probable that from Lord Russell's Administration at least the nation will hear no more either of Parliamentary Reform or of the establishment of Popery in Ireland. Her Majesty will change her constitutional advisers, very much to the satisfaction of her Majesty's loyal and intelligent subjects.

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SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART IX.

CHAPTER XXXII.—MORNING AT THE PRIORY.

Sewell was awoke from a sound and heavy sleep by the Chief Baron's valet asking if it was his pleasure to see his lordship before he went down to Court, in which case there was not much time to be lost.

"How soon does he go?" asked Sewell, curtly.

"He likes to be on the Bench by eleven exactly, sir, and he has always some business in Chamber first."

"All that tells me nothing, my good friend. How much time have I now to catch him before he starts?"

"Half an hour, sir. Forty minutes at most."

"Well, I'll try and do it. Say I'm in my bath, and that I'll be with him immediately."

The man was not well out of the room when Sewell burst out into a torrent of abuse of the old Judge and his ways—"His inordinate vanity, his consummate conceit, to imagine that any activity of an old worn-out intellect like his could be of service to the public! If he knew but all, he is just as useful in his nightcap as in his wig, and it would be fully as dignified to sleep in his bed as in the Court of Exchequer.' While he poured forth this invective, he dressed himself with all possible haste; indeed his ill-temper stimulated his alacrity, and he very soon issued from his room, trying to compose his features into a semblance of pleasure on meeting with his host.

"I hope and trust I have not disturbed you unreasonably," said the Judge, rising from the breakfast-table as Sewell entered. "I know you arrived very late, and I'd have given you a longer sleep if it were in my power."

"An old soldier, my lord, knows how to manage with very little. I am only sorry if I have kept you waiting."

"No man ever kept me waiting, sir. It is a slight I have yet to experience."

"I mean, my lord, it would have grieved me much, had I occasioned you an inconvenience."

"If you had, sir, it might have resulted injuriously upon yourself."

Sewell bowed submissively, for what he knew not; but he surmised that as there was an opening for regret, there might also be a reason for gratitude; he waited to see if he were right.

"My telegram only told you that I wanted you; it could not say for what," continued the Judge, and his voice still retained the metallic ring the late irritation had lent it. "There has been a contested question between the Crown and myself as to the patronage to an office in my court. I have carried my point. They have yielded. They would have me believe that they have submitted out of deference to myself personally, my age, and long services. I know better, sir. They have taken the opinion of the Solicitor-General in England, who, with no flattering sentiments to what is called 'Irish law,' has pronounced against them. The gift of the office rests with me, and it is my intention to confer it upon you."

"Oh, my lord, I have no words to express my gratitude!"

"Very well, sir, it shall be assumed to have been expressed. The salary is one thousand a-year. The duties are almost nominal."

"I was going to ask, my lord,

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whether my education and habits are such as would enable me to discharge these duties?"

"I respect your conscientious scruple, sir. It is creditable and commendable. Your mind may, however, be at ease. Your immediate predecessor passed the last thirteen years at Tours, in France, and there was never a complaint of official irregularity till, three years ago, when he came over to afford his substitute a brief leave of absence, he forgot to sign his name to certain documents—a mistake the less pardonable that his signature formed his whole and sole official drudgery."

It was on Sewell's lips to say, "that if *he* had not signed his name a little too frequently in life, his difficulties would not have been such as they now were."

"I am afraid I did not catch what you said, sir," said the Judge.

"I did not speak, my lord," replied he, bowing.

"You will see, therefore, sir, that the details of your official life need not deter you, although I have little doubt the Ministerial press will comment sharply upon your absence, if you give them the opportunity, and will reflect severely upon your unfitness if they can detect a flaw in you. Is there anything, therefore, in your former life to which these writers can refer—I will not say disparagingly—but unpleasantly."

"I am not aware, my lord, of anything."

"Of course, sir, I could not mean what might impugn your honour or affect your fame. I spoke simply of what soldiers are, perhaps, more exposed to than civilians—the lighter scandals of society. You apprehend me?"

"I do, my lord; and I repeat that I have a very easy conscience on this score; for though I have filled some rather responsible stations at times, and been intrusted with high functions, all my tastes and habits have been so domestic and quiet—I have been so much more a man of home, than a man of pleasure—that I have escaped even the common passing criticisms bestowed on people who are before the world."

"Is this man—this Sir Brook Fossbrooke—one likely to occasion you any trouble?"

"In the first place, my lord, he is out of the country, not very likely to return to it; and secondly, it is not in his power—not in any man's power—to make me a subject for attack."

"You are fortunate, sir; more fortunate than men who have served their country longer. It will scarcely be denied what I have contributed to the public service, and yet, sir, *I* have been arraigned before the bar of that insensate jury they call Public Opinion, and it is only in denying the jurisdiction I have deferred the trial."

Sewell responded to the vainglorious outburst by a look of admiring wonder, and the Judge smiled a gracious acceptance of the tribute.

"I gather, therefore, sir, that you can accept this place without fear of what scandal or malignity may assail you by."

"Yes, my lord, I can say as much with confidence."

"It is necessary, sir, that I should be satisfied on this head. The very essence of the struggle between the Crown and myself is in the fact that *my* responsibility is pledged, *my* reputation is in bond for the integrity and the sufficiency of this officer, and I will not leave to some future biographer of the Irish Chief Barons of the Exchequer the task of apology for one who was certainly not the least eminent of the line."

"Your lordship's high character shall not suffer through me," said Sewell, bowing respectfully.

"The matter, then, is so far settled; perhaps, however, you

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would like to consult your wife? She might be averse to your leaving the army."

"No, my lord. She wishes—she has long wished it. We are both domestic in our tastes, and we have always been looking to the time when we could live more for each other, and devote ourselves to the education of our children."

"Commendable and praiseworthy," said the Judge, with a half grunt, as though he had heard something of this same domesticity and home-happiness, but that his own experiences scarcely corroborated the report. "There are certain steps you will have to take before leaving the service; it may, then, be better to defer your public nomination to this post till they be taken?"

This, which was said in question, Sewell answered at once, saying, "There need be no delay on this score, my lord; by this day week I shall be free."

"On this day week, then, you shall be duly sworn in. Now, there is another point—I throw it out simply as a suggestion—you will not receive it as more if you are indisposed to it. It may be some time before you can find a suitable house or be fully satisfied where to settle down. There is ample room here; one entire wing is unoccupied. May I beg to place it at your disposal?"

"Oh, my lord, this is really too much kindness. You overwhelm me with obligations. I have never heard of such generosity."

"Sir, it is not all generosity—I reckon much on the value of your society. Your companionable qualities are gifts I would secure by a 'retainer.'"

"In your society, my lord, the benefits would be all on my side."

"There was a time, sir—I may say it without boastfulness—men thought me an agreeable companion. The three Chiefs, as we were called from our separate Courts, were reputed to be able talkers. I am the sole survivor; and it would be a gain to those who care to look back on the really great days of Ireland, if some record should remain of a time when there were giants in the land. I have myself some very curious materials—masses of letters and suchlike—which we may turn over some winter's evening together."

Sewell professed his delight at such a prospect, and the Judge then suddenly bethinking himself of the hour—it was already nigh eleven—arose. "Can I set you down anywhere? are you for town?" asked he.

"Yes, my lord; I was about to pay my mother a visit."

"I'll drop you there; perhaps you would convey a message from me, and say how grateful I should feel if she would give us her company at dinner—say seven o'clock. I will just step up to say good-bye to my granddaughter, and be with you immediately."

Sewell had not time to bethink him of all the strange events which a few minutes had grouped around him, when the Chief Baron appeared, and they drove off.

As they drove along, their converse was most agreeable. Sewell's attentive manner was an admirable stimulant, and the old Judge was actually sorry to lose his companion, as the carriage stopped at Lady Lendrick's door.

"What on earth brought you up, Dudley?" said she, as he entered the room where she sat at breakfast.

"Let me have something to eat, and I'll tell you," said he, seating himself at table, and drawing towards him a dish of cutlets. "You may imagine what an appetite I have when I tell you whose guest I am."

"Whose?"

"Your husband's."

"You! at the Priory! and how came that to pass?"

"I told you already I must eat before I talk. When I got down

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stairs this morning I found the old man just finishing his breakfast, and instead of asking me to join him, he entertained me with the siege of Derry, and some choice anecdotes of Lord Bristol and 'the Volunteers.' This coffee is cold."

"Ring and they'll bring you some."

"If I am to take him as a type of Irish hospitality as well as Irish agreeability, I must say I get rid of two delusions together."

"There's the coffee. Will you have eggs?"

"Yes, and a rasher along with them. You can afford to be liberal with the larder, mother, for I bring you an invitation to dine."

"At the Priory?"

"Yes; he said seven o'clock."

"Who dines there?"

"Himself and his granddaughter and I make the company, I believe."

"Then I shall not go. I never do go when there's not a party."

"He's safer, I suppose, before people?"

"Just so. I could not trust to his temper under the temptation of a family circle. But what brought you to town?"

"He sent for me by telegraph—just, too, when I had the whole county with me, and was booked to ride a match I had made with immense trouble. I got his message—'Come up immediately.' There was not the slightest reason for haste, nor for the telegraph at all. The whole could have been done by letter, and replied to at leisure, besides——"

"What was it then?"

"It is a place he has given me—a registrarship of something in his Court, that he has been fighting the Castle people about for eighteen years, and to which, heaven knows if he has the right of appointment this minute."

"What's it worth?"

"A thousand a-year net. There were pickings—at least the last man made a good thing of them—but there are to be no more. We are to inaugurate, as the newspapers say, a reign of integrity and incorruptibility."

"So much the better."

"So much the worse," say I. "My motto is, Full batta and plenty of loot; and it's every man's motto, only that every man is not honest enough to own it."

"And when are you to enter upon the duties of your office?"

"Immediately. I'm to be sworn in—there's an oath, it seems—this day week, and we're to take up our abode at the Priory till we find a house to suit us."

"At the Priory?"

"Yes. May I light a cigarette, mother? only one. He gave the invitation most royally. A whole wing is to be at our disposal. He said nothing about the cook or the wine-cellar, and these are the very ingredients I want to secure."

She shook her head dubiously but made no answer.

"You don't think, then, that he meant to have us as his guests?"

"I think it unlikely."

"How shall I find out? It's quite certain I'll not go live under his roof—which means his surveillance—without an adequate compensation. I'll only consent to being bored by being fed."

"House-rent is something, however."

"Yes, mother, but not everything. That old man would be inquiring who dined with me, how late he stayed, who came to supper, and what they did afterwards. Now, if he take the whole charge of us, I'll put up with a great deal, because I could manage a little '*pied à terre*' somewhere about Kingstown or Dalkey, and 'carry on' pleasantly enough. You must find out his intentions, mother, before I commit myself to an acceptance. You must indeed."

"Take my advice, Dudley, and look out for a house at once. You'll not be in *his* three weeks."

"I can submit to a great deal when it suits me, mother," said he,

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with a derisive smile, and a look of intense treachery at the same time.

"I suppose you can," said she, nodding an assent. "How is she?"

"As usual," said he, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"And the children?"

"They are quite well. By the way, before I forget it, don't let the Judge know that I have already sent in my papers to sell out. I want him to believe that I do so now in consequence of his offer."

"It is not likely we shall soon meet, and I may not have an opportunity of mentioning the matter."

"You'll come to dinner to-day, won't you?"

"No."

"You ought, even out of gratitude on *my* account. It would be only commonly decent to thank him."

"I couldn't."

"Couldn't what? Couldn't come, or couldn't thank him."

"Couldn't do either. You don't know, Dudley, that whenever our intercourse rises above the common passing courtesies of mere acquaintanceship, it is certain to end in a quarrel. We must never condemn or approve. We must never venture upon an opinion, lest it lead to a discussion, for discussion means a fight."

"Pleasant, certainly — pleasant and amiable too!"

"It would be better, perhaps, that I had some of that happy disposition of my son," said she, with a cutting tone, "and could submit to whatever suited me."

He started as if he had seen something, and, turning on her a look of passionate anger, began—. "Is it from *you* that this should come?" Then suddenly recollecting himself, he subdued his tone, and said, "We'll not do better by losing our tempers. Can you put me in the way to raise a little money? I shall have the payment for my commission in about a fortnight; but I want a couple of hundred pounds at once."

"It's not two months since you raised five hundred."

"I know it, and there's the last of it. I left Lucy ten sovereigns when I came away, and this twenty pounds is all that I now have in the world."

"And all these fine dinners and grand entertainments that I have been told of—what was the meaning of them?"

"They were what the railway people call preliminary expenses, mother. Before one can get fellows to come to a house where there is play there must be a sort of easy style of good living established that all men like: excellent dinners and good wine are the tame elephants, and without them you'll not get the wild ones into your "compound.'"

"And to tell me that this could pay!"

"Ay, and pay splendidly. If I had three thousand pounds in the world to carry on with, I'd see the old Judge and his rotten place at Jericho before I'd accept it. One needs a little capital, that's all. It's just like blockade-running—you must be able to lose three for one you succeed with."

"I see nothing but ruin—disreputable ruin—in such a course."

"Come down and look at it, mother, and you'll change your mind. You'll own you never saw a better ordered society in your life—the *beau ideal* of a nice country house on a small scale. I admit our *chef* is not a Frenchman, and I have only one fellow out of livery; but the thing is well done, I promise you. As for any serious play, you'll never hear of it—never suspect it—no more than a man turning over Leech's sketches in a dentist's drawing-room suspects there's a fellow getting his eye-tooth extracted in the next room."

"I disapprove of it all, Dudley. It is sure to end ill."

"For that matter, mother, so shall I! All I have asked from Fate this many a year is, a deferred

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sentence—a long day, my lord—a long day!"

"Tell Sir William I am sorry I can't dine at the Priory to-day. It is one of my cruel-headache days. Say you found me looking very poorly. It puts him in good-humour to hear it; and if you can get away in the evening, come in to tea."

"You will think of this loan I want—won't you?"

"I'll think of it, but I don't know what good thinking will do." She paused, and after a few minutes' silence said, "If you really are serious about taking up your abode at the Priory, you'll have to get rid of the granddaughter."

"We could marry her off easily enough."

"You might, and you mightn't. If she marry to Sir William's satisfaction he'll leave her all he has in the world."

"Egad, he must have a rare taste in a son-in-law if he likes the fellow I'll promote to the place."

"You seem to forget, Dudley, that the young lady has a will of her own. She's a Lendrick too."

"With all my heart, mother. She'll not be a match for Lucy."

"And would *she*——"

"Ay would she," interrupted he, "if her pride as a woman—if her jealousy, was touched. I have made her do more than that when I wounded her self-love!"

"You are a very amiable husband, I must say."

"We might be better, perhaps, mother; but I suspect we are pretty much like our neighbours. And it's positive you won't come to dinner?"

"No! certainly not."

"Well, I'll try and look in at tea-time. You'll not forget what I spoke of. I shall be in funds in less than three weeks."

She gave a little incredulous laugh as she said good-bye. She had heard of such pledges before, and knew well what faith to attach to them.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—EVENING AT THE PRIORY.

The Chief Baron brought his friend Haire back from Court to dine with him. The table had been laid for five, and it was only when Sewell entered the drawing-room that it was known Lady Lendrick had declined the invitation. Sir William heard the apology to the end; he even waited when Sewell concluded, to see if he desired to add anything more, but nothing came.

"In that case," said he at length, "We'll order dinner." That his irritation was extreme needed no close observation to detect, and the bell-rope came down with the pull by which he summoned the servant.

The dinner proceeded drearily enough. None liked to adventure on a remark which might lead to something unpleasant in discussion, and little was spoken on any side. Sewell praised the mutton, and the Chief Baron bowed stiffly. When Haire remarked that the pale sherry was excellent, he dryly told the butler to "fill Mr. Haire's glass;" and though Lucy, with more caution, was silent, she did not escape, for he turned towards her and said, "We have not been favoured with a word from your lips, Miss Lendrick; I hope these neuralgic headaches are not becoming a family affection."

"I am perfectly well, sir," said she, with a smile.

"It is Haire's fault, then," said the Judge, with one of his malicious twinkles of the eye—"all Haire's fault if we are dull. It is ever so with wits, Colonel Sewell; they will not perform to empty benches."

"I don't know whom you call a wit," began Haire.

"My dear friend, the men of

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pleasantry and happy conceits must no more deny the reputation that attaches to them than must a rich merchant dishonour his bill; nor need a man resent more being called a Wit, than being styled a Poet, a Painter, a Chief Baron, or"—here he waved his hand towards Sewell, and bowing slightly, added—"a Chief Registrar to the Court of Exchequer."

"Oh, have you got the appointment?" said Haire to the Colonel. "I'm heartily glad of it. I'm delighted to know it has been given to one of the family."

"As I said a while ago," said the Judge, with a smile of deeper malice, "these witty fellows spare nobody! At the very moment he praises the sherry he disparages the host. Why should not this place be filled by one of my family, Haire? I call upon you to show cause."

"There's no reason against it. I never said there was. Nay, I was far from satisfied with you on the day you refused my prayer on behalf of one belonging to you."

"Sir, you are travelling out of the record," said the Judge, angrily.

"I can only say," added Haire, "that I wish Colonel Sewell joy with all my heart; and if he'll allow me, I'll do it in a bumper."

"'A reason fair to drink his health again!' That's not the line. How does it go, Lucy? Don't you remember the verse?"

"No, sir; I never heard it."

"'A reason fair—a reason fair.' I declare I believe the newspapers are right. I am losing my memory. One of the scurrilous rascals t'other day said, they saw no reason Justice should be deaf as well as blind. Haire, was that yours?"

"A thousand a-year," muttered Haire to Sewell.

"What is that, Haire?" cried the old Judge. "Do I hear you aright? You utter one thousand things just as good every year?"

"I was speaking of the Registrar's salary," said Haire, half testily.

"A thousand a-year is a pittance—a mere pittance, sir, in a country like England. It is like the place at a window to see a procession. You may gaze on the passing tide of humanity, but must not dare to mix in it."

"And yet papa went half across the globe for it," said Lucy, with a flushed and burning cheek.

"In your father's profession the rewards are less money, Lucy, than the esteem and regard of society. I have ever thought it wise of our rulers not to bestow titles on physicians, but to leave them the unobtrusive and undistinguished comforters of every class and condition. The equal of any—the companion of all."

It was evident that the old Judge was eager for discussion on anything. He had tried in vain to provoke each of his guests, and he was almost irritable at the deference accorded him.

"Did I see you pass the decanter, Colonel Sewell? Are you not drinking any wine?"

"No, my lord."

"Perhaps you like coffee? Don't you think, Lucy, you could give him some?"

"Yes, sir. I shall be delighted."

"Very well. Haire and I will finish this magnum, and then join you in the drawing-room."

Lucy took Sewell's arm and retired. They were scarcely well out of the room when Sewell halted suddenly, and in a voice so artificial that, if Lucy had been given to suspectfulness, she would have detected at once, said, "Is the Judge always so pleasant and as witty as we saw him to-day?"

"To-day he was very far from himself; something, I'm sure, must have irritated him, for he was not in his usual mood."

"I confess I thought him charming; so full of neat reply, pleasant apropos, and happy quotation."

"He very often has days of all that you have just said, and I am delighted with them."

"What an immense gain to a

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young girl—I mean to one whose education and tastes have fitted her for it—to be the companion of such a mind as his! Who is this Mr. Haire?"

"A very old friend. I believe he was a schoolfellow of grandpapa's."

"Not his equal, I suspect, in ability or knowledge."

"Oh, nothing like it; a most worthy man, respected by every one, and devotedly attached to grandpapa, but not clever."

"The Chief, I remarked, called him witty," said Sewell, with a faint twinkle in his eye.

"It was done in jest. He is fond of fathering on him the smart sayings of the day, and watching his attempts to disown them."

"And Haire likes that?"

"I believe he likes grandpapa in every mood he has."

"What an invaluable friend! I wish to heaven he could find such another for me. I want—there's nothing I want more than some one who would always approve of me."

"Perhaps you might push this fidelity further than grandpapa does," she said with a smile.

"You mean that it might not always be so easy to applaud *me*."

She only laughed and made no effort to disclaim the assertion.

"Well," said he, with a sigh, "who knows but if I live to be old and rich I may be fortunate enough to have such an accommodating friend? Who are the other inmates here? I ask because we are going to be domesticated also."

"I heard so this morning."

"I hope with pleasure, though you haven't said as much."

"With pleasure certainly; but with more misgiving than pleasure."

"Pray explain this."

"Simply that the very quiet life we lead here would not be endurable by people who like the world, and whom the world likes. We never see any one, we never go out, we have not even those second-hand glances at society that people have who admit gossiping acquaintances; in fact, regard what you have witnessed to-day as a dinner-party, and then fashion for yourself our ordinary life."

"And do *you* like it?"

"I know nothing else, and I am tolerably happy. If papa and Tom were here I should be perfectly happy."

"By Jove! you startle me," said he, throwing away the unlighted cigar he had held for some minutes in his fingers; "I didn't know it was so bad."

"It is possible he may relax for you and Mrs. Sewell; indeed, I think it more than likely that he will."

"Ay, but the relaxation might only be in favour of a few more like that old gent we had to-day. No, no—the thing will never work. I see it at once. My mother said we could not possibly stand it three weeks, and I perceive it is your opinion too."

"I did not say so much," said she, smiling."

"Joking apart," said he, in a tone that assuredly bespoke sincerity, "I couldn't stand such a dinner as we had to-day very often. I can bear being bullied, for I was brought up to it. I served on Rolffe's staff in Bombay for four years, and when a man has been an aide-de-camp he knows what being bullied means; but what I could not endure is that outpouring of conceit mingled with rotten recollections. Another evening of it would kill me."

"I certainly would not advise your coming here at that price," she said, with a gravity almost comical.

"The difficulty is how to get off. He appears to me to resent as an affront everything that differs from his own views."

"He is not accustomed to much contradiction."

"Not to any at all!"

The energy with which he said this made her laugh heartily, and he half smiled at the situation himself.

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"They are coming up-stairs," said she; "will you ring for tea?—the bell is beside you."

"Oh, if they're coming I'm off. I promised my mother a short visit this evening. Make my excuses if I am asked for;" and with this he slipped from the room and went his way.

"Where's the Colonel, Lucy? has he gone to bed?"

"No, sir, he has gone to see his mother; he had made some engagement to visit her this evening."

"This new school of politeness is too liberal for my taste. When we were young men, Haire, we would not have ventured to leave the house where we had dined without saluting the host."

"I take it we must keep up with the spirit of our time."

"You mistake, Haire—it is the spirit of our time is in arrear. It is that same spirit lagging behind, and deserting the post it once occupied, makes us seem in default. Let us have the cribbage-board, Lucy. Haire has said all the smart things he means to give us this evening, and I will take my revenge at the only game at which I am his master. Haire, who reads men like a book, Lucy," continued the Chief, as he dealt the cards, "says that our gallant friend will rebel against our humdrum life here. I demur to the opinion—what say you?" But he was now deep in his game, and never heeded the answer.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—SEWELL'S TROUBLES.

"A letter for you by the post, sir, and his lordship's compliments to say he is waiting breakfast," were the first words which Sewell heard, the next morning.

"Waiting breakfast! Tell him not to wait—I mean, make my respects to his lordship, and say I feel very poorly to-day—that I think I'll not get up just yet."

"Would you like to see Dr. Beattie, sir?—he's in the drawing-room."

"Nothing of the kind. It's a complaint I caught in India; I manage it myself. Bring me up some coffee and rum in about an hour, and mind don't disturb me on any account till then. What an infernal house!" muttered he, as the man withdrew. "A subaltern called up for morning parade has a better life than this. Nine o'clock only! What can this old ass mean by this pretended activity? Upon whom can it impose? Who will believe that it signifies a rush whether he lay abed till noon or rose by daybreak?" A gentle tap came to the door, but as he made no reply there came after a pause another a little louder. Sewell still preserved silence, and at last the sound of retiring footsteps along the corridor. "Not if I know it," muttered he to himself as he turned round and fell off asleep again.

"The coffee, sir, and a despatch; shall I sign the receipt for you?" said the servant, as he reappeared about noon.

"Yes; open the window a little and leave me."

Leaning on his arm he tore open the envelope and glanced at the signature—Lucy. He then read, "Send down Eccles or Beattie by next train; he is worse." He read and re-read this at least half-a-dozen times over before he bethought him of the letter that lay still unopened on the bed. He now broke the seal; it was also from his wife, dated the preceding evening, and very brief:—

"Dear Dudley,—Mr. Trafford has had a severe fall. Cresey balked at the brook and fell afterwards. Trafford was struck on the head as he rose by Mr. Creagh's horse. It is feared the skull is fractured. You are much blamed for having asked him to ride a horse so much under

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his weight. All have refused to accept their bets but Kinsbela the grocer. I have written to Sir H. Trafford, and I telegraphed to him Dr. Tobin's opinion, which is not favourable. I suppose you will come back at once: if not, telegraph what you advise to be done. Mr. Balfour is here still, but I do not find he is of much use. The veterinary decided Cresey should be shot, as the plate-bone, I think he called it, was fractured; and as he was in great pain I consented. I hope I have done right.—Yours truly,

"LUCY SEWELL."

"Here's a go! a horse I refused four hundred and fifty for on Tuesday last! I *am* a lucky dog, there's no denying it. I didn't know there was a man in Europe could have made that horse balk his fence. What a rumpus to make about a fellow getting a 'cropper.' My share of the disaster is a deuced deal the worst. I'll never chance on such a horse again. How am I to find either of these men?" muttered he, as he took up the telegram. He rang the bell violently, and scarcely ceased to pull at it till the servant entered.

"Where does Dr. Eccles live?"

"Sir Gilbert, sir?"

"Ay, if he be Sir Gilbert."

"Merrion Square, sir," said the man reproachfully, for he thought it rather hard to ignore one of the great celebrities of the land.

"Take this note to him, that I'll write now, and if he be from home go to the other man—what's his name?—Beattie."

"Dr. Beattie is coming to dinner to-day, sir," said the servant, thinking to facilitate matters.

"Just do as I tell you, my good fellow, and don't interrupt. If I am to take up my quarters here, you'll all of you have to change some of your present habits." As he spoke, he dashed off a few hasty lines, addressing them to Sir Gilbert Eccles or Dr. Beattie. "Ask if it's 'all right;' that will be sufficient reply; and now, send me my bath." As he proceeded with his dressing—a very lengthy affair it always was—he canvassed with himself whether or not he ought to take the train and go down to the country with the Doctor. Possibly few men in such circumstances would have given the matter a doubt. The poor fellow who had incurred the mishap had been, at his insistance, acting for him. Had it not been for Sewell's pressing this task upon him, Trafford would at that moment have been hale and hearty. Sewell knew all this well; he read the event just as nineteen out of every twenty would have read it, but having done so, he proceeded to satisfy himself why all these reasonings should give way to weightier considerations.

First of all, it would not be quite convenient to let the old Judge know anything of these doings in the country. His strait-laced notions might revolt at races and betting rings. It might not be perhaps decorous that a registrar of a high court should be the patron of such sports. These were prudential reasons, which he dilated on for some time. Then came some others more sentimental. It wr to a house of doctors and nurse, and gloom and sorrow, he should go back. All these were to him peculiarly distasteful. He should be tremendously "bored" by it all, and being "bored" was to him whatever was least tolerable in life. It was strange that there was one other reason stronger than all these—a reason that really touched him in what was the nearest thing in his nature to heart. He couldn't go back and look at the empty loose-box where his favourite horse once stood, and where he was never to stand more. Cresey—the animal he was so proud of—the horse he counted on for who knows what future triumphs—the first steeplechase horse, he felt convinced, in Ireland, if not in the kingdom—such strength, such power in the

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loins, such square joints, such courage, should he ever see united again? If there was anything in that man's nature that represented affection, he had it for this horse. He knew well to what advantage he looked when on his back—he knew what admiration and envy it drew upon him to see him thus mounted. He had won him at billiards from a man who was half-broken-hearted at parting with him, and who offered immense terms rather than lose him.

"He said, I'd have no luck with him," muttered Sewell, now in his misery—"and, confound the fellow, he was right. No, I can't go back to look at his empty stall. It would half kill me."

It was very real grief all this; he was as thoroughly heart-sore as it was possible for him to be. He sorrowed for what nothing in his future life could replace to him; and this is a very deep sorrow.

Trafford's misfortune was so much the origin and cause of his own disaster, that he actually thought of him with bitterness. The man who could make Cresey balk! What fate could be too hard for him?

Nor was he quite easy in his mind about that passage in his wife's letter stating that men would not take their bets. Was this meant as reflecting upon him? Was it a censure on him for making Trafford ride a horse beneath his weight? "They get up some stupid cry of that sort," muttered he, "as if I am not the heaviest loser of all. I lose a horse that was worth a score of Traffords."

When dressed, Sewell went down to the garden and lit his cigar. His sorrow had grown calmer, and he began to think that in the new life before him he should have had to give up horses and sport of every kind. "I must make my book now on this old fellow, and get him to make me his heir. He cares little for his son, and he can be made to care just as little for his granddaughter. That's the only game open to me—a dreary life it promises to be, but it's better than a jail."

The great large wilderness of a garden, stretching away into an orchard at the end, was in itself a place to suggest sombre thoughts—so silent and forsaken did it all appear. The fruit lay thick on the ground uncared for—the artichokes, grown to the height of shrubs, looked monsters of uncouthness; and even in the alleys flower-seeds had fallen and given birth to flowers, which struggled up through the gravel and hung their bright petals over the footway. There was in the neglect, the silence, the uncared-for luxuriance of the place, all that could make a moody man moodier; and as he knocked off the great heads of the tall hollyhocks, he thought, and even said aloud, "This is about as much amusement as such a spot offers."

"Oh no, not so bad as that," said a laughing voice, and Lucy peeped over a laurel-hedge with a rake in her hand, and seemed immensely amused at his discomfiture.

"Where are you?—I mean, how is one to come near you?" said he, trying to laugh, but not successfully.

"Go round yonder by the fish-pond, and you'll find a wicket. This is *my* garden, and I till it myself."

"So!" said he, entering a neat little enclosure, with beds of flowers and flowering shrubs, "this is your garden?"

"Yes—what do you think of it?"

"It's very pretty—it's very nice. I should like it larger, perhaps."

"So would I; but, being my own gardener, I find it quite big enough."

"Why doesn't the Chief give you a gardener?—he's rich enough surely."

"He never cared for gardening himself. Indeed, I think it is the wild confusion of foliage here that

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he likes. He said to me one day, 'In *my* old garden a man loses himself in thought. In this trimly kept place one is ever occupied by the melon-frame or the forcing house.'"

"That's the dreadful thing about old people; they are ever for making the whims and crotchets of age the rules of life to others. I wonder you bear this so well."

"I didn't know that I bore anything," said she, with a smile.

"That's true slave doctrine, I must say; and when one does not feel bondage, there's no more to be said."

"I suspect I have a great deal more freedom than most girls; my time is almost all my own, to dispose of as I will. I read or play or walk or work as I feel inclined. If I wish to occupy myself with household matters, I am the mistress here."

"In other words, you are free to do everything that is not worth doing—you lead the life of a nun in a convent, only that you have not even a sister nun to talk to."

"And which are the things you say are worth doing?"

"Would you not care to go out into the world, to mix in society, to go to balls, theatres, fêtes, and suchlike? would you not like to ride? I don't mean it for flattery, but would you not like the admiration you would be sure to meet—the sort of homage people render to beauty, the only tribute the world ever paid freely,—are all these not worth something?"

"I am sure they are: they are worth a great deal to those who can enjoy them with a happy heart; but remember, Colonel Sewell, I have a father living in exile, simply to earn a livelihood, and I have a brother toiling for his bread in a strange land; is it likely I could forget these, or is it likely that I could carry such cares about with me, and enjoy the pleasures you tell of?"

"Oh! as for that, I never met the man nor woman either that could bring into the world a mind unburdened by care. You must take life as it is. If I was to wait for a heart at ease before I went into society, I'd have to decline a few dinner-parties. Your only chance of a little respite, besides, is at your age. The misfortunes of life begin a light drizzle, but become a regular downpour when one gets to *my* time of life. Let me just tell you what this morning brought forth. A letter and then a telegram from my wife, to tell me that my favourite horse—an animal worth five hundred pounds if he was worth five shillings—the truest, bravest, best horse I ever backed—has just been killed by a stupid fellow I got to ride for me. What he did to make the horse refuse his leap, what magic he used, what conjuring trick he performed, I can't tell. With *me* it was enough to show him his fence, and if I wanted it I couldn't have held him back. But this fellow, a dragoon too, and the crack rider of his regiment, contrives to discourage my poor beast, then rushes him at the jump at half speed. I know it was a wideish brook, and they tumbled in, and my horse smashed his blade-bone—of course there was nothing for it but to shoot him."

"How sad! I am really sorry for you."

"And all this came of the old Judge's message, the stupidity of sending me five words in a telegram, instead of writing a proper note, and saying what he wanted. But for that I'd have stayed at home, ridden my horse, won my match, and spared myself the whole disaster."

"Grandpapa is often very hasty in his decisions, but I believe he seldom sees cause to revoke them."

"The old theory, 'the king can do no wrong,'" said Sewell, with a saucy laugh; "but remember he can often do a deal of mischief incidentally, as it were—as on the present occasion."

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"And the rider, what of him? did he escape unhurt?" said she, eager to avoid unpleasant discussion.

"The rider! my dear young lady," said he, with affected slowness—"the rider came to grief. What he did, or how he did it, to throw my poor horse down, is his own secret, and, from what I hear, he is likely to keep it. No, no, don't look so horrified—he's not killed, but I don't suspect he's a long way off it. He got a smashing fall at a fence I'd have backed myself to ride with my hands tied. Ay, and to have my good horse back again, I'd ride in that fashion to-morrow."

"And the poor fellow, where is he now?"

"The poor fellow is receiving the very sweetest of Mrs. Sewell's attentions. He is at my house—in all likelihood in my room—not that he is very conscious of all the favours bestowed upon him."

"Oh, don't talk with that pretended indifference. You must be, you cannot help being, deeply sorry for what has happened."

"There can be very little doubt on that score. I've lost such a horse as I never shall own again."

"Pray think of something besides your horse. Who was he? what's his name?"

"A stranger—an Englishman; you never heard of him; and I wish I had never heard of him!"

"What are you smiling at!" said she, after a pause, for he stood as though reflecting, and a very strange half-smile moved his mouth.

"I was just thinking," said he, gravely, "what his younger brother ought to give me; for this fellow was an elder son, and heir to a fine estate too."

She turned an indignant glance towards him, and moved away. He was quickly after her, however, and laying his hand on her arm, said good-humouredly, "Come, don't be angry with me. I'm sorry, if you like—I'm very sorry for this poor fellow. I won't say that my own loss does not dash my sorrow with a little anger—he was such a horse! and the whole thing was such a blunder! as fair a brook—with a high bank, it's true—but as fair a fence as ever a man rode at, and ground like this we're walking over to take off from.

"Is he in danger?"

"I believe so; here's what my wife says. Oh, I haven't got the letter about me, but it comes to this, I was to send down one of the best doctors by the first train, telling him it was a case of compression or concussion, which is it? And so I have despatched Beattie, your grandfather's man. I suppose there's no better?"

"But why have you not gone back yourself? he was a friend, was he not?"

"Yes, he was what people would call a friend. I'm like the hare in the fable, I have many friends; but if I must be confidential, I'll tell you why I did *not* go. I had a notion just as likely to be wrong as right, that the Chief would take offence at his Registrar being a sporting character, and that if I were to absent myself just now, he'd find out the reason, whereas by staying here I could keep all quiet, and when Beattie came back I could square *him*."

"You could what?"

"A thousand pardons for my bit of slang; but the fact is, just as one talks French when he wants to say nothings, one takes to slang when one requires to be shifty. I meant to say, I could manage to make the Doctor hold his tongue."

"Not if grandpapa were to question him."

Sewell smiled, and shook his head in dissent.

"No, no. You're quite mistaken in Dr. Beattie; and what's more you're quite mistaken in grandpapa too, if you imagine that he'll think the better of you for forgetting the claims of friendship."

"There was none."

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"Well, of humanity, then! It was in *your* cause this man suffered, and it is in *your* house he lies ill. I think you ought to be there also.

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it. You know the world a great deal better that I do, and you can tell what people will say of your absence, but I think it requires no knowledge of more than one's own nature to feel what is right and proper here."

"Indeed!" said he, reflectingly.

"Don't you agree with me?"

"Perhaps—that is, in part. I suppose what you mean about the world is, that there will be some scandal afloat, the 'young wife' story, and all that sort of balderdash?"

"I really do not understand you."

"You don't?"

"No. Certainly not. What do you mean?"

"Possibly you did not understand me. Well, if I am to go, there's no time to be lost. It's four o'clock already, and the last train leaves at five-forty. I will go."

"You are quite right."

"You'll make my excuses to the Chief. You'll tell him that my wife's message was so alarming, that I could not delay my departure. Beattie will probably be back to-morrow, and bring you news of us."

"Won't you write a few lines?"

"I'm not sure,—I'll not promise. I'm a bad penman, but my wife will write, I've no doubt. Say all sorts of affectionate and dutiful things to the Chief for me; tell him I went away in despair at not being able to say good-bye; he likes that style of thing, doesn't he?"

"I don't think he cares much for 'that style of thing,'" said she, with a saucy smile.

"What a capital mimic you are! Do you know I am just beginning to suspect that you are, for all your quiet simplicity of manner, a deuced deep one? Am I right?"

She shook her head, but made no reply.

"Not that I'd like you the less for it," said he, eagerly; "on the contrary, we'd understand each other all the better; there's nothing like people talking the same language, eh?"

"I hope you'll not lose your train," said she, looking at her watch; "I am half-past four."

"A broad hint," said he, laughing; "bye-bye—*à bientôt*."

CHAPTER XXXV.—BEATTIE'S RETURN.

The old Chief sat alone in his dining-room over his wine. If somewhat fatigued by the labours of the day—for the Court had sat late—he showed little of exhaustion; still less was he, as his years might have excused, drowsy or heavy. He sat bolt upright in his chair, and by an occasional gesture of his hand, or motion of his head, seemed as though he were giving assent to some statement he was listening to, or making his comments on it as it proceeded.

The post had brought a letter to Lucy just as dinner was over. It bore the post-mark "Cagliari," and was in her brother's hand, and the old man, with considerate kindness, told her to go to her room and read it. "No, my dear child," said he as she arose to leave the room; "no! I shall not be lonely—where there is memory, there are troops of friends. Come back and tell me your news when you have read your letter."

More than an hour passed over, and he sat there heedless of time. A whole long life was passing in review before him, not connectedly, or in due sequence of events, but in detached scenes and incidents. Now it was some stormy night in the old Irish House, when Flood and Grattan exchanged their terri-

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fic denunciations and insults—now it was a brilliant dinner at Ponsonby's, with all the wits of the day—now he was leading the famous Kitty O'Dwyer, the beauty of the Irish Court, to her carriage, amid such a murmur of admiration as made the progress a triumph—or again it was a raw morning of November, and he was driving across the Park to be present at Curran's meeting with Egan.

A violent ring of the hall bell startled him, and before he could inquire the cause, a servant had announced Dr. Beattie.

"I thought I might be fortunate enough to catch you before bed-hour," said the Doctor, "and I knew you would like to hear some tidings of my mission."

"You have been to ——. Where have you been?" said the old Judge, embarrassed between the late flood of his recollections and the sudden start of his arrival.

"To Killaloe, to see that poor fellow who had the severe fall in the hurdle race."

"Ay—to be sure—yes. I remember all now. Give me a moment, however." He nodded his head twice or thrice, as if concurring with some statement, and then said: "Go on, sir; the Court is with you."

Beattie proceeded to detail the accident and the state of the sufferer—of whom he pronounced favourably—saying that there was no fracture, nor anything worse than severe concussion. "In fact," said he, "were it an hospital case, I'd say there was very little danger."

"And do you mean to tell me, sir," said the Judge, who had followed the narrative with extreme attention, "that the man of birth and blood must succumb in any conflict more readily than the low-born?"

"It's not the individual I was thinking of, so much as his belongings here. What I fear for in the present case is what the patient must confront every day of his convalescence."

See t[illegible]ge waited for some explanation, Beattie began to relate that, as he had started from Dublin the day before, he found himself in the same carriage with the you[illegible]; man's mother, who had been summoned by telegraph to her son's bedside.

"I have met," said he, "in my time, nearly all sorts and conditions of people. Indeed, a doctor's life brings him into contact with more maladies of nature and temperament than diseases of material origin; but anything like this woman I never saw before. To begin: she combined within herself two qualities that seem opposed to each other—a most lavish candour on the score of herself and her family, and an intense distrust of all the rest of mankind. She told me she was a baronet's wife—how she had married him—where they lived—what his estate was worth—how this young fellow had become, by the death of a brother, the heir to the property—and how his father, indignant at his extravagance, had disentailed the estate, to leave it to a younger son if so disposed. She showed at times the very greatest anxiety about her son's state; but at other moments just as intense an eagerness to learn what schemes and intrigues were being formed against him—who were the people in whose house he then was—what they were—and how he came there. To all my assurances that they were persons in every respect her son's equals, she answered by a toss of the head or a saucy half laugh. 'Irish?' asked she. 'Yes, Irish.' 'I thought so,' rejoined she; 'I told Sir Hugh I was sure of it, though he said there were English Sewells.' From this instant her distrust broke forth. All Ireland had been in a conspiracy against her family for years. She had a brother, she said it with a shiver of horror, who was cruelly beaten by an attorney in Cork for a little passing pleasantry to the man's sister; he had kissed her, or something of the kind, in a railroad car-

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riage; and her cousin—poor dear Cornwallis Merivale—it was in Ireland he found that creature that got the divorce against him two years ago. She went on to say that there had been a plot against her son, in the very neighbourhood where he now lay ill, only a year ago—some intrigue to involve him in a marriage, the whole details of which she threatened me with the first time we should be alone.

"Though at some moments expressing herself in terms of real affection and anxiety about her poor son, she would suddenly break off to speculate on what might happen from his death. 'You know, Doctor, there is only one more boy, and if his life lapsed, Holt and the Holt estate goes to the Carringtons.'"

"An odious woman, sir—a most odious woman; I only wonder why you continued to travel in the same carriage with her."

"My profession teaches great tolerance," said the Doctor, mildly.

"Don't call tolerance, sir, what there is the better word for, subserviency. I am amazed how you endured this woman."

"Remember—it is to be remembered—that in my version of her I have condensed the conversation of some hours, and given you, as it were, the substance of much talking; and also, that I have not attempted to convey what certainly was a very perfect manner. She had no small share of good looks, a very sweet voice, and considerable attraction in point of breeding."

"I will accept none of these as alleviations, sir; her blandishments cannot blind the Court."

"I will not deny their influence upon myself," said Beattie, gently.

"I can understand you, sir," said the Judge, pompously. "The habits of your profession teach you to swallow so much that is nauseous in a sweet vehicle, that you carry the same custom into morals."

Beattie laughed so heartily at the analogy that the old man's good-humour returned to him, and he bade him continue his narrative.

"I have not much more to tell. We reached the house by about eleven o'clock at night, and my fellow-traveller sat in the carriage till I announced her to Mrs. Sewell. My own cares called me to the sick-room, and I saw no more of the ladies till this morning, just before I came away."

"She is then domesticated there? She has taken up her quarters at the Sewells' house?"

"Yes. I found her maid, too, had taken possession of Colonel Sewell's dressing-room, and dispossessed a number of his chattels to make room for her own."

"It is a happy thing, a very happy thing for me, that I have not been tried by these ordeals," said the Judge, with a long-drawn breath. "I wonder how Colonel Sewell will endure it."

"I have no means of knowing; he arrived late at night, and was still in bed and asleep when I left."

"You have not told me these people's name?"

"Trafford—Sir Hugh Beecham Trafford of Holt-Trafford, Staffordshire."

"I have met the man, or rather his father, for it was nigh fifty years ago—an old family, and of Saxon origin; and his wife—who was she?"

"Her name was Merivale: her father, I think, was Governor of Madras."

"If so, sir, she has hereditary claims for impertinence and presumption. Sir Ulysses Merivale enjoyed the proud distinction of being the most insolent man in England. It is well that you have told me who she was, Beattie, for I might have made a very fatal blunder. I was going to write to Sewell to say, 'As this is a great issue, I would advise you to bring down your mother, "special,"' but I recall my intention. Lady Lendrick would have no chance against Lady Trafford. Irish insolence has not the

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finish of the English article, and we put an alloy of feeling in it that destroys it altogether. Will the young man recover?"

"He is going on favourably, and I see nothing to apprehend, except, indeed, that the indiscretions of his mother may prejudice his case. She is very likely to insist on removing him; she hinted it to me as I took my leave."

"I will write to the Sewells to come up here at once. They shall evacuate the territory, and leave her in possession. As persons closely connected with my family, they must not have this outrage put upon them." He rang the bell violently, and desired the servant to request Miss Lendrick to come to him.

"She is not very well, my lord, and has gone to her room. She told Mrs. Beales to serve your lordship's tea when you were ready for it."

"What is this? What does all this mean?" said the old Judge, eagerly; for the idea of any one presuming to be ill without duly apprising him—without the preliminary step of ascertaining that it could not inconvenience him—was more than he was fully prepared for.

"Tell Mrs. Beales I want her," said he, as he rose and left the room. Muttering angrily as he went, he ascended the stairs and traversed the long corridor which led to Lucy's room; but before he had reached the door the housekeeper was at his side.

"Miss Lucy said she'd like to see your lordship, if it wasn't too much trouble, my lord."

"I am going to see her. Ask her if I may come in."

"Yes, my lord," said Mrs. Beales from the open door. "She is awake."

"My own dear grandpapa," said Lucy, stretching out her arms to him from her bed, "how good and kind of you to come here!"

"My dear, dear child," said he, fondly; "tell me you are not ill; tell me that it is a mere passing indisposition."

"Not even so much, grandpapa. It is simply a headache. I was crying, and I was ashamed that you should see it; and I walked out into the air; and I came back again, trying to look at ease; and my head began to throb and to pain me so, that I thought it best to go to bed. It was a letter I got—a letter from Cagliari. Poor Tom has had the terrible fever of the island. He said nothing about it at first, but now he has relapsed. There are only three lines in his own hand—the rest is from his friend. You shall see what he says. It is very short, and not very hard to read.

The old man put on his spectacles and read—

"'My very dear Lucy.'

"Who presumes to address you in this way? Brook Fossbrooke! What! is this the man who is called Sir Brook Fossbrooke? By what means have you become so intimate with a person of his character?"

"I know nothing better, nothing more truly noble and generous, than his character," said she, holding her temples as she spoke, for the pain of her head was almost agony. "Do read on—read on, dearest grandpapa."

He turned again to the letter, and read it over in silence till he came to the few words in Tom's hand, which he read aloud:—"Darling Lu—I shall be all right in a week. Don't fret, but write me a long——long"—he had forgotten the word "letter," "and love me always."

She burst into tears as the old man read the words, for by some strange magic, the syllables of deep affection, uttered by one unmoved, smite the heart with a pang that is actual torture. "I will take this letter down to Beattie, Lucy, and hear what he says of it," said the old man, and left the room.

"Read this, Beattie, and tell me

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what you say to it," said the Chief Baron, as he handed the Doctor Sir Brook's letter. "I'll tell you of the writer when you have read it."

Beattie read the note in silence, and as he laid it on the table said, "I know the man, and his strange old-fashioned writing would have recalled him without his name."

"And what do you know of him, sir?" asked the Judge, sternly.

"I can tell you the story in three words: He came to consult me one morning, about six or eight months ago. It was about an insurance on his life—a very small sum he wanted to raise, to go out to this very place he writes from. He got to talk about the project, and I don't exactly know how it came about—I forget the details now—but it ended by my lending him the money myself."

"What, sir! do you combine usury with physic?"

"On that occasion I appear to have done so," said Beattie, laughing.

"And you advanced a sum of money to a man whom you saw for the first time, simply on his showing that his life was too insecure to guarantee repayment?"

"That puts the matter a little too nakedly."

"It puts it truthfully, sir, I apprehend."

"If you mean that the man impressed me so favourably that I was disposed to do him a small service, you are right."

"You and I, Beattie, are too old for this impulsive generosity—too old by thirty years! After forty, philanthropy should take a chronic form, and never have paroxysms. I think I am correct in my medical language."

"Your medicine pleases me more than your morality," said Beattie, laughing; "but to come back to this Sir Brook—I wish you had seen him."

"Sir, I have seen him, and I have heard of him, and if not at liberty to say what I have heard of him, it is quite enough to state that *my* information cannot corroborate *your* opinion."

"Well, my lord, the possibility of what I might hear will not shake the stability of what I have seen. Remember that we doctors imagine we read human nature by stronger spectacles than the laity generally."

"You imagine it, I am aware, sir; but I have met with no such instances of acuteness amongst your co-professionals as would sustain the claim; but why are we wandering from the record? I gave you that letter to read that you might tell me, is this boy's case a dangerous one?"

"It is a very grave case, no doubt; this is the malaria fever of Sardinia—bad enough with the natives, but worse with strangers. He should be removed to better air at once if he could bear removal."

"So is it ever with your art," said the Judge, in a loud declamatory voice. "You know nothing in your difficulties but a piteous entreaty to the unknown resources of nature to assist you. No, sir; I will not hear your defence; there is no issue before the Court. What sort of practitioners have they in this island?"

"Rude enough, I can believe."

"Could a man of eminence be found to go out there and see him?"

"A man in large practice could not spare the time; but there are men of ability who are not yet in high repute; one of these might be possibly induced."

"And what might the expense be?"

"A couple of hundred—say three hundred pounds, would perhaps suffice."

"Go up-stairs and see my granddaughter. She is very nervous and feverish; calm her mind so far as you are able; say that we are concerting measures for her brother's benefit; and by the time you shall come down again I will have made up my mind what to do."

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Beattie was a valued friend of Lucy's, and she was glad to see him enter her room, but she would not suffer him to speak of herself; it was of poor Tom alone she would talk. She heard with delight the generous intentions of her grandfather, and exclaimed with rapture,

"This is his real nature, and yet it is only by the little foibles of his temper that the world knows him; but we, Doctor, we, who see him as he is, know how noble-hearted and affectionate he can be!"

"I must hasten back to him," said Beattie, after a short space; "for should he decide on sending out a doctor, I must lose no time, as I must return to see this young fellow at Killaloe to-morrow."

"Oh, in my greater anxieties I forgot him! How is he?—will he recover?

"Yes, I regard him as out of danger—that is, if Lady Trafford can be persuaded not to talk him into a relapse."

"Lady Trafford! who is she?"

"His mother; she arrived last night."

"And his name is Trafford, and his Christian name Lionel!"

"Lionel Wentworth Trafford. I took it from his dressing-case when I prescribed for him."

Lucy had been leaning on her arm as she spoke, but she now sank slowly backwards and fainted.

It was a long time before consciousness came back, and even then she lay voiceless and motionless; and, though she heard what Beattie said to her, unable to speak to him, or intimate by a gesture that she heard him.

The Doctor needed no confidences—he read the whole story. There are expressions in the human face which have no reference to physical ills; nor are they indications of [illegible]fering. He who asked, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" knew how hopeless was his question; and this very despair it is—this sense of an affliction beyond the reach of art—gives a character to the expression which the doctor's eye never fails to discriminate from the look worn by malady.

As she lay there motionless, her large eyes looking at him with that expression in which eagerness struggles against debility, he saw how he had become her confidant.

"Come, my dear child," said he, taking her hand between both his own, "you have no occasion for fears on this score—so far I assure you, on my honour."

She gave his hand a slight, a very slight, pressure, and tried to say something, but could not.

"I will go down now, and see what is to be done about your brother;" she nodded, and he continued, "I will pay you another visit to-morrow early, before I leave town, and let me find you strong and hearty; and remember, that though I force no confidences, Lucy, I will not refuse them if you offer."

"I have none, sir,—none," said she, in a voice of deep melancholy.

"So that I know all that is to be known?" asked he.

"All, sir," said she, with a trembling lip.

"Well, accept me as a friend whom you may trust, my dear Lucy. If you want me I will not fail you; and if you have no need of me, there is nothing that has passed to-day between us ever to be remembered—you understand me?"

"I do, sir. You will come to-morrow—won't you?"

He nodded assent, and left her.

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MEMOIRS OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, BY HEROS VON BORCKE, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

PART VI.

FIGHT NEAR UPPERVILLE—RETREAT TOWARDS PARIS.

3*d November.*—Fighting was renewed the following morning, and the tremendous hosts of the Yankees advancing upon us across the fields, which I could compare only to a mighty avalanche, seemed likely to crush everything before them; but the gallant fellows of Fitz Lee's brigade stood the shock of their attack nobly, and succeeded for a time in checking the onward movement of their columns. Stuart perceiving, however, that he could not long maintain his ground, sent me off in the direction of Paris to select a new position, where the nature of the country would facilitate further resistance. This I soon found near Ashby's Gap, a few miles from Upperville, where a range of mountains, spurs of the Blue Ridge, accessible for a long distance only by a single road, made successful opposition to a far superior force a possible thing. On my return to the General, the conflict had reached its height, and, in my opinion, the urgent necessity of immediate retreat was patent to all. Nevertheless, Stuart was for continuing the struggle. Again and again animating his men by his presence, and the exposure of his own person, he led our admirable soldiers to the conflict. Not until one of our caissons had been exploded by a well-aimed shot; not until Colonel Wickham, temporarily commanding Fitz Lee's brigade, had been wounded at my side, a fragment of shell striking him in the neck; not until the hostile infantry was outflanking us on either side,—was the order given for the withdrawal, which, in consequence of the long delay of our commander in issuing the order, was managed, I am sorry to say, with a great deal of haste and confusion, and came very near being a rout. The dismounted sharpshooters, running back hurriedly to their horses, rode off, upon gaining them, without forming, in every direction; the regiments themselves, exposed to a concentrated withering fire of the enemy, galloped confusedly, and in precipitation, through the narrow streets of Upperville, followed by the hostile cavalry, in warm and eager pursuit.

General Stuart and myself were the last of our column to ride through the village, escaping almost miraculously the Yankee balls and bullets that whistled after us, and both receiving slight injury from a falling chimney, which, at the very moment of our passing by it, was struck by a shell, and toppled over by the explosion, the shattered stones and bricks flying far and wide. We had not left the village when the enemy entered it on the opposite side, and yet many heroic young ladies, regardless of the great danger, ran out of the houses to wave a last farewell to us with their cambric handkerchiefs, and, what was better still, to seek out, amidst this fearful tempest of shells and bullets, our poor wounded, who, unable to follow their flying comrades, were lying about, in their agony, anywhere in the dusty streets.

Too much credit cannot be given to Pelham for the great forethought and coolness with which he had taken his artillery along a little by-path around the village, to a point about a mile distant, where, placing his guns in a favourable position, he skilfully covered our

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retreat, and, by the accuracy and rapidity of his firing, saved us from great disaster. My brave friend was himself hard at work in his shirt-sleeves, taking a hand with the cannoneers in loading and aiming the pieces.

Meanwhile, the united efforts of General Stuart and the members of his staff had availed to put a stop to the stampede; our regiments were re-formed, and our lines re-established. But the scene was still frightful. Wounded men on foot were limping to the rear, or riding two on one horse; wounded animals were galloping wildly over the field; ambulances and army waggons were being hurried along the road, on which was concentrated a heavy fire of the hostile batteries, and over which canister and shell were howling in the air, or ricochetting on the hard dry ground.

Pelham's guns were now in a very dangerous situation, a squadron of Federal cavalry having advanced against them at a gallop, and having dismounted and placed a number of men behind a stone fence not more than 200 yards distant, from which they poured a fatal carbine fire upon the gunners and artillery-horses. I tried my best to lead two squadrons of one of our regiments forward to a charge, that I might drive the Yankees from this position; but after following me at a gallop to within eighty yards of the wall, they broke into rapid flight at the murderous volley of the sharp-shooters. Pelham was doing his best, in the mean time, to dislodge the bold riflemen, by firing canister at the wall, but this had not the desired effect, in consequence of the thickness of the barrier, so I shouted out to him, "Try solid shot!" which he did at once, and with the best results. Every ball demolished large sections of the fence, scattering the fragments of the stones all around, killing and wounding many of the sharp-shooters behind it, and driving off the rest, whom we pursued, cutting down and taking prisoners nearly all of them.

About six o'clock in the evening we arrived at the heights near Ashby's Gap, from which we could overlook the whole lower country towards Upperville. In the waning light of the day we could plainly discern, that for a considerable distance it was covered with the dark masses of the enemy, with their long cavalry columns and artillery-trains, so that we had no reason to indulge chagrin at having been put to flight by numbers more than ten times superior to our own. The exceeding narrowness of the approach, and the two mountain-ridges stretching out on either side of it, made defence an easy affair; not to mention the fact that D. H. Hill, with his division, was only a few miles farther back, ready to come to our assistance at any moment that this might be necessary.

The hostile batteries, occupying the heights near Upperville, kept up an incessant firing upon our troops ascending the mountains, but not being able at so great a distance to get the necessary elevation, their shells fell, and exploded innocently, at the base of the ridge, and our own batteries did not any longer respond. Only a 12-pounder Whitworth gun, which yet held its position half a mile in our rear, maintained the fight, and here stood its very first trial magnificently. Being on the higher part of the mountain, watching closely the enemy's movements with my trusty field-glass, I had the full opportunity of witnessing the wonderful efficiency and accuracy of this fine gun. When the wholly ineffective bombardment of our position had been carried on for some time by the Federal batteries, I heard all at once the sharp clear report of the Whitworth, and distinctly saw the ball strike, at a distance of four miles from the gun,

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right in the midst of the enemy's artillery, which, changing its position again and again, as the Whitworth missiles became more and more destructive, at last altogether retired.

Firing ceased entirely with the coming darkness; and as we saw by the Yankees going into camp that the pursuit would not be continued by them until the following day, we determined to give rest to our weary men and horses, and the glow of our bivouac fires was soon reflected from the mountains around us.

NIGHT RIDE TO JACKSON'S CAMP—RETURN ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS—WE ARE CUT OFF BY THE ENEMY.

4th November.—The deep sleep which succeeded to the fatigues of the previous day had hardly fallen upon me, when I was aroused by the touch of Stuart's hand upon my shoulder. The General's wish was that I should bear him company, with several of our couriers, and Dr. Eliason, who was well acquainted with all the roads in the neighbouring county, to the headquarters of General Jackson, who had encamped about twelve miles off, on the opposite side of the Shenandoah, near the village of Millwood. The command of our cavalry had been temporarily transferred to Colonel Rosser, who had instructions to hold his position as long as possible, and to keep General Stuart informed by frequent messengers of the progress of the impending fight.

A cold wind was blowing in our faces as we trotted through the village of Paris in the direction of the Shenandoah, and it was freezing hard when we reached the stream, about midnight, at a point where ordinarily it was easily fordable, but where we found it so much swollen by the recent rains in the mountains, that we were compelled to cross it swimming. We reached the opposite bank in safety, but chilled through and with soaking garments. Such was the intensity of the frost, that in a very few minutes our cloaks and blankets were frozen quite stiff, and the water, as it dripped from the flanks of our horses, congealed into icicles, and the legs of the animals were rough with ice. But a sharp ride, as it promoted the circulation of the blood, kept us tolerably warm, and at two o'clock in the morning we arrived at Jackson's encampment. Stuart, in his great tenderness for Old Stonewall, being unwilling to disturb his slumbers, proposed that we should seek rest for the remaining hours of the night; but in our frozen condition, it being first necessary that we should thaw out our garments before we could dry them, we preferred building a huge fire of logs, around whose cheerful blaze we sat and smoked our pipes, though, with teeth chattering like castanets, this was smoking under difficulties. Jackson, who, in accordance with his usual habit, awoke with the earliest glimmer of day, no sooner discovered us than he expressed his regret at our evident discomfort, but gave us the readiest consolation by ordering breakfast to be immediately prepared. Nothing was better calculated to restore our good spirits than the summons to the General's large breakfast table, where the aroma rose in clouds of vapour from an immense coffee-pot, and where stood a magnificent haunch of venison, cold, a present from a neighbouring planter.

The good cheer had the happiest effect on Stuart, who enlivened our repast with abundant anecdote, and the recital of many a joke at the expense of his companions-in-arms. It was his special delight to tease me on account of the little mistakes I still frequently committed

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in speaking the English language, which he always cleverly turned so as to excite the merriment of his auditors. During one of our many conversations concerning Old Stonewall, his personal traits and military character, while intending to say, "It warms my heart when he talks to me," I had employed the expression, "It makes my heart burn," &c. Stuart now took occasion to repeat my remark, and represented me most absurdly as having declared that "It gave me the heartburn to hear Jackson talk," which of course provoked the roaring laughter of our little company. Jackson himself alone did not participate in the boisterous mirth. Looking me straight in the face with his large expressive eyes, and pressing my hand warmly across the table, as just the faintest smile broke over his features, he said, "Never care, Major, for Stuart's jokes; we understand each other, and I am proud of the friendship of so good a soldier and so daring a cavalier as you are." I was conscious of a blush reddening my cheeks under my beard at this, but I felt also a glow of pride, and I would not at that moment have exchanged the simple, earnest tribute of the great warrior for all the orders and crosses of honour of Europe. "Hurrah for Old Von! and now let us be off," said Stuart, and slapping me on the back to conceal his own slight embarrassment, he rose from the table, followed by his companions. In a few minutes we rode off at a gallop to fresh scenes of excitement and activity.

In Virginia the vicissitudes of temperature are great and sudden, the weather frequently changing from biting frost to genial warmth in a few hours; and we experienced this pleasant alternation as we rode forth into the brilliant sunshine of the clear November morning. To avoid the disagreeable passage of the river by swimming our horses, General Stuart had determined to cross higher up, where the Shenandoah might be forded without difficulty, and so we continued our ride through the rich country on the left bank, passing the pleasant little hamlet of White Post on our route, until midday, when we made an easy ford, and soon after partook of a hasty dinner at a hospitable mansion most picturesquely situated on the very margin of the beautiful stream. Here I could not resist purchasing for our mess-table two of a flock of fat turkeys, which, tied together by the legs, I carried for a while thrown across the pommel of my saddle. The fowls gave me so much annoyance, however, by the flapping of their wings, that I was glad to give them in charge to one of our couriers, who quieted their motions very speedily by the simple expedient of cutting off their heads with his pocket knife.

The son of the gentleman who entertained us at dinner, being thoroughly familiar with the bridle-paths across the mountains, offered himself as our guide to save us the long detour of the common highway, and his services were thankfully accepted. So we pursued our course along the rough mountain-side, but seldom touched by human foot, and, as we rode, enjoyed frequent opportunities of admiring the wild and wonderful scenery of the majestic Blue Ridge. Climbing up steep banks and skirting dizzy precipices, we were often obliged to cut our way with our sabres through the dense entanglement of bushes and vines, many of the latter heavy with clusters of small dark-blue grapes. A rolling cannonade, borne to us from the direction of Ashby's Gap, hurried us on our toilsome and difficult way, and about five o'clock in the afternoon we reached the summit of the mountain. The view we obtained from this point was surely the most magnificent I have ever witnessed. For many, many miles beneath us lay the sumptuous valley, in the full gorgeousness of its rich and varied

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autumnal hues, spread out like an immense gaily-coloured Persian carpet, and through the middle space, like a stripe of green, ran the emerald-tinted Shenandoah, winding away to the remote distance where the plain was fringed by a range of wooded mountains, whose soft, waving line of horizon was reddened and gilded by the sunset. Our admiration of this glorious prospect gave place to something like bewildered astonishment when immediately below us, only a few thousand feet from the spot we occupied, we discovered the dark masses of the enemy with glittering arms and fluttering pennons, and beyond them the rapidly-disappearing lines of our horsemen, the smoke rising at many points from the muzzles of our guns, as the artillery covered the retreat of their comrades. Stuart gave me a significant look, and said very quietly, "The Yankees have taken Ashby's Gap—Rosser is retreating, and we are completely cut off." Our situation was indeed full of danger. The enemy were so near us that we might expect to come upon one of their scouting parties at any moment; our volunteer guide had no knowledge of the mountain roads on our right; to procure other guides was a matter of great difficulty, as only a few herdsmen lived so high upon the mountain, and these would have been restrained by no sense of patriotic duty from betraying us into the hands of the Yankees; and to ride back to Jackson and join our horsemen again involved a circuitous and fatiguing journey of sixty or eighty miles, could we even make this without interruption. Yet it was of the utmost importance that Stuart should be with his command again before morning. Meanwhile, as night was rapidly approaching, we recognised the necessity of coming to some conclusion, and it was finally determined that we should disperse over the ridge in various directions, in the hope that some one of our party might fall in with a mountaineer whom we should force to guide us, and that a whistle twice repeated should be the signal for reuniting at a point where Stuart himself should remain that he might watch closely the movements of the enemy. After much unsuccessful riding about over the rocks and through the forest, I was fortunate enough to pick up a fellow of exceedingly wild and haggard appearance, with garments "all tattered and torn," who, upon my approach, endeavoured to slip away from me in the bushes, but who came to a better mind when he saw my revolver levelled at his head. At the appointed signal we soon came together again, when General Stuart explained to my trembling captive that if he would guide us over the mountains on our right to a point from which we could reach Barber's Cross Roads, the supposed new position of Fitz Lee's brigade, without bringing us in contact with the Yankees, he should receive an ample reward; but that should he intentionally mislead and betray us, he should be shot down without hesitation. Under the joint influence of fear and avarice, the poor devil became voluble of promises of fidelity, and we started at once on our hazardous march, one of us riding just before and another just behind the guide with cocked pistols, to prevent his escaping into the dense undergrowth on either side of the narrow path. In many places the road was barred by immense boulders or became too steep to ascend on horseback, so that we were compelled to dismount and lead our horses. The briars and brambles scratched our hands and faces and made sad work with our uniforms. The night had now deepened into great darkness, and we expected momentarily to lose our way or to tumble over one of the frightful precipices along the verge of which we had to pass. But, surmounting all difficulties and escaping all dangers, we at last reached the foot of the Blue Ridge, near the small village of Macon, at a short

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distance from which place we saw a large camp-fire, and in the glare of the flames discovered a group of soldiers around it. We halted, of course, at once, and with a proper precaution sent forward on foot one of our couriers to ascertain whether the men before us were friends or foes. After a few minutes of extreme anxiety on our part, the courier came back to us with the pleasing intelligence that all was right, as the picket in sight of us consisted of soldiers belonging to the division of General D. H. Hill, who had retired in the direction of Front Royal, but was still holding Manassas Gap. Dr. Eliason being now fully acquainted with the neighbourhood, we dismissed our mountaineer, who evinced great delight when General Stuart handed him a fifty-dollar note for his services.

The perils of our journey, however, were by no means yet over, as we had still a long distance to ride outside our own, and very near the enemy's lines, whose numerous camp-fires were often plainly to be seen on the mountain-side; but after our advance-guard of two couriers had several times brought us to a halt through false alarms, and, blinded by the intense darkness of the night, had fired again and again at imaginary Yankees, we arrived without further adventure, about midnight, at Barber's Cross Roads. Here we learned, to the great surprise and lively indignation of General Stuart, that only one of our squadrons was on picket at the place, and that Colonel Rosser, with the rest of his brigade, had fallen back seven miles further, to the immediate vicinity of the small town of Orleans. Wearied out by the fatigues of the day, I was just looking out for a suitable spot for my night's rest, when Stuart, who was in no good humour, called to me, saying, "Major, I desire that you will ride at once to Colonel Rosser, and order him to report to me instantly in person, leaving instructions for Lee's brigade to follow without delay, we may be ready to receive the enemy at this place at daylight. I am determined not to retire without fighting, and shall give battle to the Yankees here-to-morrow." Thinking of the fifteen long miles that my faithful but exhausted charger must yet perform, I started rather unwillingly and slowly; but I had not gone two hundred yards when a courier rode up to me with the message from Stuart to go on as rapidly as possible, regardless of the life of my horse. So I drove the spurs into his flanks, and went off at a gallop through the dark pine-forests that skirted the road on either side, until I reached Orleans, and with some difficulty found the headquarters of Colonel Rosser. This officer was exceedingly annoyed at being aroused from his comfortable repose, having gone into bivouac under the impression that he had operated with great wisdom and circumspection. The urgency of my instructions, however, soon brought him into the saddle. His adjutants quickly conveyed the necessary orders to the regiments of his brigade, and the Colonel and I trotted off together ahead of the column to Barber's Cross Roads, beguiling the weariness of the march by relating to each other our adventures respectively during the preceding twenty-four hours.

Rosser had been compelled, after a gallant resistance, to give way before the superior numbers of his assailants, having sent during the day reports to General Stuart by several couriers, all of whom had either missed their way or fallen into the hands of the enemy. Upon our arrival at the Cross Roads, we found Stuart, and our comrades of his staff, wrapped in the profoundest slumber upon the portico of a small farmhouse. When I had succeeded in awakening my chief, and had taken the proper care of my horse, I drew my blankets closely around me, and stretched my limbs, wearied with a ride of more than

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fifty miles, on the hard ground, in the hope of getting some refreshment for the inevitable rough work of the coming day.

FIGHT AT BARBER'S CROSS ROADS—RETREAT TOWARDS ORLEANS AND ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

5th November.—The bugle sounding to saddle cruelly cut short my slumbers with the dawn, and a few minutes afterwards we galloped up to Fitz Lee's brigade, which, according to orders, occupied its position on the cross road. We now found, to our inexpressible delight, that Hampton's brigade, which, having been detached to our infantry, had been separated from us during the past week, had also arrived on the spot; and the hearty welcome we gave them attested the new hope and confidence as to the issue of the impending conflict which their presence inspired.

General Hampton had been ordered to form the right wing of our line of battle, and I accompanied him upon a little reconnaissance to a slight eminence, from which we could narrowly watch the approach of the vast numbers of the enemy. With his battery he had two 15-pounder brass guns, imported by him from Europe at his own expense, that were remarkable for their long range and accuracy of aim, but were too heavy for flying artillery. These pieces, being at once placed in position at our point of survey, speedily commenced the fight, and their fire being energetically returned by the Yankees, there ensued a tremendous cannonade. Ere long Stuart joined us, with all the other members of his staff, and our group of horsemen attracting the attention of the enemy's artillerists, we were honoured forthwith with several cannon-balls, which came whistling high over our heads, and gave us small concern. Suddenly, however, a percussion shell whizzed very close to us, and, striking a small locust tree at a distance of about twenty yards, sent its iron hail right into the midst of our party. We looked at each other with startled apprehension, scarcely deeming it possible but that some one of our number had been struck. In the most wonderful way all had escaped. My horse was the only sufferer, as one of the fragments of the shell had cut a deep gash in his right hind leg. Finding that fortunately no bone or sinew had been injured, I stanched the wound by tying my pocket-handkerchief around the limb, and I was thus able to ride my brave animal despite his lameness throughout the day.

The fight soon became a very spirited one, and our sharpshooters repulsed with great success and fatal effect the repeated charges of the Federal cavalry. One squadron of the Yankees especially was severely punished for their audacity, in charging up the turnpike road upon a strong barricade which we had hastily erected. In front they were received with a most destructive fire, while a detachment of our horse attacked them at the same moment in the rear, sabring or taking prisoners the larger number of these dashing dragoons.

The enemy continuing to be largely reinforced from time to time, General Stuart gave about mid-day the order for the retreat towards Orleans, which was commenced under the heaviest fire of the enemy's batteries. Here occurred a very curious incident. One of the horsemen of our retiring column was so instantaneously killed by a bullet through the brain, that his rapidly-stiffening limbs held him for a considerable time in the saddle, and he was sitting bolt upright upon his horse dead—stone dead—several minutes before his comrades on the right and left discovered that he had been struck.

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Frequently upon our retreat our pursuers pressed us so closely, that we were compelled to turn round and engage them hand to hand; but they came at last to a halt, so that upon reaching Orleans we had an hour to rest the men and feed the horses.

General Stuart and staff were invited to dinner at a stately old country-house, half a mile from the village, where dwelt a venerable lady, Mrs. M., whose native dignity of manners and kindliness of disposition greatly won our respect and gratitude. The following day this house was occupied by the Yankees, and a detachment of the New York Zouaves acted towards its inmates with the greatest barbarity. After the greater portion of the furniture had been broken to pieces, and completely destroyed by them in mere wanton malice, one of these brutes demanded of the old lady where she had hid her silver; and, upon her answering him quietly that it had been long ago sent to a place of safety, struck her a blow with the butt of his musket, under which she fell senseless into the arms of her daughters.

Throughout the afternoon we continued our retreat towards Waterloo Bridge, which we crossed at night, and in the vicinity of which our troops bivouacked. The General and staff proceeded a mile farther on, and established their headquarters at the house of a Mr. M., where we had at last an opportunity of cooking and devouring the turkeys, of which mention has been made. Mr. M.'s house was a few days later burned by the Yankees for the hospitality he had shown us.

During the night there came a telegram for General Stuart, which, in accordance with his instructions, habitually observed by me, I opened with his other despatches, and found to contain the most painful intelligence. It announced the death of little Flora, our chief's lovely and dearly-loved daughter, five years of age, the favourite of her father and of his military family. This sweet child had been dangerously ill for some time, and more than once had Mrs. Stuart summoned her husband to Flora's bedside; but she received only the response of the true soldier, "My duty to the country must be performed before I can give way to the feelings of the father." I went at once to acquaint my General with the terrible tidings, and when I had awakened him, perceiving, from the grave expression of my features, that something had gone wrong, he said, "What is it, Major? Are the Yankees advancing?" I handed him the telegram without a word. He read it, and the tenderness of the father's heart overcoming the firmness of the warrior, he threw his arms around my neck, and wept bitter tears upon my breast. My dear General never recovered from this cruel blow. Many a time afterwards, during our rides together, he would speak to me of his lost child. Light-blue flowers recalled her eyes to him; in the glancing sunbeams he caught the golden tinge of her hair; and whenever he saw a child with such eyes and hair, he could not help tenderly embracing it. He thought of her even on his deathbed, when, drawing me towards him, he whispered, "My dear friend, I shall soon be with little Flora again."

FIGHTS NEAR WATERLOO BRIDGE AND JEFFERSON—CROSSING OF THE HAZEL RIVER—BIVOUAC IN THE SNOW.

6th and 7th November.—The morning of the following day, to our great surprise, passed quietly, and we were enabled to take up our old line of defence at Waterloo Bridge, sending out scouts and patrols in

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the direction of the enemy. One of the latter was fortunate enough to capture and bring off a Yankee waggon, which gave us a good supply of Havana cigars, and contained, among other articles, a large number of fine bowie-knives. For a long time afterwards, each of us carried one of these knives in his belt, finding it extremely serviceable, not as an offensive weapon against the Yankees, but for the cutting of the very tough beef, which, during the next month, formed the greater part of our rations. The bowie-knife occupied a somewhat conspicuous place in the earlier annals of the war, and we were often told of Louisianians, Mississippians, and Texans who threw away their muskets in the hottest of the fight, and fell upon the enemy with their favourite weapon; but I have always regarded these stories in the same fabulous light with the stories of the bayonet conflicts to which I have before referred, and certainly I have never seen the bowie-knife put to any other than a purely pacific and innocent use.

About mid-day we went across the river with one of our squadrons on a reconnaissance, and very soon afterwards met the advancing column of the enemy, which attacked us vigorously, and to the great mortification of General Stuart and myself, drove our men in disgraceful stampede, despite all our efforts to prevent it, back over the bridge. Here our pursuers were checked by the fire of our artillery and sharpshooters, and the fight ere long raged with full fury all along the lines, being kept up, especially in the vicinity of the bridge, with great spirit until late in the evening. At dusk General Stuart decided to continue the retreat. The bridge, having been prepared with combustibles for this event, was set on fire, and its blazing timbers fell with a loud crash into the waters of the Rappahannock, as our column turned off in the direction of Jefferson. This hamlet, which lay eight miles distant towards Culpepper Court-house, we reached soon after dark. Here, as the enemy did not follow up the pursuit, our troops bivouacked after the necessary pickets had been established.

The night was extremely cold, and about ten o'clock a snow-storm set in with such severity that the General and his staff took refuge in a deserted old wooden house, where, having with great trouble collected the fuel, we built immense wood fires in the tumble-down chimneys. But we obtained little sleep. The storm raged all night; and as it howled around the dilapidated building, it made every rafter shake so threateningly that we looked for the edifice to fall in ruins about our heads at any moment, while the wind swept in wrath through the windows, wholly destitute of glass, bringing the snow in swirls into the cheerless apartments, which were so densely filled at times with smoke driven down the chimneys that we had to beat a rapid retreat into the tempest to escape suffocation. At daybreak the temperature became a little less severe, but a fine rain was now mingled with the snow, which soon wet us to the skin, and rendered the roads slippery and horrible in the extreme. It may be imagined that our horsemen did not make a very proud appearance when our columns drew up to meet the advance of the enemy. Men and horses were muddy, draggled, and shivering, and both had been twenty-four hours without food.

The Yankees did not long keep us waiting for their attack, and at ten o'clock the fight was fully in progress, making us quite warm enough. Our resistance, however, was but a short one. General Stuart feared the rising of the Hazel river in his rear, and our artillery horses were scarcely able any longer to pull the guns through the miry roads. So greatly were we embarrassed on this account, that we had been obliged already to bury two of our pieces which we could not carry

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with us. About noon we again commenced the retreat, turning round and giving battle to the enemy whenever we were hard pressed by them. Late in the evening we reached the river, which we forded safely, but with some difficulty, and took a new position on the heights of the opposite shore, near the small village of Rixeville.

It was a sorry sight this crossing of the Hazel river. Our command, and especially Fitz Lee's brigade, had suffered severely from the continuous marching and fighting we had undergone, from the inclement wintry weather, and from scarcity of food. Many of our horses had been killed, and many more, broken down or lame, could only be led along. All the sick and disabled men, making up a body of nearly 500 non-combatants, were formed together into a corps which was jokingly called "Company Q," and had been put in charge of Fitz Lee's gallant quartermaster, Major Mason. I felt no little anxiety until I saw the last of this large squad of limping men, leading crippled horses, safely on the other side of the river. I had often to urge the stragglers along by saying, "The Yankees are close upon you," when they lingered to pluck the fruit of the numerous persimmon trees on either side of the road—fruit which the recent frosts had brought plentifully to perfection, and which furnished a welcome though meagre repast to our famished troopers.*

The Yankees not making their appearance on the opposite bank of the Rappahannock, we left behind several squadrons and two pieces of artillery to guard the two nearest fords, and went at nightfall with the main body of troops a few miles farther back, establishing our bivouac in a dense forest of oak and pine. The night set in colder again, and the rain changed to a heavy fall of snow, giving us every prospect of a most uncomfortable time of it. But the accustomed wood-fire, with its immense pile of blazing logs, around which the General and staff and escort collected, kept us sufficiently warm. The bivouac itself was exceedingly picturesque. Many of the officers were enveloped in red blankets, worn in the Mexican fashion, falling from the shoulders, with a hole cut in the middle for the head of the wearer to come through. Others wore long overcoats, and wide-brimmed hats pulled over their faces. Among these groups were the negroes preparing supper; around us was the dark engirdling forest, the branches of the nearest trees white with the snow; and over all was thrown the rich red glow of the fire, producing the highest effects of light and shade.

The never-failing prevision of my negro-servant William supplied our evening repast with some excellent Irish potatoes, which he had contrived to pick up somewhere on the road, and which he roasted in such a manner as to produce a very pleasing result.

One of our couriers, whom we had sent off to the post-office at Culpepper Court-House, came in after supper, bringing me the first letters I had received from home since my departure for America. Stretched out upon the damp ground, I became so much absorbed in reading them by the fitful glare of the fire, that my blanket caught from the

* The persimmon tree grows very abundantly in Virginia, and its fruit resembles somewhat the European medlar or the Asiatic date. In the green state the persimmon is exceedingly acrid and astringent, but it becomes mellowed by successive frosts, and in winter its taste is sweet and palatable. Very good beer is made from it, and the kernels were frequently employed by us in the preparation of a wretched substitute for coffee. The North Carolina troops were often "chaffed" by their comrades from other states for being so fond of persimmons—a *penchant* they had in common with the negroes and that remarkable animal the Virginia opossum, which is always fattest when the persimmon season is at its height.

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embers without my perceiving it, and was in rapid combustion when Stuart called out to me, "Von, what are you doing there? Are you going to burn yourself like an Indian widow?"

SCOUT WITH GENERAL STUART—HEADQUARTERS NEAR CULPEPPER COURT-HOUSE—RECONNOISSANCE IN FORCE, AND FIGHT NEAR EMMETSVILLE.

8th, 9th, and 10th November.—Early the following morning we left our beds of mud and snow, and moved to the Hazel River, where we awaited the further approach of the enemy in line of battle, on the high hills which line the Culpepper shore near Rixeville. But everything remaining perfectly quiet, Stuart and myself crossed the river to look after the enemy, whom we found to be encamped near Jefferson, manifesting no intention of a further advance. Having satisfied ourselves upon this, we at once returned to our command, the greater part of which was ordered back to the camp of the past night, only a few squadrons and some pieces of artillery being left behind to resist a sudden attack on the fords. Our pickets were thrown forward at the same time two miles on the opposite side of the river.

Our headquarters waggons having arrived meanwhile, and it appearing most likely that our stay in this part of the country would be of considerable duration, we pitched our tents on the edge of an oak wood, and our encampment was soon laid out in regular order. General Lee with the greater part of his army, had now arrived, and had gone into camp in the vicinity of Culpepper Court-house, General Longstreet, with his whole corps, having reached there several days before, followed by Jackson, who had left behind only one of his divisions under D. H. Hill, near Front Royal.

General Stuart went off next day on a little reconnoissance to Brandy Station and Rappahannock Bridge, but for once I did not accompany him, being detained in camp by domestic duties, arranging the interior of my tent, and building the customary fireplace and mud chimney. For the transportation of materials we employed our well-known yellow van captured from the Yankees, to which Pelham and I each harnessed one of our horses. The first time we attached the team, I had occasion to witness with indignation and punish with severity the brutal conduct of Pelham's negro Willis, who, at the moment my horse was making the greatest efforts to pull our heavily-laden waggon out of a mud-hole, struck him in a paroxysm of anger over the head with a hatchet, felling the poor animal to the ground, where it lay for several minutes apparently lifeless. I was fortunately near enough to reward the scoundrel's barbarity at once with his own horsewhip.

General Stuart returned in the evening, in time for our slender dinner of coffee and baked potatoes, telling us that on his way back he had called at the headquarters of General Lee, and received orders for going off the next day on a reconnoissance in force. He was to take with him Fitz Lee's brigade, one battery, and two regiments of infantry, the latter having been detached to him for this special purpose.

We were roused at daybreak next morning by the roll of the drums of our reinforcements, and at eight o'clock we crossed Hazel river, sending one regiment of cavalry to the right towards Jefferson, and proceeding with the main column to the left towards the village of Emmetsville. About ten o'clock our advanced-guard came up with the enemy, with whom we were soon hotly engaged, the Yankees falling back slowly before us. I could not

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help admiring on this occasion the excellent behaviour of a squadron of the 5th New York Cavalry, who received with the greatest coolness the heavy fire of our battery, maintaining perfect order while shell after shell exploded in their ranks, and saddle after saddle was emptied —quietly filling the gaps in their lines, and finally only giving way when we charged them with several squadrons.

During the earlier part of the fight the Federals had been wholly without artillery, but several batteries now came to their assistance, opening a vigorous and well-directed fire upon our guns, which lost heavily in men and horses. I had halted near two of our pieces, and was talking with Lieutenant M'Gregor, the officer in command of them, when a shell, bursting within thirty feet of us, sent its deadly missiles in every direction, several fragments of the iron passing directly between us, and one of them shattering the leg of the brave young fellow so that it dangled loosely from his side. He insisted, however, on remaining with his guns, and it required the joint persuasions of General Stuart and myself to induce him to withdraw from the field and place himself in the hands of the surgeon.

Our infantry now joining in the fight, we drove the Yankees back to the neighbourhood of Emmetsville, when I was ordered by my chief to reconnoitre the position there before he could attempt pushing his success further. Climbing a high hill about a mile on our right, I soon obtained a magnificent view of the surrounding country, extending for many miles towards the town of Warrenton, where numerous encampments indicated the presence of the entire Federal army. In the immediate front, towards Emmetsville, I could see the force opposing us about being reinforced by three brigades of infantry and several batteries of artillery, which were advancing at a double-quick

alo[illegible]oad. In full I galloped back to inform General Stuart of the danger of his position, but before reaching him I saw our troops falling back, my chief having himself quickly perceived the additional strength of his opponents.

The enemy's tirailleurs were now moving rapidly forward in admirable order, and by their spirited and accurate fire greatly harassed the retreat of our troops, which was covered by two pieces of our artillery and our cavalry sharpshooters. Stuart, seeing his cavalrymen rapidly driven back, and greatly provoked at the successful advance of the foe, called to him twenty-five or thirty of our infantry riflemen, and posted them at the corner of a wood, with orders not to fire until the enemy had arrived within two hundred yards of them, that they might punish effectively the impudence of the Yankees, as he called it. Stuart here, as usual, greatly exposed his own person on horseback by riding out of the wood into the open field, and I felt it my duty to say to him that in my opinion he was not in his proper place, as in a few minutes the whole fire of the enemy would be concentrated upon him; but as J. E. B. was in a very bad humour, he answered me curtly, that if this placed seemed likely to become too hot for myself, I was at liberty to leave it; whereupon I made response, that, my duty attaching me to his side, no place could be too hot for me where he chose to go. Nevertheless I changed my position, cautiously bringing a large tree, in front of which I had been standing, between myself and the enemy. In an instant the firing commenced, and three bullets struck the tree at just the height to show that, had I remained where I was, they would certainly have gone through my body. Looking at Stuart, I saw him pass his hand quickly across his face, and even at this serious moment I could not

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help laughing heartily when I discovered that one of the numberless bullets that had been whistling round him had cut off half of his beloved mustache as neatly as it could have been done by the hand of an experienced barber.

The Yankees having kept up the pursuit for only a short distance, we continued our retreat quietly towards Hazel River. Altogether our reconnoissance had been highly successful. We had found out all we desired to know without much loss, while we had inflicted serious damage upon the enemy, and brought back with us thirty prisoners.

Being ordered by General Stuart to report immediately to General Lee what had been done, I galloped rapidly ahead, about dusk, passing *en route* our headquarters, where those who had been left behind came running towards me to get news of the fighting, which I gave them in a condensed form, "All right!" and hurried onward without stopping. With some trouble I found General Lee's encampment on the opposite side of the town, where his modest tents had been pitched in a dense pine thicket. Supper was announced just as I arrived, and, having accepted the General's kindly invitation to join him at the table, I there recited to an eager audience our recent adventures. The Commander-in-Chief and the members of his staff were all greatly amused at the loss of half of Stuart's mustache, a personal ornament upon which they knew our cavalry leader much prided himself.

It was late at night when I got back again to our headquarters, where Stuart and my comrades of his staff had arrived long before me.

CAMP-LIFE AT HEADQUARTERS NEAR CULPEPPER COURT-HOUSE—TEN DAYS IN RICHMOND.

All was quiet next day at headquarters, and we had the pleasure of seeing there Mrs. Stuart, who had arrived at Culpepper Court-house the previous evening. She had come to spend some days with her husband, to share with him her sacred grief in the calamity that had befallen them both. It was a melancholy pleasure to see how well that admirable lady bore up under the weight of her affliction, in tender regard for her husband. Her manner was composed, but her eyes betrayed their frequent overflow of tears; and the warm pressure of the hand she silently gave me upon our meeting, indicated that words could not describe the agony she had endured. Mrs. Stuart had brought with her to camp her son Jemmy, a stout little "three-year-old," who, in his vivacity, in his passion for horses, and in his whole appearance, strongly resembled his father. Whenever his mother or his negro "mammy" left him unguarded for a moment, Jemmy was immediately among the horses; and the greatest gratification I could give him was to take him for a rapid gallop before me in the saddle. During the morning General Lee came over to our camp on a short visit, and I was touched by the gentle, sympathising way in which he talked with Mrs. Stuart.

Our friend Lawley having announced by telegram his coming in this day's train from Richmond, I drove over to the station at Culpepper Court-house to meet so welcome a guest, who had promised to give us the pleasure of his company for several days. To do him proper honour, I substituted on this occasion for the rough-going, yellow-painted waggon in which Pelham and I were accustomed to make most of our journeys, a top-buggy which Stuart had brought from Pennsylvania.

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On the 12th the General started for a reconnaissance "to stir up the Yankees a little," as he expressed himself, in which he was accompanied by Lawley, who desired to get an idea of our mode of cavalry fighting. My orders were to remain at headquarters in the performance of some important duties there. I disliked this exceedingly, but I was soon compensated by the unexpected arrival of Vizetelly and Brien, who, after a very amusing ride through the valley and across the Blue Ridge, had at last found us again, and came into the encampment with the outburst of "Dixie," sung to new words, the composition of the versatile Vizetelly himself. Most heartily were these guests welcomed by the whole camp. The negroes especially were greatly pleased to greet "Major Telly" (a name and title they had adopted for the artist) once more at headquarters.

During the evening General Stuart returned from his "stirring-up" expedition, which had been so successful that he brought back with him about thirty prisoners, among whom were several officers.

Dinner was soon after served, and though poor in viands it was rich in good fellowship, in mirth and anecdote and song. On this excursion, of which we had animated accounts from Stuart and Lawley, Captain Farley had executed another of those daring feats for which he was so famous, and the recital of it called forth the highest compliments of our whole dinner-party. Riding forward alone, as was his custom, through the woods in the direction of the enemy, he discovered a regiment of Federal infantry marching along the road, and observed the colonel and adjutant making a little detour to a neighbouring plantation-house, doubtless in the hope of obtaining eatables for themselves or forage for their horses. As soon as [illegible] dismounted and entered the dwelling, Farley rode up, and, confronting the astonished officers with his revolver, said, "Gentlemen, you are my prisoners; make the least outcry to your men for assistance and I will blow your brains out." The brave colonel and adjutant, finding it was the best they could do, surrendered at discretion; and Farley brought them quietly into our lines, with their excellent and well-equipped horses, away from their regiment, which was marching along at a distance of only a few hundred yards. The astonishment of the regiment at this sudden and inexplicable disappearance of its commander may be imagined.

Fitzhugh and I having been invited to appear with Captain Dearing, a friend of ours commanding a battery of Pickett's division in Longstreet's corps, who was encamped about two miles off, started on foot, late in the evening, for this entertainment, and, after losing ourselves in the darkness, and getting our boots full of water in a swamp, at last reached the camp of the gay artilleryman, where we found large company and little supper. The "spread," indeed, consisted only of a small piece of pork and a canteen of bad apple-brandy; but wit and good-humour make amends for the lack of dishes; and our songs re-echoed through the adjoining forests. Dearing soon proposed that we should send a courier for Bob Sweeney and his banjo, which was carried *nem. con.*; and before half an hour had elapsed, the joyous minstrel occupied the post of honour upon the large mess-chest at our great camp-fire, and the music of the banjo, the *chansons* of the bivouac, and the dances of the negroes, amused us to a late hour, when we returned on Dearing's horses to our headquarters.*

* Captain Dearing, who was a very gallant and distinguished officer of artillery, was transferred at a later period of the war to the cavalry. He became the colonel

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On Sunday the 14th, General Stuart said to me that, as all was quiet along the lines, he wished me to go to Richmond for a few days on some matters of business. As I had never once asked for leave of absence since the commencement of my eventful campaigning, the General, at my request, very readily extended the term of my sojourn at the capital to ten days. Brien and Vizetelly having determined to accompany me, the gay trio soon rolled along in one of the most uncomfortable of railway carriages to our place of destination, where we arrived the same evening, and took lodgings at the well-known Spotswood Hotel. My personal appearance, after so long a period of rough service in the field, was somewhat *outré* for the streets of the metropolis. I looked, indeed, more like a bandit than a staff-officer. There were several large holes for ventilation in my hat, my coat was full of rents, and my riding-boots were soleless, so that, having worn for some time past my last pair of socks, my naked feet now touched the pavement as I walked. Not desiring to exhibit myself in this plight to the good people of Richmond, I was obliged to spend the greater part of the following day in my room, until my tailor could make me presentable again. The effect of dress upon the outward man has very often been dwelt upon by worldly philosophers. When, in my new externals, I met Vizetelly in the afternoon, *bien rasé et coiffé*, he barely recognized me, and assured me, with many polite bows, that he had not supposed it possible that I could have changed so much for the better.

I found Richmond very little altered: especially had its generous hospitality known no abatement. I was received in many houses with a cordial welcome. Of course I did not fail to pay my respects to General and Mrs. Randolph, who listened with the most flattering interest to the account of my adventures, and manifested their astonishment at my rapid progress in the English language. Very pleasant hours I spent at the charming residences of Mr. P. and Mr. W. H. M. With dinner-parties and business engagements, the time passed swiftly by, and I could scarcely believe that I had spent so long an interval of social enjoyment when the day of my departure arrived.

BURNSIDE'S CHANGE OF BASE — HEADQUARTERS NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, AND FIGHTING ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK—BOMBARDMENT AND GREAT BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG—WINTER-QUARTERS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK—DETACHED DUTY AT CULPEPPER COURT-HOUSE—DEATH OF PELHAM, AND FUNERAL HONOURS PAID TO HIM IN RICHMOND—BREAKING UP OF WINTER-QUARTERS.

(*From the end of November* 1862 *to April* 1863.)

I had packed my portmanteau and taken leave of my kind friends of both sexes in Richmond, and the negro waiter at the Spotswood Hotel had just left my room, promising, with a grin upon his swarthy face, that I should certainly be called in time for the early train the following morning, when a telegram was brought me from General Stuart, ordering me to proceed by rail, not to Culpepper Court-house, as I had intended, but to the vicinity of Fredericksburg, to which place he was upon the eve of transferring his head-

of a North Carolina cavalry regiment, and soon afterwards a general of brigade, in which position he gained a high reputation for daring enterprise and celerity of movement. A Federal bullet ended at once his brilliant military career and his life, in one of the fights near Petersburg, a short time before the termination of the struggle.

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quarters. General M'Clellan had already, on the 7th of November, been superseded as Federal Commander-in-Chief by General Burnside, who, ambitious of a glory that in his wild dreams his exalted position seemed to promise him, and vehemently urged by the Government at Washington to rouse himself from his inactivity, and undertake something conclusive with his largely reinforced and splendidly equipped army, had decided to try the shortest and most direct route to the long-coveted Confederate capital. Accordingly the new Commander had moved the greater part of his force by rapid marches down the Rappahannock towards Fredericksburg, hoping to cross the river and occupy the town before Lee should be able to divine his intentions. But Mr. Burnside had not counted on the vigilance of Stuart's cavalry, the untiring activity of our scouts, and the promptness of decision that belonged to our noble leader; and when he arrived opposite Fredericksburg, demanding, in grand words, the surrender of the place, he found Longstreet, to his great surprise, seriously objecting to this, — Longstreet who, by a movement parallel to his own, had reached the spot with his corps several hours too early for him. Whereupon the Federal General was fain, after many useless threats to shell the town, to postpone yet a little while his rapid "On to Richmond," thus giving General Lee time to move his whole force towards Fredericksburg, where, at the end of November, the two hostile armies were confronting each other.

This change of base gave me one day's longer leave of absence, as I could reach the vicinity of Fredericksburg by rail in twenty-four hours' less time than Stuart by marching across the country. There being nothing to detain me in Richmond, I took advantage of my additional holiday to visit my dear friends, Dr. P—— and his family at Dundee, near Hanover C[illegible]-Ho[illegible] w[illegible] I [illegible]assed Sunhe 22d most delightfully, continuing my journey next day to [illegible]over Junction, which point I reached unfortunately too late for the passenger-train to Fredericksburg. Being thus compelled to take a freight train, and to ride in an open flat, I felt the sharp, eager wintry air intensely. The train moved at a very slow pace, stopping at every little wayside station, so that it was late at night when we arrived at Hamilton's Crossing, the last stopping-place before reaching Fredericksburg. Here we were obliged to bring the train to rest a quarter of a mile from the station, as it was within range of the enemy's guns, and the Yankees shelled it furiously whenever they heard the sound of an engine. I was thus landed in utter darkness in the depths of the forest, and found myself soon sitting on my portmanteau as hopeless and comfortless as Marius on the ruins of Carthage, and with every reasonable prospect that I should remain in this position until morning. Fortunately there were a number of Confederate surgeons, who, having been released from the different hospitals within the enemy's lines, were *en route* to report again to their respective commands, and had left the train under the same unhappy circumstances with myself; and as a common misfortune always quickly unites those who are casually thrown together, it was not long before we were assisting each other in removing our luggage to a fire which at some distance glimmered through the woods. Here, to our great satisfaction, we found the camp of a quartermaster of the army, who was able to give us all the information we desired, and very promptly rendered us every assistance. As the bulk of our army was three or four miles, and Stuart's headquarters at least five miles distant, and we had no means of transportation, we concluded to rest here

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for the night, and readily availed ourselves of a large tent-fly which the quartermaster was kind enough to offer us, beneath which we were soon sufficiently comfortable—each member of the party contributing, from the stores brought with him, to a supper that might have been called luxurious. The next morning we contrived to get hold of an ambulance, and made an early start on our roundabout journey to the different positions of our troops. My point of destination being the most distant, I had to wait until the last of my pleasant companions had reached his special command before I could turn the horse's heads directly to Stuart's headquarters, which I gained not until a late hour of the forenoon.

Our camp was situated in a small piece of pine-woods about five miles from Fredericksburg, on the Telegraph Road leading from that place to Richmond. The white tents gleamed pleasantly amid the dense umbrage of the evergreen pines; straight into the frosty air rose the columns of blue smoke from many chimneys, and the whole encampments wore so snug and comfortable an appearance, that it was far from affording me the least suggestion of the cold and hunger I should yet have to endure on this very spot. I had scarcely climbed out of the ambulance, the news of my arrival having been rapidly circulated through the camp, when comrades and couriers, Stuart foremost of them all, hastened to welcome me. My chief was so much delighted at my return, that he threw his arms around my neck in a transport of affection, and the general manner of my reception greatly heightened the happiness I felt in being once more with my dear companions-in-arms. My tent had been already pitched; in the large chimney of it a generous fire was in full blaze, and I had no sooner entered my new abode than I felt entirely at home in it. But I had scarcely time to deposit my luggage and hang up my arms, when Stuart's ringing voice summoned me to his ample tent, which boasted, besides many little internal comforts, the phenomenal adjunct of two chimneys, and of which my chief seemed to be as proud as an Indian nabob of his sumptuous palace. Here all the members of the staff soon gathered around me, and many more questions were asked of me in a few minutes than I could answer in an hour. The greater part of these questions referred to the pretty and accomplished young ladies I had seen in Richmond, the very mention of whose names caused the hearts of several of my younger comrades to beat quicker than the excitement of the field of battle. Dinner followed without loss of time; then came Sweeney with his banjo, and dancing with the music; and again I enjoyed the harmless, careless gaiety of our camp-life to the top of my bent. Late in the evening we had the pleasure of greeting our friends, Messrs. Lawley and Vizetelly, for whom a tent was pitched at once, and whom, by dint of blankets and a roaring wood-fire, we endeavoured to make as comfortable as possible in the severe season of frost that was upon us. Nevertheless I had a hearty laugh the next morning, when, looking for our guests, I found my friend Lawley running up and down before his tent, shivering with cold, and trying, by the addition of a few sticks which he had collected one by one, to bring a large pile of wood into blaze. The wood long resisted his efforts to fan it into lively combustion, but a cup of hot coffee and a hearty breakfast in Stuart's double-chimneyed tent soon brought him into a sufficiently genial state to accept my invitation to drive Vizetelly and myself down to Fredericksburg, to take a good look at the town and at our Yankee friends on the opposite side of the river. So the celebrated yellow waggon, with two of my chargers hitched to it,

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was soon in readiness, and after an hour's drive, amid the plaintive outcries of my victims as we rattled along over the rough frozen road, we reached the elevated ridge in front of the town, from which we had an excellent view of the town itself, the valley wherein it is situated, and the white tents and swarming numbers of the enemy on the heights across the Rappahannock.

Fredericksburg, one of the oldest places in Virginia, was before the war a pretty town of about 5000 inhabitants, which enjoyed a considerable local trade, and was distinguished for the hospitality and refinement that belonged to its society. It was now comparatively deserted. The larger part of its citizens had been driven off by the continued threats of bombardment which had hung like a Damocles's sword above their heads for several weeks, and the few who had been compelled to remain behind plainly exhibited in their features that the apprehension of doom was pressing like an iron weight upon their hearts. The knowledge on their part that more than a hundred hostile cannon, planted on the dominating "Shepherd's Heights" of Stafford, over the river, bore directly on their unfortunate town, might well have given disquietude to this community of non-combatants. A lively contrast was presented, however, in the demeanour of Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade, stationed at Fredericksburg, the men of which were wandering carelessly about, talking and laughing, as if there were no Yankees within the radius of a thousand miles from them, or making themselves at home in several of the largest houses which had been quite converted into barracks. As the river was not more than 200 yards wide, we could distinctly see each one of the numerous Yankee sentinels who were pacing to and fro in their light-blue overcoats on the opposite bank, and who frequently engaged in amicable conversation with their adversaries [illegible] stream, as it had been agreed that the firing by pickets at each other should be stopped for the time as a useless waste of ammunition. The Federals and Confederates were still nearer together at the site of the railway bridge which had been burnt at an earlier period of the war, leaving on either side the dismantled abutments and the timbers, extending to one or two piers, which were occupied by pickets; and I could not help feeling some solicitude for the safety of Vizetelly, who had quietly seated himself and was making a sketch of the ruins of the viaduct and of the Stafford shore, a picture which afterwards appeared in the 'London Illustrated News.' We were very soon at no loss to discover that the Yankees were under the impression that one of our engineers was drawing a plan of their position and fortifications, for we could see them talking together in suspicious groups; and after a little time several officers came up, who viewed our unconscious artist narrowly through their field-glasses; and had he not opportunely retired, at my instance, to a less exposed situation, a bullet from one of their sharpshooters would doubtless have demonstrated the impropriety or insecurity of his labours.

On our return we made a little detour to the headquarters of General Jenkins of South Carolina, commanding a brigade of troops from the Palmetto State in Longstreet's corps, who received us very courteously, and insisted on our dining with him—an invitation which, after some hesitation, we accepted. Poor Jenkins! his was indeed a sad fate; after having served through the greater part of the war with the greatest gallantry and distinction, and having reached the exalted rank of major-general, to be killed through misadventure by his own men upon the same unhappy occasion when Longstreet was so severely wounded.

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It was late at night when we got back to our own headquarters, and I was not able to persuade our weary guests to join in a grand opossum hunt, which the negroes had arranged to carry on in the adjoining woods. Opossum-hunting is a favourite sport with the negroes, and they rarely fail to make sure of their game. The meat of this ugly animal, which grows very fat in the latter part of the autumn, is quite similar to pork. The hunters go out always at night, when the opossum comes forth from his hole in quest of food; and the dogs, which have been carefully trained for the purpose, follow up the scent until they have made out in which tree the frightened fugitive has taken refuge, and commence at once a most dismal howling at the foot. The tree is then cut down, and the opossum, which invariably simulates death, falls an easy prey into the clutches of his enemies. (This ruse of the animal in appearing to be dead gives rise to the well-known American phrase of "playing 'possum" when any one affects unconsciousness.) The stranger, unaccustomed to the manner of hunting the opossum, might suppose, from the horrible din that assails his ears—the blowing of horns, the yell of human voices, and the furious barking of the dogs—that the wild jäger of Germany, or some equally ferocious beast of the European forest, had come over on a visit to the backwoods of America. Very frequently in the opossum hunt the dogs start a raccoon, which more closely resembles the fox, and makes always a gallant fight, at times punishing his assailants severely.

DISPOSITION OF OUR CAVALRY FORCE—PELHAM'S FIGHT WITH GUNBOATS—GREAT SNOWBALL ENGAGEMENT—ANOTHER ENGLISH VISITOR—AMUSEMENTS OF THE CAMP.

The different brigades of our cavalry were now separated, guarding the numerous fords of the Rappahannock, which rendered necessary a picket-line of more than fifty miles in length. W. H. F. Lee's brigade was stationed on the Lower Rappahannock, near Port Royal; Fitz Lee's command, under Rosser, at a point some distance beyond our headquarters, at Spotsylvania Court-house; and Hampton's on the Upper Rappahannock, in Culpepper county. On the morning of the 27th November I galloped over to Rosser's headquarters upon some matters of business, which, having been duly transacted, the Colonel and I proceeded together to the estate of a neighbouring planter, Mr. R., a noted fox-hunter, with whose hounds the officers of Fitz Lee's brigade, when duty would admit of it, were accustomed to engage in the exciting diversion of the chase. General Stuart and his staff had been invited by Mr. R. to take part in a fox-hunt, the arrangements for which had been fully made, and we had looked forward to it with no little satisfaction; but our hopes in this direction were frustrated by the important events which pressed upon us.

Returning to our headquarters, I learned that Stuart had gone with Pelham to Port Royal, to drive off some of the enemy's gunboats which had ascended the river thus far with the view of forcing their way through to Fredericksburg; and next morning Dr. Eliason and myself followed them, to take part in the engagement which was in all probability to come off. Being little acquainted with the country, however, we missed our way completely; and as it seemed too late to proceed further, in complete uncertainty as to where we were going, and, moreover, as General Stuart was expected to return that same night, we resolved to retrace our steps to camp, taking Fredericksburg in our route. Here

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we stopped at the house of a well-known old wine-merchant, Mr. A., with whom Dr. Eliason was personally acquainted, and in whose cellar, after a good deal of tasting, we purchased for our mess two demi-johns of excellent old madeira. We regretted very much, a few days later, that we had not laid in a larger supply of this capital wine, which was worthy of a happier destiny than to fall into the hands of the Yankees. Getting back to camp, we were derided mercilessly by our companions of the staff for having missed our way to Port Royal; but when next day we produced the madeira, there was an evident change in public opinion as to the ill success of our expedition, and our little misadventure was set down as a most fortunate accident. Our purchase, indeed, met with a higher degree of appreciation than we had wished for, since the news of it having been widely circulated, we had numerous visitors at camp; and several officers, whose names need not be given, plied the demi-johns so industriously that we thought they would never be able to find their way back to their respective encampments.

On the morning of the 2d December I received by a courier information from Stuart that he had been unexpectedly detained at Port Royal, together with orders that I should join him there at once, so that I started a second time with my portly friend the doctor on our journey. It was a disagreeable ride enough. The cold was intense, the road rough, and the distance long. We had ridden already more than twenty miles, the icicles hanging from our beards and our horses' nostrils, when we met General Stuart returning to Fredericksburg. He laughed heartily at us for our former unsuccessful ride, and ordered us to turn back with him.

The fighting was over at Port Royal, and Pelham with his horse-artillery had [illegible] his usual good fortune, inflicting much damage upon the enemy, and driving off the gunboats, which, from the narrowness of the stream and the height of the cliffs where our guns were posted, had scarcely been able to respond at all to the destructive fire which was pouring down upon them at so near a range.

The return to camp was even more distressing than our ride of the morning, as a heavy snow-storm set in, which continued throughout the night; and we reached our headquarters, men and horses wet and chilled, and almost wearied out by a journey of more than forty miles.

The following morning we were enlivened by snowball fights, which commenced as skirmishes near our headquarters, but extended over the neighbouring camps, and assumed the aspect of general engagements. In front of our headquarters, beyond an open field of about half a mile square, Hood's division lay encamped in a piece of wood; in our immediate rear stretched the tents and huts of a part of M'Laws's division. Between these two bodies of troops animated little skirmishes frequently occurred whenever there was snow enough on the ground to furnish the ammunition; but on the morning of the 4th, an extensive expedition having been undertaken by several hundred of M'Laws's men against Hood's encampments, and the occupants of these finding themselves considerably disturbed thereby, suddenly the whole of the division advanced in line of battle, with flying colours, the officers leading the men, as if in real action, to avenge the insult. The assailants fell back rapidly before this overwhelming host, but only to secure a strong position, from which, with reinforcements, they might resume the offensive. The alarm of their first repulse having been borne with the swiftness of the wind to their comrades, sharpshooters in

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large numbers were posted behind the cedar bushes that skirt the Telegraph Road, and hundreds of hands were actively employed in erecting a long and high snow-wall in front of their extended lines. The struggle had now the appearance of a regular battle, with its charges and counter-charges—the wild enthusiasm of the men and the noble emulation of the officers finding expression in loud commands and yet louder cheering, while the air was darkened with the snowballs as the current of the fight moved to and fro over the well-contested field. Nearer and nearer it came towards our headquarters, and it was soon evident to us that the hottest part of the engagement would take place on our neutral territory. Fruitless were the efforts of Stuart and myself to assert and maintain the neutrality of our camp, utterly idle the hoisting of a white flag; the advancing columns pressed forward in complete disregard of our signs and our outspoken remonstrances, clouds of snowballs passed across the face of the sun, and ere long the overwhelming wave of the conflict rolled pitilessly over us. Yielding to the unavoidable necessity which forbade our keeping aloof from the contest, Stuart and I had taken position, in order to obtain a view over the field of battle, on a big box, containing ordnance stores, in front of the General's tent, where we soon became so much interested in the result, and so carried away by the excitement of the moment, that we found ourselves calling out to the men to hold their ground, and urging them again and again to the attack, while many a stray snowball, and many a well-directed one, took effect upon our exposed persons. But all the gallant resistance of M'Laws's men was unavailing. Hood's lines pressed resistlessly forward, carrying everything before them, taking the formidable fortifications, and driving M'Laws's division out of the encampments. Suddenly, at this juncture, we heard loud shouting on the right, where two of Anderson's brigades had come up as reinforcements. The men of M'Laws's division, acquiring new confidence from this support, rallied, and in turn drove, by a united charge, the victorious foe in headlong flight back to their own camps and woods. Thus ended the battle for the day, unhappily with serious results to some of the combatants, for one of Hood's men had hi leg broken, one of M'Laws's men lost an eye, and there were other chance-wounds on both sides. This sham-fight gave ample proof of the excellent spirits of our troops, who, in the wet, wintry weather, many of them without blankets, some without shoes, regardless of their exposure and of the scarcity of provisions, still maintained their good-humour, and were ever ready for any sort of sport or fun that offered itself to them.

On the morning of the 5th, General Stuart and myself, with several other members of the staff, again set out for Port Royal, where some of the Federal gunboats were renewing their demonstrations. The day was bitterly cold, and the road exceedingly slippery from the frost, so that the ride was anything but pleasant. All along our route we found our troops, chiefly those of Jackson's corps—old Stonewall having established his headquarters midway between Fredericksburg and Port Royal, at the plantation of James Parke Corbin, Esq., known as "Moss Neck"—busily employed in throwing up fortifications, rendering our position as impregnable as it afterwards proved itself to be. They had greatly improved the highway also, erected lines of telegraphic communication to the headquarters of the different corps of the army, and cut military roads through the woods to various points along our lines. It was late in the evening, and darkness had overtaken us, when we reached the

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charming country-seat of "Gaymont," within a short distance of our place of destination, where a most cordial hospitality was extended to us, and where, in the snug library, before a glorious wood-fire, we warmed our half-frozen limbs, and remained in delightful conversation with the ladies till a late hour of the night.

The following day it was reported by our scouts and patrols that the gunboats had disappeared. It was Sunday, and we spent it as a day of rest, in the most blissful quietude. On Monday morning we reluctantly took leave of our kind hosts, and started on a reconnoissance up the river with General D. H. Hill, who, with his division, formed the extreme right of our infantry lines, and occupied a position where a crossing of the stream offered every kind of advantage to the enemy, though, strange to relate, they never availed themselves of it. The Yankees were in plain view on the other side of the river, and were evidently very active in erecting fortifications, marching and countermarching small bodies of troops, and in communicating with other parts of their lines by signal-flags.

Night was far advanced when we returned to our headquarters, where we found, to our great delight, a pleasant addition to our little military family in an English guest, Captain Phillips, of the Grenadier Guards, who was profiting by a short leave of absence from his battalion, stationed at the time in Canada, to witness some of the active operations of the war on our side. The next day there was a review of the South Carolina Brigade of General Jenkins, in an open field within half an hour's walk of our camp, and I had the gratification of taking our new guest to see it. General Jenkins received us with his habitual courtesy, and manifestly felt a great pride in showing off his magnificent brigade, which consisted of about 3500 men, veterans who had participated in nearly all the great battles of the war. Captain Phillips was highly pleased with the appearance of the brigade, and the material of which it was composed, saying, that while they would not do for a parade in Hyde Park, with their motley uniforms and their style of marching, the men looked like work. One of the regiments, the Hampton Legion, raised at the breaking out of the war by the distinguished patriot and soldier whose name it bore, carried a flag displaying many rents of shot and shell, which had been presented to it by Mrs. Hampton, who, with her own fair hands, had made it out of a robe worn by her several years previous at a "Drawing-Room" of her Majesty Queen Victoria.

We accepted General Jenkins' kind invitation to dine with him at his headquarters, where we passed some most agreeable hours, and were sent back to our camp by the General on his own horses, Captain Phillips riding a superb animal, a bay, which had been presented by the State of South Carolina to her gallant son.

Desirous of amusing our guest, and of making our rough camp-life as agreeable to him as possible, we had secured invitations to a country ball which was to come off the night following at a small plantation, about ten miles distant, and for which we had promised to provide the music. Accordingly, about six o'clock the next evening, the very-frequently-before-mentioned yellow wagon was again brought out, and four spirited mules of the medical department of our headquarters were harnessed to it. Sweeney reported himself with his banjo and two fiddlers, and very soon the whole company, consisting of Captain Phillips, Major Pelham, Major Terrell, Captain Blackford, Lieutenant Dabney and myself, with our musicians, were settled on the rough wooden planks which constituted the im-

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provised seats of our carriage, and the carriage itself was in rapid motion. General Stuart's mulatto servant Bob, who was to accompany the instrumental performance with his inimitable rattle of the bones, followed us with a led horse for Captain Phillips, in case the violent jarring of our vehicle should prove too much for one not accustomed to such rude transportation. As an expert driver I had taken the reins in my own hands, the mules being rather difficult to manage from having run off several times with their accustomed teamster. So we rattled along through the cold starlight night, waking the echoes of the woods with song, and creating a sensation in many encampments *en route*, from which the soldiers ran out and cheered us as we passed. All went well for a little time, when Major Terrell, who somewhat prided himself on his driving, proposed to take the reins—a change of position to which I consented the more readily, because I felt a great desire to unite in the animated conversation and merriment going on behind me. Our rate of progress now became greatly accelerated, and the rapid clatter of the hoofs of our fleet animals on the hard-frozen road, just covered with snow, struck pleasantly on the ear, as all began to partake of the agreeable excitement which great velocity of movement generally produces, when suddenly, with a loud crash and heavy thump, the waggon, overturning, projected its inmates in various directions fully ten paces out upon the snow. Fortunately for us, the mules, struck dumb with astonishment most probably at this unexpected turn in affairs, remained very quietly in their tracks, while the scattered members of our party gathered themselves up to examine into the extent of the disaster. Nobody having received serious injury, though all were more or less bruised, we were in condition to be diverted at the accident, and heartily to deride Major Terrell, who had managed to upset us by driving directly against a stump several feet in circumference and as many feet in height. The waggon having marvellously escaped, to all appearance, without a fracture, it was soon set up again, and Major Terrell, not without some cavil, having been reinstated as driver, away we went on our journey not less rapidly than before. But the severe thump against the tremendous stump had been, alas! the *coup de grace* for the dear old yellow-painted Yankee van, which was to carry us no more. After creaking and groaning very painfully for a mile or two, the back part of it all at once gave way everywhere, landing us rudely once more on the snowy ground. Captain Blackford was the chief sufferer from the casualty, one of the wheels, which had been violently detached from the axletree by the shock, having passed directly over his head, cutting so deep a gash in it that we had to employ all our pocket-handkerchiefs in making bandages to staunch the flow of blood. We were now no longer in a frame of mind to laugh over our misfortunes, for we were yet four miles from our place of destination; around us lay the wide forest of the Wilderness, with no human dwelling within striking distance, and above us was the intense wintry night. A return to camp was not to be thought of, as it would have subjected us to the endless ridicule of our comrades. A council of war was at once held over the ruins of the waggon. Our English guest, who had borne all the discomforts and mishaps of our journey with soldierly nonchalance, was left to decide upon our course, and his decision was that we should go on. Indeed, the unanimous vote of our party, including even poor wounded Captain Blackford, was *de faire bonne mine au mauvais jeu*, and carry out the original expedition in the best way

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that we could manage it. The two fore-wheels of the waggon, to which the mules still remained hitched, being uninjured, and securely connected by the axletree, Captain Phillips, Dabney, and myself seated ourselves on the narrow base; the four other gentlemen mounted the four mules, the musicians mounted the led horse, and so this extraordinary caravan proceeded on its way. After an hour of torture, during which the headlong speed of our team over the rough plank-road had given to the sufferers on the axletree the sensation of riding on a razor, we reached the scene of the evening's festivity. The mansion was brilliantly lighted up, many fair ones had already assembled, and the whole company awaited, with impatience and anxiety, the arrival of their distinguished guests and the promised music. Sweeney lost no time in his orchestral arrangements. In a very few minutes the banjo vibrated under his master hand, the two fiddles shrieked in unison, and Bob's bones clattered their ...us din; and in the animated beat of the music, and the lively measures of the dance, we soon forgot the little *désagrémens* of our journey. Our Eng sh captain entered into the fun quite as heartily as any of us. If there was no magnificent hall, with the light showering down from a thousand wax candles on the brilliant toilettes of Europe, to call forth our admiration, there were many pretty faces and sparkling eyes worth looking into; and it was quite delightful to see our foreign friend winding through the mazes of many bounding quadrilles and Virginia reels with an evident enjoyment of the same. After several hours of mirth and dancing we accepted the kind offer of our host to lend us one of his own waggons for our return to head-quarters, where we arrived a short time before daybreak, little thinking how soon we should be aroused by the notes of a very different music from that of Sweeney's orchestra.

A VISIT TO THE BIG TREES.

We were in San Francisco, the Golden City of California, the paradise of North Pacificans, and there were many wonders to be seen—gold and silver mines, where hundreds of tons of quartz rock are crushed daily, and millions of dollars extracted yearly; the cinnabar mine of New Almaden, which supplies quicksilver to the whole world; Yo Semite, the loveliest of valleys, where, amongst the grand mountains of the Sierra Nevada, a river leaps down from a height of 2700 feet, and forms the waterfall of the Bridal Veil, the highest in the world. There were geysers, caves, the islands of the sea-lions, and the "Mammoth Trees;" there was a Russian fleet in the harbour, "the Beautiful Menken" at the Theatre, nd the "Living Skeleton" at the Museum. We were fairly bewildered by the multiplicity of strange sights awaiting our curious eyes, uncertain which to choose. After mature deliberation, we decided to bend our steps in the first place to the Mammoth Tree Grove, in Calaveras county, about 150 miles east of San Francisco, on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada. We went on board the Cornelia, accordingly, one evening, and steamed all night up the San Joaquin, a tributary of the Sacramento —a narrow muddy stream, running in a most tortuous channel through an extensive marshy delta. The tall reeds which covered the flat expanse were on fire for miles, almost to the water's edge, and we made our way through a sea of flame and smoke, the whole country being

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lighted up by the vast conflagration. At eight o'clock the following morning we reached Stockton city, and then took the stage waggon for Columbia, fifty-eight miles distant, and thirteen from the Big Tree Valley. The first portion of the road lay along a broad rich valley, brought almost entirely under the plough, where the undisturbed stubbles told of a fertility unknown in the Old World; for so generous is the soil, that luxuriant crops spring up in the second year without the labour of man, the grain shaken out in the gathering of the first harvest being sufficient for the succeeding one, a "volunteer crop." Although it was past mid-winter —the end of January—the weather was bright and warm as the most genial May; rows of oleanders and heliotropes bloomed in the gardens, ignorant of wintry cold, and strawberries ripened on the sunniest slopes.

Towards evening we began to ascend the lowest swells of the Sierra Nevada, and entered a country less luxuriantly fertile than the Stockton Valley, and met with numerous monuments of the old "placer" diggings in the shape of "flumes," or wooden aqueducts for bringing water to the mines, and flats where thickly-massed boulders of granite and quartz, uncovered by the miners' work, told of streams which ran there in times gone by, and brought down the golden gravel discovered in the ancient bed. As night closed in we passed through the town of Sonora, and six miles more brought us to Columbia, where we stayed the night at a rough hotel, kept by a Welshman named Morgan.

As the stage did not run beyond this, we hired a buggy and pair and drove over to "Murphy's," a mining town thirteen miles distant, and thenceforward through a picturesque hilly country, where grew in scattered clusters many species of pine, the arbutus, and white jessamine, with evergreen oaks, whose boughs bore numerous branches of mistletoe. The road wound higher and higher up the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, and at dusk we reached the valley of the Mammoth Tree Grove, 4000 feet above the sea. The weather continued fine and the sky cloudless, but at this height the evening air was sharp and frosty, and a thin carpet of snow covered the ground. After a short drive through a forest of lofty pines, we came in sight of the hotel; and 100 yards in front of it, guarding on each side the entrance to its grounds, grew two of the giant trees. These, named "The Sentinels," although by no means the largest, are very handsome, and of sufficient magnitude to strike the stranger with astonishment, for their height is over 300 feet, and the diameter about 20 feet. At Sperry & Perry's hotel at Murphy's, where we had dined, we had been informed that the hotel at the Mammoth Tree Grove, also kept by Sperry & Perry, or Perry & Sperry, was closed for the winter; but Mr. Sperry or Mr. Perry (it is impossible to say which) kindly offered to accompany us and open the house for our accommodation, and we carried him along with us in our buggy. It was sunset when we got in, and Sperry or Perry hastened to prepare supper, whilst we had a look in the twilight at The Sentinels and the "Big Tree," so called *par excellence*, although it is not the greatest amongst the giants. Its huge trunk now lies mutilated on the ground, having been felled a few years ago, as we were told, to furnish material for walking-sticks, which were eagerly bought by curiosity-hunters. Five men were set to work on it, and it took them twenty-five days to accomplish the task! It was hopeless to attempt to cut it down with axes, and it was therefore bored with augurs, and the intermediate spaces sawn through, and, finally, a wedge and battering-ram were required to effect the fall of the

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severed trunk, which stood firmly perpendicular when completely cut through. The stump measures 96 feet in circumference at the base; and the top, cut smooth and even, is 25 feet diameter, without reckoning the bark, which is about 8 feet more. Upon it is built a round wooden house—a ball-room it is called; and a circular room nearly 10 yards in diameter is no mean dancing saloon. It is said that thirty-two people have danced here in four different sets at the same time, and theatrical performances have been given on the expansive top of this wonderful stump. Near the stump lies a section of the trunk; and some idea of the size of this may be gained from the fact that the writer, a man of 5 ft. 11 in., could barely touch the centre at the smaller end, standing on tip-toe, while at the larger he could in the same manner touch a point about one-third of the whole diameter. The rest of the vast fallen trunk, 302 feet long, had been dressed level, and seemed like a broad terrace-walk, with two bowling alleys made on it side by side. The amount of timber in this tree is calculated at 500,000 cubic feet! and its age estimated from the annual rings at 3000 years! Before we had sufficiently inspected and wondered at the Big Tree it became dark, and we entered the hotel, where Mr. Sperry or Perry had supper ready for us, and in the evening told us the history of the Great Trees.

They were not discovered until the year 1850, when a Mr. Dowd, who was out hunting, was led by a herd of deer which he was following into the Big Tree Valley. He stopped as one enchanted, feeling like Gulliver when lost in the field of barley in Brobdignag—the deer were forgotten, and he gazed with utter astonishment on monsters of vegetation such as he had never even dreamed of as existing in the world. He told his companions of his adventure on his return, but all laughed at [illegible] a barefaced attempt to impose upon their credulity; and it was with the greatest difficulty he succeeded in inducing some of them to accompany him to the spot, and verify his statements by actual inspection and measurement.

The newly-discovered trees, called *Washingtonia gigantea* by Americans, and *Wellingtonia gigantea* by Englishmen, puzzled the botanists sorely. Some declared them to be a species of cedar, which they certainly closely resemble; others, again, considered them to be of the family of the *Taxodia*; while Professor Lindley doubted whether a new order would not have to be made for them; and it still appears undecided to what order they properly belong. The seed has been largely exported, and young Wellingtonias may be seen gracing many an English lawn. Yet, strange to say, although the seed grows readily, and the trees flourish with rich luxuriance wherever they have been planted, both here and in America, they are, in the natural order of things, limited to two tiny valleys about fifty miles apart. Not a single tree of the kind, except those which have been lately planted by the hand of man, is known to exist out of the Calaveras and Mariposa valleys. They have never spread from their quiet nooks in the Sierra Nevada, and have remained hidden in its recesses for hundreds, perchance thousands, of years, until discovered in the manner related.

We turned out early next morning into the fresh frosty air, and after breakfast wandered about the grove for several hours, amid a scene of wonders, the mere description of which we should have laughed at as a traveller's tale. There are about one hundred trees of this species, of every age and size, intermingled with various kinds of pines, yews, and deciduous shrubs, and all [illegible]ding within an area of about fifty [illegible]es.

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The younger ones are singularly graceful and handsome, but those of mature growth—a few thousand years old perhaps—are a little withered at the top. The enormous trunks are bare and branchless for from 100 to 130 feet, and the boughs seem small in proportion to the central stem.

The effect of the mighty columns rising thickly round, and towering on high, some burnt hollow, in whose cavities a company of soldiers might almost find shelter; others uninjured, solid and massive, the largest and the oldest of living organisms on earth, monuments of ages past, when there were giants in the land, is almost awesome. The great sugar-pines of 300 feet high, and 10 or 12 feet diameter, kings of the forest elsewhere, seemed mere dwarfs beside those Wellingtonias; and as we walked about, pigmy and insignificant, we half expected to see the strange forms of extinct giants of the animal world, the mammoth or the mastodon of ages still more remote, come crashing through the timber, or the pterodactyl winging its way amongst the colossal vegetation. There stood the "Mother of the Forest," withered and bare, her full height 327 feet, her girth 78 feet without the bark, for this had been removed from 116 feet of the lower portion of the trunk, and the scaffolding erected for the purpose still stood round the tree. This outer shell thus removed is now put up, we believe, in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Thus the two finest trees growing when the forest was first discovered have both been wantonly destroyed for the gratification of curiosity-lovers. There is, however, a still greater than these, decayed and fallen—a stupendous ruin lying half-buried in the ground. It appears to have been destroyed by the fire which has evidently devastated the grove years ago, for many of the standing trees are partially charred, and this one has been burnt into a hollow shell. At the base its girth is 112 feet, and we walked inside the tunnel through the trunk for 200 feet with our hats on. Great must have been the fall of the "Father of the Forest;" and numerous large trees have been overthrown or broken off by it when it crashed to the ground. 300 feet from the root it snapped in two, and the upper portion of it has decayed away, and almost all trace of it has disappeared; but at the point of fracture, or 200 feet from the base, its circumference is 54 feet (18 feet diameter). According, therefore, to the average taper of the other trees, the unbroken stem must have been at least 435 feet high—more than twice the height of the Monument, 95 feet higher than the great chimney at Saltaire, and 30 feet higher than the top of the cross which crowns the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral!

The fresh ripe cones of the Wellingtonias strewed the ground, and of these we gathered a plentiful stock; and then, having sufficiently gratified our curiosity, we took to our buggy once more, and on the following day regained that luxurious city San Francisco.

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RELIGIO SPENSERI.

THERE is a great external resemblance between Spenser and Ariosto. It would be quite correct to call them scholar and master. Spenser's direct borrowings from the 'Orlando Furioso' may be seen in Warton's Treatise on the 'Fairy Queen;' and very possibly a minute comparison of the two poems might enable us to extend the list.* Ariosto's 'Alcina' has furnished hints for both Spenser's 'Duessa' and his 'Acrasia;' his 'Bradamante' is the evident prototype of the 'Britomart' of the English poet; and what we may call the stage properties of the 'Orlando Furioso'—its magic horns, shields, &c.—reappear in fresh hands in the pages of the 'Fairy Queen.' The general plan, also, of Spenser's poem bears marks of Ariosto's influence. Though not so irregular, it still reminds us of the 'Orlando Furioso' by its divided interest, and by the long intervals during which its hero is lost to our view. Spenser mixes allegory with literal narrative far more frequently than does his master; but Ariosto's celebrated fourteenth canto is a perfect example of such a mixture, and one which evidently had a great effect upon his pupil. Again, Spenser has imitated Ariosto (as he Boiardo and Pulci) by generally commencing his cantos with two stanzas of moral reflections. And the metres of the two poems present a strong superficial resemblance, broken as they each are into stanzas, instead of being divided into regular couplets, or flowing in blank verse. Yet, notwithstanding this apparent likeness, there is a deep and essential difference between these two poets. Ariosto's genius is comic and humorous; it costs him an effort to be serious. Spenser's is grave and pathetic. Ariosto's delight is in the grotesque and the surprising; Spenser's in the beautiful and the sublime. Nay (since the structure of a poem is to its subject as body is to soul), we may see how much the minds of the Italian and English poets really differ, even by comparing the light bounding measure in which the former sports before us, with the stately march of the verse which conveys to us the deep and solemn thoughts of the latter.† Warton, therefore, is perfectly right when he says, that "the genius of each was entirely different." He might have added that the circumstances under which each wrote were very different also; that it was one thing to have *Sir Philip Sydney* for your friend and patron, and another the princes of *Este;* that the poet who devised complimentary strains to *Queen Elisabeth* was better off than he who was expected to do the like honour to *Lucrezia Borgia;* and, above all, that the fellow-subject of *Richard Hooker* could drink in the faith at the fountainhead, while, to the Italian of *Leo the Tenth's* day, it came polluted by all the corruptions of fourteen centuries. It is the diversity produced by this last cause between Spenser and Ariosto which strikes me as so instructive,

* I think Warton does not notice Spenser's exquisite translation of the 14th and 15th stanzas of the 16th canto of Tasso's 'Gerusalemme Liberata.' It is to be found in the Second Book of the 'Fairy Queen' (canto 12, stanzas 74, 75), and, if possible, exceeds the beauty of the original.

† The Spenserian stanza is found (imperfect) in Chaucer's 'Monkes Tale.' It consists there of only eight lines, which read like the first half of an irregular sonnet. The final Alexandrine is apparently Spenser's own addition. This stanza is much more difficult than the "ottava rima" of Ariosto and of Tasso (the four similar rhymes it requires are hard to find in English); but I agree with the accomplished translator of the 'Odyssey' into this metre, in thinking it much more delightful.

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that it is worth while to devote a few pages to its illustration. And I do so the more readily for this reason. The 'Orlando Furioso' and the 'Fairy Queen' are both long poems. Very few people engaged in the serious business of life have, or perhaps ought to have, leisure to study them. Those of us, then, who read them in our youth, and have not quite forgotten them in our age, may do a friend here and there a service by pointing out to him passages in them which he will be all the better for reading. And if there is a fine poem in existence to which the famous maxim, "The Half is more than the Whole," applies, it is the 'Fairy Queen,'—even in its present state. For if you read about half the extant portion, it will leave a much grander impression on your mind, than if you went conscientiously through the whole. Only it must be a selected half. Some stanzas here, several cantos there, omitting least in the first book, most in the fifth, and of the fragment of the seventh nothing. While saying this, I think especially of you two dear ladies, sitting with whom, in spring, by a lake more beautiful than that beside which Philomena sang (you remember the picture in the International Exhibition?) I talked of our favourite poets. Far better read, of far more cultivated taste than most of us, and appreciating Spenser admirably, I think you yet each confessed that you had never succeeded in reading his 'Fairy Queen' through. It is for you, and such as you, that I propose to extract from Spenser a few religious passages which it may be you never read, which you would, I know, rejoice to read again, and which, I think, fully prove my assertion. By way of contrast, I shall set beside them some of the few stanzas in which Ariosto treads on sacred ground, translated to the best of my ability.*

The extracts from Ariosto will show us how deep was the decay of true religion in Italy at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and how fatally such decay hinders the development of the highest order of poetry: as, on the other hand, my selections from Spenser, while reflecting the glorious revival of faith at the Reformation, will exhibit to us how, whithersoever the healing waters flow, there the noblest outgrowths of the mind are seen to flourish.

I am not, therefore, about to institute a comparison between Spenser and Ariosto so much as *poets*, but rather to cite them as *witnesses* to the religious condition of their respective countries; bearing yet in mind that a true and living faith must ever be the noblest element in a poem designed to reflect human life; and that therefore to prove its presence or absence in any given work, is not indeed to assign that poem's place as high or low in the first or second rank, but is yet most truly to determine in which of the two it should be classed.

For the information of readers whose acquaintance with the poets is less extensive than yours, I should premise that we have at least as good a right to expect religious sentiments in the 'Orlando Furioso' as in the 'Fairy Queen.' The plan of the latter proposes to exhibit twelve principal virtues; each embodied in the hero of a separate book, and triumphing in his person over the opposing vices. Spenser was enabled, by being a true poet, to clothe this somewhat uninviting skeleton with the fairest features, to enrobe it in the most gorgeous garments of abundant descriptive riches, and to wreathe it with the loveliest flowers of poetry. But it was because he was not only a poet, but a Christian, that Spenser laid his foundation stone in religion—made his first

* Those who can consult the original will of course not need my help; and those who possess, what I hear is, the admirable translation of Ariosto, by Stewart Rose, will know where to look for far better versions than mine.

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book a representation of holiness, and took care to refer all the succeeding virtues to the same source; whereas I fear that many a later English poet, engaged on a similar scheme, would have impersonated Truth, Justice, &c., in its divisions, with the slightest possible reference to the All-True, the All-Just; and with none whatever to the only way in which His fallen creatures can be restored to partake in His perfections.

Now, the 'Orlando Furioso' professes to depict how the Christendom of the eighth century fought for its very existence against the Saracen. Of this mighty struggle it makes Charlemagne the Christian champion; following the traditions which ascribed to him his grandsire's exploits as well as his own. There could be no more splendid subject for a Christian epic. Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered' has the disadvantage of recording an aggressive war undertaken by the subjects of the Prince of Peace. But the Moors, whom the earlier Charles "*hammered*" on the bloody field of Poitiers, fell in a combat which they provoked themselves; and Charles Martel and his brave Christian followers fought to save the rest of Europe from sharing the fate of Spain. If, then, such a theme as this fails to inspire a really great poet; if his work is Christian in form, but Pagan in spirit; if his Christian heroes and heroines show small superiority in goodness over their rivals who follow the false Prophet; if, while the rude attempts of the old romancers expand in his hands into tales of enchanting beauty, he has let their devout spirit evaporate, and leave scarce a trace behind; if, in a word, he treats his great nominal subject with indifference, and puts his whole strength into romantic stories, delightful indeed, but having the slightest possible connection with his theme—we can only acquit the poet, if at all, at the expense of his times; and suppose that, while they supplied no examples of patriotism and religion by which he could conjecture how defenders of the faith should feel, they were such as to quench their flames within his own breast. I think any student of Guicciardini would consider this a correct description of Italy in Ariosto's days. Read in what state Luther found the clergy when he visited Rome; read the history of the Popes in whose days Ariosto flourished; and, though you will still regret, you will cease to marvel that there is so little soul in all the beautiful forms which meet you in his enchanted forests, so little earnest feeling about anything—just a touch here and there, hiding as if in fear of the mocking gaze of his contemporaries—in all the marvellous play of fancy, the prodigal variety of incident which delight us in the 'Orlando Furioso.' There is in Spenser—the first but one in order of time of the great names of English literature—that unworn freshness, that susceptibility to new impressions, that earnest sincerity, not yet frightened by the scorn of the careless into concealing its serious thoughts, which distinguish a great nation's youth. Ariosto, the latest but one of the great Italian poets, sings as one all whose illusions have been destroyed, and who knows that there is no need for him to feign that they exist, since the worn-out nation to which he sings has long outlived its own. The following pretty description of Ariosto in Goethe's somewhat dull 'Torquato Tasso' strikes me as, in one respect, even more applicable to Spenser than to its object, for the "Wisdom" which speaks from the "golden clouds" of the 'Fairy Queen' is far more worthy of the name than that which occasionally resounds from those of the 'Orlando Furioso':—

"Even as Nature covers o'er the riches
Of her deep bosom with a gay green robe,

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So wraps he all things which can give to man
Honour and love, in fable's flowery garment,
Contentment, Wisdom, and Experience,
Taste, the mind's strength, pure sense of the true Good,
These in his songs seem to us spiritual beings;
And yet, in personal form, as if reposing
'Neath flowering trees, all covered by a snow
Of blossoms lightly-floated; crowned with roses,
And strangely sported round in their wild play
By little magic Cupids. Them beside
The spring of super-affluent Plenty flows,
Revealing fishes gay and marvellous.
Rare birds the air, strange herds fill grove and plain;
A roguish spirit lurks half-hid within
The bushes: Wisdom's sentences sublime
Sound ever and anon from golden cloud;
Madness meantime seems here and there to stir
The chords of a well-tuned lute, yet keeps
In fairest measure still its music wild."

Goethe's 'Torquato Tasso,' act i. scene 4.

Let us proceed to our comparison of the two as religious poets.—One of the prettiest of Ariosto's tales is his story of Isabella and Zerbino. Isabella is the beautiful young daughter of the Moorish King of Galicia, with whom Zerbino, Prince of Scotland, falls in love at a tournament. Not daring to ask her father's consent to their marriage, Zerbino, himself detained at the wars, employs a friend to steal away for him the willing Isabella from her home. The attempt succeeds; but the galley of the fugitives is wrecked on the coast of France, where Isabella falls into the hands of robbers, who immure her in their gloomy cave, intending to sell her, when opportunity offers, as a slave. She is delivered from their hands by Roland (Orlando) himself, who slays her captors and sets her free. Some time after, he has the pleasure of restoring her to her faithful lover. Zerbino, having had tidings of her loss at sea, has long mourned her as dead, and is himself on the point of being put to death under a false accusation, when Roland appears and rescues him. He then crowns his benefits by uniting him to the lady of his heart. But the happiness of the wedded pair is doomed to be of short duration. The terrible madness which gives its title to the poem seizes soon after on their benefactor, upon his discovery of the fair Angelica's infidelity. Zerbino comes with Isabella to the spot where, at the sight of Angelica's name carved with Medor's on the trees, Roland had flung armour, clothing, and even his renowned sword Durindana, away. Seeing his good horse Brigliadore grazing masterless beside them, and learning the sad calamity which has befallen his patron, Zerbino collects the arms together, hanging them like a trophy on a tree, and writes beneath, "The armour of the Paladin Roland." At this very moment the fierce Saracen Mandricard, who has long claimed Durindana from Roland, comes up and snatches it from the tree. Zerbino draws his own sword to win back his benefactor's; but is unable to hinder the aggressor from bearing off the weapon in triumph, and receives such grievous wounds in the attempt that he shortly after expires by a fountain-side. The following stanzas contain his pathetic farewell to his young wife:—

77

"She knows not what to do except lament
In vain, and Heaven and fortune call unkind,
Unjust. 'Ah, wherefore,' said she, 'when I bent
My sails for sea, could I no drowning find?'

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Zerbino, with his fading eyes intent
Upon her, heard her grief with sadder mind
Than all that sharp and mighty agony
Had wrought, which now to death had brought him nigh.

78

"'So, dearest life,' he said, 'when I am gone,
May'st thou still love me, as my grief of heart
Is all because I leave thee here alone
Without a guide; not that with life I part.
For if my latest breathing hour had flown
In place secure, I had not felt this smart;
But, joyful in my lot, and satisfied,
A happy man in thy loved arms had died.

79

"'Yet since, unjust and hard, my destiny
Wills that I leave thee, knowing not to whom,
By these dear lips, these eyes, I swear to thee,
By this bright hair which bound my soul, to gloom
Of the unknown abyss I hopelessly
Betake me, where, what else soe'er my doom,
The thought of thee thus left shall far outweigh
All other torments, be they what they may.'

80

"Then downward her tear-sprinkled face declining,
Her lips upon Zerbino's lips she pressed,
Now fading like a rose which, lonely pining,
No timely hand has gathered and caressed,
Which waxes dim where dark leaves shade entwining;
And said, while bitter anguish shook her breast,
'Oh, never think, my life, that thou canst take
That last sad parting step, and I forsake.

81

"'Nay, fear not that, dear heart; my steadfast mind
Is fixed to follow thee to heaven or hell.
Fit is it both our souls depart—both find
The unknown road—together endless dwell.
For soon as I thine eyelids, death-inclined,
Behold, shall either slay me anguish fell,
Or, found too weak, lo! here I promise thee
To-day this sword my breast from grief shall free.'

. . . . . .

83

"Zerbino strengthened his weak voice to say:
'I pray thee, mine own goddess, and implore
By that prevailing love, so proved the day
When thou for me didst quit thy father's shore—
Yea, I command thee, if command I may,
Live while it pleases God, and never more
Let any chance in thee oblivion move,
That I have loved thee well as man can love.'"

When, after more words of unavailing affection, the hapless prince expires in Isabella's arms, her passionate grief makes her forget his last request, and she is on the point of killing herself, when a hermit, on his way for water to the fount, opposes himself to her rash design.

88

"That reverend man, by nature prudent made,
By grace with goodness gifted, and beside
All filled with charity, and well arrayed
With eloquence and good examples, tried

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By efficacious reasonings to persuade
True patience to that hopeless-mourning bride;
And like a glass set women in her view
From out each Testament, both Old and New.

89.

"And then he showed her how no true content
Was to be found except in God alone;
And how with swift departure came and went
All other hopes, light and deceptive known;
And by his words he won her that intent
So obstinate and cruel to disown,
And will instead her life's remaining days
To consecrate her God to serve and praise.

90.

"Not that her will was ever to forsake
Either that love so great she bare her lord,
Or yet his dead remains; but hers to make
Them wheresoe'er she stayed or went to ward,
And night and day them with her still to take.
The hermit's aid (strong for his years) restored,
With hers, Zerbino to his sad steed, and they
On through those forests wandered many a day."

'Orlando Furioso,' canto xxiv.

Their destination is a monastery in Provence; on their way towards which retreat they encounter for their misfortune the proud Saracen, Rodomonte. He is charmed by Isabella's beauty, and seeks at once to dissuade her from her purpose. The good monk only excites his rage by arguing on the other side; and when he refuses to obey Rodomonte by deserting his charge, the Saracen flies at him fiercely, and we read, after other insults, that

6.

"Then like a vice he grasped his neck (so grew
His fury), and when times some two or three
He round had whirled him, high in air he threw
From off himself, and flung him towards the sea.
What then became of him I never knew,
So cannot say; but fame speaks variously,
For some that he was dashed to pieces tell,
Left head from foot no more discernible:

7.

"But others that, though three miles off and more,
He reached the sea, fell in, and there was drowned,
Because he knew not how to swim; his store
Of prayers and orisons all useless found:
Others that him an aiding saint up bore
With visible hand until he touched the ground.
Whichever of these tales may be the true,
With him my history has no more to do."

Having thus got her only protector out of the way, Rodomonte vainly tries to persuade, and then threatens to force, Isabella to marry him. She (resolved to die a thousand deaths sooner than betray her fidelity to her dead husband's memory and to her recent vows) devises a plan which is to constrain the Saracen to take her life himself. She tells him that she knows how to prepare a decoction of a certain herb, which will make whatever is bathed in it invulnerable for one month; and she offers to get it ready for him, if he will [illegible] to abandon his suit. Ro[illegible] gives the promise, secretly

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ing to break it. Isabella collects the herbs, boils them, and then, smearing her own neck with their juice, bids the Saracen try his sword upon it. He incautiously obeys her, and severs her head from it by the stroke.

25.

"It made three bounds, and thence a voice right clear
Issuing was heard Zerbino's name to say;
To follow whom, escaping from the fear
Of that proud Moor, she found so rare a way.
Soul, that didst hold thy plighted faith more dear
And chastity (a name in this our day
So much unknown it half a stranger seems)
Than thy young life, than all thy youth's fresh dreams;

26.

"Depart in peace, soul beautiful and blest!
Might but my verse prove such in force as I
Would strive to make it, to that art addrest
Which so can deck our speech and beautify,
As that through myriad years the world possest
With thy renown should hear thy glory high!
Depart in peace to sit enthroned above;
Nor rest uncopied here thy faithful love.

27.

"On that incomparable, wondrous deed,
From heaven the world's Creator gazing down,
Said: 'I commend thee more than her who freed
From Tarquin by her death the Roman town;
And therefore will I make a law, decreed
'Mid those my laws which change from Time disown,
Which by the waves inviolate I swear
No force of future ages shall impair.

29.

"'I will that each who in the after time
May bear thy name be fair, of noble strain,
Be wise and courteous, and of thought sublime,
And brightest crown of truest virtue gain;
That writers may find cause in every clime
That worthy name's high glories to sustain;
That Pindus, Helicon, Parnassus round,
Isabel, Isabel may still resound.'

29.

"God spake, and made the air around serene,
And o'er the sea unwonted stillness shed.
To the third heaven, departing back unseen,
That spirit chaste to her Zerbino sped."

'Orlando Furioso,' canto xxix.

There is no other passage in Ariosto so touching as the farewells of the unhappy pair in the six first stanzas I have quoted. But they are, after all, but what a pagan poet might have written. Zerbino's anguish on parting from his bride is relieved by no consoling hope of a happy meeting with her hereafter. The under-current of meaning, in his speech to her, is *Vale in æternum, vale.* And her reply to him exhibits a love, stronger indeed than death; but neither raised nor purified by approaching contact with the invisible world.

The hermit's consolations to Isabella have about them a certain air of professional commonplace, which scarcely prepares one for their efficacy; and when we find

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Ariosto narrate that reverend monitor's sad fate in so ludicrous a manner, we may judge of his respect for the clergy as a body, by his treating the death of one of them—undergone, too, in the path of duty—with no greater seriousness.—His young heroine's death calls forth a burst of genuine admiration from her poet; and there is a touch of honest indignation in Ariosto's contrast of her faithfulness to her vows with the vices of his own day, in the 25th stanza.—But surely there is great, if unintentional, profaneness in the 27th and 28th. They make the Most High, by acknowledging that the end justifies the means, applaud the breach of his own laws; for Isabella compasses self-destruction by untruth. She is thus, if a saint at all, one of the Romish, as opposed to the Christian pattern: but indeed it is the standard of pagan Rome by which Ariosto tries her—the standard of conformity to an external rule, not of inward holiness; and he evidently feels that he cannot praise her more highly than by allowing her to have excelled a Roman matron. Thus also she dies a martyr much more for Zerbino than for Christ. One of the most eloquent of French divines (Massillon, if I remember right) describes the model wife as "ne partageant son cœur qu'entre Jesus Christ et son époux." I think some texts I could quote forbid us to accept this definition; but, at any rate, Massillon meant the division to be in very different proportions to Ariosto's. Zerbino is Isabella's earthly deity; and her poet knows of no other heaven for her than his society above—Lastly, the compliment to the Isabellas of Ariosto's day, with which the divine speech concludes—besides the irreverence of its occurrence there at all—throws an air of unreality over what has gone before, and seems (when one considers *what* were too probably the persons so complimented) a ludicrous reward for Isabella's self-devotion. Would it be too severe to say that the crown befits the martyr?

I shall not contrast any story from Spenser with this tale, though the patient endurance of his Amoret under equally trying circumstances might be compared with it in many points. But the discussion on suicide in the first book of the 'Fairy Queen' will supply us with a strong proof of the differences we are in search of. In its ninth canto, its hero, the Red-Cross knight, encounters Despair;—not, as Bunyan's pilgrims found him, a giant to enthral by force; but a subtle arguer, hard to refute by reasoning, and whose words have a persuasive power,—to some minds irresistible. The knight falls in with him just where such a spectre might be looked for in his path. Not when innocent and devout he sets off under the guidance of Una (Truth) to slay the Dragon; nor yet when, having been misled by Duessa (Falsehood), he sojourns in the House of Pride; but when he is retracing his steps to the right path, and preparing once more to resume his holy enterprise. Spenser's fine description of Despair's ghastly looks, and the gloomy cave in which he dwelt, will be found in the 33d and three following stanzas. It is said to have been the first passage in the 'Fairy Queen' which excited Sir Philip Sydney's admiration. Despair is standing over a new-made victim, when the Red-Cross knight comes up and charges him with his crime. Despair defends the deed, and then proceeds:

XXXIX.

"Who travels by the weary wandering way,
To come unto his wishèd home in haste,
And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him over-past,
Or free his feet that in the mire stick fast?

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Most envious man, that griev'st at ;
And fond, that joyest in the woe th[illegible]
Why wilt not let him pass, that l[illegible]ng hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself [illegible]t pass the flood?

XL.

" 'He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And farther from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well born that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.'

XLI.

" The knight much wondered at his sudden wit,
And said, 'The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it:
The soldier may not move from watchful sted,
Nor leave his stand until his captain bed.'
'Who life did limit by Almighty doom,'
Quoth he, 'knows best the terms established;
And he that points the centinel his room,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droom.

XLII.

" 'Is not His deed whatever thing is done
In heaven and earth? Did not He all create
To die again? All ends that was begun;
Their times in His eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in His still changing state,
Or shun the death ordained by destiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence nor why.

XLIII.

" 'The longer life I note the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment;
All those great battles which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengèment,
Now praised, hereafter dear thou shalt repent;
For life must life, and blood must blood repay.
Is not enough thy evil life forespent?
For he that once hath missèd the right way,
The farther he doth go, the farther he doth stray.

XLIV.

" 'Then do no farther go, no farther stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent that life ensuen may;
For what hath life that may it lovèd make,
And gives nor rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake,
And ever-fickle fortune rageth rife;
All which, and thousands more, do make a loathsome life.' "

In the two next stanzas Despair reminding the knight of his recent [illegible] employs a stronger argument, by fall, concluding with—

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XLVII.

"Is not He just, that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and bears an equal eye?
Shall He thy sins up in His knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impiety?
Is not His law, Let every sinner die?
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be done?
Is it not better to do willingly,
Than linger till the glass be all outrun?
Death is the end of woes: die soon, O fairy's son."

The knight's resolution is shaken by these words. Despair presses his advantage, and puts a dagger into his hand. But Una snatches it away, and restores him to better thoughts, as she exclaims—

LIII.

"Come, come away, frail, silly fleshly wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne devilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despair, that chosen art?
Where justice grows, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brand of hellish smart,
And that accursed handwriting doth deface:
Arise, sir knight, arise, and leave this cursèd place."

'Fairy Queen,' book i. canto 9.

There is something in the mournful cadences which enumerate the ills of life in stanzas 40 and 44, which reminds us that Spenser was a contemporary of the writer of the most famous of soliloquies. But the question which could only be proposed, not solved, by the irresolute Prince of Denmark, receives an answer here. The grand old Pythagorean argument against suicide, put by Plato into the mouth of the dying Socrates, was never better stated than in four lines of the 41st stanza. It is one which no Theist can possibly evade; and yet Ariosto's heroine, as we have just seen, takes no account of it. There is great art, too, in Despair's rejoinder, wherein he tries to lull all sense of individual responsibility to sleep by turning Providence into Fate. In the 47th and following stanzas we find the temptation to despair of pardon urged with a keen feeling, that worse far than all the ills of this life is the sense of sin unforgiven. They supply a fine and unexpected illustration of the apostolic saying, that "the strength of sin is the law," by using its terrors to drive the conscience-stricken sufferer to the commission of a yet greater crime. And where shall we look for better consolation under those terrors than that supplied by the 53d stanza, where the same promise which unlocks the prison-door of Bunyan's pilgrims, proves mighty in Una's hand for her knight's deliverance? There are but few poets of any age or nation in whom we find statements of, or references to, distinctively Christian truth, such as we find in Spenser and Shakespeare. By them it is looked on as a thing which they have never doubted themselves, which they can conceive no sane man doubting—no more to be argued about than the sun which lights us, or the air we breathe. By too many so-called Christian poets it is either passed by in silence, or referred to as that which forms the creed of other men, to be contemplated with interest, perhaps with respect, by the thoughtful mind, but not embraced by it as its own; whilst others go farther, and substitute for it, as Ariosto does, a revived Paganism under Christian names.

Let us select for our next comparison the terrestrial paradise of the 'Orlando Furioso;' setting be-

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side it Spenser's 'Vision of the Heavenly Jerusalem.'—The paladin Astolpho, having learned the art of guiding that Hippogryph, which bears such a conspicuous part in the strange adventures of Ariosto's poem, traverses many foreign lands on his winged steed. At last he reaches the mouth of the infernal regions; but, turning from its dismal darkness—as we must applaud Ariosto for making him do, when we think of the comparison his further progress in those regions would have provoked—he reaches the earthly paradise, preserved in undiminished beauty, far out of the range of mortal footsteps.

49

"Sapphire and ruby, topaz, pearl, and gold,
The diamond, jacinth, and the chrysolite,
Alone could match the flowers which there unfold
Beneath the zephyr's breath to charm the sight.
There is the grass so green that earthly mould
So clothed would show than emeralds more bright;
Nor is the foliage of the trees less fair,
While ever-teeming fruit and flowers they bear.

50

"Amid the branches tiny birds, all blue,
White, red, and green, and yellow, ceaseless sing.
There clearer are than crystal to the view
Calm lakes and brooklets gently murmuring.
There a sweet breeze which always seems to woo,
After one fashion, with unwearied wing
So constant fans the air, that noisome heat
Can find no entrance to that safe retreat.

51

"And ever from the herbs, the fruits, and flowers,
It softly stole the diverse scents away,
And of the mingling of their odorous powers
Made sweetness, steeped wherein the spirit lay.
A palace rose amidst the plain, whose towers
Seemed all ablaze with flames in lambent play;
Such light and splendour wrapt it all around
In glow more radiant than on earth is found.

. . . . . .

54

"In that glad mansion's shining entrance-hall
An aged man to Astolph's sight appeared,
Whose mantle's red and gown's pure white, with all
Vermeil and milk to match them, had not feared.
His hairs were white; and round his mouth to fall
Down to his breast, thick parting, white his beard.
And such he seemed in venerable guise
As one of saints elect in paradise.

55

"With cheerful aspect to the Paladin,
Who reverent had dismounted him, he said:
'Oh, baron, hither by decree divine
To the terrestrial paradise up-sped;
Though not by thee thy journey's true design,
Nor thy desire's true end, as yet is read;
Believe yet from the northern hemisphere
Not without mystery high thy journey here.'

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57

. . . . . .

Nor yet the old man ceased until (high source
Of wonder to the Duke!) in accents plain
His name to him discovering, Astolph wist
There stood before him the Evangelist;

58

"That John so dear to the Redeemer's heart,
Of whom amidst the brethren went abroad
The saying, He in death should have no part;
The which was cause why spake the Son of God
To Peter, saying: Wherefore troubled start,
If I have willed that here he make abode
Until my coming? Though 'he shall not die'
He said not, that he meant to signify.

59

"Here was he taken up; fit comrades here
He found; here Enoch first from earth ascended;
With him abides Elijah the great seer,
Both whose long day no closing eve has ended;
Here shall they joy in endless springtide clear,
Never by noxious air from earth offended,
Till trump angelic shall give signal loud
Of Christ's return, enthroned on dazzling cloud.

The next morning early, St. John and reveals to him the misfortune summons Astolpho to a conference, which has befallen Roland:—

63

"Your Roland to whom God at birth-hour gave,
With highest courage, highest puissance,
Granting, beyond all mortal use, that glaive
Should never wound him, no, nor dart, nor lance;
Because Him pleased to set him thus to save
His holy faith from every foul mischance,
As He for Hebrews' help did Samson mould
Against the Philistines in days of old:

64

"Rendered has this your Roland to his Lord
For such high gifts an evil recompense;
For when the faithful needed most his sword,
Then was it drawn the least in their defence.
So had of pagan dame the love abhorred
Blinded his eyes and dulled his every sense,
That impious, cruel, he times two and more
His Christian cousin sought to slay before.

65

"And God for this has madness sent on him,
Such that his garments he away has cast;
And bid such darkness all his mind bedim,
That all men else have from his knowledge past
And most himself. When pride o'erflowed the brim
In Nabuchodonosor, him at last
We read, so God for seven years punished,
While like an ox on grass and hay he fed.

66

"But since than that proud Babylonian's sin
Much less hath Roland's been, three months are set
All this transgression of the Paladin
By will divine to purge away; nor yet

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For other purpose entrance here to win,
Had the Redeemer suffered without let
Thy journey, were it not from us to learn
How unto Roland may his wits return."
'Orlando Furioso,' canto xxxiv.

To effect this (the Apostle goes on to say) they must ascend to the moon, where the great Paladin's wits will be found amongst other lost earthly things. He places Astolpho beside him in the fiery chariot of Elijah, and its mighty steeds quickly bear them to the lunar regions. There he displays to him the strange storehouse of things good and bad which have disappeared from our world. And having seen the Fates spinning the threads of mortal lives, and repossessed himself of a large portion of his own sense, which had escaped him unawares, Astolpho returns to earth with the phial which holds Roland's wholly-lost wits, and which is to restore its great defender to the Faith.

There is inimitable wit, which no one can fail to be struck with (embittered a little by the poet's own disappointments), in his famous catalogue of the earth's lost treasures.* And there is a liquid sweetness which delights us in his description of the happy region from whence the knight ascends to the moon. But this must not blind us to the fact that Ariosto's terrestrial paradise is, after all, a mere garden of material delights — more innocent, but not more heavenly, than Alcina's. Contrast it with the spiritual beauty of Dante's, where we encounter some high mystery at each step we take, and where the air we breathe is so full of foretastes of heaven that it seems but natural when the poet's flight to the true heaven above begins from such holy ground. Or, again, compare the later Italian poet's conception of St. John with that of the earlier — the beloved Apostle allowed as a *privilege* to remain "at home in the body, but absent from his Lord," until the last day! employed by Ariosto as the exhibitor of the lunar marvels to Astolpho; and made (as he is in the description of their visit to the Fates) the flatterer of Ariosto's patron! Set beside this Dante's simple and affectionate mention of St John:—

"Questi è colui, che giacque sopra'l petto
Del nostro Pellicano, e questi fue
Di su la croce al grande ufício eletto."
'Paradiso,' canto 25.

(This is the man, who lay upon that breast
Whose life-blood feeds us; this who from the cross
Was chosen to fulfil the great behest.)

Remember the almost indignant repudiation by the St John of Dante of the invidious privilege, seen for him by the earthly-minded in his Saviour's words. You will then see something of the change wrought by two centuries in the religious state of Italy. The elder poet wings his strong flight aloft, and soars (grace-aided) without external help, till he reaches the heaven of heavens: the younger bard borrows Elijah's "chariot of fire and horses of fire" for his hero, and, even with their help, only succeeds in lifting him to the *moon!*

Let us now turn to Spenser's vision of the New Jerusalem. After the Red-Cross knight's deliverance by Prince Arthur from the House of Pride, where he abode, amongst it and the six other deadly sins, at first a guest, at last a captive; and after his escape from Despair, he is guided by Una to the House of Holiness. The canto which rehearses

* I much regret that want of space forbids me to insert it.

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their visit, opens with the following stanza, as precise in its definition of grace and free-will as the tenth article of the Church of England:—

I.

'What man is he that boasts of fleshly might,
And vain assurance of mortality,
Which all, so soon as it doth come to fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by-and-by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill—
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill;
But all the good is God's, both power and eke will."

Una and the knight are admitted through the "strait and narrow" entrance to Holiness by its porter Humility. Led in by Zeal and Reverence, they are welcomed by the mistress of the mansion and her three daughters, Fidelia, Speranza, and Charissa. The first of these is thus described:—

XLII.

"She was arrayèd all in lily-white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water filled up to the height,
In which a serpent did himself enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A book that was both signed and sealed with blood,
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood."

Introduced by *her* and by her *sister* to Repentance (mark the admirable exactness of Spenser's theological teaching), and having passed some time in his painful but salutary company, Charity leads the knight (now perfectly healed) to make Mercy's acquaintance.

"To whom the careful charge of him she gave,
To lead aright that he should never fall
In all his ways through this wide world's wave,
That Mercy in the end his righteous soul might save."

Mercy leads him to a "holy hospital," where she introduces him to her seven "Beadmen." Each of these seven has charge of one of those good works which, found in, or inferred from that marvellous conclusion of the 25th chapter of St. Matthew, which in every age since it was spoken has never ceased to procure alms for the needy, have been known for many centuries as the seven works of mercy. There is a solemn pathos in Spenser's description of these two, which he ranks as the fifth and sixth, the last good offices to the dying and the dead:—

XLI.

"The fifth had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death do most dismay
The feeble soul departing hence away.
All is but lost that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lies it ever low.

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XLII.

"The sixth had charge of them now being dead,
In seemly sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowers their spousal bed,
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appear, when he their souls shall save.
The wondrous workmanship of God's own mould,
Whose face he made all beasts to fear, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah, dearest God, me grant I dead be not defouled!"

The knight shares the "Bead-men's holy toils, till, prepared for the contemplative by the active life, he is led by Mercy up the steep hill on whose summit Contemplation dwells. That "godly aged sire" demands of Mercy to what end they come.

L.

"'What end,' quoth she, 'should cause us take such pain,
But that same end which every living wight
Should make his mark, high heaven to attain?
Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glisteneth bright
With burning stars, and ever-living fire,
Whereof the keys are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? She doth thee require
To show it to this knight, according his desire.'

LI.

"'Thrice happy man,' said then the father grave,
'Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shows the way his sinful soul to save:
Who better can the way to heaven aread
Than thou thyself, that wast both born and bred
In heavenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
Thou dost the prayers of the righteous seed
Present before the Majesty Divine,
And His avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII.

"'Yet sith thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be done.
Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way
That never yet was seen of Fairy's son,
That never leads the traveller astray;
But, after labours long, and sad delay,
Brings them to joyous rest and endless bliss.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And have her strength recured from frail infirmities.'

LIII.

"That done, he leads them to the highest mount;
Such one as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billows like a walled front
On either side di-parted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty days upon, where, writ in stone
With bloody letters, by the hand of God,
The bitter doom of death and baleful moan
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

LIV.

"Or like that sacred hill, whose head full high,
Adorned with fruitful olives all around,
Is, as it were, for endless memory
Of that dear Lord, who oft thereon was found,
For ever with a flowering garland crowned;

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Or like that famous mount, that is for aye
Through famous poets' verse each where renowned,
On which the thrice three learnèd ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

LV.

"From thence far off he unto him did shew
A little path, that was both steep and long,
Which to a goodly city led his view,
Whose walls and towers were builded high and strong
Of pearl and precious stone, that earthly tongue
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song,
The city of the great King hight it well,
Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth dwell.

LVI.

"As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessèd angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven, in gladsome company,
And with great joy unto that city wend,
As commonly as friend doth with his friend;
Whereat he wondered much, and 'gan inquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towers unto the starry sphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

LVII.

"'Fair knight,' quoth he, 'Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem that God has built,
For those to dwell in that are chosen His,
His chosen people, purged from sinful guilt,
With piteous blood which cruelly was spilt
On cursèd tree, of that unspotted Lamb,
That for the sins of all the world was kilt;
Now are they saints in all that city sam,
More dear unto their God than younglings to their dam."

The Red-Cross knight owns that all the terrestrial grandeurs which before charmed his mind, wax dim before this heavenly vision. The old man assures him that he himself shall win a glorious place and name among the inhabitants of that fair city. The knight answers thus:—

LXII.

"'Unworthy wretch,' quoth he, 'of so great grace,
How dare I think such glory to attain?'
'These that have it attained were in like case,'
Quoth he, 'as wretched, and lived in like pain.'
'But deeds of arms must I at last be fain,
And ladies' loves to leave, so dearly bought?'
'What need of arms where peace doth aye remain,'
Said he, 'and battles none are to be fought?
As for loose loves are vain, and vanish into nought.'

LXIII.

"'O! let me not,' quoth he, 'return again
Back to the world whose joys so fruitless are;
But let me here for aye in peace remain,
Or straightway on that last long voyage fare,
That nothing may my present hope impair.'
'That may not be,' said he, 'nor mayest thou yet
Forego that royal maid's bequeathèd care,
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
Till from her cursèd foe thou have her freely quit.'"

'Fairy Queen,' book i. canto 10.

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Of the poetry of this fine passage I feel I can safely leave my readers to judge. How beautiful is its description of Mercy! How sublimely the 53d stanza seems to echo back the thunders of Sinai! And how exquisite the contrast between its terrors and the calm beauty of the Gospel, in the affectionate reference to the Mount of Olives in the succeeding one! How perfect are the touches of the three short stanzas which set before us the heavenly city, rather suggested than described, seen towering in serene glory high above all the turmoil of earth! — And, turning to our more immediate subject; the scriptural language of the whole, and the evident appropriation of the religious truths it conveys by the mind which wrote it, speak well for the faith alike of writer and of readers. The knight's preparation for the vision, the means whereby he attains to it, and, above all, its effect upon his own mind, bespeak a familiarity with truth, not speculative, but practical, on the part of Spenser, which many a professed theologian might envy. There is in the mixture of faith and unbelief in the knight's replies, in the 62d stanza, to the encouraging promise of an abundant entrance into the heavenly Jerusalem, a transcript of the experience of many—may we not say of all? Who has not, like him, one moment doubted whether its glories can indeed be within his *own* reach, and perhaps shrunk back the next, half-unwilling, from the sacrifices which he begins to see that their attainment must cost him? Again, how natural to the human heart (so we learn even from the conduct of the apostles on the Holy Mount) is the desire of the knight's now wholly-convinced mind, expressed in the last stanza, to go *out* of the world in ceasing to be *of* the world! To abandon Action altogether for Contemplation, and abide alway on the mount of vision, gazing on the goodly prospect, instead of plunging into the waves of this troublesome world, to fight our way across to its possession! Well for us if we have found a monitor like the Red-Cross knight's to recall to us the claims of that work, the doing which is the preparation appointed to us for our inheritance. Happy if we descend, as he does, with renewed vigour to the conflict which awaits us all! For so his victory over the terrible dragon on the third day of battle may be a type of ours.

There are no such lessons to be learned from converse with Ariosto's glorified saints; there is nothing to satisfy the deepest desires of man in the paradise in which they dwell, or the truths they are commissioned to reveal. Who can hesitate to ascribe this essential difference between poets so alike in many things, to that open English Bible which was a century later to inspire a humble tinker's prose descriptions with a sublimity almost equal to that of this fine passage in Spenser?

Let us proceed to institute a final, and, in some respects, a closer comparison between the two poets, by setting the principal allegory of the one over against that which the other has wrought out most fully.

In the fourteenth canto of the 'Orlando Furioso,' Paris is besieged by a Saracen army, and in great danger of being taken. Charlemagne has recourse to the aid of Heaven. He makes devout supplication himself, and causes many masses to be offered "by priests and friars, both black and white and grey." The Almighty hears his prayer, and despatches the archangel Michael to his aid. That heavenly messenger is to seek out first Silence and then Discord; to convey with the former's aid reinforcements to Paris, unobserved by the Moorish army; and to send the latter amongst the besieging host to embroil their leaders, and create a diversion in favour of the Christians. The archangel departs at once upon his errand.

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78.

"Where'er the archangel Michael turns his wing,
Off flee the clouds and leave the sky serene;
And brightness girds him with a golden ring,
Like lightning-flashes in night's darkness seen.
The heavenly courier onward journeying,
Whither alighting he may surest ween
That foe of speech (his foremost aim) to find,
Still as he flies revolves with eager mind.

79.

"He ponders o'er where he may haunt, where dwell;
And all his doubtful thoughts agree at last
That he is to be found in church and cell
Of monks and cloistered friars, who to cast
Speech out of doors, where'er at sound of bell
They meet for singing psalms, or break their fast,
Or sleep,—in every room in very deed
Have 'Silence' written up most plain to read.

80.

"Weening to find him there, he swifter plied
His golden wings; there too he surely thought
Fair Peace to see with Quiet at her side,
And Charity abiding still: chance taught
Him to a cloistered pile his course to guide
The which for Silence, friendship never sought;
There, asking for him, he this answer heard:
'All that of him now dwells here is the word.'

81

"Nor Piety nor Quiet meets his gaze,
Nor Love nor Peace there, nor Humility;
Truly they dwelt there once in bygone days,
Then chased them out Wrath, Avarice, Gluttony,
Pride, Cruelty, Sloth, Envy: in amaze
The Angel stands so great a change to see;
And while that hideous squadron in review
He passed, he 'mongst them Discord also knew.

82.

"Her whom the Eternal Father bade him find
Next after Silence; seeking whom the road
By dark Avernus he had tracked in mind,
Deeming that she amid the damned abode;
In this new hell instead he found her shrined
'Mid mass and holy office ill-bestowed:
Believe who can? to Michael it seems strange
To find whom seeking he thought far to range.

83.

"He knew her by her hundred-coloured dress,
Fashioned of stripes unequal, infinite;
Her covering now, anon by step or stress
Of wind laid open, unsewn, gaping quite;
Her hairs, some gold, some silver, black this tress,
That grey, seemed all among themselves to fight;
Some plaited, some by ribbon bound, good store
Streamed on her shoulders, some her breast fell o'er.

84.

"She had her bosom full and eke her hands
With procurations and with premonitions,
Inquiries, and great packets tied with bands
Of glosses, consults, legal expositions;

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Through which the worldly wealth of poor men stands
Safe in no town from ceaseless subdivisions;
Behind, before, each side of her, like flies,
Swarmed Proctors, Advocates, and Notaries."

Michael calls Discord and sends her to stir up strife among the Saracens; but first he asks her if she knows where he can find the other object of his search, Silence. Discord answers that she never saw him, but that her comrade Fraud has been in his company, and may know where he lives. Fraud is thus described:—

87.

"Pleasing her face, and decent her attire,
Humble her glance, and her deportment grave,
So lowly, kind her speech, ye might admire
That Angel who the salutation gave;
All else deformed and hideous; but the liar
Her uglier parts concealed beneath the wave
Of garment long and wide, and 'neath its fold
A poisoned knife was ever in her hold.

88.

"Of her the Angel questioneth what way
Silence to find behoveth him to take;
Said Fraud: 'Elsewhere and here in earlier day
Amid the virtues was he used to make
His home with Benedict in abbeys grey,
And new, nor yet Elijah's rule forsake:
And in the schools full many an hour to pass
In days of Archyte and Pythagoras.

89.

"'But in right path his footsteps to retain
Are here nor sages nor yet saints: and he
To various wickedness has gone amain
From ways he used to walk of honesty.
First went he out by night with lovers vain,
And next with thieves to work each villany;
In Treason's haunts he often doth abide—
Nay, I have marked him e'en by Murder's side!

90.

"'With coiners of false money in some nook
Obscure, his custom is to make repair;
His home, his company, so oft forsook
For new—to find him lucky chance it were.
Yet have I hope to teach thee how to look
For him; at midnight if thou take due care
To reach the house of Sleep, discovered
He needs must be, since there he makes his bed.'"

'Orlando Furioso,' canto xiv.

The Angel finds Silence, and by his aid guides the reinforcements safe to Paris. Discord does her appointed work for a season; but is caught by her taskmaster in the 37th canto, neglecting it for a yet more congenial task:—

37.

"Unto that monastery, where he first
Got sight of Discord, on swift pinion hieing,
He found her seated in its chapter cursed,
Her arts amid its new elections plying,
Rejoicing as she saw good things used worst,
The brethren's missals at their heads sent flying.
The Angel caught her by the hair, and blows
And kicks he dealt to her without repose.

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38.

"And then the handle of a cross he brake
Upon her back and arms, and eke her head.
'Mercy!' cried loud the wretch; and, as she spake,
Embraced the heavenly Nuncio's knees with dread.
Her Michael left not till he saw her take
Flight to the King of Afric's camp; thus sped,
He warned her: 'Look for direr fate designed thee,
If e'er again without that camp I find thee.'"

'Orlando Furioso,' canto xxvii.

Now we must call this an admirable allegory, thoroughly well sustained. Unquestionably, Spenser found it a most instructive model. What can be cleverer than its personification of Discord and Fraud? Where shall we find an instance of more pungent satire than that implied on the degenerate monks of Ariosto's day, by his significant exclusion of silence from their monasteries; and by Discord's permanent abode in that convent which she is so loath to leave and so eager to return to?—But, returning to the subject of our present inquiry, what shall we say to the religious aspect of this allegory? Is there any reverence of tone in the whole passage proving that Ariosto wrote it with serious belief in divine and angelic interpositions? To my mind, their introduction reads like a mere attempt to vary what is technically called the machinery of the poem,—replacing for a while the agency of good and evil fairies, of enchanters and their works, by aid of a higher nature; but not a whit more effectual, and treated of in a spirit of no more reverent credence, than theirs. I am far from thinking a poem profane because it satirises monks. The worst of all ways of promoting the interests of true religion, is to insist on defending the faults of the so-called religious. But when I find that Ariosto depicts the Deity as seemingly aroused by the importunity of mortals to give a command, of the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of which he takes no further heed—when I find that he represents "Michael the archangel," the especial guardian of the Church, as wholly ignorant of what goes on in her sacred buildings—I cannot help seeing that he is only setting before us the old gods of Olympus, and Hermes their messenger under new names. Most of all, when in the two last stanzas St. Michael boxes Discord's ears, and conducts himself after a fashion so altogether undignified and unangelic, we may surely be excused for taking a second look to see whether we have not been reading by mistake the exploits of an evil angel? Alas, we exclaim, for the change wrought by two centuries since Dante! Where be those glorious angels who move in their unearthly grandeur so majestically through the *Divina Commedia*? He before whom, advancing over Styx, the evil spirits fled; at whose touch the gates of Dis flew open? Or he, that "Bird of God," with whose white wings for sails the mystic bark, with its freight of souls, flew across Ocean to the far Purgatorial shore? So rapid was the decay of thought in all its noblest elements in Italy. Spenser's theory of guardian angels,* as expressed in the best-known passage in his poem—a theory not borrowed from Ariosto, not even from Dante, but from a yet higher source, the Holy Scriptures—is a very different one.

But we must hasten on to the consideration of that allegory which, concluding all that is left to us of the 'Fairy Queen,' forms the crowning glory of that great poem. The two cantos which contain it are a fragment of a lost book on Con-

* See 'Fairy Queen,' book ii. canto 8, stanzas 1, 2.

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stancy. Their aim is to teach us the subjection of all earthly things to change, and the predestined end to which "all the changes and chances of this mortal life" are tending. Spenser has chosen to clothe this idea in forms borrowed from Greek mythology; his use of which, though lacking the exact scholarship and classical correctness of Milton, has yet, especially in these cantos, a grandeur peculiarly its own. The chief personage in his allegory is Mutability or Change, one of those mighty Titans who strive to wrest Jove's empire from him. Her first attempt to gain dominion is made on earth, and proves successful; so that earthly things, at the first good, perfect, and immortal, become under her sway subject to evil and to death. The poet records this, exclaiming—

"O piteous work of Mutability!
By which we all are subject to that curse,
And death instead of life have suckèd from our nurse."
'Fairy Queen,' book vii. canto 6, stanza 6.

Growing bolder by success, Change next aims at sovereignty over heavenly things. Of these she first attempts the moon, where she boldly mounts, and bids Cynthia relinquish to her the guidance of her chariot. Her demand is indignantly refused; and the conflict which ensues between the two goddesses produces an eclipse which, darkening the face of nature, disquiets the hearts not only of men but gods. Mercury is sent down by Jupiter to learn the cause of the disturbance; but the Titaness shows him no respect, and declares her purpose to seize the throne of Jove himself, and rule thenceforth over gods as well as men. In prosecution of this claim she ascends forthwith to the highest heavens, and prefers it boldly before Jove himself. The god hears her, and grasps his thunderbolt, but forbears to hurl it after a glance at her lovely face. "Such sway doth beauty even in heaven bear." He hears mildly her appeal from his adverse decision to what she styles the higher tribunal of the great and awful goddess Nature; and he does not disallow it. Thereupon the scene changes to earth, where the gods are assembled to hear the arbitrator's decision, upon fair Arlo Hill (near Spenser's Irish home), of whose beauty he here makes affectionate mention. Mutability boldly pleads her cause before

"This great-grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;
Still moving, yet unmovèd from her sted;
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld."

Her first object is to prove that the four elements, earth, water, air, and fire, are all her subjects; this she does by showing that they are each in a state of perpetual change; and therefore, she argues, the claims of Neptune, Juno, &c., to rule over them are evidently false. She next desires Nature to call the Seasons and Months as witnesses to the wide extent of her sway. They appear according to her wish. First Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, each with suitable garb and emblems. Then the Months, each with the sign of the zodiac that belongs to it; March leads the procession and February closes it, according to the old reckoning. When this world-famous band of witnesses has gone by (none of Spenser's descriptions is, or deserves to be, better known)—

"There came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace,
Th' one a palfrey black, the other white."

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Next come "The Hours, fair daughters of high Jove;" and after them the two most important witnesses of all present themselves, Life and Death:—

XLVI.

"And after all came Life, and lastly Death:
Death with most grim and grisly visage seen,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to ween,
Unbodied, unsouled, unheard, unseen."

When this last and most awful witness has gone by, Mutability demands of Nature whether she has not succeeded in making good her first claim — that to undisputed sovereignty over earth. Jove makes answer to this, that Time indeed changes all earthly things, but is himself subject to the gods, who, thus ruling over Time, rule Change herself. Change replies to this by an absolute denial, and proceeds to declare the subjection of the gods themselves to her resistless might. She argues that the moon's changes, the changes of the planets and their influences, prove their presiding deities her subjects. Jove himself, she goes on to say, was *born* as Cretan legends tell us; and whatsoever has had a beginning, and so undergone the change from not being to being, is born the subject of Mutability. The four last stanzas of the 7th canto contain the end of the Titaness's speech, and Nature's final award:—

LVI.

"'Then since within this wide great universe
Nothing doth firm and permanent appear,
But all things lost and turnèd by transverse:
What then should let, but I aloft should rear
My trophy, and from all the triumph bear?
Now judge then (O thou greatest goddess true!)
According as thyself dost see and hear,
And unto me addoom that is my due;
That is the rule of all, all being ruled by you.'

LVII.

"So having ended, silence long ensued,
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firm eyes affixed, the ground still viewed.
Meanwhile all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtful case,
Did hang in long suspense what would ensue,
To whether side should fall the sovereign place.
At length she, looking up with cheerful view,
The silence brake, and gave her doom in speeches few:

LVIII.

"'I well consider all that ye have said,
And find that all things steadfastness do hate
And changèd be: yet being rightly weighed,
They are not changèd from their first estate,
But by their change their being do dilate;
And turning to themselves at length again,
Do work their own perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and reign;
But they reign over Change, and do their states maintain.

LIX.

"'Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be ruled by me:

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For thy decay thou seek'st by thy
But time shall come that all shall
And from thenceforth none more change shall see.'
So was the Tita[n] out do[ne] and whist,
And Jove [in] al see.
Then was [de]ite dismist,
And Natur[e] [wo]uld [n]ot her no man wist."

'Fairy Queen,' book vii. canto 7.

The canto closes with the breaking-up of that august assembly; but the mournful truth which it has illustrated with such varied beauty, that "the creature" has been "made subject to vanity," and also Nature's augury of the fulfilment of the "hope" in which it was so subjected, were designed to be echoed in clearer strains in the succeeding canto. These two stanzas were intended to commence it:—

I.

"When I bethink me on that speech whylear,
Of Mutability, and well it weigh;
Me seems, that though she all unworthy were
Of the heaven's rule, yet very sooth to say
In all things else she bears the greatest sway.
Which makes me loathe this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so to cast away;
Whose flowering pride, and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon [cut] with his consuming sickle.

II.

"Then 'gin I think on that which Nature said
Of that same time when no more Change shall be,
But steadfast rest of all things firmly stayed
Upon the pillours of eternity,
That is contrair to Mutability.
For all that moveth doth in Change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight:
O that great Sabbaoth God, graunt me that Sabbaoth sight."

'Fairy Queen,' book viii. canto 8 (imperfect).

And with these two stanzas a mightier will than ours has chosen that Spenser's great work should end. They are to us the last of the 'Fairy Queen.'

My extracts from this greatest of Spenser's allegories have been necessarily brief. To do it justice, it should be read as a whole. It is throughout magnificent; almost Homeric in its combined sublimity and simplicity. Its wealth of imaginative riches is, even for Spenser, astonishing; doubly so, when we recollect the prodigal variety of the descriptions he has scattered with lavish hand through the preceding books. The germ of one of the grandest things in the English language, Milton's Death, is discernible in the 46th stanza, so sublime in its spectral terrors.—Above all, how marked is the contrast between this allegory and Ariosto's! Who can compare the two without feeling convinced that if the dust which now sleeps in the Benedictine Church at Ferrara once enshrined the richest fancy that ever endowed a poet, a yet deeper sense of beauty thrilled the brain, and far nobler pulsations stirred the heart, which lie awaiting the resurrection in our great *West Minster*, beneath Spenser's simple tomb! We saw how Ariosto, in *his* allegory, dealt with the holiest names in a thoroughly pagan spirit. We have now seen Spenser produce one far nobler by an exactly reversed process. From its proposed subject, we might have expected only

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to find in it the commonplaces of heathen poets on the changeful and disappointing character of earthly things, cast by genius into a new and striking shape. But Spenser is not content with doing this; nor does he cease until he has let in a radiance borrowed from revelation upon the ever-shifting forms and ruins of Time. Ariosto lays the foundations of *his* allegory in the heaven of heavens, and yet does not succeed in producing any religious impression on his reader's mind. Spenser lays *his* on the fabled Olympus, but stays not till, having extracted deep truths from the lips of its inhabitants, he can end it by echoing the lofty strains, in which prophets and apostles bid us look forward to "the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

And how noble those two concluding stanzas are in themselves! Could even Spenser's genius have devised a fitter close for his great poem? How well the lament of the first over the fleeting nature of earthly joys (uttered doubtless from the bitter depths of its author's own experience) befits the last lines of a poem which has all along treated "the glories of our birth and state" as "shadows" of better and more "substantial things" than themselves! And how magnificent is the *Sursum Corda* of the second! composed, it might seem, fresh from the perusal of St. Augustine's noble commentary on the opening verses of the second chapter of Genesis. How does it stir our hearts by its solemn harmonies, as it calls us to avert our eyes from the fading glories of earth, that we may fix them steadfastly on the brightening splendours of "the day of restitution of all things!"

Thinking of these two stanzas, and of all the others which have been, like them, witnessing to us the religious superiority of Spenser's England over Ariosto's Italy; who would not earnestly hope that they express, not alone the faith of the age in which their writer flourished, but the unfeigned confession also of the faith which filled his own heart? that so his Master, cutting short his beautiful poem at the line in which he so earnestly supplicates a share in the true rest of the people of God, may seem to have signified His gracious acceptance of his prayer, by reserving it for Himself to add unto it the last Amen: so be it.

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GENERAL LAMORICIÈRE.

SHORTLY after a great national burial such as that which we have so recently seen; after putting our final seal—be it of unlimited applause, or of blame, or of the many shades of public judgment which lie between the two—to the long career of an English statesman, there is a singular interest and sense of contrast in looking across the Channel, where our neighbours have been recording in a very different way the end of a very different man. We have lost many ourselves within late years whose graves closed over disappointed hopes and an unfulfilled career, and whose loss called forth a regret more bitter and painful than could attend to his last resting-place the most illustrious old man, whose life, however valuable, had been fully lived out, and must by necessity have come to a speedy end. But we have never mourned over our dead leaders as they have been mourning in France over the illustrious soldier whose name has just been added to those of the heroes dead, and for whom mass has been sung and prayers said, not only in his Breton province of chivalry, but amid the din of Paris and over all the breadth of France. The very masses and prayers have been tinged with a sad and burning indignation which has no parallel among our mourning. It is as if the old France of the past generations were making through all those deep Gregorian notes her cry and appeal, "O Lord! how long?" By her side, it is true, the other France, who is her daughter, takes her pleasure as usual, and gives little heed to the funeral procession; but to the spectators it is always the tragedy that has the deepest interest. The object of this grief is not a man so well known or understood in England as to make the wail over his grave comprehensible at the first glance. With that cruel injustice which guides contemporary opinion, it is the unhappy failure of Castelfidardo which is most distinctly associated among ourselves with the brave General's name; and we are little disposed to make of that unfortunate mistake a claim upon the sympathy of our readers. Had King Arthur himself risen out of the Breton wilds, where they say he is one day to reappear, to put himself at the head of the Pope's army and do desperate, impossible battle for his falling throne, England would find it difficult to put her faith any longer even in the blameless king. To make it apparent that by accepting such a command Lamoricière showed himself capable of an almost incredible magnanimity and self-devotion, is very possible, and will, we trust, be made sufficiently clear in the following pages; but to ask admiration for the extraordinary sacrifice in any other point of view than because it was a sacrifice—an unprecedented offering made to his faith and his honour—is altogether beyond our intentions. That he did think it his duty is a fact about which there can be no doubt, any more than there is on the corresponding fact, that such a man as M. de Montalembert regards it as the crowning glory of Lamoricière's soldierly and noble life. These are mysteries which, perhaps, a mind born, by good or evil fortune, Protestant, will never be able to fathom. But granting a motive inexplicable and beyond our grasp, noble devotion and magnanimous self-sacrifice are comprehensible to every creature that has a heart and knows virtue even by sight. He was not of the fashion of our heroes, nor were his impulses and guiding principles like ours. Yet to glance at the life of

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General de la Moricière, now that he is dead, and can do nothing more to diminish or to augment his fame, is like going back to the time of the Bayards or of the earlier pure Crusaders — to the days, if such days ever were except in dreams, when love and honour stood high above life and happiness, and a man was ready to undergo the loss of all things, and even of outward honour itself, for truth and honour's sake.

To give our readers an idea of the man for whom Brittany and the Faubourg St. Germain, and all their scattered dependencies, are mourning, we cannot do better than take the eloquent and striking tribute to his friend's memory which has just been published by M. de Montalembert.* Nobody could know better nor understand more completely at once the man and the manner of man—no one could enter more warmly into the humbled pride and checked activity of such an existence—for these are vicissitudes which he himself has shared. Putting aside those special humiliations and sufferings to which a fervent Catholic may have been of late subjected, and which we are not in a position to understand, there remain many real and terrible hardships which we can very well understand, and in which the writer of this brief biography was as much involved as he whose sufferings are now ended. Both were banished, as if in a moment, from the position to which they had a double right; both were silenced (so far as in respect to one of them that was possible) and put aside in the flower of their age; at the fullest and most vigorous moment of their existence, both were sent away to the inactivity of that dim domestic life in the shade, which, even as we deify it in England, is but a poor substitute for the full and worthy life which a man ought to live for his country and generation. Both accepted the blight, finding it impossible to "say the word, the single word," as M. de Montalembert indignantly says, which might have brought them back to the power and influence of their earlier days. One of the men so wonderfully displaced and superseded has died and finished his career; and no man more fitly than another of the number can tell the story of that great misfortune with which his own life is clouded. M. de Montalembert, we trust, has yet many brilliant years before him, and may still, it is possible, live to see better days; but there is in his voice, as it sounds over the grave of his friend, a something more than grief; an indignation tragic and bitter, a sense of suffering and wrong, which thrills through every word he says, and represents a state of feeling to which, fortunately, we have no equivalent in England. He tells his brief story with the fire and haste of a man whose voice is choked, yet forced into utterance by sorrow mingled with that generous rage which can scarcely tolerate the harm it has to witness and record. Impartiality perhaps is not to be looked for in such a narrative—if, indeed, it is anywhere to be looked for; but in the present instance we have no wish for impartiality, since the case and sentiments of the living appeal as strongly to our interest as those of the dead.

It is with the following touching recapitulation of the glories of the last political generation of Frenchmen that M. de Montalembert begins:—

"It is the sad fate of those who survive their generation, while at the same time surviving themselves, to have to speak over the graves of friends, companions, and leaders who have had the happiness of leaving this world the first. Reduced to envy the fate of those who have gone before, they yield to the temp-

* Le Général de la Moricière. Par le Comte de Montalembert. Paris: 1866.

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tation of cheating their regret by putting together their recollections; and in thus attempting to solace their own grief, imagine, perhaps without reason, that they have something to teach to their forgetful contemporaries, or to an indifferent posterity.

"The distinguished men who date from the earlier years of this century, already begin to be decimated by death. And death, even while striking them with a premature blow, in the full possession of those gifts which God had lavished upon them, has often been preceded by a disgrace or retirement of so long standing that the world has been naturally led to look upon them as already belonging to history. Their austere and melancholy destiny, aggravated by the inconstancy of their country, at least may serve to reveal them in fuller perspective to our regard. What could be more unlike the present age in which we live, than those first splendid years of the constitutional kingdom in which Leon de la Moricière was revealed to France and to glory? An entire generation, powerful and free, delivered from military despotism and imperial tyranny, educated or perfected by the liberal and loyal rule of the Restoration, was then in full vigour and flower. A constellation of eminent men, of original talents and popular reputation, appeared at the head of all the great developments of national intelligence. The first condition of life for a people free, and master of its own destinies, was thus accomplished. It was governed or represented by its most eminent men. All its living forces, its real necessities and legitimate interests, were represented by leaders of incontestable superiority. The names of Cassimir Perier, Royer-Collard, Molé, Berryer, Guizot, Thiers, Broglie, Fitz-James, Brézé-Noailles, Odillon Barrot, Villemain, Cousin, Dufaure, gave to the struggles of the tribune and the self-government of the country a lustre which had never been surpassed even in 1789. Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, gave to French poetry a new and indestructible development. Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, Delacroix, Flandrin, Bellini, Meyerbeer, in the arts—Cuvier, Biot, Thénard, Arago, Cauchy, in the sciences—Augustin Thierry, Michelet, Tocqueville, in political history and philosophy—opened up new paths into which pressed the ardent youth of the nation. And Lacordaire and Ravignan once more surrounded the Christian pulpit with a glory of eloquence and popular [illegible] the days of Bossuet. [illegible] such an outburst of political, intellectual, and moral life, was accompanied by a similar development of military genius; or if this civic glory did not interfere with the conditions necessary to the fame of arms. To this doubt the army of Africa took care to answer. In its ranks, a new generation began to disclose itself, of which every day and every year increased the renown. The true soldiers of free and liberal France were found. She learned to salute with trust and admiration a new lineage of warriors, as chivalrous and dauntless as the bravest among their fathers, and adorned with virtues too often unknown to the soldiers of old—modest and austere goodness, civic virtues which were the honour and salvation of the country in the day of social danger. The illustrious Changarnier alone remains of that glorious phalanx to receive here the homage of our gratitude. Of his noble companions, some, like Damesme, Négrier, Duvivier, and Bréa, fell in the streets of Paris in 1848, that France might remain a civilised country; others and these still more illustrious—Cavaignac, Bedeau, Lamoricière—have died one by one prematurely and in obscurity, rendered useless by a pitiless destiny to the country they had saved. At such a thought the heart aches, and assuredly it does no honour to our times."

It is little wonder if a survivor, himself suffering from the same pitiless destiny, should feel that the survey goes to his heart. Whether, in presence of the change which has taken place in France, anything else was possible, is another question. But it is hard to stand by and see other men doing badly what one knows one could do well; and harder still to have bled and struggled, and given the best years of life, for a country, and then to find her back turned upon us, and her authority given over into other hands, and mean men put into our empty places. Nor is it any consolation, but the keenest aggravation, to know that France herself has been the author of the change, and is satisfied with it. If it was the mere dead force of despotism which ground her down and repressed her real desires, the situa-

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tion would at once be more bearable and more hopeful. But the worst of it is, that France herself has done it, and likes it, and is, on the whole, pleased to find herself disembarrassed of *ces gens-la*—democracy having, according to M. de Montalembert, a still greater detestation of superiority acquired by genius, than of the less humbling pre-eminence of rank—which is a dreadful sort of suggestion, yet one which unfortunately seems to have some foundation to support it. The Duc de Morny was buried by the nation, with the Corps Législatif in attendance, and all the pomp that public ceremonial could bestow; but the coffin of Lamoricière, "on its way to a village cemetery, traversed obscurely, in the declining daylight, the streets of that Babylon which he had saved—actually saved—from barbarism." Such a contrast could not fail to strike even a spectator less immediately concerned.

Lamoricière was, it is added, "of all those heroes, the youngest, the most sympathetic, the most brilliant, and the one whose popularity was most rapidly acquired. . . . His name like that of Changarnier, is inseparable from the most dramatic episodes of our African history, the two expeditions to Constantine. The pencil of Horace Vernet has made us all familiar with those wonderful exploits. It has set before us the immovable courage of Changarnier, . . . the fiery valour of Lamoricière, at the head of his Zouaves, with the red fez on his head and the white burnous on his shoulders, rushing first to the top of the breach, where he disappeared in a cloud of smoke and dust in the midst of a frightful explosion, and was found again, having all but lost his eyes, under an unformed mass of soldiers, blackened by powder, with their dress in ashes and their very flesh burned. From that day he wedded fame." Throughout all this, the beginning of his career, his course was as brilliant and successful as any young soldier could have dreamed. At thirty-four he was *maréchal-de-camp*, at thirty-seven lieutenant-general, at thirty-nine for a time governor-general of Algeria. It was he who formed and led to fame the Zouaves of whom so much has been since heard, and who finally succeeded in subduing Abd-el-Kader, whom he was fated afterwards, near the end of his life, to see the visitor and favourite of Paris, caressed and feasted, while he himself was an unconsidered stranger. They met in the street, "Lamoricière on foot amidst the confusion of the crowd, Abd-el-Kader with all the pomp of his official suite, and with the *grand cordon* of the legion of honour on his breast"—as strange a meeting, surely, as ever occurred in a Parisian street, though they have seen many strange sights.

Thus the soldier grew in fame and matured in years, until the last great rebel being subdued in Africa, and "the country made for ever French," another ambition, not less noble, took possession of his mind. War was over for the time, but France was still in full possession of her Parliament, and of the constitutional government which ended with Louis Philippe; and the African general, like so many other generals, turned his thoughts to the great art of government, which every commander must in some degree understand. M. de Montalembert, while treating of this early part of his life, quotes an incident of his African campaign which conveys an impression very different from those stories of *razzia* and massacre which, we fear, to the English imagination, have thrown a kind of lurid light over Algerian conquest:—

"In leaving those shores upon which he landed young and unknown, and which he left illustrious without any appearance of having grown old, he carried away a recollection more precious than the fame of his exploits—his glory was

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without stain, his hand, though always ardent in fight, had never been soiled by the abuse of victory. At the time when the irritation against an enemy which massacred our soldier-prisoners was at its height, Lamoriciére, while pursuing a tribe which had rebelled in contradiction of its oaths, having driven it to the sea-shore, halted his columns all at once, and deferred his vengeance. What terror had seized his intrepid soul? He himself shall tell us. 'In the mood which our soldiers were in, that vengeance might perhaps have been too severe.'"

He returned to France full of honours and popular esteem, "already crowned with a kind of legendary aureole, and recognised by all as the veritable type of disinterested heroism, intelligent daring, and moral dignity, and with the somewhat haughty independence and liberal instincts which were natural to the armies of modern France, such as they were then imagined to be." In 1846 he entered the Chamber of Deputies. It is not a moment which the world has supposed a very brilliant one in the history of France, nor do the publications of the time, so far as we can recall them, give any idea of so vigorous and noble a condition of existence as that which seems to glimmer through the mists upon the eyes of M. de Montalembert. Perhaps it is

> "The lowness of the present state
> That sets the past in such relief;"

but, at all events, that past, whether it was intrinsically what it seems to the regretful eyes that look back upon it, or whether it has only "won a glory from its being far," still offered to Lamoricière and his peers a fitting place and audience. He took the Chamber by storm as he had taken the Arab citadels. "He threw himself into the tribune as if upon a horse, struck his spur into its side, so to speak, and mastered it at once with the ease of a perfect cavalier. 'You academicians,' he said, with playful contempt, 'must always dress up your spe[illegible] *toilette de votre parole*. You are never ready when you are wanted.'" He was a bold and ready speaker, fearing nothing and nobody—"attacking the most complicated questions, provoking the most formidable adversaries, even such as M. Thiers himself—and capable of ruling the tumult, of calling back and ench[illegible] distracted attention, of [illegible]ing and charming even those whom he did not succeed in convincing. With sparkling eye, high head, and voice sharply accentuated, he [illegible]ned ever to sound to arms wl[illegible]e spoke. He managed arith[illegible] figures, images, and argu[illegible] with as much rapidity, impetuosity, and unceremonious power, as if they had been his own Zouaves. . . . He rarely left the tribune without having touched his audience, cleared up a question, dissipated a misunderstanding, made up for a defeat, prepared or justified a victory. . . . In this respect, as in so many others, he was the most French of all the Frenchmen of our age."

Lamoricière's rapidly acquired parliamentary reputation was interrupted by the "frightful perils raised up by the revolution of February." He had been declared Minister of War when the monarchy was at its last gasp, and made, at the risk of his life, an attempt to recall the insurgents to their allegiance; but, withdrawing wounded from this vain effort, Lamoricière, like the most of his party, accepted the Republic under condition, for his own part, that the army should be respected and preserved. He and the army for which he made his stand were shortly after the saviours of the country from the horrors of a second revolution. Cavaignac, who had once been his lieutenant, but who was now his chief, confided to him all the management of affairs outside during that brief but terrible crisis. It may seem e[illegible] to believe now that the atr[illegible]f the first

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French Revolution could never be repeated, and that any wild essay at such a savage carnival could not fail to be put down by the better feeling of the nation, and the advanced spirit of the age; but at that moment, and among the children and grandchildren of men and women whose heads had fallen by the guillotine, there can be little doubt that the sense of danger must have been overwhelming. It is thus that M. de Montalembert describes the sentiments of those who, deliberating in their semi-besieged Parliament, knew that the devils of revolution were unchained without, and did not know that the leash was still about their necks, or that this time there was nor Marat nor Robespierre to urge them on.

"Those who were there, those who have breathed the fiery atmosphere of those solemn and terrible days, who have traversed those narrow streets encumbered by barricades of dead bodies piled upon each other, and where streams of blood were literally running, those desert quays, and blockaded districts where the mournful silence was interrupted only by what our colleague Proudhon called 'the sublime horror of the cannonade;' those who have assembled to deliberate, for three days and two nights in succession, to the sound of that cannonade, while messages of death alternated with bulletins of the saddest but most necessary of victories —they alone can know at what price or by what means a man becomes actually the saviour of his country, without violating a single one of the laws of justice, honour, or humanity. Those who were not present can never form to themselves an idea, either of the intensity of the danger, or of the horrible precipice which had all but swallowed us up, or of the admirable mixture of obstinate energy and invincible patience which was needful in order to overcome the mistaken but brave, warlike, and desperate masses, whose advance was directed by a great number of old soldiers, against the inexperience of the *Garde mobile*, and the hesitation of the recently returned troops. Lamoricière was more than any other the master of the situation. His fiery nature saved him from that patriotic madness which was so visible on the noble countenance of General Cavaignac during the continuance of the terrible struggle which was to elevate him to supreme power. Exposing himself as at Constantine, but in a position still more dangerous; throwing himself the first upon those barricades which were defended by adversaries very different from the Arabs or Kabyles; and prolonging the struggle with a resolution still more desperate than that of the insurgents, Lamoricière tore Paris out of their hands. The confidence with which he inspired his troops, the enthusiasm, and gaiety, and heroic recklessness, which mingled with his dauntless determination, triumphed over all obstacles and decided the victory. Thanks to that victory, and to that alone, France was drawn out of the abyss and preserved from barbarity."

After this great and momentous struggle came a moment of conscious success, of "union, calm, and comparative security." Lamoricière became Minister of War in the Government of his friend Cavaignac, and it was under the direction of the religious and faithful Breton that the expedition was sent to Rome, which has caused so much trouble and discussion since then, and weighed so heavily upon the devoted population, which pays dear for the distinction of being ruled over by the Head of the Church. It is an act that seems somehow to come more naturally from the two soldiers whom fate had thus placed at the head of affairs than from rulers who were more entirely statesmen. M. de Montalembert naturally gives his friend all honour for this great enterprise, and it is one which even a Protestant observer will find less out of keeping with the soldier's straightforward simplicity and hereditary faith than with the circumstances and critical position of the country. There might indeed, to thoughtful eyes, be a kind of proof and prophecy in it how such a government, carried on by the "best men," as M. de Montalembert says—by the philosophers, the poets, the intellectual superiors of the community—must needs come to grief and end in

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speedy failure and overthrow. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle may, under certain impossible conditions, be right in imagining that the best of all rules is that of the "enlightened despot"—that infinitely best and wisest and strongest of men, before whom the world, could it but see him, would instinctively drop upon its knees;—but, we fear, such is the strange structure of human nature, that of all the machinery of government in this world, a large assembly of the best men, in the full freedom of a revolution, with everything to build up again, and free scope for everybody to carry out his personal ideas, would be about the most fatal. Nothing could be more natural or to be expected than that Lamoricière, a Breton and a true Catholic, a soldier conscious of what an army could do, and full of that instinct of protection to everything weak, and reverence for everything venerable, which is the characteristic of a knight of chivalry, should send his troops to Rome, "to defend the Pope and secure the freedom and safety of the head of the Church." But in the complex science of government such simple principles are not enough. Statesmen cannot take upon them that vow which the seraphic Teresa of Mount Carmel, according to Dr. Manning, bound herself to—the vow to do at all times the thing which was most perfect. We are tempted to suppose that this same vow was upon the minds of all the Provisional rulers at that moment of hope when, for the hundredth time, everything good was coming upon France, and through France upon the world—an altogether Utopian position of which it would be difficult to overestimate the perils; and of which perhaps it is safe to say that the danger in a national point of view must have been rather enhanced than lessened by the conscientious minds and pure aims of the men in power. Lamoricière sent his army of protection to Rome, which was, perhaps, [illegible] held by the [illegible] who are now mourning for [illegible] the highest and most absolute duty which a Christian man in his position could do. "Upon him and upon the two Assemblies lies," says M. de Montalembert, "the [illegible]ous responsibility of that great [illegible] of French policy with which we [illegible] been too often reproached as a c[illegible]ne by the Cæsarian democracy, in order that they might have the opportunity of paying to others a living homage." This act, so full of [illegible]ortant, yet, as it now appears, [illegible]orary consequences, which unquestionably postponed the evil day, but can have no permanent effect in the final arrangement which seems drawing nigh at the present time, is the most remarkable feature in Lamoricière's career as [illegible]tesman, and the last act of his [illegible]erous life. Up to this point [illegible]s had gone well with him. He was a successful soldier, honoured and rewarded, a patriot who had done great and acknowledged service to his country, and whose name had won a place among the highest names of France. Although a Royalist, he had not hesitated to serve the Republic when the safety and future career of his country seemed to lie in its hands, and under the Republic, as the Kingdom, he had done well, and his courage and devotion had received their due meed. Public influence, the honour of his equals, and his countrymen generally, and a position befitting one of the natural leaders of his race, were his; and even when hostile influences began to creep in, he still retained that position, "in the present unequalled; and the future, whatever might happen, seemed to reserve to him an always eminent and preponderating place in the destinies of France and of Europe." Such are the words with which M. de Montalembert completes and sums up this first section of his fri[illegible]l's career.

A change [illegible]udden, more complete and [illegible]g than that

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which was about to fall upon the noble and virtuous soldier, has seldom fallen on man. All power and possibility of power, all influence and hope of serving his country, dropped out of his hands in the twinkling of an eye. The story of the present Imperial ruler of France has often been compared to that of an Arabian Night; but the sudden and utter extinction, so far as public life was concerned, of many of those who reigned before him, is as startling and incredible as his own elevation. If the government of the "best men," actuated by the highest aims, and bound to the most perfect course of action, appears a kind of Utopia to our eyes, and carries a certain impossibility with it, the sudden change into Eastern concentrative force and silence strikes the spectators with all the force of a visible catastrophe. The historian pauses and draws hasty breath, as if to prepare himself for the labouring of the throat, the stifled indignation and rage of sorrow, which he knows will come upon him as he goes on. It is not a subject for calm regret or pathetic acknowledgment of the vicissitudes of human life. He who speaks has as bitter a sense of wrong, as present and personal a smart, as he whose fall he thus records; for all that befell his heroic friend befell also the eloquent biographer, and it is a double burden which he bears. M. de Montalembert thus resumes:

"In one day, or rather in one night, both present and future crumbled into dust. Falling from the finest position which a French soldier could occupy, and in which no man could reproach him with the shadow of a crime, Lamoricière, at forty-five, saw all access to the two paths in which he had acquired a glorious reputation, and which he had trod equal or superior to the best, closed for ever before him. His military and public life were both alike ended. The most brilliant of our soldiers fell before a military revolution. The statesman and public orator, closely touched by popular sympathies, was driven forth by a movement sanctioned by the most undoubted popularity. He was crushed, when the law was crushed, with the consent of an infatuated country, for his fidelity to an opinion which had constitutional right and the inviolability of an oath on its side; crushed still less by the pitiless necessities of victory than by the desertion and forgetfulness of France: crushed for having failed to understand that France had in a moment changed her inclinations and tendencies, and no longer believed in anything which she had pretended to believe or desire since 1814. To him it was given in his turn to endure those miracles of inconstancy and ingratitude, which modern France takes pleasure in exhibiting to her princes when they are liberal, and to her highest spirits when they are honest men. No bitterness was spared to him; I speak of the bitterness of the heart and mind, the most poignant and incurable of all. And I speak not for him only, but for his valiant and unfortunate companions in glory and in exile. Except in his wife's family he found but little sympathy, in the earlier part of his exile, in Belgium, where almost all Catholics were under the charm of the victor. At the age which is most conscious of the fulness of strength and talent, when the employment of these gifts of God is the first of necessities, he saw himself condemned to forget his habits, not only of power and the management of great concerns, but of every kind of public and active life. In vain he repeated to himself the motto of his generous rival and friend Changarnier, *Bonheur passé, honneur reste.* In vain he said and wrote like Count de Maistre after Tilsit, '*Europe is Buonaparte's, but my heart is mine.*' He had to taste and fathom the mortal languor of a dead calm, after the salutary and life-giving excitement of the storm; and to bury himself in that forced idleness, mother of all despair, of which Fouquet talked to Pignerol. He had to learn to bear 'those rendings of impotence, that deadening disgust, that nakedness of books and the daily walk, that weariness of an unoccupied life,' the thought of which alone made Saint Simon shiver, and held him prisoner in the antechambers of Louis XIV. And yet there followed another trial, a thousand times more bitter and cruel, of which neither Fouquet nor Saint Simon could have formed an idea to themselves.

"France was about to wage war, a great war, and her heroes, her great commanders, were not there! The battalions which they had formed, and commanded, and so often led to victory, were drawn from Africa to march under other leaders to new triumphs! Those who had so long stood foremost and alone

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—upon whom the eyes of France and Europe had been accustomed to turn—still palpitating with ardour, vigour, and patriotism, without ever having failed in honour, or justice, or to their country, stood condemned to inaction, to forgetfulness, to nullity! Inferior reputations rose up, and possessed themselves of the first rank in the attention of the world. Who can tell, who can conceive the anguish and tortures endured under such circumstances by men so illustrious and dauntless, and let it not be forgotten, so innocent and irreproachable before the army and the country? We are now told that one word, one single word, would have been sufficient to secure their recall to France, command in the Crimea, the baton of marshal, and all that growth of splendour and prosperity which victory brings in her train. We know not: at all events this word, had it been listened to or not, was never spoken—and since it was not, doubtless it ought not to have been spoken.

"What! was it then the marshal's baton so cruelly withheld from those who had so well gained it: was it promotion and decoration, the gilding and the pay, vulgar pastime of vulgar minds? was it such external things that attracted, that inflamed, those heroic souls? No a thousand times—it was the danger, it was the self-devotion; it was the fiery impulse, the desire of action, the service of France, the love of country, the love of the noble flag which for twenty years they had carried so proudly: —the glorious confraternity of arms with so many good soldiers, so many brave officers, issued, so to speak, from their loins; it was the inextinguishable, and a thousand times legitimate longing to add new laurels to the old—in a word, it was honour. And it was precisely honour which condemned them to inaction, to silence, to death; the true death, and the only one which they had ever dreaded! Never did Calderon, the great Spanish poet, whose famous dramas turn always upon the imperious necessities, the pitiless refinements and torturing delicacies of honour, imagine a situation more striking, a sharper trial, a more rugged passage, a more crushing yoke. The trial was borne, the defile traversed, the yoke borne to the end. We cannot reveal all, and what we can say is nothing beside the suffering which we have seen, felt, known, and shared. A day may perhaps come when such anguish will be understood [illegible] the admiration which is its due; one may—but who can tell? To believe in that, one would need to believe in the justice of history, and who knows if history worthy of the name can continue to exist? We may well doubt it when we see what is passing around us, in an age which has long prided itself upon regenerating the study of history, and in which Liberals praise the Tenth of August, Christians applaud the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and writers, well supported by their various parties, emulate each other in the rehabilitation of the Terror, the Inquisition, and the Roman Empire, Robespierre, and Tiberius, Philippe II. and Henry VIII.!"

M. de Montalembert may surely set his mind at rest on this point at least. Few people will be able to read this indignant plaint with steady voice and unmoved heart. A position more pathetic and painful, a disability more galling and terrible, has never been pointed out to the sympathy of the world. Further on he adds an anecdote which gives the most touching personal identity to this wonderful picture. An ancient colleague of Lamoricière found him one day at Brussels bending over maps, upon which he was marking out with "feverish anxiety and passionate sympathy" the course of the army in the Crimea. The maps were supported and held up by religious books, his habitual reading—the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' and other such—and it is for their sakes that the story is told; but nothing can be more striking or touching than this grey vignette of the life apart, the life in death, which the sad exile was leading. "Yes," he said to his friend who wondered, "I have come that length. I do not mean to rest like you, one foot in the air, between heaven and earth, between night and day. I would know where I am going, and what I am about, and I make no mystery of it." And so no doubt the sad soldier put down the Crimean maps and took up [illegible] Thomas-à

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Kempis, which was all that remained to him. This little scene comes in by chance, as it were, to illustrate the religious side of his character; but it is like a glimpse through a window upon the saddest forlorn solitude. M. de Montalembert's monkish martyrs at their worst must have had easy work of it in comparison with this.

And now comes the last scene—a scene which, if perfect symmetry and just sequence were to be looked for in life, would never have been added on, like a strange and dreary appendix to the noble story. Had Lamoricière been an epic hero, he would have died there with his maps and his Thomas-à-Kempis; and yet perhaps had the poet who had his tale in hand been of the highest mould of poet, he too might have had the insight to add that last chapter with its tragic touch of ridicule amid the bitterness, and its miraculous devotion. After his public life had come to an end, as has been described, his private existence sustained one of those mortal blows of which the heart is never healed. His son—his only son—"the only hope of his race," died while the father was still in exile and absent from him. But even yet he had not felt all the weight and bitterness of the cross. "There remained to him one last human possession, a last plank saved from the shipwreck; his old popularity among the contemporaries and companions of that shipwreck, among his old political friends in the bosom of the party which he had not only served and defended, but, above all, protected and illustrated by his glory." This too in its turn, perhaps the most dear and cherished possession of all, was to vanish out of his hands. "A priest, whom he had known as a soldier in Africa under the French standard before he became his relative and friend, came to offer him, in the name of Pius IX., an opportunity of encountering new dangers, with the certainty of being vanquished in a desperate struggle." It was Monsignor de Merode, who has just sustained in his turn the shock of Papal ingratitude, who did this ill turn to the illustrious Frenchman. Once more let it be remembered that he was Catholic, Royalist, Breton—that it was he who, so many years before, had sent off the French expedition to Rome, and that Pius IX. was, to his undoubting eyes, in all soldierly faith and sincerity, the vicar of Jesus Christ. He accepted the ill-omened offer. He did it, it is said, with a knowledge of the wretched materials of his army, though M. de Montalembert does not make that admission, and fully aware of the desperate character of the enterprise he undertook. It is such a thing as Lancelot might have done in that sickness of heart which possessed him when he rode by the towers of Astolat. And Lamoricière, though he had no secret sin to gnaw at him, was also sick at heart. He accepted the miserable command. Naturally M. de Montalembert makes no comment upon the wretched priestly egotism which drew the noble soldier into a position in which he had before him "the certainty of being vanquished." But he tells us of the "hideous clamours," the "long cry of insult and derision," which, "from the depths of human baseness," rose up against "the devoted band and its heroic chief." Let us not waste time upon words. Had he understood that cry as directed solely against the cruel impotence which sent him forth on such a desperate and impossible undertaking, the chances are that Lamoricière would not have suffered less. To bear it himself, and think it addressed to himself, perhaps was on the whole the easiest. It is unnecessary to go over again the defeat of Castelfidardo, nor are we sufficiently sure of the facts to enter into details; neither can we see how, having got himself into such a hopeless plight, it was any special disgrace to the

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French general to render up his sword to "des Piémontais." What was terrible in it was this—that a great general, a great man, a heroic soldier, thus exposed himself to that strange meanness of observation which leads contemporaries to associate a man's name with the last striking event in his life, however much at variance with his life that may have been. A more bitter position it is not possible to conceive; to command, instead of victorious Frenchmen, a mixed defeated rabble; to fall prisoner, he who had known only how to take prisoners and subdue armies; to fail, and that shamefully, as public judgment goes, and never to have another chance to recall to the world that he was the Lamoricière of Africa and Paris, and not of Castelfidardo. If anything could add to the darkness of the picture, it would, as we have said, be that touch of tragic ridicule which gleams across it, making all the shadows blacker. This he bore, almost foreseeing it, because he was a true Catholic and loyal to the head of his religion. Were we all but half as loyal to that Head of our religion who asks no such sacrifices!

After this he died, not immediately, like a spasmodic hero, but the other day, in spring, when God had done with him in this world. M. de Montalembert tells us, that through all these tranquil vicissitudes his character remained unchanged:—"As he had been on the field of battle, or in the Assembly, at the most brilliant and active moment of his career, such he was found in the solitude and obscurity of his new life. He remained impetuous and dazzling as of old, with all his fire and charm; with all that fulness of life, of youth, originality, and ardour, which seemed always ready to overflow on all that surrounded him. Bitterness alone, and anger, and even legitimate offence, seemed henceforward drowned in one superior passion, the love of goodness—in the search for, and acceptance of, the will of God, and in the love of souls." So little bitterness was in him that he publicly expressed his desire for the success of M. Vegezzi's negotiations with the Pope, and died, as it seems, at peace with all men, having suffered to the end, and overcome, like a valiant servant of God.

"The death of this great servant of France," adds his biographer, "was announced in the official journal of the French empire, among the *faits divers*, after an article upon the supply of water in Paris. . . . This said, after having touched the depths of the abyss, the oppressed soul raises itself anew to contemplate and adore the grandeur and glory of adversity. Let us acknowledge it fully. Lamoricière triumphant and satisfied, marshal of France, victor of the Alma or Magenta, saluted by the eager curiosity of multitudes, heavy and overgrown with prosperity, would have taken no individual place among the brilliant crowd of fortunate generals—would have reached no other glory than that military glory which France has always loved, and with which she has always been saturated. His figure in its place in the gallery of Versailles, amid so many others, would have roused but a light and transitory emotion. But Lamoricière betrayed by fortune, disgraced, proscribed, insulted; Lamoricière, victor of anarchy, and victim of the dictatorship; condemned by honour to the long torture of obscure idleness; beaten at Castelfidardo, and prisoner at Ancona; bearing the injuries of fate with Christian gravity and modesty,—is a figure which stands out at a stroke from the vulgar ranks, to mount to the great heights of human admiration! . . . 'I will go there,' said the Bishop of Orleans, speaking of the tomb of Lamoricière's young soldiers, who perished before his eyes in his last battle, 'to throw a look to heaven and ask for the triumph of justice and eternal honour upon the earth. I will go there to raise my heart from its sadness, and to strengthen my soul amid its fatigues. I will go to learn of them how to preserve in my heart the flame of zeal for the Church and for souls, and to devote myself to the cause of truth and justice to my last sigh and my last words.' . . . And we also will go, and the great and dear bishop with us, to ask and to

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learn all we have need of, near that grave dug in one of the *landes* of Brittany, at the foot of an unknown cross, where lie the remains of the illustrious chief of those young victims, of him who, like his countryman Duguesclin, deserved to sleep at St. Denis, among the kings. So long as Christian France exists, that distant and solitary tomb will appear to the soul clothed in solemn grandeur and touching majesty. Far from the intoxication of the battle-field, far from the theatre of his struggles and successes, it is from the mound which shall cover, until the judgment day, that brave heart and victorious arm, that this great soul, betrayed by fortune and elevated by sacrifice, may be best invoked. It is there that the warrior, the man who has kept his honour intact as soldier, citizen, and Christian, may be estimated without reserve. It is there that the nothingness of human hopes may best be learned; and at the same time, even in this world, the existence of true greatness and true virtue. This tomb will tell us how to avoid the sins of victory; how to serve in the army of justice against the army of fortune; how to protest against enervating softness, against servile compliances, against the idolatry of success; how to place fidelity to deserted convictions, to a forsaken flag, and abandoned freedom, to persecuted friends, to the exiles and vanquished, high above the poor tinsel of false grandeur. This grave will teach us, in the confusion and instability of the existing world, to save before all that personal character which gives all his strength and worthiness to man. But, at the same time, a still more difficult and necessary lesson will come to us from this grave. It will teach us to be gentle and strong in misfortune; to find calm and joy in suffering; to bear it without fainting or bitterness; to accept, when that is inevitable, the necessity of being but an unprofitable servant, and thus to gain eternal life. Yes, all this shall be revealed to us upon the tomb of one who will never be forgotten;—whose glorious life has united two things too often separated; who has been not only a great captain, a great servant of France, a faithful soldier of freedom, an honest man, a great citizen—but, at the same time, a great Christian, a humble and courageous believer."

Few, perhaps, who read these pages will agree with M. de Montalembert in that which he regards as the crowning glory of his friend's life. Of all falling causes in the world, that of the Pope as a temporal prince is perhaps the only one in which England, even in its most romantic and highflown phase, has no sympathy. But no one who knows what heroism means, or who can be touched by the sight of self-devotion carried to its loftiest and farthest height, will refuse to Lamoricière the far-off tribute of that fellow-feeling which is at once the closest and largest bond of humanity. We do not think as he did, nor believe with him, nor see the great events of the immediate past with the same eyes; but it would go hard with England if her Protestantism, at its strongest, ever blinded her to those divinest principles of humanity upon which all loyalty and honour are built. Let us do what we can to wipe from this brave soldier's name the film of misunderstanding which his last magnanimous act has left upon it. A tried and victorious general, he consented to be defeated and nominally disgraced for the sake of the cause which he thought the highest in the world, and to which his faith and truth and honour, as he thought, bound him. Almost always, when human imbecility, tyranny, and meanness have ruined a dynasty or a throne, some forlorn and noble soul rises still, heaven be praised, to throw the sad illumination of heroic virtue upon the ruin. No man in his generation that we know of has made such a sacrifice to what he held his duty as that which Lamoricière has thus accomplished. Let us hope that Rome has had her last martyr in this true and stainless knight.

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MISS MARJORIBANKS.—PART XII.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE result of Miss Marjoribanks's wise precaution and reticence was that Sir John Richmond and the Doctor and Colonel Chiley were all on Mr. Ashburton's committee. They might not agree with his principles; but when a man does not state any very distinct principles, it is difficult for any one, however well disposed, to disagree with him; and the fact that he was the man for Carlingford was so indisputable, that nobody attempted to go into the minor matters. "Mr. Ashburton is a gentleman known to us all," Sir John said, with great effect, in his nomination speech; and it was a sentence which went to the hearts of his audience. The other candidate had been a long time from home, and it was longer still since anybody in Carlingford could be said to have benefited by his residence there. He had had all his things down from town, as Mr Holden, the upholsterer, pithily remarked—and that made a great difference to start with. As for Mr. Ashburton, though it is true nobody knew what he thought about Reform or the Income-tax, everybody knew that he lived at the Firs, and was supplied in a creditable way by George Street tradesmen. There was no mystery whatever about him. People knew how much he had a-year, and how much he paid for everything, and the way in which his accounts were kept, and all about him. Even when he had his wine direct from the growers (for naturally his own county could not supply the actual liquor), it was put in Carlingford bottles, and people knew the kinds he had, and how much, and a hundred agreeable details. And then, "he was a gentleman as was always ready to give his advice," as some of the people said. All this furnished an immense body of evidence in his favour, and made Sir John's remark eloquent. And then Carlingford, as a general rule, did not care the least in the world about Reform. There were a few people who had once done so, and it was remarked in Grove Street that Mr. Tozer had once been in a dreadful state of mind about it. But he was quite tranquil on the subject now, and so was the community in general. And what was really wanted, as Lucilla's genius had seen at a glance, was not this or that opinion, but a good man.

But at the same time it would be vain to deny that Miss Marjoribanks looked forward to a possible visit from Mr Cavendish with a certain amount of anxiety. She was not frightened, for she knew her own powers; but she was a little excited and stimulated by the idea that he might come in at any minute, bringing back a crowd of recollections with him; and it was a perpetual wonder to her how he would take the inevitable difference, whether he would accept it as natural, or put on the airs of an injured man. Lucilla did not go out the two afternoons after her meeting with Mrs. Woodburn, partly that she might not miss him if he called—for it was better to have it over; but Mr Cavendish did not come on either of these days. After that, of course, she did not wait for him any longer. But on the third or fourth day, when she was in Miss Brown's photographing room (the eldest Miss Brown was not married, and was a mother to the younger girls, and always enthusiastic about sitters), Mr. Ashburton called about business, and Thomas came to fetch Miss Marjoribanks. She was sitting with the greatest good-nature

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for half-a-dozen pictures, knowing in her secret heart all the time that she would look a perfect fright, and that all Carlingford would see her grinning with imbecile amiability out of the hazy background of Miss Brown's *carte*. Lucilla knew this, and had hitherto avoided the process with success; but now she gave in; and as the Major was there, of course they talked of the coming election, which, indeed, at present was almost the only topic of conversation in Grange Lane.

"Of course, you are on Mr. Ashburton's committee," said Lucilla; "you must be, or going to be, after what you said the other day at lunch ——"

"What did I say?" asked Major Brown, with an air of dismay; for, to tell the truth, his heart inclined a little towards poor Mr. Cavendish, who was an old neighbour, and to whom Major Brown could not but think the Majoribanks and others had behaved rather cruelly. But then in these electioneering matters one never knows what one may have done to compromise one's self without meaning it; and the Major was a little anxious to find out what he had said.

"Dear Major Brown," said Lucilla, seriously, "I am so sorry if you did not mean it. I am sure it was that as much as anything that influenced Mr. Ashburton. He was turning it all over in his mind, you know, and was afraid the people he most esteemed in Carlingford would not agree with him, and did not know what to do; and then you said, What did it matter about opinions, if it was a good man? that was what decided him," said Miss Marjoribanks, with sad yet gentle reproachfulness. "I am so sorry if you did not mean what you said——"

"Good heavens! I don't remember saying anything of the sort," said Major Brown. "I—I am sure I never thought of influencing anybody. It is true enough about a good man, you know; but if I had imagined for an instant that any one was paying attention—— By George! it was you that said it, Lucilla—I remember now."

"Please don't make fun of me," said Miss Marjoribanks, "as if anybody cared what *I* say about politics. But I know that was what decided poor Mr. Ashburton. Indeed, he told me so; and when he finds you did not mean anything——"

"But, good heavens!—I—I did mean something," cried the accused, with dismay. And he grew quite inarticulate in his confusion, and red in the face, and lost his head altogether, while Lucilla sat calmly looking on with that air of virtue at once severe and indulgent, which pities, and blames, and hopes that perhaps there is not so much harm done as might have been expected. This was the position of affairs when Thomas came to say that Miss Marjoribanks was wanted, as she had told him to do when her candidate came; for, to be sure, it was only next door. It was terrible to hear the soft sigh she gave when she shook hands with Major Brown. "I hope he will not feel it so much as I think; but I should be afraid to tell him," said Lucilla; and she went away, leaving the good man in a state of bewilderment and embarrassment and doubt, which would have been much more unpleasant if he had not felt so flattered at the same time. "I never meant to influence anybody, I am sure," he said with a comical mixture of complacence and dismay, when Lucilla was gone. "I have always said, papa, that you don't think enough of the weight people give to your opinion," Miss Brown replied, as she gave the final bath to her negatives; and they both left off work with a certain glow of comforted *amour propre*, and the most benevolent sentiments towards Mr. Ashburton, who, to tell the truth, until he got his lesson from Miss Marjoribanks, had never once thought about the opinion of Major Brown.

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He was sitting with aunt Jemima when Lucilla came in, and talking to her in a steady sort of a way. Nothing could have made Mr. Ashburton socially attractive, but still there are many people to whom this steady sort of talk is more agreeable than brilliancy. When a man is brilliant there is always a doubt in some minds whether he is trustworthy, or sincere, or to be relied upon; but an ordinary common-sense sort of talker is free from such suspicion. Mr. Ashburton was very sorry to hear that Mrs. John Marjoribanks had bad nights, and suggested that it might be nervous, and hoped that the air of Carlingford would do her good, and was very glad to hear that her son was getting on so well in India; and aunt Jemima could not help approving of him, and feeling that he was a person of substance and reflection, and not one of those fly-away young men who turn girls' heads, and never mean anything. Lucilla herself gained something in Mrs. John's eyes from Mr. Ashburton's high opinion; but at the same time it was quite clear that he was not thinking of anything sentimental, but was quite occupied about his election, as a man of sense should be. Lucilla came in with a fine bloom on her cheeks, but still with a shade of that sadness which had had so great an effect upon Major Brown. She had taken off her hat before she came in, and dropped into her chair with an air of languor and fatigue which was quite unusual to her. "It makes such a difference in life when one has something on one's mind," said Lucilla, and she sighed, as was but natural; for though that did not affect the energy of her proceedings, she knew and remembered at moments of discouragement how seldom one's most disinterested exertions are appreciated at the end.

"You want your lunch, my dear," said Mrs. John.

"Perhaps I do," said Miss Mar- [illegible] rnfully affec- [illegible] been sit- [illegible] to Maria Brown. She has ta[illegible] six, and I am sure they are every one more hideous than the other; and they will go all over England, you know, for the Browns have hosts of people belonging to them; and everybody will say, 'So *that* is Miss Marjoribanks.' I don't think I am vain to speak of," said Lucilla, "but that sort of thi[illegible] goes to one's heart."

"[illegible]hese amateurs are terrible pe[illegible]," said Mr. Ashburton, in his s[illegible] way; "and photographs [illegible] regular nuisance. For my [illegible]"

"Don't say that," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I know what you are going to say; and you *must* sit to her, please. I have said already she must do one of you; and I will tell you presently about the [illegible]ajor. But wait and talk to aunt Jemima a little, for I am so tired," said Lucilla. She was lying back negligently in her seat, with that air of languor which so many young ladies excel in, but which was for her a novel indulgence. Her hand hung over the arm of her chair as if there was no longer any force in it. Her head fell back, her eyes were half closed; it was a moment of abandonment to her sensations, such as a high-principled young woman like Miss Marjoribanks seldom gives way to. But Lucilla went into it conscientiously, as into everything she did, that she might regain her strength for the necessary duties that were before her.

And it was at this moment that Thomas appeared at the door with a suspicion of a grin appearing at the corners of his sober mouth, and announced Mr. Cavendish, who came in before an ordinary woman would have had time to open her eyes. This was the moment he had chosen for his first visit; and yet it was not he who had chosen it, but fate who s[illegible]d to have in this respect a [illegible]inst Lucilla.

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It was not only the embarrassing presence of his rival, but the fact that neither of the two people in the room knew or had ever seen Mr. Cavendish, that put a climax to the horror of the situation. She alone knew him, and had to take upon herself to present and introduce him, and bridge over for him the long interval of absence, and all this with the sense of being in the enemy's interest, and to a certain extent false to Mr. Cavendish! Lucilla rose at once, but she was not a woman to make pretences. She did not throw off all in a moment her fatigue, and dash into spasmodic action. She held out her hand silently to Mr. Cavendish, with a look which spoke only affectionate satisfaction in a friend's return. She did not even speak at all for the first moment, but contented herself with a look, which indeed, if he had been younger and less preoccupied, would no doubt have touched his very heart.

"So you have really come back," she said. "I am so glad! after all that people said about your being married and dead and ever so many stupid things. Oh! don't look at me, please. It doesn't matter with a gentleman, but I knew as well as if you had told me that you think me dreadfully gone off—— "

"*I* entertain such a profane idea!" said Mr. Cavendish; but he was considerably embarrassed, and he was a great deal stouter, and altogether different from what he used to be, and he had not the light hand of his youth for a compliment. And then he sat down on the chair Thomas had given him; and he looked uncomfortable, to say the least of it; and he was getting large in dimensions and a little red in the face, and had by no means the air of thinking that it didn't matter for a gentleman. As for Miss Marjoribanks, it would be impossible to say what mists of illusion dropped away from her mind at the sight of him. Even while she smiled upon the newcomer, she could not but ask herself, with momentary dismay—Had *she* really gone off as much in the same time?

"I have been looking for you, Miss Marjoribanks resumed; "I waited in for you Tuesday and Wednesday, and it is so odd you should have come just at this minute. Aunt Jemima, this is Mr. Cavendish, whom you have heard so much about—and don't go, please, Mr. Ashburton—you two must know each other. You will be hearing of each other constantly; and I suppose you will have to shake hands or something on the hustings—so it will be much the best to begin it here."

But the two candidates did not shake hands: they bowed to each other in an alarming way, which did not promise much for their future brotherliness, and then they both stood bolt upright and stared at Miss Marjoribanks, who had relapsed, in the pleasantest way in the world, into her easy-chair.

"Now, please sit down and talk a little," said Lucilla; "I am so proud of having you both together. There never has been anybody in the world that I have missed so much as *you*—you knew that when you went away, but you didn't mind. Mr. Ashburton is very nice, but he is of no use to speak of in an evening," said Miss Marjoribanks, turning a reflective glance upon her own candidate with a certain sadness; and then they both laughed as if it was a joke; but it was no joke, as one of them at least must have known.

"Lucilla," said Mrs. John, with consternation, "I never heard anybody talk as you do; I am sure Mr. Ashburton is the very best of society, and as for Mr. Cavendish—— "

"Dear aunt Jemima," said Lucilla, "would you mind ringing the bell? I have been sitting to Maria Brown, and I am almost fainting.

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I wish you gentlemen would sit to her; it would please her, and it would not do *you* much harm; and then for your constituents, you know——"

"I hope you don't wish me to look like one of Maria Brown's photographs to *my* constituents," said Mr. Cavendish; "but then I am happy to say they all know me pretty well." This was said with a slight touch of gentlemanly spite, if there is such a thing; for, after all, he *was* an old power in Carlingford, though he had been so long away.

"Yes," said Lucilla, reflectively, "but you are a little changed since then; a little perhaps—just a little—stouter, and——"

"Gone off?" said Mr. Cavendish, with a laugh; but he felt horribly disconcerted all the same, and savage with Miss Marjoribanks, and could not think why "that fellow" did not go away. What had *he* to do in Lucilla's drawing-room? what did he mean by sitting down again and talking in that measured way to the old lady, as if all the ordinary rules of good breeding did not point out to him that he should have gone away and left the field clear?

"Oh, you know it does not matter for a gentleman," said Lucilla; and then she turned to Mr. Ashburton—"I am sure the Major wants to see you, and he thinks that it was he who put it into your head to stand. He was here that day at lunch, you know, and it was something he said——"

"Quite true," said Mr. Ashburton in his business way. "I shall go to see him at once. Thank you for telling me of it, Miss Marjoribanks; I shall go as soon as I leave here."

And then Mr. Cavendish laughed. "This is what I call interesting," he said. "I hope Mr. Ashburton sees the fun; but it is trying to an old friend to hear of *that* day at lunch, you know. I remember when these sort of allusions used to be pleasant enough; but when one has [illegible] for a thousand years——

"Yes," said Lucilla, "one leaves all that behind, you know—one leaves ever so many things behind. I wish we could always be twenty, for my part. I always said, you know, that I should be gone off in ten years."

"Was it the only fib you ever told that you repeat it so?" said Mr. Cavendish; and it was with this pretty speech that he took her down-stairs to the well-remembered luncheon. "But you have gone off in some things when you have to do with a prig like that," he said in her ear, as they went down together, "and cast off old friends. It was a thing a fellow did not expect of *you*."

"I never cast off old friends," said Miss Marjoribanks. "We shall look for you on Thursday, you know, all the same. Must you go, Mr. Ashburton? when lunch is on the table? But then to be sure, you will be in time at the Browns'," said Lucilla, sweetly, and she gave the one rival her hand while she held the arm of the other, at the door of the dining-room, in which Mr. Ashburton had gallantly deposited aunt Jemima before saying good-bye. They were both looking a little black, though the gloom was moderate in Mr. Ashburton's case; but as for Lucilla, she stood between them a picture of angelic sweetness and goodness, giving a certain measure of her sympathy to both—Woman the Reconciler, by the side of those other characters of Inspirer and Consoler, of which the world has heard. The two inferior creatures scowled with politeness at each other, but Miss Marjoribanks smiled upon them both. Such was the way in which she overcame the difficulties of the meeting. Mr. Ashburton went away a little annoyed, but still understanding his instructions, and ready to act upon them in that businesslike way he had, and Mr. Ca[illegible]sh remained, faintly reassured [illegible] the midst of

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his soreness and mortification, by at least having the field to himself and seeing the last (for the present) of his antagonist—which was a kind of victory in its way.

"I thought I knew you better than to think you ever would have anything to do with *that* sort of thing," said Mr. Cavendish. "There are people, you know, whom I could have imagined—but a prig like that." He became indeed quite violent, as aunt Jemima said afterwards, and met with that lady's decided disapproval, as may be supposed.

"Mr. Ashburton is very well bred and agreeable," Mrs. John said, with emphasis. "I wish all the young men I see nowadays were as nice."

"Young men!" said Mr. Cavendish. "Is that what people call young nowadays? And he must be insane, you know, or he would never dream of representing a town without saying a single word about his principles. I daresay he thinks it is original," said the unhappy man. He thought he was pointing out his rival's weakness to Lucilla, and he went on with energy—"I know you better than to think you can like that milk-and-water sort of thing."

"Oh, I don't pretend to know anything about politics," said Lucilla. "I hear you gentlemen talk, but I never pretend to understand. If we were not to leave you *that* all to yourselves, I don't know what you could find to do," Miss Marjoribanks added compassionately; and as she spoke she looked so like the Lucilla of old, who had schemed and plotted for Mr. Cavendish, that he could not believe in her desertion in his heart.

"That is a delusion like the going off," he said. "I can't believe you have gone over to the enemy. When I remember how I have been roving about all those ten years, and how different it might have been, and whose fault it all was——"

This Mr. Cavendish said in a low voice, but it did not the less horrify aunt Jemima, who felt prepared for any atrocity after it. She would have withdrawn, in justice to her own sense of propriety; but then she thought it was not impossible that he might propose to Lucilla on the spot, or take her hand or something, and for propriety's sake she stayed.

"Yes," said Lucilla—and her heart did for one little moment give a faint thump against her breast. She could not help thinking what a difference it might have made to him, poor fellow, had he been under her lawful and righteous sway these ten years. But as she looked at him it became more and more apparent to Miss Marjoribanks that Mr. Cavendish *had* gone off, whatever she herself might have done. The outlines of his fine figure had changed considerably, and his face was a little red, and he had the look of a man whose circumstances, spiritual and temporal, would not quite bear a rigid examination. As she looked at him her pity became tinged by a certain shade of resentment, to think that after all it was his own fault. She could not, notwithstanding her natural frankness of expression, say to him—"You foolish soul, why didn't you marry me somehow, and make a man of yourself?" Lucilla carried honesty very far, but she could not go as far as that. "Yes," she said, turning her eyes upon him with a sort of abstract sympathy, and then she added softly—"Have you ever seen Her again?" with a lowering of her voice.

This interesting question, which utterly bewildered aunt Jemima, drove Mr. Cavendish wild with rage. Mrs. John said afterwards that she felt a shiver go through her as he took up the carving-knife, though it was only to cut some cold beef. He grew white all at once, and pressed his lips tightly together, and fixed his eyes on the wall

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straight before him. "I did not think, after what I once said to you, Miss Marjoribanks, that you would continue to insult my judgment in that way," he said, with a chill which fell upon the whole table, and took the life out of everything, and dimmed the very fire in the chimney. And after that the conversation was of a sufficiently ordinary description until they went back again into the drawing-room, by which time Mr. Cavendish seemed to have concluded that it was best to pocket the affront.

"I am going to begin my canvass to-morrow," he said. "I have not seen anybody yet. I have nobody but my sister to take *me* in hand, you know. There was once a time when it might have been different"—and he gave Lucilla a look which she thought on the whole it was best to meet.

"Yes," said Miss Marjoribanks, with cruel distinctness, "there was a time when you were the most popular man in Grange Lane—everybody was fond of you. I remember it as if it had been yesterday," said Lucilla, with a sigh.

"You don't give a man much encouragement, by Jove!" said the unlucky candidate. "You remember it like yesterday! It may be vanity, but I flatter myself I shall [illegible] ost popular [illegible] in [illegible]

Marjoribanks sighed again, [illegible] did not say anything. On [illegible] contrary she turned to aunt [illegible] a, who kept in the back- [illegible] and an alarmed and alert spec- [illegible] or, to consult her about a shade wool—and just then Mr. Caven- looking out the window, saw [illegible] Brown conducting his rival [illegible] h his garden, and shaking han with him cordially at the doo.. This was more than the patience of the other candidate could bear. A sudden resolution, hot and angry, as are the resolutions of men who feel themselves to have a failing cause, came into his mind. He had been badgered and baited to such an extent (as he thought) that he had not time to consider if it [illegible] wise or not. He, too, had sat [illegible] Maria Brown, and commanded once the warmest admiration of the household. He thought he would put it to the test, and see if after all his popularity was only a thing to be remembered like yesterday—and it was with this intention that he bade a hurried good-bye to Lucilla, and rushing out, threw himself at once upon the troubled waves of society, which had once been as smooth as glass to the most popular man in Grange Lane.

CHAPTER XLII.

Mr. Cavendish thought he had been an object of admiration to Maria Brown, as we have said. He thought of it with a little middle-aged complacency, and a confidence that this vague sentiment would stand the test he was about to apply to it, which did honour to the freshness of his heart. With this idea it was Miss Brown he asked for as he knocked at the Major's door; and he found them both in the drawing-room, Maria with gloves on to hide the honourable stains of her photography, which made her comparatively useless when she was out of her "studio"—and her father walking about in a state of excitement, which was, indeed, what Mr. Cavendish expected. The two exchanged a guilty look when they saw who their visitor was. They looked as people might well look who had been caught in the fact and did not know how to get over it. They came forward, both of them, with a cowardly cordiality and eagerness to welcome him—"How very good of you to come to see us so soon!" Miss Brown said, and flut[illegible] d[illegible] looked at her father, and [illegible] ot tell what

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more to say. And then a dead pause fell upon them—such a pause as not unfrequently falls upon people who have got through their mutual greetings almost with an excess of cordiality. They stopped short all at once, and looked at each other, and smiled, and made a fatal conscious effort to talk of something. "It is so good of you to come so soon," Miss Brown repeated; "perhaps you have been to see Lucilla," and then she stopped again, slightly tremulous, and turned an appealing gaze to her papa.

"I have come to see *you*," said Mr. Cavendish, plucking up all his courage. "I have been a long time gone, you know, but I have not forgotten Carlingford; and you must forgive me for saying that I was very glad to hear I might still come to see—Miss Brown. As for Lydia?" said the candidate, looking about him with a smile.

"Ah, Lydia," said her sister, with a sigh, "her eldest is eight, Mr. Cavendish. We don't see her so often as we should like—marriage makes such a difference. Of course it is quite natural she should be all for her own family now."

"Quite natural," said Mr. Cavendish, and then he turned to the Major. "I don't think there are quite so many public changes as I expected to see. The old Rector always holds out, and the old Colonel; and you have not done much that I can see about the new paving. You know what I have come home about, Major; and I am sure I can count upon you to support me," the candidate said, with a great deal more confidence than he felt in his voice.

Major Brown cleared his throat; his heart was moved by the familiar voice, and he could not conceal his embarrassment. "I hope nothing will ever occur," he said, "to make any difference in the friendly feelings—I am sure I shall be very glad to welcome you back permanently to Carlingford. You may always rest assured of that," and he held out his hand. But he grew red as he thought of his treachery, and Maria, who was quaking over it, did not even try to say a word to help him—and as for Mr. Cavendish, he took up his position on the arm of the sofa, as he used to do. But he had a slim youthful figure when he used to do it, and now the attitude was one which revealed a certain dawning rotundity, very different, as Maria afterwards said, from one's idea of Mr. Cavendish. He was not aware of it himself, but as these two people looked, their simultaneous thought was how much he had changed.

"Thank you, you are very kind," said Mr. Cavendish. "I have been a little lazy, I am afraid, since I came here; but I expect my agent down to-night, and then, I hope, you'll come over to my place and have a talk with Woodburn and Centum and the rest about it. I am a poor tactician, for my part. You shall contrive what is best to be done, and I'll carry it out. I suppose I may expect almost to walk over," he said. It was the confidence of despair that moved him. The more he saw that his cause was lost, the more he would make it out that he was sure to win—which is not an unusual state of mind.

"I—I don't know, I am sure," said poor Major Brown. "To tell the truth, I—though I can safely say my sympathies are always with you, Cavendish—I—have been so unfortunate as to commit myself, you know. It was quite involuntary, I am sure, for I never thought my casual expression of opinion likely to have any weight——"

"Papa never will perceive the weight that is attached to his opinon," said Miss Brown.

"I was not thinking of it in the least, Maria," said the modest Major; "but the fact is, it seems to have been *that* that decided Ashburton to stand; and after drawing a man in to such a thing,

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the least one can do is to back him out in it. Nobody had an idea then, you know, that you were coming back, my dear fellow. I assure you, if I had known—"

"But even if you had known, you know you never meant it, papa," said Maria. And Mr. Cavendish sat on the arm of the sofa, and put his hands deep into his pockets, and dropped his upper lip, and knit his eyebrows a little, and listened to the anxious people excusing themselves. He did not make any answer one way or another. He was terribly mortified and disappointed, and it went against his pride to make any further remonstrances. When they had done, he got down off his seat and took his right hand out of his pocket and offered it to Miss Brown, who, putting her own into it, poor soul! with the remembrance of her ancient allegiance, was like to cry.

"Well," he said, "if that is the case, I suppose I need not bother you any longer. You'll give me your good wishes all the same. I used to hear of Ashburton sometimes, but I never had the least idea he was so popular. And to tell the truth, I don't think he's any great things to brag of—though I suppose it's not to be expected *I* should appreciate his qualities," Mr. Cavendish added, with a laugh. As for Miss Brown, it was all she could do to keep from crying as he went away. She said she could see, by the way he left the drawing-room, that he was a stricken deer; and yet, notwithstanding this sympathetic feeling, she could not but acknowledge, when Miss Marjoribanks mentioned it, that to have been such a handsome man, he was inconceivably gone off.

Mr. Cavendish went up Grange Lane with his hands in his pockets, and tried to think that he did not care; but he did care all the same, and was very bitter in his mind over the failure of friends and the vanity of expectations. The last time he had past those garden walls he had thought himself sure of the support of Carlingford, and the personal esteem of all the people in all the houses he was passing. It was after the Archdeacon had broken down in his case against the man whom he called an adventurer, and when Mr. Cavendish felt all the sweetness of being a member of an oligarchy, and entitled to the sympathy and support of his order. Now he went along the same path with his hat over his ears and his hands in his pockets, and rage and pain in his heart. Whose fault was it that his friends had deserted him and Carlingford knew him no more? He might as well have asked whose fault it was that he was getting stout and red in the face, and had not the same grace of figure nor ease of mind as he used to have? He had come very near to settling down and becoming a man of domestic respectability in this quiet place, and he had just escaped in time, and had laughed over it since, and imagined himself, with much glee, an old fogie looking after a lot of children. But the fact is that men do become old fogies even when they have no children to look after, and lose their figure and their elasticity just as soon and perhaps a little sooner in the midst of what is called life than in any milder scene of enjoyment. And it would have been very handy just now to have been sure of his election without paying much for it. He had been living fast, and spending a great deal of money, and this, after all, was the only real ambition he had ever had; and he had thought within himself that if he won he would change his mode of life, and turn over a new leaf, and become all at once a different man. When a man has made such a resolution, and feels not only that a mere success but a moral reformation depends upon his victory, he may be permitted to consider that he has a right to

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win; and it may be divined what his state of mind was when he had made the discovery that even his old friends did not see his election to be of any such importance as he did, and could think of a miserable little bit of self-importance or gratified vanity more than of his interests—even the women who had once been so kind to him! He had just got so far in his thoughts when he met Mr. Centum, who stared for a moment, and then burst into one of his great laughs as he greeted him. "Good Lord! Cavendish, is this you? I never expected to see you like that!" the banker said, in his coarse way. "You're stouter than I am, old fellow; and such an Adonis as you used to be!" Mr. Cavendish had to bear all this without giving way to his feelings, or even showing them any more than he could help it. Nobody would spare him that imbecile suggestion as to how things used to be. To be growing stouter than Centum without Centum's excuse of being a well-to-do householder and father of a family, and respectable man from whom stoutness was expected, was very bitter to him; but he had to gulp it down, and recollect that Centum was as yet the only influential supporter, except his brother-in-law, whom he had in Carlingford.

"What have you been doing with yourself since you came that nobody has seen you?" said Mr. Centum. "If you are to do any good here, you know, we shall have to look alive."

"I have been ill," said the unfortunate candidate, with a little natural loss of temper. "You would not have a man to trudge about at this time of year in all weathers when he is ill."

"I would not be ill again, if I were you, till it's all over," said Mr. Centum. "We shall have to fight every inch of our ground; and I tell you that fellow Ashburton knows what he's about—he goes at everything in a steady sort of way. He's not brilliant, you know, but he's sure——"

"Brilliant!" said Mr. Cavendish, "I should think not. It is Lucilla Marjoribanks who is putting him up to it. You know she had an old grudge at me."

"Oh, nonsense about Lucilla," said Mr. Centum. "I can tell you Ashburton is not at all a contemptible adversary. He is going to work in the cunningest way—not a woman's sort of thing; and he's not a ladies'-man like you," the banker added, with a laugh. "But I am afraid you can't go in for that sort of thing as you used to do, Cavendish. You should marry, and settle, and become a steady member of society, now you've grown so stout." This was the kind of way in which he was addressed even by his own supporter, who uttered another great laugh as he went off upon his busy way. It was a sort of thing Mr. Cavendish was not used to, and he felt it accordingly. To be sure he knew that he was ten years older, and that there were several things which he could not do with the same facility as in his youth. But he had saved up Carlingford in his imagination as a spot in which he would always be young, and where nobody should find out the difference; and instead of that, it was precisely in Carlingford that he was fated to hear how changed he was, with a frankness which only old friends would have been justified in using. As for Lucilla Marjoribanks, she was rather better looking than otherwise, and absolutely had not gone off. It did not occur to Mr. Cavendish that this might be because Lucilla at present was not still so old as he had been ten years ago, in the period which he now considered his youth. He was rather disposed, on the contrary, to take a moral view, and to consider that it was her feminine incapacity for going too far, which had kept years and amusements from having their due

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effect upon Miss Marjoribanks. And, poor fellow, he *had* gone too far. He had not been as careful in his life as he might have been had he stayed at Carlingford; and now he was paying the penalty. Such was the edifying state of mind which he had come to when he reached the top of Grove Street. And there a waft of soft recollections came across his mind. In the absence of all sympathy he could not help turning back to the thought of the enchantress of old who used to sing to him, and listen to him, and storm at him. Probably he would have ended by strolling along the familiar street, and canvassing for Mr. Lake's vote, which would have done him no good in Carlingford, but just then Dr. Marjoribanks stopped in his brougham. The Doctor was looking very strange that morning, though nobody had particularly remarked it—perhaps because he smoothed his countenance when he was out of the brougham, which was his refuge when he had anything to think about. But he stopped suddenly to speak to Mr. Cavendish, and perhaps he had not time to perform that ceremony. He looked dark and cloudy, and constrained, and as if he forced himself to speak; which, to be sure, under the circumstances, was not so very strange.

"I am very glad to see you," the Doctor said, "though you were a day too late, you know. Why didn't you give us warning before we all went and committed ourselves? If we had known that you were coming——"

"Ah, that's what old Brown said," said Mr. Cavendish, with a slight shrug of his shoulders; which was imprudent, for the Major was not so old as the Doctor, and besides was a much less important man in Grange Lane.

"So you have been to see old Brown," said Dr. Marjoribanks, in his dry way. "He always was a great admirer of yours. I can't wish you luck, you know, for if you win we lose——"

"Oh, I don't want you to wish me luck. I don't suppose there can be much comparison between my chance and that of a new man whom nobody ever heard of in my time," said the candidate for Carlingford. "I thought you Scotchmen, Doctor, always liked to be on the winning side."

"We've a way of making our side the winning side," said Dr. Marjoribanks, grimly, for he was touchy where his nationality was concerned. "Health all right, I hope?" he added, looking at Mr. Cavendish with that critical medical glance which shows that a verbal response is quite unnecessary. This time there was in the look a certain insinuation of doubt on the subject, which was not pleasant. "You are getting stout, I see," Dr. Marjoribanks added—not laughing, but as if that too was poor Mr. Cavendish's fault.

"Yes, I'm very well," he answered, curtly; but the truth was that he did not feel sure that he was quite well after he had seen the critical look in Dr. Marjoribanks's eye.

"You young men always go too fast," said the Doctor, with a strange little smile; but the term at least was consolatory; and after that Dr. Marjoribanks quite changed his tone. "Have you heard Woodburn talking of that great crash in town?" he said—"that India house, you know—I suppose it's quite true?"

"Quite true," said Mr. Cavendish, promptly, and somehow he felt a pleasure in saying it. "I got all the particulars to-day in one of my letters—and lots of private people involved, which is always the way with these old houses," he added, with a mixture of curiosity and malice—"widows, and all sorts of superannuated folks."

"It's a great pity," said the Doctor: "I knew old Lichfield once, the chief partner—I am very sorry

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to hear it's true;" and then the two shook hands, and the brougham drove on. As for Mr. Cavendish, he made up his mind at once that the Doctor was involved, and was not sorry, and felt that it was a sort of judicial recompense for his desertion of his friends. And he went home to tell his sister of it, who shared in his sentiments. And then it was not worth while going out any more that day — for the electioneering agent who knew all about it, was not coming till the last train. "I suppose I shall have to work when he is here," Mr. Cavendish said. And in the mean time he threw himself into an easy-chair. Perhaps that was why he was getting so stout.

And in the mean time the Doctor went on visiting his patients. When he came back to his brougham between his visits, and went bowling along in that comfortable way, along the familiar roads, there was a certain glumness upon his face. He was not a demonstrative man, but when he was alone you could tell by certain lines about the well-worn cordage of his countenance whether all was right with the Doctor; and it was easy to see just at this moment that all was not right with him. But he did not say anything about it when he got home; on the contrary, he was just as usual, and told his daughter all about his encounter with Mr. Cavendish. "A man at his time of life has no right to get fat—it's a sort of thing I don't like to see. And he'll never be a ladies' man no more, Lucilla," said the Doctor, with a gleam of humour in his eye.

"He is exactly like George the Fourth, papa," said Miss Marjoribanks; and the Doctor laughed as he sat down to dinner. If he had anything on his mind he bore it like a hero, and gave no sign; but then, as Mrs. John very truly remarked, when a man does not disclose his annoyances they always tell more upon him in the end.

CHAPTER XLIII.

There were a great many reasons why this should be a critical period in Miss Marjoribanks's life. For one thing, it was the limit she had always proposed to herself for her term of young-ladyhood; and naturally, as she outgrew the age for them, she felt disposed to put away childish things. To have the control of society in her hands was a great thing; but still the mere means, without any end, was not worth Lucilla's while — and her Thursdays were almost a bore to her in her present stage of development. They occurred every week, to be sure, as usual; but the machinery was all perfect, and went on by itself, and it was not in the nature of things that such a light adjunct of existence should satisfy Lucilla, as she opened out into the ripeness of her thirtieth year. It was this that made Mr. Ashburton so interesting to her, and his election a matter into which she entered so warmly, for she had come to an age at which she might have gone into Parliament herself had there been no disqualification of sex; and when it was almost a necessity for her to make some use of her social influence. Miss Marjoribanks had her own ideas in respect to charity, and never went upon ladies' committees, nor took any further share than what was proper and necessary in parish work; and when a woman has an active mind, and still does not care for parish work, it is a little hard for her to find a "sphere." And Lucilla, though she said nothing about a sphere, was still more or less in that condition of mind which has been so often and so fully described to the British public—when the ripe female intelligence, not having the natural resource of

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a nursery and a husband to manage, turns inwards, and begins to "make a protest" against the existing order of society, and to call the world to account for giving it no due occupation—and to consume itself. She was not the woman to make protests, nor to claim for herself the doubtful honours of a false position; but she felt all the same that at her age she had outlived the occupations that were sufficient for her youth. To be sure, there were still the dinners to attend to, a branch of human affairs worthy of the weightiest consideration, and she had a house of her own, as much as if she had been half-a-dozen times married, but still there are instincts which go even beyond dinners, and Lucilla had become conscious that her capabilities were greater than her work. She was a Power in Carlingford, and she knew it; but still there is little good in the existence of a Power unless it can be made use of for some worthy end.

She was coming up Grange Lane rather late one evening, pondering upon these things — thinking within herself compassionately of poor Mr. Cavendish, a little in the same way as he had been thinking of her, but from the opposite point of view. For Lucilla could not but see the antithesis of their position, and how he was the foolish apprentice who had chosen his own way and was coming to a bad end, while she was the steady one about to ride by in her Lord Mayor's coach. And Miss Marjoribanks was thinking at the same time of the other candidate, whose canvass was going on so successfully; and that, after the election and all the excitement was over, she would feel a blank. There could be no doubt she would feel a blank—and Lucilla did not see how the blank was to be filled up as she looked into the future; for, as has been said, parish work was not much in her way, and for a woman who feels that she is a Power, there are so few o[illegible]. She was a little dish[illegible] as she thought it all over. Gleams of possibility, it is true, crossed her mind, such as that of [illegible]rrying the member for Car[illegible]rd, for instance, and thus be[illegible]ning a new and more important career; but she was too experienced a woman not to be aware by this time, that possibilities which did not depend upon herself alone had better not be calculated upon. And there did occur to her, among other things, the idea of making a great Experiment which could be carried out only by a woman of genius—of marrying a poor man, and affording to Carlingford and England an example which might influence unborn generations. Such were the th[illegible]hts that were passing through her mind when, to her great surprise, she came up to her father, walking up Grange Lane over the dirty remains of the snow — for there was a great deal of snow that year.. It was so strange a sight to see Dr. Marjoribanks walking that at the first glance Lucilla was startled, and thought something was the matter; but, of course, it all arose from a perfectly natural and explainable cause.

"I have been down to see Mrs. Chiley," said the Doctor; "she has her rheumatism very bad again; and the horse has been so long out that I thought I would walk home. I think the old lady is a little upset about Cavendish, Lucilla. He was always a pet of hers."

"Dear Mrs. Chiley! she is not very bad, I hope?" said Miss Marjoribanks.

"Oh no, she is not very bad," said the Doctor, in a dreary tone. "The poor old machine is just about breaking up, that is all. We can cobble it this once, but next time perhaps——"

"Don't talk in such a disheartening way, papa," said Lucilla. "I am sure she is not so very old."

"We're all pretty old, for that matter," said the Doctor; "we

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can't run on for ever, you know. If you had been a boy like that stupid fellow Tom, you might have carried on my practice, Lucilla—and even extended it, I shouldn't wonder," Dr. Marjoribanks added, with a little grunt, as who should say *that* is the way of the world.

"But I am not a boy," said Lucilla, mildly; "and even if I had been, you know, I might have chosen another profession. Tom never had any turn for medicine that I ever heard of——"

"I hope you know pretty well about all the turns he ever had with that old—woman," said the Doctor, pulling himself up sharply, "always at your ear. I suppose she never talks of anything else. But I hope you have too much sense for that sort of thing, Lucilla. Tom will never be anything but a poor man if he were to live a hundred years."

"Perhaps not, papa," said Lucilla, with a little sigh. The Doctor knew nothing about the great social experiment which it had entered into Miss Marjoribanks's mind to make for the regeneration of her contemporaries and the good of society, or possibly he might not have distinguished Tom by that particular title. Was it he, perhaps, who was destined to be the hero of a domestic drama embodying the best principles of that Moral Philosophy which Lucilla had studied with such success at Mount Pleasant? She did not ask herself the question, for things had not as yet come to that point, but it gleamed upon her mind as by a side-light.

"I don't know how you would get on if you were poor," said the Doctor. "I don't think that would suit you. You would make somebody a capital wife, I can say that for you, Lucilla, that had plenty of money and a liberal disposition like yourself. But poverty is another sort of thing, I can tell you. Luckily you're old enough to have got over all the love-in-a-cottage ideas—if you ever had them," Dr. Marjoribanks added. He was a worldly man himself, and he thought his daughter a worldly woman; and yet, though he thoroughly approved of it, he still despised Lucilla a little for her prudence, which is a paradoxical state of mind not very unusual in the world.

"I don't think I ever had them," said Lucilla—"not that kind of poverty. I know what a cottage means; it means a wretched man, always about the house with his feet in slippers, you know—what poor dear Mr. Cavendish would come to if he was poor——"

The Doctor laughed, though he had not seemed up to this moment much disposed for laughing. "So that is all your opinion of Cavendish," he said; "and I don't think you are far wrong, either; and yet that was a young fellow that might have done better," Dr. Marjoribanks said reflectively, perhaps not without a slight prick of conscience that he had forsaken an old friend.

"Yes," said Lucilla, with a certain solemnity—"but you know, papa, if a man will not when he may——" And she sighed, though the Doctor, who had not been thinking of Mr. Cavendish's prospects in that light, laughed once more; but it was a sharp sort of sudden laugh without much heart in it. He had most likely other things of more importance in his mind.

"Well, there have been a great many off and on since that time," he said, smiling rather grimly. "It is time you were thinking about it seriously, Lucilla. I am not so sure about some things as I once was, and I'd rather like to see you well settled before—— It's a kind of prejudice a man has," the Doctor said abruptly, which, whatever he might mean by it, was a dismal sort of speech to make.

"Before what, papa?" asked Lucilla, with a little alarm.

"Tut—before long, to be sure," he said, impatiently. "Ashburton

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would not be at all amiss if he liked it and you liked it; but it's no use making any suggestions about those things. So long as you don't marry a fool——" Dr. Marjoribanks said, with energy. "I know—that is, of course, I've *seen* what that is; you can't expect to get perfection, as you might have looked for perhaps at twenty; but I advise you to marry, Lucilla. I don't think you are cut out for a single woman, for my part."

"I don't see the good of single women," said Lucilla, "unless they are awfully rich; and I don't suppose I shall ever be awfully rich. But, papa, so long as I can be a comfort to you——"

"Yes," said the Doctor, with that tone which Lucilla could remember fifteen years ago, when she made the same magnanimous suggestion, "but I can't live for ever, you know. It would be a pity to sacrifice yourself to me, and then perhaps next morning find that it was a useless sacrifice. It very often happens like that when self-devotion is carried too far. You've behaved very well, and shown a great deal of good sense, Lucilla—more than I gave you credit for when you commenced—I may say that; and if there was to be any change, for instance——"

"What change?" said Lucilla, not without some anxiety, for it was an odd way of talking, to say the least of it; but the Doctor had come to a pause, and did not seem disposed to resume.

"It is not so pleasant as I thought walking over this snow," he said. "I can't give *that* up, that I can see. And there's more snow in the air if I'm any judge of the weather. There—go in—go in; don't wait for me; —but mind you make haste and dress, for I want my dinner. I may have to go down to Mrs. Chiley again to-night."

It was an odd way of talking, and it was odd to break off like this; but then, to be sure, there was no occasion for any more conversation, since they [illegible]ived at their own door. [illegible]cilla uneasy for the moment, but while she was dressing she managed to explain it to herself, and to think, after all, it was only natural that her papa should have seen a little into the movement and commotion of her thoughts; and then poor dear old Mrs. Chiley being so ill, who was one of his own set, so to speak. He was quite cheerful later in the evening, and enjoyed his dinner, and was even more civil than usual to Mrs. John. And though he did not come up to tea, he made his appearance afterwards with a flake of new-fallen snow still upon his rusty grey whiskers. He had gone to see his patient again, notwithstanding the silent storm outside. And his countenance was a little overcast this time, no doubt by the late walk, and the serious state Mrs. Chiley was in, and his encounter with the snow.

"Oh yes, she is better," he said, "I knew she would do this time. People at our time of life don't go off in that accidental kind of way. When a woman has been so long used to living, it takes her a time to get into the way of dying. She might be a long time thinking about it yet, if all goes well——"

"Papa, don't speak like that!" said Lucilla. "Dying! I can't bear to think of such a thing. She is not so very old."

"Such things will happen whether you can bear to think of them or not," said the Doctor. "I said you would go down and see her to-morrow. We've all held out a long time—the lot of us. I don't like to think of the first gap myself, but somebody must make a beginning, you know."

"The Chileys were always older than you," said Mrs. John. "I remember in poor Mrs. Marjoribanks's time:—they were quite elderly then, and you were just beginning. When my Tom was a baby——"

"We were al[illegible]f the same

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set," said the Doctor, interrupting her without hesitation. "Lucilla, they say Cavendish has got hold of the Rector. He has made believe to be penitent, you know. That is cleverer than anything you could have done. And if he can't be won back again it will be serious, the Colonel says. You are to try if you can suggest anything. It seems," said the Doctor, with mingled amusement and satire, and a kind of gratification, "that Ashburton has great confidence in you."

"It must have been the agent," said Lucilla. "I don't think any of the rest of them are equal to that. I don't see, if that is the case, how we are to win him back. If Mr. Ashburton had ever done anything very wicked, perhaps——"

"You are safe to say *he* is not penitent anyhow," said Dr. Marjoribanks, and he took his candle and went away with a smile. But either Mr. Ashburton's good opinion of Lucilla, or some other notion, had touched the Doctor. He was not a man who said much at any time, but when he bade her good-night, his hand drooped upon Lucilla's shoulder, and he patted it softly, as he might have patted the head of a child. It was not much, but still it was a good deal from him. To feel the lingering touch of her father's hand caressing her, even in so mild a way, was something quite surprising and strange to Miss Marjoribanks. She looked up at him almost with alarm, but he was just then turning away with his candle in his hand. And he seemed to have laid aside his gloom, and even smiled to himself as he went up-stairs. "If *she* had been the boy instead of that young ass," he said to himself. He could not have explained why he was more than ordinarily hard just then upon the innocent, far-distant Tom, who was unlucky, it is true, but not exactly an ass, after all. But somehow it struck the Doctor more than ever how great a loss it was to society and to herself that Lucilla was not "the boy." She could have continued, and perhaps extended, the practice, whereas just now it was quite possible that she might drop down into worsted-work and tea-parties like any other single woman—while Tom, who had carried off the family honours, and was "the boy" in this limited and unfruitful generation, was never likely to do anything to speak of, and would be a poor man if he were to live for a hundred years. Perhaps there was something else behind that made the Doctor's brow contract a little as he crossed the threshold of his chamber, into which, no more than into the recesses of his heart, no one ever penetrated; but it was the lighter idea of that comparison, which had no actual pain in it, but only a kind of humorous discontent, which was the last articulate thought in his mind as he went to his room and closed his door with a little sharpness, as he always did, upon the outside world.

Aunt Jemima, for her part, lingered a little with Lucilla down-stairs. "My dear, I don't think my brother-in-law looks well to-night. I don't think Carlingford is so healthy as it is said to be. If I were you, Lucilla, I would try and get your papa to take something," said Mrs. John, with anxiety, "before he goes to bed."

"Dear aunt Jemima, he never takes anything. You forget he is a doctor," said Miss Marjoribanks. "It always puts him out when he has to go out in the evening; and he is sad about Mrs. Chiley, though he would not say so." But nevertheless Lucilla knocked at his door when she went up-stairs. And the Doctor, though he did not open, growled within with a voice which reassured his dutiful daughter. "What should I want, do you think, but to be left quiet?" the Doctor said. And even Mrs. John, who had waited at his door, with her candle in her hand, to hear the result, shrank within at the sound and was seen no more. And Miss

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Marjoribanks, too, went to her rest, with more than one subject of thought which kept her awake. In the first place, the Rector was popular in his way, and if he chose to call all his forces to rally round a penitent, there was no saying what might come of it; and then Lucilla could not help going back in the most illogical manner to her father's caress, and wondering what was the meaning of it. Meantime the snow fell heavily outside, and wrapped everything in a soft and secret whiteness. And amid the whiteness and darkness, the lamp burned steadily outside at the garden-gate, which pointed out the Doctor's door amid all the closed houses and dark garden-walls in Grange Lane—a kind of visible succour and help always at hand for those who were suffering. And though Dr. Marjoribanks was not like a young man making a practice, but had perfect command of Carlingford, and was one of the richest men in it, it was well known in the town that the very poorest, if in extremity, in the depths of the wildest night that ever blew, would not seek help there in vain. The bell that had roused him when he was young, still hung near him in the silence of his closed-up house when he was old, and still could make him spring up, all self-possessed and ready, when the enemy death had to be fought with. But that night the snow cushioned the wire outside, and even made white cornices and columns about the steady lamp, and the Doctor slept within, and no one disturbed him; for except Mrs. Chiley and a few chronic patients, there was nothing particularly amiss in Carlingford, and then it was Dr. Rider whom all the new people went to, the people who lived in the innumerable new houses at the other end of Carlingford, and had no hallowing tradition of the superior authority of Grange Lane.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The talk of this evening might not have been considered of any importance to speak of, but for the extraordinary and most unlooked-for event which startled all Carlingford next morning. Nobody could believe that it was true. Dr. Marjoribanks's patients waited for him, and declared to their nurses that it was all a made-up story, and that he would come and prove that he was not dead. How could he be dead? He had been as well as he ever was that last evening. He had gone down Grange Lane in the snow, to see the poor old lady, who was now sobbing in her bed, and saying it was all a mistake, and that it was she who ought to have died. But all those protestations were of no avail against the cold and stony fact which had frightened Thomas out of his senses, when he went to call the Doctor. He had died in the night without calling or disturbing anybody. He must have felt faint, it seemed, for he had got up and taken a little brandy, the remains of which still stood on the table by his bedside; but that was all that anybody could tell about it. They brought Dr. Rider, of course; but all that he could do was to examine the strong, still frame, old, and yet not old enough to be weakly, or to explain such sudden extinction, which had ceased its human functions. And then the news swept over Carlingford like a breath of wind, though there was no wind even on that silent snowy day to carry the matter. Dr. Marjoribanks was dead. It put the election out of people's heads, and even their own affairs for the time being; for had he not known all about the greater part of them—seen them come into the world and kept it—and put himself always in the breach when

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the pale Death approached that way? He had never made very much boast of his friendliness or been large in sympathetic expressions, but yet he had never flinched at any time, or deserted his patients for any consideration. Carlingford was sorry, profoundly sorry, with that true sorrow which is not so much for the person mourned as for the mourner's self, who feels a sense of something lost. The people said to themselves, Whom could they ever find who would know their constitutions so well, and who was to take care of So-and-so if he had another attack? To be sure Dr. Rider was at hand, who felt a little agitated about it, and was conscious of the wonderful opening, and was very ready to answer, "I am here;" but a young doctor is different from an old one, and a living man all in commonplace health and comfort is not to be compared with a dead one, on the morning at least of his sudden ending. Thank heaven, when a life is ended there is always that hour or two remaining to set straight the defective balances, and do a hasty late justice to the dead, before the wave sweeps on over him and washes out the traces of his steps, and lets in the common crowd to make their thoroughfare over the grave.

"It cannot be the Doctor," Mrs. Chiley said, sobbing in her bed, "or else it has been in mistake for me. He was always a healthy man and never had anything the matter with him—and a great deal younger than we are, you know. If anything has happened to him it must have been in mistake for me," said the poor old lady, and she was so hysterical that they had to send for Dr. Rider, and she was thus the first to begin to build the new world on the foundations of the old, little as she meant it. But for the moment everything was paralysed in Grange Lane, and canvassing came to a standstill, and nothing was discussed but Dr. Majoribanks—how he was dead, though nobody could or would believe it; and how Lucilla would be left, and who her trustees were, and how the place could ever get used to the want of him, or would ever look like itself again without his familiar presence. It was by way of relieving their minds from the horror of the idea, that the good people rushed into consultations what Lucilla would do. It took their minds a little off the ghastly imagination of that dark room with the snow on the window, and the late moonlight trying to get into the darkness, and the white rigid face inside, as he was said to have been found. It could not but make a terrible change to her—indeed, through her it could not but make a great change to everybody. The Doctor's house would, of course, be shut up, which had been the most hospitable house in Carlingford, and things would drop into the unsatisfactory state they used to be in before Miss Marjoribanks's time, and there would no longer be anybody to organise society. Such were the ideas the ladies of Grange Lane relapsed into by way of delivering themselves from the pain of their first realisation of what had happened. It would make a great change. Even the election and its anticipated joys could not but change character in some respects at least, and there would be nobody to make the best of them; and then the question was, What would Lucilla do? Would she have strength to "make an effort," as some people suggested; or would she feel not only her grief, but her downfall, and that she was now only a single woman, and sink into a private life, as some others were inclined to believe.

Inside the house, naturally, the state of affairs was sad enough. Lucilla, notwithstanding the many other things she had had to occupy her mind, was fond of her father, and the shock overwhelmed her for the moment. Though she was not the kind of woman to torture herself with thinking of things that she

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might have done, still at the first moment the idea that she ought not to have left him alone—that she should have sat up and watched or taken some extraordinary unusual precaution—was not to be driven away from her mind. The reign of reason was eclipsed in her as it often is in such an emergency. She said it was her fault in the first horror. "When I saw how he was looking, and how he was talking, I should never have left him," said Lucilla, which indeed was a very natural thing to say, but would have been an utterly impossible one to carry out, as she saw when she came to think of it. But she could not think of it just then. She did not think at all that first long snowy, troubled day, but went about the house, on the bedroom floor, wringing her hands like a creature distracted. "If I had only sat up," she said; and then she would recall the touch of his hand on her shoulder, which she seemed still to be feeling, and cry out, like all the rest of the world, that it could not be true. But, to be sure, that was a state of feeling that could not last long. There are events for which something higher than accident must be held accountable, were one ever so ready to take the burden of affairs on one's own shoulders; and Lucilla knew, when she came to herself, that if she had watched ever so long or so closely, that could have had no effect upon the matter. After a while the bewildering sense of her own changed position began to come upon her, and roused her up into that feverish and unnatural activity of thought which, in some minds, is the inevitable reaction after the unaccustomed curb and shock of grief. When she had got used to that dreadful certainty about her father, and had suddenly come with a leap to the knowledge that she was not to blame, and could not help it, and that though *he* was gone, *she* remained, it is no censure upon Lucilla to say that her head b[illegible]ly full of a horror and [illegible] thoughts, an involuntary stir and bustle of plans and projects, which she did all she could to put down, but which would return and overwhelm her whether she chose it or not. She could not help asking herself what her new position was, thinking it over, so strangely free and new and unlimited as it seemed. And it must be recollected that Miss Marjoribanks was a woman of very active mind and great energies, too old to take up a girl's fancy that all was over because she had encountered a natural grief on her passage, and too young not to see a long future still before her. She kept her room, as was to be expected, and saw nobody, and only moved the household and superintended the arrangements in a muffled way through Thomas, who was an old servant, and knew "the ways" of the house; but notwithstanding her seclusion and her honest sorrow, and her perfect observance of all the ordinary restraints of the moment, it would be wrong to omit all mention of this feverish bustle of thinking which came into Lucilla's mind in her solitude. Of all that she had to bear, it was the thing that vexed and irritated and distressed her the most—as if, she said to herself indignantly, she ought to have been able to think of anything! And the chances are that Lucilla, for sheer duty's sake, would have said, if anybody had asked, that of course she had not thought of anything as yet; without being aware that the mere shock, and horror, and profound commotion had a great deal more to do than anything else in producing that fluttering crowd of busy, vexatious speculations which had come, without any will of hers, into her heart.

It looked a dreadful change in one way as she looked at it without wishing to look at it in the solitude of her own room, w[illegible] the blinds were all down, and the snow some-

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times came with a little thump against the window, and where it was so dark that it was a comfort when night came, and the lamp could be lighted. So far as Carlingford was concerned, it would be almost as bad for Miss Marjoribanks as if she were her father's widow instead of his daughter. To keep up a position of social importance in a single woman's house, unless, as she had herself lightly said so short a time since, she were awfully rich, would be next to impossible. All that gave importance to the centre of society—the hospitable table, the open house—had come to an end with the Doctor. Things could no more be as they had once been, in that respect at least. She might stay in the house, and keep up to the furthest extent possible to her its old traditions; but even to the utmost limit to which Lucilla could think it right to go it could never be the same. This consciousness kept gleaming upon her as she sat in the dull daylight behind the closed blinds, with articles of mourning piled about everywhere, and the grey dimness getting into her very eyes, and her mind distressed by the consciousness that she ought to have been unable to think; and the sadness of the prospect altogether was enough to stir up a reaction, in spite of herself, in Miss Marjoribanks's mind.

And on the other side she would no doubt be very well off, and could go wherever she liked, and had no limit, except what was right and proper and becoming, to what she might please to do. She might go abroad if she liked, which perhaps is the first idea of the modern English mind when anything happens to it, and settle wherever she pleased, and arrange her mode of existence as seemed good in her own eyes. She would be an heiress in a moderate way, and aunt Jemima was by this time absolutely at her disposal, and could be taken anywhere; and at Lucilla's age it was quite impossible to predict what might not happen to a woman in such a position. When these fairer possibilities gleamed into Lucilla's mind, it would be difficult to describe the anger and self-disgust with which she reproached herself—for perhaps it was the first time that she had consciously failed in maintaining a state of mind becoming the occasion; and though nobody but herself knew of it, the pain of the accusation was acute and bitter. But how could Miss Marjoribanks help it?—the mind travels so much quicker than anything else, and goes so far, and makes its expeditions in such subtle, stealthy ways. She might begin by thinking of her dear papa, and yet before she could dry her eyes might be off in the midst of one of these bewildering speculations. For everything was certain now so far as he was concerned; and everything was so uncertain, and full of such unknown issues for herself. Thus the dark days before the funeral passed by—and everybody was very kind. Dr. Marjoribanks was one of the props of the place, and all Carlingford bestirred itself to do him the final honours; and all her friends conspired how to save Lucilla from all possible trouble, and help her over the trial; and to see how much he was respected was the greatest of all possible comforts to her, as she said.

Thus it was that among the changes that everybody looked for, there occurred all at once this change which was entirely unexpected, and put everything else out of mind for the moment. For to tell the truth, Dr. Marjoribanks was one of the men, who, according to external appearance, need never have died. There was nothing about him that wanted to be set right, no sort of loss, or failure, or misunderstanding, so far as anybody could see. An existence in which he could have his friends to dinner every week, and a good

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house, and good wine, and a very good table, and nothing particular to put him out of his way, seemed in fact the very ideal of the best life for the Doctor. There was nothing in him that seemed to demand anything better, and it was confusing to try to follow him into that which, no doubt, must be in all its fundamentals a very different kind of world. He was a just man and a good man in his way, and had been kind to many people in his lifetime—but still he did not seem to have that need of another rectifying completer existence which most men have. There seemed no reason why he should die—a man who was so well contented with this lower region in which many of us fare badly, and where so few of us are contented. This was a fact which exercised a very confusing influence, even when they themselves were not aware of it, on many people's minds. It was hard to think of him under any other circumstances, or identify him with angels and spirits—which feeling on the whole made the regret for him a more poignant sort of regret.

And they buried him with the greatest signs of respect. People from twenty miles off sent their carriages, and all the George Street people shut their shops, and there was very little business done all day. Mr. Cavendish and Mr. Ashburton walked side by side at the funeral, which was an affecting sight to see; and if anything more could have been done to show their respect which was not done, the corporation of Carlingford would have been sorry for it. And the snow still lay deep in all the corners, though it had been trampled down all about the Doctor's house, where the lamp was not lighted now of nights; for what was the use of lighting the lamp, which was a kind of lighthouse in its way, and meant to point out succour and safety for the neighbours, when the physician himself was lying beyond all hope of succour or aid? And all the people retired in a sympathetic, awe-stricken way, and decided, or at least the ladies did, to see Lucilla next day, if she was able to see them, and to find out whether she was going to make an effort, or what she meant to do. And Mrs. Chiley was so much better that she was able to be up a little in the evening, though she scarcely could forgive herself, and still could not help thinking that it was she who had really been sent for, and that the Doctor had been taken in mistake. And as for Lucilla, she sat in her room and cried, and thought of her father's hand upon her shoulder—that last unusual caress which was more touching to think of than a world of words. He had been fond of her, and proud of her, and at the last moment he had showed it. And by times she seemed to feel again that lingering touch, and cried as if her heart would break: and yet, for all that, she could not keep her thoughts steady, nor prevent them from wandering to all kinds of profane out-of-door matters, and to considerations of the future, and estimates of her own position. It wounded her sadly to feel herself in such an inappropriate state of mind, but she could not help it; and then the want of natural light and air oppressed her sorely, and she longed for the evening, which felt a little more natural, and thought that at last she might have a long talk with aunt Jemima, who was a kind of refuge in her present loneliness, and gave her a means of escape at the same time from all this bustle and commotion of unbecoming thoughts.

This was enough surely for any one to have to encounter at one time; but that very night another rumour began to murmur through Carlingford—a rumour more bewildering, more incredible still, than that of the Doctor's death, which the town had been obliged to confirm and acknowledge, and put its seal to. When the [illegible]g was first

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mentioned, everybody (who could find it in their heart to laugh) laughed loud in the face of the first narrator with mingled scepticism and indignation. They asked him what he meant by it, and ridiculed and scoffed at him to his face. "Lucilla will be the richest woman in Grange Lane," people said; "everybody in Carlingford knows that." But after this statement had been made, the town began to listen. It was obliged to listen, for other witnesses came in to confirm the story. It never might have been found out while the Doctor lived, for he had a great practice, and made a great deal of money; but now that he was dead, nothing could be hid. He was dead, and he had made an elaborate will, which was all as just and righteous as a will could be; but after the will was read, it was found out that everything named in it had disappeared like a bubble. Instead of being the richest, Dr. Marjoribanks was one of the poorest men in Carlingford, when he shut his door behind him on that snowy night. It was a revelation which took the town perfectly by storm, and startled everybody out of their senses. Lucilla's plans, which she thought so wicked, went out all of a sudden, in a certain dull amaze and dismay, to which no words could give any expression. Such was the second inconceivable reverse of fortune which happened to Miss Marjoribanks, more unexpected, more incomprehensible still than the other, in the very midst of her most important activities and hopes.

STUART MILL ON MIND AND MATTER.*

A NEW SONG.

AIR—"*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*"

Stuart Mill, on Mind and Matter,
All our old Beliefs would scatter:
Stuart Mill exerts his skill
To make an end of Mind and Matter.

The self-same tale I've surely heard,
Employed before, our faith to batter:
Has David Hume again appeared,
To run a-muck at Mind and Matter?

David Hume could Mind and Matter
Ruthlessly assault and batter:
Those who Hume would now exhume
Must mean to end both Mind and Matter.

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* "Matter, then, may be defined a Permanent Possibility of Sensation."—*Mill's Examination of Hamilton*, p. 198.

"The belief I entertain that my mind exists, when it is not feeling, nor thinking, nor conscious of its own existence, resolves into the belief of a Permanent Possibility of these states." "The Permanent Possibility of feeling, which forms my notion of Myself."—*Ibid.*, pp. 205, 206.

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Now Mind, now Matter, to destroy,
Was oft proposed, at least the latter:
But David was the daring boy
Who fairly floored *both* Mind and Matter.

David Hume, both Mind and Matter,
While he lived, would boldly batter:
Hume to Mill bequeathed by Will
His favourite feud with Mind and Matter.

Men think they see the Things that be;
But Truth is coy, we can't get at her;
For what we spy is all my eye,
And isn't really Mind or Matter.

Hume and Mill on Mind and Matter
Swear that others merely smatter:
Sense reveals that Something feels,
But tells no tale of Mind or Matter.

Against a stone you strike your toe;
You feel 'tis sore, it makes a clatter:
But what you feel is all you know
Of toe, or stone, or Mind, or Matter.

Mill and Hume of Mind and Matter
Wouldn't leave a rag or tatter:
What although we feel the blow?
That doesn't show there's Mind or Matter.

We meet and mix with other men;
With women, too, who sweetly chatter:
But mayn't we here be duped again,
And take our thoughts for Mind and Matter?

Sights and sounds like Mind and Matter,
Fairy forms that seem to chatter,
May be gleams in Fancy's dreams
Of Men and Women, Mind and Matter.

Successive feelings on us seize
(As thick as falling hail-stones patter),
The Chance of some return of these,
Is all we mean by Mind or Matter.

Those who talk of Mind and Matter
Just a senseless jargon patter:
What are We, or you, or he?—
Dissolving views, not Mind or Matter.

We're but a train of visions vain,
Of thoughts that cheat, and hopes that flatter:
This hour's our own, the past is flown;
The rest unknown, like Mind and Matter.

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Then farewell to Mind and Matter:
To the winds at once we scatter
Time and Place, and Form and Space,
And You and Me, and Mind and Matter.

We banish hence Reid's Common Sense;
We laugh at Dugald Stewart's blatter;
Sir William, too, and Mansel's crew,
We've done for You, and Mind and Matter.

Speak no more of Mind and Matter:
Mill with mud may else bespatter
All your schools of silly fools,
That dare believe in Mind or Matter.

But had I skill, like Stuart Mill,
His own position I could shatter;
The weight of Mill, I count as Nil—
If Mill has neither Mind nor Matter.

Mill, when minus *Mind and Matter,*
Though he make a kind of clatter,
Must himself just mount the Shelf,
And there be laid with Mind and Matter.

I'd push my logic further still
(Though this may have the look of Satire):
I'd prove there's no such man as Mill,—
If Mill disproves both Mind and Matter.

If there's neither Mind nor Matter,
Mill's existence, too, we shatter:
If you still believe in Mill,
Believe as well in Mind and Matter.

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CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND [illegible] THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART XXI.

THE TWO REBELLIONS.

Is it not, I ask, a hard case that so many years after poor O'Connell's death, one should be obliged to renew his old cry, and entreat for a little "justice to Ireland"?

What would that great patriot have said had he lived to witness the spectacle that is now before us? Jamaica and Ireland had resolved on a revolt. The means at their disposal were pretty much alike; there was no small similarity in the objects to be attained, and a very considerable resemblance in the respective prospects of success.

They had, moreover, one great grievance in common — each was obliged to work for his bread. For years and years back had they been listening to Philanthropists and Patriots. They had been told of laws that were made in their favour, and enactments specially devoted to their advantage. A very large amount of interest had been vouchsafed them in Parliament and public meetings, and an almost unlimited credit of hope in their future opened to their account; and yet, with all these promising and propitious circumstances, in one respect they found their condition had not changed for the better—they must work, or they could not live.

It is a hard case—a very hard case; and there is not a man living who sympathises more heartily with them in the hardship than myself.

I have had my experiences, and they are all—I know what the confession will expose me to—all in favour of idleness. I like to read of lives of exertion and struggle; no books have a greater charm for me than those that tell of men who have fought a hand-to-hand battle with fortune; and I delight in them as I sit in a comfortable arm-chair, beside a cheery fire, with the curtains drawn, and the cat asleep on the hearth-rug. I delight in them just as I delight to hear the plashing rain at the windows, and the swooping wind tearing through the trees, as I lie snug a-bed. So it is—this thing we call happiness is a very selfish affair; and the world is a good or a bad one just as it goes well or ill with the individual.

To come back to Sambo and Paddy, I repeat, that in their ambition to lead lives of indolence and complaining, no man goes with them more thoroughly than Cornelius O'Dowd. He knows what idleness is, and he likes it. There is, however, a strong prejudice in the world at large against the system. Public opinion is in favour of labour, therefore they could not come forward and say, We have had enough of toil and worry, we are resolved to have our "innings" now of ease and enjoyment. Such a declaration would have damaged them. They were obliged rather to make a case of their hardships and their disabilities—no very difficult thing as the world goes. Which of us, I'd like to know, is not ill-used? Have you, my friend, ever got your due and just acceptance from your fellows? Do you admit that the men with whom you live really know the stuff you are made of? I declare, if I were put to it, I could show a very strong case in *re* O'Dowd *versus* the World.

Well, these people, as I have said, complained, not very logically perhaps, not altogether reasonably, but still loudly; and they asserted two things which [illegible]ainly made a

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great impression on the world, The Blacks declared that they were black, and the Irish averred they were Irish. It is astonishing what force there is in persistence. Go on telling the world for five-and-twenty years that you are the best-natured man that ever breathed, or that your cod-liver oil is the only real oil, and you will end by a reputation that will endure for a couple of generations after you.

Ask for something you can't get, is the next grand rule in politics. The Irishman and the Negro did this. They protested each of them that they were far better and more enlightened than the world generally believed them to be; and just as the liberty of the Press is so inexpressibly dear to that interesting section of society that can't read, these people saw a number of privileges that they thought would suit them admirably if they only could get them. From complaining they went on to conspiring. Neither had any very definite subject to allege as hardship. It was a general sense of *malaise* rather than a regular disease that affected them.

Sir Jonah Barrington, giving a list of the duels of his day, tells how the great leaders in politics and at the bar fought, some on the Mutiny Bill, some on the Catholic claims, some on a sugar tax, till he comes to the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who fought the Master of the Rolls on "miscellaneous questions." This was what we had here. The Blacks "went in" for miscellaneous questions, all of which resolved themselves into the old cry, "Ote toi de là que je m'y mette."

I do not believe it would have been possible for white men to have attracted towards them the amount of sympathy and interest that these people did simply because they were black. It would have been an outrage that none of us would have endured had the poor who seek the shelter of our unions dared to talk of their hardships and their sufferings as the negro did, and demanded for their relief such a measure of assistance.

Paddy met with little of this favour. First of all he was not black, and had therefore never shared in that conventional pity which is so freely bestowed on these odorous specimens of humanity. No unctuous missionary had ever man-and-brothered *him* into popular regard. That Jamaica and Ireland were hatching rebellion was well known. The Preachers in the one, the 'People' in the other, were the organs of revolt. Governments, like gardeners, need patience; they must wait till the pear be ripe. They waited and waited, and at last, partly from the confidence inspired by continued sufferance, partly from the sense of strength imparted by the apparent reluctance to confront them, the negroes rose and committed some most murderous atrocities.

The revolt was suppressed — stoutly, severely, savagely if you will. I will not stop to discuss that part of the matter, and for this reason, that, knowing some little myself of moments of peril and emergency, I have not temper for those scribblers who, perfectly removed from all risk of danger in the smug security of their "three pair back," can talk so complacently of what men ought to do in the midst of the most appalling perils, and who ask for cold blood and deliberate action when every feeling is strung up to the highest excitement by scenes of horror and atrocity. How many scores of times have I had to listen from such people to what men ought to have done in this or that conjuncture, in the moment of an avalanche approaching, or a boat upsetting; and how plainly has their splendid calmness revealed their cowardice, and how palpably have I seen that he who preached had never been called on to practise.

But I will not trust myself to say more of this. What I desire

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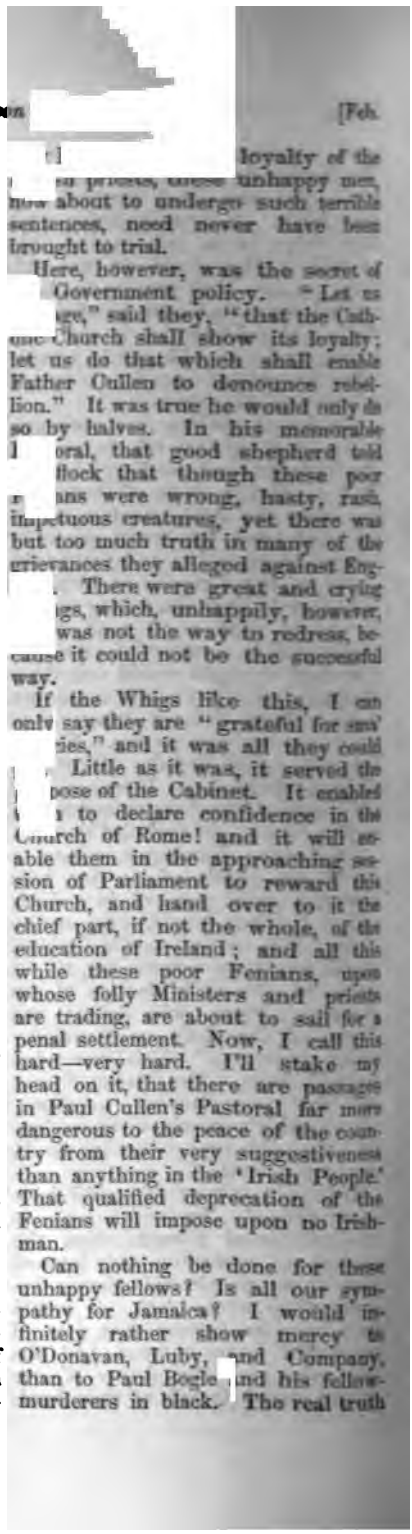
to come to is—Why all this sympathy for the Black rebel, and why so little for the White one? Is there less cruelty, proportionately, in nursing the disaffection of O'Donovan and Luby into a sentence of twenty years' hard labour, than in shooting down the red-handed assassin in Jamaica? For the negro you were so far unprepared that he began the performance before the time announced; but Paddy had not begun at all; he had simply advertised the entertainment—posted the bills of the play: and why is there no commiseration for him?—why no special commission sent out to see if the Attorney-General did not exceed in his zeal, and Judge Keogh err in his severity?

If twenty years' banishment and prison labour be not as bad as being shot—and I have my doubts on it—surely there is no comparison between murder—murder with every atrocity of horror—and some maudlin incentives to rebellion in a newspaper! Was all that Fenianism ever wrote, published, or declared within a thousand miles of the very least of those inhuman cruelties of Morant Bay? Governor Eyre was in the position of a man awakened at night by a cry of fire, and who discovers that he is in the midst of a conflagration before he has time to think of it. In Ireland, the Government had patiently watched the process of the incendiaries laying up store of their combustibles, and for every canister of gunpowder, *they* bought a fire-engine? Which of the two games appeals most to our sympathies?

No man in his senses can doubt that all this Fenian humbug could have been suppressed months ago. A press prosecution of the 'Irish People' would have "stamped out" this rebellion without all the parade of a special commission, and the marching and countermarching of troops. If the occasion had not been one to exhibit the alacrity of Secre-



loyalty of the
unhappy men,
about to undergo such terrible
sentences, need never have been
brought to trial.

Here, however, was the secret of
Government policy. "Let us
age," said they, "that the Cath-
Church shall show its loyalty;
let us do that which shall enable
Father Cullen to denounce rebel-
lion." It was true he would only do
so by halves. In his memorable
oral, that good shepherd told
flock that though these poor
ans were wrong, hasty, rash,
petuous creatures, yet there was
but too much truth in many of the
grievances they alleged against Eng-
. There were great and crying
gs, which, unhappily, however,
was not the way to redress, be-
cause it could not be the successful
way.

If the Whigs like this, I can
only say they are "grateful for small
ies," and it was all they could
. Little as it was, it served the
pose of the Cabinet. It enabled
to declare confidence in the
Church of Rome! and it will en-
able them in the approaching ses-
sion of Parliament to reward this
Church, and hand over to it the
chief part, if not the whole, of the
education of Ireland; and all this
while these poor Fenians, upon
whose folly Ministers and priests
are trading, are about to sail for a
penal settlement. Now, I call this
hard—very hard. I'll stake my
head on it, that there are passages
in Paul Cullen's Pastoral far more
dangerous to the peace of the coun-
try from their very suggestiveness
than anything in the 'Irish People.'
That qualified deprecation of the
Fenians will impose upon no Irish-
man.

Can nothing be done for these
unhappy fellows? Is all our sym-
pathy for Jamaica? I would in-
finitely rather show mercy to
O'Donavan, Luby, and Company,
than to Paul Begle and his fellow-
murderers in black. The real truth

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is, to treat the chronic disaffection of Ireland as an acute disease is very bad surgery; and this Fenian humbug was nothing more nor less than a paroxysm of the old complaint, which any clever practitioner would have known must subside of itself. When it was once clear that the priests did not think well of the enterprise, it was like Rothschild and Baring shaking their heads at a loan: the shares must fall, and no help for it. If I saw Paul Cullen a strong holder of Fenian scrip, I'd know what to think of "the operation."

There was once a Government that hanged an Admiral rather than risk its hold on office; there may be another who would place a Governor in the dock rather than displease its supporters. All this is bad enough, heaven knows! but there is a worse depth even than this, and that would be to hand over the destinies of a whole people to a priesthood bigoted enough to degrade, and base enough to trade upon the rash impetuosity of men, who, because they were paupers, fancied they must be patriots.

A few days will show whether this be an unwarranted fear on my part, or whether it should be one of the enlightened measures of our rulers for the future pacification of Ireland.

THE EXTRADITION TREATY.

It seems that the Extradition Treaty has proved a failure, and the French Government has notified their intention to abrogate it. The allegation is, that while France freely restored our rascals to us, we, on our side, made such difficulties, and insisted upon so many troublesome and punctilious details, it became almost impossible to recover a French knave, who, when once his foot had touched the sacred soil of Britain, stood forth, like the negro in Curran's declamatory passage, "disenthralled and emancipated," through the magnificent intricacy and "impuzzlement" of British law!

I am, for my own part, only surprised how long it took to make this discovery. When the Duke of Beaufort, a few years ago, took his fox-hounds over to France to hunt wild boars, he speedily saw that the dogs would not pursue the game. The animal they had hitherto hunted always ran from them; his trust was in his speed and his craft—not so this new beast. When *he* had run a certain distance and arrived at a spot that suited his mode of defence, he turned and stood at bay.

This is pretty much what has happened here. The French police, successful enough in their own country, could do nothing here. The beast would not run, he stood and defied them.

Not satisfied with that noble maxim of our law, that declares no man guilty till he can be proved to be so, we go still farther, and tax all our ingenuity to the end that he may not be found guilty at all. We surround the prosecution with every imaginable difficulty, we entreat the prisoner never to let fall a syllable that may criminate him. We assign him the ablest counsel, we insinuate whatever may serve his interest, even to the extent of suggesting that, if a murderer, he may have been a madman, and the judge is never so impressive as when telling the jury to make every doubtful matter a point in his favour.

Take any French criminal procedure, and mark the difference. From the moment that the prisoner is arraigned, his guilt appears established, and he would be a hardened scoundrel who stood there without evidence of contrition on his countenance.

"Malheureux!" it is the blandest

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word that the judge employs towards him—"Malheureux! did it not occur to you when you sharpened that knife, that the crime you were about to commit would throw shame and sorrow over the last days of your poor aged mother, and make the few hours she is to pass on earth a misery and a reproach?"

"Monsieur le President, I sharpened the knife to kill my pig. I never injured a human being."

"Be silent, wretch! profane not the sacred halls of justice by ribaldry and falsehood."

How different is all this with us! In the whole length and breadth of our land there is not a position in which a man can say with impunity what a prisoner can say from the dock. He may be admonished, it is true—warned against his own indiscretion—told how fatally his own language tends to prejudice his case, and suchlike; but he may go on, in spite of all this, to denounce the witnesses, defame their character, insult the Crown prosecutor, and inveigh against the very laws themselves, and the judges who administer them.

Could it ever have been expected that two systems which proceed on assumptions so totally at variance could ever have been carried out to like results?

"Give us our scoundrels, and we will give you yours," seems simple enough in principle, though very different in practice. The Frenchman in England acquires his share in all the glorious uncertainties of our law. While acclimatising himself to fogs, and habituating his stomach to raw beef, he is obtaining the compensation in that notable principle of our jurisprudence that almost makes a guilty man believe in his innocence, so intensely difficult is the process by which crime can be established.

With what pains the judge will set forth every small circumstance that may weigh in a prisoner's favour, and how reiteratedly will he tell the jury to give him the benefit of any [illegible] can honestly entertain: [illegible]ain, perhaps, half-an-hour after this ingenious appeal to mercy, he will tell the criminal that there was not a shadow of uncertainty in his case, and that the jury would have been disgraced by any other verdict than one of guilty, and that he must go from that place without a fragment of hope on this side of the grave.

This is carrying out the Not Guilty theory to the last boundary of logic.

There was one cause of failure in this international compact; but it was not the only, it was not the chief cause. The principal reason why the system could not work was, that it was directed to different ends, and addressed to very dissimilar objects. *We* sought to recover our ordinary criminals—the men who had made themselves amenable to our common laws. The *French Emperor's* desire was to repossess himself of political offenders—those who had conspired against his government, his throne, or his life.

Now, this is a class of offenders not very rife amongst us—nor, when we have them, are we intently eager about punishing them. When driven to prosecute such people, our sentiment is rather one of contempt than of anger. We know that our country secures us a very large amount of liberty, and we are indignant at those who are ungrateful for its blessings, or would disparage them in the eyes of other nations. But we know, besides, that if they escape from justice and seek refuge elsewhere, they are comparatively innocuous. Who, for instance, troubles himself about Mr. Meagher of the Sword, and Mr. O'Gorman, and the half-dozen other patriots of '48, who are now celebrities of the New York Bar, or the stars of the Newspaper Press? Whether animated by feelings of rancour and dislike to England or not, is it of the least consequence to [illegible]y of us? I

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have been told that some of these gentlemen have outlived the violence of their former opinions, and have learned to think better of the Saxon oppressor; if it be so, I am glad of it; but if the reverse be the case—if they are inspired with all the rancorous hatred of England that Fenianism makes profession of—can it possibly signify anything?

Far otherwise is it in France. The conspirator there flies that he may not only conspire beyond the frontier, but denounce, assail, and revile in that language which, by a law of compensation, is European for attack as well as for applause.

The Government of the Emperor would rather be able to lay hands on the author of 'Napoléon le Pétit,' than carry back to France a shipload of murderers and housebreakers. While, if we had any such offender against our throne and sovereign, we should only be grateful to the country which saved us the peril and embarrassment of his presence amongst us.

It is not merely because we have a profound reliance on the strength of our institutions, and that we know they will stand against adverse criticism and comment; but also—and I do not much like the confession which I am making—that the *point d'honneur* is less sensitive with us than with foreigners, and that our susceptibility is always most easily alarmed where the question touches property. Witness the severity with which we punish a petty theft, and our leniency towards one of those personal assults that, had they occurred in France or Germany, would have been supposed to inflict an undying dishonour.

We take a different measure of criminality, and in this difference lies all the difficulty of a treaty for extradition. The French Government press us on the score of a class of people which we really regard with almost leniency. After all, it is only human nature, and one is not so indignant as he ought to be about the attempts against another man's king.

To have excited the English nation sufficiently against Orisini and his fellows, it ought to have been shown that they wanted to rob the Emperor, to take his purse or his watch. In that case, I suspect, we would have a unanimous outburst of horror against the atrocity; and why the French police, usually so adroit in ascribing motives, never thought of this, amazes me greatly.

An international agreement never was made that contemplated objects more different. Had the terms of the treaty been, "Give us up our conspirators against the Empire, and we will admit your iron at a reduced tariff," the compact would have been intelligible, and each would have obtained something he wanted.

The offence against which the intentions of the French Government were directed was exactly that which the nature of our laws forbids us to recognise. Let the 'Moniteur' disclaim the fact as it pleases, fact it is, that political crime was what Louis Napoleon sought to hunt down in England, and it is only by such a modification of the treaty as will include these offences that we shall see a renewal of the compact.

There was a gossiping story about some time back, that Mr. Stansfeld's appointment to a high post in the Cabinet was rescinded out of deference to the feelings of the French Emperor, to whom this gentleman is distasteful. Now, coming at the time of this abrogation of the treaty, the rumour has a certain degree of consistency not to be denied. Mr. Stansfeld is the friend of Mazzini, and his house is said to be frequented by men of opinions akin to Mazzini's. How likely, then, is the connection between the two incidents; and one is tempted to speculate whether the Government which withholds the

appointment of one whom it thinks an able public servant out of deference to a foreign sovereign, will strenuously refuse to shape our laws in conformity with his dictation.

Much may be expected of Whig pliancy; the only limit to the graceful virtue will be, the possible loss of place.

It might be a curious subject for moralists, how it happens that it is more difficult for nations to exchange amenities and barter advantages than to injure and damage each other.

For my own part, I think we always get on best with the French gentleman next door when we neither dine with him nor sup with him, when we limit our civilities to a call on New Year's Day, and a polite inquiry after his health. Every attempt at intimacy is sure to be followed by a coldness; and once or twice, when we became cordial, we were actually on the verge of a row.

I know well how such a sentiment as this will be reprobated, called barbarous, vulgar, illiberal, and so forth; some will ascribe it, besides, to the remnant of that old prejudice against France, which our fathers cherished so warmly about fifty years ago, and which no man who has seen modern France, or knows the continent of Europe, could possibly entertain. My only reply is, I have passed half of [illegible] abroad, and that [illegible] experiences have taught me.

[illegible] thing, however, I do hope, [illegible] asylum of England may [illegible] to all those who have [illegible] heavier on their consciences than what are called political crimes. We have in our time given shelter to a great number of men, of every variety of creed and opinion. It may be our lot to extend this hospitality to others who now little dream of being our guests; and I fervently hope, that by no change in our laws we may be robbed of this privilege.

The world is not settled enough yet for any of us to pronounce on what is likely to be permanent. Vested interests in monarchies have received some rude shocks within the last few years; and of all reversions that could be made marketable, the very worst would probably be a Continental throne.

Under such circumstances, it is no small advantage to the world that there should be one country in Europe where Kings and Kaisers, not to speak of smaller celebrities, should be warehoused, till it was worth somebody's while to pay the duty and release them. This is to put the case in a commercial form, it is true; but as we are a nation of shopkeepers, we will understand it the easier.

OF GAMES, AND THE PEOPLE WHO PLAY THEM.

I am grieved to learn that some friends of mine have been scandalised by certain opinions I once pronounced upon linguists. I ventured to declare that I thought them, in general, very poor creatures, and that the estimate formed of them by the world of society was quite unmerited.

Now, I see no reason whatever to alter, or even modify, that judgment; and I only refer to it here, as an opportunity for saying that I do not even seek to make converts to any opinions I profess. I give my experiences such as they are, and my friends take them for what they are worth.

If I be able to bowl over a false idol, and it be another man's pleasure to set him up again, each of us is amused after his fashion.

Next to linguists, the people who exercise a considerable sway in society, and who enjoy a most

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undeserved pre-eminence, are the men who play games.

There is a mock air of intellectuality about these people, on which they trade with great success. The qualities employed in games of skill are unquestionably such as impose and impress the world with an idea of superiority; and it is only when we come to discover that there is for games a distinct talent in certain individuals, just as there is in others an ear for music, or an eye for drawing, that we see how this can subsist with a very humble general intelligence, and a total absence of all power to dilate the faculties engaged upon the game to the wider area of the world and its ways.

Let me, before I add another word, distinctly declare that nothing I may here say in any way applies to whist-players; by whist-players meaning those who are masters of the game—men trained to the highest dialectics of the science, and able to hold their own with Arlington or Portland; or, what I regard as still higher, the Jockey Club at Paris.

Whist is a specialty, and it would be as impossible for a first-rate whister not to be a man of more than average ability, as for a first-rate swimmer not to be endowed with strength and symmetry.

Next to whist comes picquet, but after a long interval. As for chess, I hold skill in it very cheaply. Much has been said of the superiority chess possesses in the absence of all element of chance. It is a trial of skill on such perfectly equal grounds. No question of luck, no disturbing incident of fortune, interferes.

Now, it is exactly in this very positiveness I declare chess to be inferior to whist. It is the "possible," the unknown something, of whist that imparts the highest interest to the game, and exercises the most subtle powers of the player.

In chess, every imaginable "opening" is as well known as the names and values of the pieces. Let sculptors rack their brains till doomsday, they cannot find more than four positions in which the legs of a statue can be placed. So chess-players may strain intellects how they will, and they must come to certain combinations, which require certain other antagonistic movements; and so on they go, till one side or the other makes a blunder in his strategy—a wrong twist in his cat's cradle—that sets the whole machinery ajar, and loses the game. The thing requires patience, and patience has a mock air of reflection. It enjoins caution, and caution looks like calculation. The puzzle of it, too, expresses itself in intentness and eagerness, and we come to regard the people engaged as persons occupied in a high mental struggle, to which I have no objection in life, if we only extend the same consideration to those in the rival game of cat's-cradle, whose players can look just as anxious, and who never get angry.

There are dealers who have all their wares in the shop-windows; such are the players of games. Whatever they possess of readiness, memory, or address, is at hand, and they display their gifts to the world with all the alacrity and all the insistance of the pedlar. Test any of these people, however, by the rude stern proof of success in some career, and what a sorry figure they cut!

Who ever met a great chess-player great in any other relationship in life? They are as insignificant as the pianists, if there be anything can vie with these creatures of chords and pedals.

Your chess-player is rarely a conversationalist; he is either morosely silent and repelling, or he is of a mulish obstinacy of temperament, self-opinionated, and reliant on the miserable pre-eminence his skill in his game has bestowed upon him.

The craft that solves conundrums and unravels riddles is own brother to the chess intellect. These

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men are just detectives in evening dress—nothing more.

Take the cleverest men you know, the men who hold a conspicuous place in the House, who lead at the Bar, or are eminent in letters, and how many of them are chess-players? Take the very class which, *prima facie*, would be supposed to address themselves to such a game—the men of figures and calculations—and will you not find that the pursuit is too small for them? that the trick of the puzzle once known, there is no more interest to be abstracted? Like single-stick on the stage, every stroke has its parry, and the combatants hack on with the uniformity of clockwork.

Nor is the converse of the proposition without its teaching, in the fact, that of the really distinguished men of the world who have happened to play chess, not one, not a solitary instance is there of proficiency. Much has been said of the first Emperor's skill. Now, the simple fact is, that he was a very inferior player. The officers who played with him on board the Bellerophon had their politeness taxed to the very verge of impossibility to lose to him with common decency; and yet there is no denying to Napoleon the faculties which chess-players so vaingloriously claim as the especial requirements of the game. But in War came in the grand element of "Chance," that splendid disturber of foregone conclusions, and it was in the varied resources by which the contingency could be met, that the real mental power could be exercised. The faculties employed on chess are about the same, and exercised in the same way, as those which master the difficulties of the multiplication table. When you have arrived at the fact that seven times eight make fifty-six, and cannot make fifty-seven, you are in the position of the man who moves a certain pawn, with the certitude that the adversary is necessitated to one definite and fixed step in defence.

The [illegible] without seeing the board disparage their game in exalting themselves. If the whole practice of chess did not consist in a known series of combinations, every deviation from which would be certain to impress itself from its singularity, just as a false quotation in arithmetic would strike the ear of the listener, the power of conducting a game blindfold would be marvellous. It is explicable enough, however, when we think of it as a sum solved by mental arithmetic, and all our wonder is limited to the fact that some men can work half-a-dozen of these sums together.

I have often thought chess might be advantageously used by the civil service examiners, to test the departmental powers of an applicant for office. The chess mind is essentially the official mind—small, patient, accurate, and unrelenting, ever prone to profit by a mistake, and not always adverse to laying a trap for one. I have in my mind's eye a certain office where they play a certain species of official chess all day long and wonderfully vain are they at their proficiency in it.

Like the linguist, the player of games has a considerable social success; he is reputed to be clever, and it is rare but he falls into the delusion around him, and thinks he is so. And just as men crowd down into the House when Gladstone or Disraeli rises, so will the company of a salon gather around the table where one of these men sits to play—watching not only his game, but his bearing, his look, his manner, his general behaviour, and commenting in whispers over his admirable calmness, his dignity, and his self-possession—for there is a false assumption of these gifts in the practice of games, just as there is a manual dexterity in shuffling and dealing, and suchlike.

And how sages go their way muttering. What a pity to see a fellow with such an intellect losing himself in this way! How sad to

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see those fine faculties so wasted! Why won't he exert himself? has he no friend to urge him on to exertion? Why won't he be—Heaven knows what; for it's just as easy for him to be Governor-General of India as Lord Chancellor. And there is nobody there to say that the fine faculties have found their congenial labour, and are at their full stretch besides—that what is deemed his canter is his full gallop, and that if you brayed him in a mortar you couldn't get more out of him than his game of écarté. If I will not accept the talent for games as an evidence of any other ability, or believe it to be the indication of power of any other kind, I own frankly I like games themselves; I like them as games, and I like them as the refuge from the dreary stupidity that so often besets society. How much better is even a moderate whister than nineteen out of the twenty people who assume to be conversationalists!

Now, a great deal of talk one hears in the world is not merely tiresome—it is often worse—it is offensive, and from this a game of any kind is a refuge. What a haven of rest have I found a party of Boston or something as dull, from people talking Carlylese or bad Bright! I'd rather play at jackstones than listen to a second-hand Mill. And there is always this resource, that the people who play cannot talk too. A party at chess will muzzle a Chartist, and the most rabid Radical must be silent over his rubber.

MIRAMAR OR MEXICO.

On a grand bold bluff over the Adriatic, stands one of the most picturesque chateaux I ever beheld, almost covering the plateau, save where a little space is stolen between projecting arms of the building for a flower knot or a fountain. It displays all that can be accomplished by irregular outline and varied colour. Tower and minaret and buttress, projecting window and deep shadowing cornice, with ornamented architrave and stained glass, have done their very best, and made one of the most delightful houses to live in, and one of the handsomest to look at, in Europe. Splendid gardens lie to the rear, backed by a noble forest, stretching away to the foot of a mountain.

It is a modern structure, and he who built it and whose fine taste contributed much to its beauty, and all whose habits "lent themselves," as Frenchmen say, to a life of peaceful enjoyment and cultivated leisure, has left this paradise and gone over the sea, to pass his days in a burnt-up land, with a semi-savage people, assuming to struggle for freedom, but in reality more eagerly intent upon rapine and plunder, and far more bent upon booty than liberty: for this castle is "Miramar," and its owner the present Emperor of Mexico.

It would not be easy to believe that the Austrian Archduke imagined he had any divine mission to this faction-torn land. It would not be easy to suppose even that he thought that there was stuff in him to reconcile conflicting factions, restore confidence to property, and elevate poverty to hope. He must have known what all the world who read newspapers know, that between the priest in his bigotry and the ranchero with his rifle, there was no intermediate material out of which to make a nation; and that except going to be King of Greece, there was no more hopeless exploit than to be Emperor of Mexico.

Now, it is always a puzzling question to small folk of my own calibre, how men of fortune, station, and acquirements will aban-

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don all the glorious privileges of their personal freedom for lives of office. Surely they cannot all of them imagine that the country needs them to that degree that their abstention would be ruinous. Surely, there must now and then be men who suspect that they are not essential to their race, and that the world can go round, in some fashion or other at least, even while they sleep. The idea of a duty, I take it, must either belong to a very great mind or a very small one. I can picture to myself a Duke of Wellington foregoing every allurement of personal enjoyment on such a score; and I can also imagine some small mite in the official cheese believing himself to be an elephant. Had the Austrian prince thrown himself into the Mexican contest, fought its battles, made friendships here and enmities there, adopted opinions of one side and resented the pretensions of the other—had he given his strength, even to his blood, for the cause—he might, it is not hard to conceive, have grown to believe that order could come out of this chaos, and that he himself had gained that amount of knowledge of the people, their ways, their instincts, and their prejudices, that he could have contributed to the nation a force and a direction that only could come from without. Had he fought in the field and plotted in the cabinet, had he sufficiently imbued himself with the spirit of the people, that he could know to what note the popular heart would respond—by what chord it would be touched — it is easy to see how a noble ambition might have urged him on to take the leadership, and become the head of the nation. But there were no circumstances of this kind in his case; he accepted the throne pretty much in the same spirit he would have given his arm to a lady whom the Emperor of the French requested he would take in to dinner. It was court politeness and no more.

Louis [illegible]nt Maximilian to [illegible] the Cabinet sei[illegible] an incompetent statesman to be viceroy of Ireland. "Go there and learn. There is plenty to do, but you cannot do it. There is faction to still, but you cannot appease it; bigotry to antagonise, but with no weapons of yours. The throne must have an occupant, or the piece cannot be called monarchy;" and the Archduke agreed — agreed to leave Miramar and all its delights, just as we see at home here some princely proprietor willing to give up home and all its enjoyments for a room at Whitehall, a despatch-box, and a queen's messenger. You can no more impose a constitutional monarchy on a semi-civilised people than you can make a tree from the top! You must begin with the seed; you must cultivate the nation into habits of order and class-observance, discipline society into ranks and gradations. A Mexican emperor is the image of a naked savage with a cocked-hat and feathers; and how well that artful plotter of the Tuileries knew this! How nicely he calculated either that the whole scheme would collapse, with the disgrace of his unfortunate dupe, or that he should be called in to restore and invigorate the feeble empire! So long as it remains uncertain what part the United States will decide on, it is necessary to wait patiently on events. The Americans will not willingly quarrel with France; they have the reluctance that a snob has to break off acquaintance with the only gentleman that has ever bowed to him. It is no fear of France; they neither dread her army nor her navy. It is simply the dislike to be cut by the great nation of Europe.

If the French Emperor was really sincere about the establishment of a Mexican Empire, why did he select a cultivated polished gentleman, fond of retirement, deeply versed in literature and a lover of the arts? Why [illegible] he not look out for some bold [illegible] and of Cala-

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bria—a devout Papist and an unscrupulous assassin; one who could have brought to the country of his adoption bigotry and the knife? Cipriano la Gala or Ninco Nanco, when elevated above the petty necessities of providing for their daily support, would have made a famous figure amongst these Indians and half-castes—these "Leperos" and outcasts of all civilisation.

That Maximilian knows nothing of the necessities of his position is clear enough. Instead of talking to these people about the benefits of education and the advantages of enlightened government, he should have bribed Juarez into submission, bought up all the malcontents of the nation, made the poachers all gamekeepers, and, in a few years, he would have been at the head of a party strong enough to bully the rest, and unscrupulous enough to rule the country with that amount of decision and firmness that inspires confidence at home and procures a loan abroad.

If he wishes to hear more on this subject, a line addressed to Cornelius O'Dowd will meet prompt attention. The strictest secrecy observed. I engage to do everything but go out there.

SQUATTERS IN POLITICS.

When Lord Castlereagh induced the Irish Parliament to vote its own extinction, he took care to show to a large number of the leading and influential men in the House that there were other enjoyments in life as well as patriotism, and that rank, like office, and even money, could occasionally reconcile men to the loss of the exciting joys of a hot debate, or the emotions of a close "division." He made it very clear to them, besides, that if they wanted to sell their country there never was a more propitious moment nor a better chance of a good market. In fact, as O'Connell said many years afterwards, with reference to another question, "England's necessity was Ireland's opportunity"—a very wise and profound observation, which the Catholic hierarchy in Ireland would appear to have fully fathomed and appreciated.

The Irish members, a number of them at least, understood the noble Lord's argument, and agreed to his terms. It was no small sacrifice they were called on to make. They were not merely disfranchising themselves; they were disqualifying their country. It was not merely repairing the house; it was razing the foundations and carting away the old materials. No wonder is it if they made hard bargains. They had first to be paid for the commodity, and next for the disgrace of selling it.

Sir Jonah Barrington, not a very trustworthy authority on many things, is tolerably accurate in this, and gives us a long list of the prices paid for support; and certainly we are bound to admit that the Minister dealt liberally with my countrymen. Mr. Bright not having the power—far be it from me to hint that he has the inclination—to approach the present Parliament in a like spirit, unable to offer Peerages, Bishoprics, Foreign Missions, or Home Secretaryships, to zealous friends and followers, and yet equally anxious to induce the House of Commons to declare itself an inadequate representation of the people, comes forward with the ingenuous proposal, —that they shall vote themselves "out," but not go!

Here is, in substance, what he says: A very formidable opposition to Reform may come from those who, while liberal in new opinions, have no fancy to see themselves suddenly bereft of their privileges, and sent once more to cajole, conspire, and corrupt all over again, as they had been doing the whole

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last autumn. He owns that it is a very ignoble confession—that it is one of those admissions of human frailty very painful for a man, especially for a Radical, to make; but he adds that he himself regards the danger with less terror than others, and only adverts to it out of the natural openness of his disposition, and from that candour which impels him to reveal everything to his constituents. "By voting for Reform," says Mr. Bright, "these men feel they vote their own disfranchisement. They declare that, elected only by a moiety of those who ought to elect, they are not the true exponents of the spirit of the nation, and that, though manifestly unfit to conduct the business of the nation, they are quite sure there are others could be found perfectly equal to that trust; and that they confidently believe there are a number of men who live in six-pound houses, who could, if so empowered, find out these persons and return them as fit and proper men to serve in Parliament." This is the sum and substance of Mr. Bright's measure, divested of its abuse of Lord Derby, its sneers at university education, and some other little "seasonings," by which he makes his discoveries palatable to his hearers.

The puzzle, however, is this. How are people who have made such an admission of their own incapability, to continue to conduct the business of the nation? When a bishop declares he does not wish to be a bishop, his *nolo episcopari* is only a bashful expression of distrust in his own worthiness. It is a courteous piece of modesty, and no more; but he never thinks of asserting, after he has assumed the mitre, that the Chapter have made a most unhappy choice, and that if they had only consulted the sexton and the bell-ringer, who occupy small ("six-pound") tenements in the close, they could have mentioned a very respectable man who would have filled the office admirably. This is, however, what the present House of Commons will be called on to declare; and certainly such a declaration demands no small self-sacrifice. When the Irish juryman refused to concur in the verdict of guilty, because he could not afford to "hang the last life in his lease," his plea was at least intelligible. Had Mr. Bright been the judge, he would have said, "Give me the verdict, and I will respite the prisoner. All I want is to hear that he ought to be hanged."

So says he to the House, "Vote Reform, but sit down again. You do not represent the people of England, it is true. The vast wide intelligence of the nation has had no hand in sending you here. All your habits and pursuits unfit you for intercourse with the working-man, and you neither understand his wants, nor sympathise with his sentiments; still it was very creditable in you to own all this—so sit down again; it's not very likely you'll be here again, so enjoy yourself now that you are here."

We have in Ireland a class of people called "squatters," who, settling down upon an unoccupied piece of land, continue to hold it either through the ignorance, the indolence, or the fears of the proprietor, and thus end by establishing for themselves something which is regarded as a sort of tenure. It is this that Mr. Bright purposes to introduce into political life; he intends to have a sort of squatter tenantry, who can be dispossessed at will, and whose services can always be called on under the threat of a distress.

To these squatters he says—"You have no right to be here—you are no use, you can't improve the land, and you know nothing about husbandry. Still, you may stay on for a while—we don't mean to

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treat you harshly. Some of you, I am told, came from a long way off, and spent the trifle of money you had to reach this. Remember, however, that at the first show of any insubordination amongst you —let there be any trouble with you, and out you go."

The threat of a "distraint," like that of a dissolution, is very powerful over the squatter mind, and well calculated to reduce it to hopeless subserviency. Such, however, is the "tenure" Mr. Bright purposes to introduce into political life. "Whatever we do we must not be turned out of our holding," is the squatter maxim, and so will these tenants-at-will exhibit all the submission and all the obedience of their prototypes.

I must say the thought was ingenious. Most men would have imagined they had done enough to squeeze Reform out of these people. Not so Bright. He perceives there is a vast deal more to be done with them ere they be given up. There are Game Laws, and an Established Church, and the Land question to be dealt with, not to speak of a Colonial Governor to be persecuted. The squatters will be wanted for all these. Let any of us picture to our minds what a mob of unscrupulous rowdies can do, led on by a landlord who has not enforced his rent, and who can clear the estate at his good pleasure, and he may imagine what slashing votes Bright's freeholders will give in the coming session.

Trenk and his pandours, though not very numerous, were always enough to turn the tide of battle. Any ordinary intelligence would have said, When the House of Commons has once voted that it ought to be reformed, it will proceed to reform. It cannot surely be the object of any party to exhibit Parliament in some glaring discrepancy with the nation if the pressure outside the House has manifested itself within, and if members are forced to declare "our being here is a mistake—we are not the people whom we ourselves or the country believed us to be. Let us make way for better men." Even in Ireland, where bulls are acclimatised, the Parliament never thought of sitting on after they had voted the Union, nor did Lord Castlereagh make use of the Bright idea, and say, "Sit still, gentlemen; you are in a good destructive sort of spirit now, let us see if we cannot 'bowl over' a few more 'institutions' before we go home."

There is, too, a touch of the thorough Radical in the way Mr. Bright purposes to use up all these old stores — the Parliamentary smooth-bores — before he contracts for the rifled ordnance under the new Bill. Just as a musketry instructor would look over an old flint-lock of the Brown Bess stamp and say, "Only think of people fighting with tools like this," would Mr. Bright be led to moralise over a member of the bygone House and murmur, "It seems incredible that these were the sort of members we once sent to Parliament. Well, let us use them up; don't hurt public sentiment by advertising them as condemned stores; many of them will do very well for the colonies."

Mr. Bright, besides, in promising not to dissolve, may feel, once that Reform be carried, people will trouble their heads very little about what may be discussed for the remainder of the session. "Waterloo" decided, who wants to hear of the "March to Paris"?

Nor is there, to all seeming, any very great emergency before us. France is civil—because we always give her her own way. The Yankees have administered to us our annual "slanging," and will not want to insult us again before the next "Message." The great war we have been carrying on in New Zealand has latterly inflicted no

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reverses on our arms, because we have partly withdrawn from the contest. The next Indian mutiny is not matured; and, in fact, except to compliment Father Paul Cullen on his loyalty, and endow the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, I see nothing very pressing. With such happy prospects before us, why not use up the present Parliament? why dispossess the "squatters"? They have themselves declared they ask no fixity of ten[illegible] as I feel certain they [illegible] no demand for their "improvements," they will be easily got rid of, whenever you want to clear the estate.

One virtue the House will certainly show, if it adopt Mr. Bright's bill—Humility. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted," may possibly admit of paraphrase, and run, "He that votes for a £6 pound franchise may find himself a Lord of the Treasury."

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BLACKWOOD'S

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A RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

It must always remain an open question how far the literature of an age represents the manners of that age. First impressions uniformly take for granted that it does. People jump to the conclusion that a man of genius would never portray a state of things foreign to his readers' experience, and unverified by his own observation, as actually existing; because any other assumption is supposed to cast a slur at once on the writer's truth of perception, if not his honesty, and on his readers' common sense; who, by their approval, would seem to affix their seal to a false presentment for themselves, under no assignable temptation to do so. Yet how little ground we have for this plausible theory! which, if we come to think of it, supposes the authors of past times to be a different sort of people altogether from the popular writers of our own day; and our great-great-grandfathers jealous for truth in a way beyond any example we can show.

It appears to us that, in assuming the writers of a former age to have even aimed at representing existing manners according to any matter-of-fact experience, we run counter to the teaching of our own eyes. In all the infinite varieties of life depicted by the volumes of the circulating library, when do we come upon anything like what we have ourselves seen and heard, more especially in those works which are most eagerly devoured by the widest, most various circles of readers? What echo, what response, does our own experience give back? When a future generation judges us by Mr. Dickens's animated pictures of life, or by the works of such lesser luminaries as Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins, on the ground of their universal acceptance, they will have the same reason for their opinion which satisfies us of the truth of many a picture of past society, and which prompted some of Macaulay's most telling representations. Yet, conspicuous as is the genius of the first, and able as are the other two, regard their works as being really what they profess to be—pictures of English social life—and how grotesque, distorted, and absolutely and ridiculously improbable one and all are! What a masquerade-like jum-

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ble of ranks and degrees—what impossible combinations in some, what impossible courses of action in others! And for all this who cares, so long as they are amused? The majority mind no more being misrepresented in the mass than abused in the mass. The few, indeed, do care, who cannot help appealing as they read to their own experience. Anomalies perplex them; it is more than their fancy can accomplish to picture gentlemen and dustmen on terms of absolute equality, and interchanging ideas permanently, over the same dinner-table. But this defiance of fact in some form or other is a positive charm with the many: it is an exception to find any fiction widely and with all classes popular without it. We have, no doubt, some few trustworthy delineations, but they are none of them popular in the full triumphant sense of the term; or on this account mainly: so little is truth to our experience the one great desideratum we are sometimes disposed to think it. Our conclusion, therefore, is, that we may not trust pictures of manners of any day without large reservations, and constant reference to our own notions of nature and probability; taking into account the universal attraction of the exceptional over the commonplace. We see that the most profound study of men and society constantly does no more than provide a plausible home for impossible creations, or help a man to personify his own various qualities and propensities; his sympathies possessing each by turn; all the personages talking his talk in different moods; as his separate faults or virtues, opinions or qualities, assert themselves, and take the lead.

But books which do not represent society as it is, or ever was, may yet have a powerful influence on manners. They may indicate what things are going to be, and foreshadow the changes time is on the eve of working. The novel which portrays [illegible] modes of action prepo[illegible]ur observation may, if it is powerfully written, bring about its verification by hitting the fancy of a class open to new impressions, and impatient of present restraints. An undisciplined fancy may imagine things for which it has small warrant and no general example, yet only anticipate: planting seeds which shall bear fruit in another generation, and suggesting to untutored fancies p[illegible]bilities before undreamt of. [illegible] fiction is founded either on [illegible] moral ideal, and is a glorification of what has been, but which has never been seen by the writer's bodily eyes; or it pictures his wishes and testifies to his impatience of some form of bondage. Very few people find enough in the actual, in the mere interest of delineating men and women as they see them, to induce them to the intense intellectual labour of absolute elaborate truth of portraiture, stroke for stroke and line for line—where success can only be attained by long study of the mind's anatomy. Either of the other alternatives is the natural resource of an active imagination which can manage anything better than a correct likeness of what is; which even as an object to be aimed at they regard intellectually as slavish task-work, and morally as purposeless, and achieving nothing. Every true, natural, wholesome picture of life will do good, though the writer must, in the drawing, be more intent on doing his own part well than in instructing or improving others; but it seems a finer thing, as well as a pleasanter, to create a world after your own mind, and, likely enough, will present more showy conspicuous effects. For effects may be more telling and conspicuous; for every shadowy creation that takes other imaginations is likely to consolidate itself in course of time; for good possibly, but also, it may be, for harm little contemplated.

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The minds that are to be thus moulded are, of course, the young and unformed; and the literature that earliest influences active thought will most surely tell upon their future manners and social morals. If the books they read represent the moral duties that regulate every day's thought and action under a new light, this difference will tell in the long-run far more than if the book implied views on abstract points, not yet forced upon their practical consideration, opposed to the formal teaching of home.

We have been led into this train of thought by a tale which has chanced to fall in our way—a novel by an American writer whose works for young readers have met with more universal acceptance than any reprint except 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' We do not attribute to all our readers any personal knowledge of Miss Wetherall's 'Wide, wide World,' or 'Queechy,' but to all the names will be familiar. Every railway library presents a row of them on sale, and wherever there are schoolroom book-shelves or a parish library to be referred to, we shall be surprised if these tales, well-thumbed, and with every trace of favour, are not forthcoming. They represent manners and a state of things very different from our experience, but this has so far been an attraction. If there is anything that would not quite do in England, it has all been accepted, and even where not quite approved, excused on the ground of nationality. Things are different, we say, in America. Republicanism even affects the relation of parent and child. Precocity and independence, we all know, belong to the backwoods. English children, it is assumed, will get the amusement and the good—for these are religious tales in the fullest sense of the word, whole chapters devoted to doctrine and experiences—without any temptation to the Americanisms of all sorts that simply give a zest to the style and narrative. We confess, however, to have fancied for some time that we could trace, in the young-ladyhood of a certain religious school, the influence of American religious fiction. We notice an independence of conventional restraints, a freedom of accost, an ease in asserting and enforcing opinion, a looseness from the old deference to elders, an aptitude to engraft flirtation on schemes of active good — not, as of old, timidly and evasively, but as a boldly-recognising aid to zeal and consistency — and, finally, a courageous self-reliance, not without its attractions, where a pretty face and sprightly manners carry it off, but still reminding us that we live in days when woman's rights are a "leading question," and women are called upon from across the ocean to rouse from their passive dependence, and henceforth to walk in advance of man in the path of reform and spiritual progress. Parents in our day are not strict disciplinarians; and young ladies making a decided profession, and taking a line in any of the fashionable forms, are left in most cases to their own devices, under the trust that the cares of life will soon enough subdue any excess of talkative or fussy zeal. Deference to their will and judgment has long been undermined by the books they have placed in their children's busy hands, so perhaps they do well to succumb. The memory of some of our readers may be familiar with the one cross and trial that tested the youthful heroine of old Dissenting fiction; the dance to which a worldly father in vain would drive his trembling but determined daughter, and the courage with which she resisted the double importunities of his commands, and the worldly corner of her own heart. In all other matters obedience itself, it was here she must make a stand. These struggles, if they ever had place, are a good deal over, and the young people now dance or not to please themselves. But the points on which young and old

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are permitted to come to an issue are indefinitely increased; while in every religious novel of modern date that comes to our mind the right is invariably on the daughter's side,—for one reason perhaps, that the real patrons of exciting religious fiction are the young. Mothers, never in great favour with novelists, are sinking deeper and deeper in their black books—there is a positive jealousy of their influence; while the father in the religious tale, as opposed to the moral or sentimental, is commonly either a scamp or nowhere. The heroine has, so to say, to do her work single-handed. We are so used to all this that it took us by surprise the other day to find the teaching of the fifth commandment enforced as it is in that earliest example of this class of fiction, 'Cœlebs.' There the perfect heroine is made the natural product of perfect parents; they have made her what she is, not *vice versa*, as we are used to see it. They are the arbiters of her fate; she is grateful to them for the most modified exercise of private judgment; while the exemplary hero is conspicuous for nothing so much as "veneration" for his elders, unless it be for horror of "intrepid girls," who depart from prescription, and set up for independent views. Stepping on five-and-twenty years farther into the century, we still do not see much approach to the modern gloss on parental duty. In 'Father Clement,' a clever book, which made a great sensation in its day, religion is not allowed to separate mother and child. "Maria, my child!" cries the dismayed Popish mother of her awakened daughter, "what do you mean?" only to be reassured, "I mean to remain with you, dearest mother;" —while all parties show a caution, a submission to old obligations which would be considered weak by newer lights. Dormer, for example, the fascinating priest, with commendable prudence, leaves the young [illegible]mselves, and converses [illegible] matters with their mammas in another room; pr[illegible]ely reversing the course of [illegible]m which we find inculcated in Wetherall's later work, to the consideration of which we have now arrived.

'The Old Helmet' may not have attained as yet the enormous circulation of the writer's earlier stories, but it has passed through many [illegible]e editions, and still has an ex[illegible]e sale, and may be found in any [illegible]ize and shape, from the two ha[illegible]ome volumes of the circulat[illegible]brary, to the single volume for [illegible] parish and schoolroom, and the [illegible]p copy for gift or purchase. That which has chanced to fall in our way is in that soiled and thumbed condition so flattering to an author, and has done its best to disseminate the new morality; for the perusal has been to us something of a revelation. The slightest glimpse into the writer's previous tales shows that the heads of their childish readers are in danger of being filled prematurely with notions of love and admiration. If they are very good and very pious and very busy in doing grown-up work, they have good reason to expect, from these pictures of life, that when they reach the mature age of sixteen or so, some young gentleman who has been in love with them all along will declare himself at the very nick of time: and they may then look to find themselves, all the struggles of life over, reposing a weary head on his stalwart shoulder. But in these stories, as far as we recall them, the heroines are good, and goodness is in a way rewarded. In 'The Old Helmet' it is otherwise. It is a religious story as opposed to a moral one. If the heroine had been one whit more scrupulous, conscientious, straightforward, honest, modest, and single-minded than she is—if she had possessed but a shade more delicacy and refin[illegible]nt—she would never have been c[illegible]erted, or been

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a Christian at all, according to this writer's meaning of the word. Every step of spiritual progress tramples on some duty or propriety; her growing convictions are always leading her to do wrong, or what the authoress would allow to be wrong, if the end did not justify the means. But our readers shall judge for themselves, if we can condense an abstract within the narrow space such a subject has alone a right to. We give it with the less apology, because this work belongs to the class of books of largest circulation, which yet rarely fall under critical eyes. We should premise, in justice to the writer, that though the scene is laid in England, and she desires to give her heroine English characteristics, she betrays an entire ignorance of our manners; and of course in such questions the behaviour of young people must be judged by the standard of their country. Girls in American religious fiction are represented as changing their lovers with the facile flippancy of our housemaids and "area belles." Some say this, is a misrepresentation arising from the total separation that exists in New England between the religious world and good society, thus throwing their writers on their own unassisted ideas of what is fascinating and likely to attract; but whatever excuse this ignorance may furnish, the mischief is not the less to the young unguarded reader, who takes for granted that English ideas go along with the English language, and is here led to think that, in the judgment of religious people, jilting and vulgar flirting are allowable amusements—the wild oats of girlhood.

The scene of 'The Old Helmet' —which we will explain at once is a patronising synonym for the helmet of salvation—opens with a picnic in one of our counties. Eleanor, the heroine, has strayed away from the rest of the party, and is seated on a bank with a grave young man, a stranger; her previous and much more interesting companion, Mr. Carlisle, having been recently called from her side. This stranger, the real hero, is not described; he is to unfold himself, a task he is quite equal to, as from the beginning to the end he is his own text and subject. Their conversation opens with remarks on the abbey-ruins before them, and on the motives which lead to retirement from society. Eleanor supposes this motive disgust of the world. "Do you mean," he asks, "if this is the beginning of all religious feeling?" "I really think it is," she replies, and turns from the question to admire some violets at her feet. "Then do you suppose," he says, "that these violets are less sweet to me than to you?" "Why should they be?" is her answer. "Because religion is the most precious thing in the world to me." They pursue the subject of the old monks, one of whom had been a soldier, and wore his armour to the last under his monk's habit. This legend elicits the statement from the grave young man that he also wears armour, amusing himself with his companion's puzzled look. In the meanwhile a storm rises and shelter has to be sought. He knows of a window in the ruins, the arch of which still stands; and giving her, in the emergency, the support of his hand (it was a strong hand, and not the only time, by a great many, that we hear of its good points), he seats her on the window-sill, and, with an apology, places himself by her side. The writer thinks it well to state that the window was narrow as well as deep; the two were brought into "very familiar neighbourhood"—in fact it was a tight fit; which amuses Eleanor as much as her terror of lightning gave her spirits for. Here is another opportunity for the young man to assert his superiority—he wears armour which makes him safe in all circumstances:—

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" 'What do you mean?' she said.

" 'Did you never hear of the helmet of salvation?'

" 'I don't know,' said Eleanor, wonderingly. 'I think I have heard the words. I do not think I ever attached any meaning to them.'

" 'Did you never feel,' he said, speaking with a peculiar deliberation of manner, 'that you were exposed to danger and to death, from which no effort of yours could free you?' . . . While he spoke slowly, his eyes were fixed on Eleanor with a clear, piercing glance, which she felt read her through and through; but she was fascinated instead of angered, and submitted her own eyes to the reading without wishing to turn them away. Carrying on two trains of thought at the same time, as the mind will, her inward reflection was, 'I had no idea that you were so good-looking!' The answer in words was a sober 'I have felt so.'"

He presses his point in tones that were tender, along with that deliberate utterance. "With all the quietness of his speech, his accent had a clear ring in it which came from some unsounded depth of power, and Eleanor's heart sank before it in a secret convulsion of pain." We know that Revivalists in their practical work recognise such influences as these. If young women are to be converted they do not commit the task to the elders of the congregation. Conversions of the young *never* take place, we are gravely assured, but in mixed schools, and so on. But the influences of voice and propinquity were, we think, never more boldly advocated than in this story. We have little room, however, for comment.

We lately read a complaint from a lady of the name of Higginbottom, of the custom in certain circles of addressing her by her name at every sentence. The practice prevails in this volume. "How, Mr. Rhys?" she asks; "nobody ever talked to me so before, Mr. Rhys." And he responds, "What will you do, Miss Powle?" till, pushed into a corner, she demands, "Are you a clergyman, Mr. Rhys?" For the benefit of the reader we give his reply: "I am not what you would call such." In fact, Mr. Rhys is a Methodist preacher, or minister, and keeps a school in the neighbourhood. The rain being over, they rejoin the party and Eleanor's worldly lover; who at once engages her attention, but not so deeply but that she remarks that handsome as Mr. Carlisle is, Mr. Rhys is the tallest, and that he has "a good figure—a very good figure, and moves well and easily; asking herself what is the difference between his face and the other face." In fact, from the first page Mr. Carlisle's nose is put out, though nobody knows this for some time but the reader. In the course of the evening Mr. Rhys makes himself so agreeable to Eleanor's father, Mr. Powle, that he decides to send his son to his village school. But we observe that to the elders he talks of general subjects, of ferns, and microscopes; his searching questions and *searching glances* are all bestowed upon Eleanor, and, in lesser degree, on her young sister Julia, who plays a very convenient part in bringing the two together. Eleanor, though of a fine, vigorous constitution, catches cold with the facility of the heroine of a novel. The rain of the picnic brings on a fever. In it Mr. Rhys's warnings haunt her, and on her return to health she seeks him out to ask more questions about the Helmet. He greets her with a cordial grasp of the hand, "a hand-clasp which was all the warmer for her languid appearance." He looks at her attentively. "You have been very ill, Miss Powle," is his greeting. "Julia said you had a question to ask, Miss Powle," and so they resume the discussion. "But what is the Helmet, Mr. Rhys?" till in the end, though she could not properly comprehend what it was, "of its reality there could be no question; she had seen its plumes wave over his brow."

For our part we greatly prefer

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the venerable rector of blue eyes and flowing white locks, who used to fill this young man's place in the minds of interesting female inquirers; the bland fatherly old clergyman who was always sitting in his study, and—tolerant of interruption—calling "Come in," to the young ladies who knocked at his door. But the experience of her religious school seems to have taught the authoress a different lesson. Rectors, at any rate, do not come under her patronage; and when Eleanor suddenly surprises her pastor, in a large evening party, with questions about "the helmet in the Bible," and he replies with something about Goliath's armour, it is evidently a good joke. Very soon Mr. Rhys's voice interposes—as it sounds to us somewhat impertinently—in the discussion; and "his figure standing at the window hid part of the light,—to judge by the Doctor's face he was keeping out the whole." Then Mr. Carlisle comes forward with his gratifying attentions, which are exchanged on her way to her room for a long *tête-a-tête* with Mr. Rhys in the library, whose "good-night" had been so genial, and the clasp of his hand so frank and friendly, that she stayed talking of the helmet; and when at last "she lifted her eyes to say good-night, the face she met gave a new turn to her thoughts:"—

"It was a changed face; such a light of pure joy and deep triumph shone over it, not hiding nor hindering the loving care with which those penetrating eyes were reading hers. It gave Eleanor a strange compression of heart."

But Mr. Carlisle has his turn, too. Eleanor, in transcendental phrase, "leads very full life"—which means, as far as we can interpret, that she could very well do with two strings to her bow. Her mother has, with the authoress, all the blame of the engagement she enters into with the rich, high-born worldling; but she cannot help drawing a flirt, capable of half-a-dozen attractions at once. She always likes Mr. Carlisle when she is with him, and tolerates an amount of kissing which we can only say surprises *us*. We will be bound to say that there are more kisses between the boards of the little volume we hold in our hands than in Sir Walter Scott's collected works—and kisses with circumstance, too, and admitting of varied description. In fact, kissing, and fixed and penetrating glances, for which the only synonym is "staring," on the gentleman's part, and blushes on the lady's—blushes, and flushes of every tint, from palest rose to scarlet damask, which apologise for and condone everything,—form the staple of the love-making. The little girl who betrayed her intimacy with romances by the inquiry, "Mamma, when papa asked you to marry him, did he go down on his knees to you?" would, after reading this book, have to give another colour to her question, unless, indeed, she had become too knowing in the perusal to put it at all.

But this is a digression. We next find Mr. Rhys ill at his lodgings, and the sisters agree to take him some jelly. Julia congratulates herself that Mr. Carlisle is in London, because he would not have allowed Eleanor to come, which is an implied infringement on her liberty the other indignantly resents; for the fact that she is losing her heart to Mr. Rhys never makes her a whit less angry with her other lover's growing vigilance. She is as offended at suspicions, and her delineator as indignant for her as though there was no ground for them. Another opportune storm makes the girls bounce into Mr. Rhys's very room without knowing where they are going. There he reposes on a rude couch, pale, changed, and wrapped in a dressing-gown. Eleanor stammers an apology, and she is begged to stay with "that smile that she remembered." It brings her, we are told, at once into a new atmosphere. They discuss his prospects and missionary designs, and, unfortunately for Mr. Carlisle, "the

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grave, sweet, strong intonation of his words" moved Eleanor much—"not to tears, the effect was rather a great shaking of heart—the words might have been said by anybody, the impression they produced belonged to him alone." Presently the lively Julia asks, "Mr. Rhys, do you know that after Eleanor is Mrs. Carlisle she will be Lady Rythdale?"—a stroke that drives Eleanor to desperation, and elicits a very solemn rejoinder from him. He pursues his searching inquiries in the midst of "berries and cream," brought in by the old women of the cottage; inquiries uttered in "winning tones which found their way down to some unguarded spot in her consciousness," till all she can answer is "No, Mr. Rhys;" and Mr. Rhys "adds nothing but the friendly grasp which drove the weapon home."

A certain muscular Christianity leads this writer to dwell much on horsemanship. Eleanor is a superb rider, and Mr. Carlisle mounts her on one after another of his stud; but when he is out of the way she will scamper about the country unattended on her own pony. Mr. Carlisle does not like this practice, and with reason, for she meets with adventures; and these bring her somehow to Mr. Rhys's door. She has been thrown, is walking home fatigued, and sees his cottage in the distance.

"Her heart sprang with a sudden temptation—doubted, balanced, and resolved. She had excuse enough—she would do a rebellious thing; she would go there and rest. It might give her a chance to see Mr. Rhys and hear him talk; it might not. If the chance came, why, she would be very glad of it."

She enters, and through an open door hears Mr. Rhys and the ubiquitous Julia in conversation about his project of going as a missionary to the Fiji Islands:—

"'Mr. Rhys, they are such dreadfully bad people they might kill you and eat you.'

"'Are you n[illegible]?'

"'No.'

"There is strangely much sometimes expressed, one can hardly say how, in the tone of a single word. So it was with this word, even to the ears of Eleanor in the next room. It was round and sweet, unfaltering, with something like a ripple of joy in its low utterance. It was but a word said in answer to a child's idle question: it pierced like a barbed arrow through all the involutions of another heart down to the core."

Considering that many men have eloquent voices who have no idea whatever of going to the Fiji Islands, we cannot think these arguments likely to be profitable to that class of readers whom they are most likely to interest. In another moment Eleanor is discovered by Julia, and brought in "berrying herself a little proudly;" then "sitting under a strange spell," and subsiding into that "self-possession" in which the authoress takes great pride. "Mr. Carlisle will never let you ride out alone again," exclaims the lively Julia, a speech naturally very annoying to Eleanor and putting her future husband before her in a very interfering unpleasant light. Mr. Rhys waits till the flush is off to commence his spiritual inquiries, in the midst of which the narrator of the scene thinks fit material not only to enlarge on every look and tone, but to explain that Eleanor is brought by Julia's management into nearer neighborhood of the couch, on which Mr. Rhys lies, than at first. At length "such a strange softness and light pass over the face she is looking at that she has no heart left." But whether the subject or the look and tone that convey it produce her spiritual comfort seems not to signify the least. After this scene we do not wonder "that the thought of her marriage stings her like a serpent." However, she tells Mr. Carlisle nothing of her visit till the heedless Julia lets the cat out of the bag; on which she shows a great deal of [illegible] historian seems to consider very becoming

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spirit at his gentle remonstrances, which are accompanied by the kisses and caresses this writer is so great an adept at describing.

Within a month of her wedding-day Eleanor hears from Julia that Mr. Rhys is going to preach that night in a barn. "Instantly a consuming desire" seizes Eleanor to hear him. It was not only that this presented, perhaps, "the first, last, and only chance in her life of hearing the words of truth so spoken," but "she had a craving desire to hear *how* they would be spoken." But, of course, neither lover nor parents would allow her to go—the idea is simply impossible. So Eleanor sets her wits to work, and when her plan is matured informs her mother that she intends to sit up all night with a poor dying girl in the village. The mamma makes some objections on her own account, and asks, Will Mr. Carlisle like her doing such things? but Eleanor is resolute, and repairs to Jane's cottage, whence, in disguise, and stealing off behind its dozing mistress, she hurries in the darkness to the barn.

"A vague queer feeling of her being about something wrong, not merely in the circumstances of her getting there, but in the occasion itself, haunted her with a sort of superstition. . . . Eleanor was a compound of strange feelings; till she suddenly became conscious of a stir in the gathering throng, and then heard on the plank floor a step that she instinctively knew; as the step, and the tall figure that it bore passed close by her on the way to the table. An instant sense of quiet and security settled down on her—nervousness died away."

Mr. Rhys is here as everywhere else her conscience. When the congregation disperses Eleanor finds herself in the dark at dead of night without an idea which way to turn. The reader, however, by this time familiar with the authoress's taste for equivocal situations, is quite prepared for the voice at her elbow asking, "Are you alone?" To which Eleanor replies with interesting consciousness. "I have a chaise here, come with me," says the voice; and acting as decidedly as he had spoken, Mr. Rhys leads her to the little vehicle that had just drawn up, and drives off with her. After some spiritual talk uttered with a "tenderness of voice that broke her down at once," Mr. Rhys discovers that she is there without the knowledge of her parents, and does, in the cause of duty and prudence, vouchsafe to remind her that it was "very dangerous," and tells her "you did very wrong," parting with her a moment after with the earnest grasp of the hand that again "Eleanor remembered."

The authoress satisfies her ideas of punctilio by this one word of disapproval, of which nothing comes. We naturally ask, Can girls do such things where Miss Wetherall lives and no harm come of it? We can only say *she* makes good come of it according to her views of good. In this story, designed for the spiritual benefit of young readers at the most impressible age, they are tempted to acquiesce in a line of action nothing short of intrigue, and to see a *call* in the voice, eye, and hand, which leads this young woman to outrages of propriety like this.

Down in her heart more obstinate than ever is the feeling, "I do not want to marry Mr. Carlisle." But when she comes in contact with him, there is riding together, and kissing as before. Of course we are assured that it was all very disagreeable to Eleanor, except when it happened to be a very fine day, and the horse's paces very good. On the whole, however, we can understand how it is that Mr. Carlisle remains in the dark as to her real feelings; even when he follows her to the Methodist chapel in the neighbouring town, where, informing no one of her intention, but fearless of consequences, she goes to hear Mr. Rhys for the last time, and he there sees her approach what used to be called the "anxious benches," and Mr. Rhys whis-

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pering in her ear. Disconcerted, he takes her home, and, forbearing to question her in the carriage, asks for a conversation, when she has changed her dress. With her head full of Mr. Rhys, she yet prepares for this interview by putting on a very becoming gown. "She looked lovely when she entered the drawing-room," but why she set herself off to the best advantage for the purpose of snubbing, if not cashiering, her lover, is not explained. But the writer as carefully describes a flirt, never forgetting herself or the impression she desires to make, as though it was her object to draw one.

The blind, forbearing Mr. Carlisle will not understand, and goes off content, though, on his leaving, Eleanor informs her mother that she will "poison herself before she will be married on the 21st." To avoid such a consummation, Mr. Carlisle's mother dies, which postpones the marriage, and Eleanor in the interval pays her Welsh aunt, Mrs. Caxton, a visit, who is introduced to us as a wealthy Methodist widow. From thence she writes to refuse Mr. Carlisle definitely, and Mr. Rhys again turns up, first at a Methodist meeting, and then at aunt Caxton's house, where his good points grow upon her, and she has an opportunity of observing, as he turns over the leaves of his Bible, how finely made are his hands, "white withal, and beautifully cared for." There her conversion is finally consummated; but after three months of this new life she is summoned home by her mother, who seems to know nothing of the way she has been spending her time, and who has by no means given up the hope of her daughter's being Lady Rythdale after all. Eleanor comes up obediently, and devotes herself to London ragged schools, where, strange to say, we find Mr. Carlisle attending her. At their first meeting "he had the audacity" to come up and speak to her. Eleanor "involuntarily admired him," and somehow things slip again into

footing—she
ows her mind,
hat she treats him always "as
does others." As she rides
with him on *his* horses,
one occasion he gives her
at which, indeed, she feels
nt when she gets to her own
room, this opens out new fields
of speculation as to what Eleanor's
ers were towards young men
neral. Eleanor will not dance
er present converted state, because she does not see how she can
further her Master's business in the
; but flirting is clearly another
. Mr. Carlisle is now in Parent, and Eleanor has at heart
ring in a certain Bill about
ed schools. She is willing
fore, to cajole him into an
est in her schemes. One day
Julia says to her—

"'O Eleanor, are you sure you are not going to Rythdale?'

"'What makes you ask me?'

"'Why, everybody thinks so; and you—you are with Mr. Carlisle all the time talking to him.'

"'I have so many thoughts to put into his head,' said Eleanor, gravely.

"'What are you busy with him about?'

"'Parliament business. It is for the poor of London, Julia. Mr. Carlisle is preparing a bill to bring into the House of Commons, and I know more about the matter than he does, and so he comes to me.'

"'Don't you think he is glad of his ignorance?' said Julia, shrewdly. Eleanor looked thoughtfully down. 'What do you give him thoughts about?'

"'My poor boys would say "lots of things." I have to convince Mr. Carlisle that it would cost the country less to reform than punish. . . . It is important beyond measure, and if I should let it alone the whole might fall to the ground. There are two objections in Mr. Carlisle's mind. . . . I must show him how false the objections are. I have begun, I must go through with it. The whole might fall to the ground if I took away my hand. I must go through with it, and it w[illegible] such an incalculable blessing t[illegible]ands and thousands in this dre[illegible]ace.'"

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Eleanor decides that she must at all hazards see through the bill. "She lets matters take their course," and talks reform diligently to Mr. Carlisle. At length the bill is brought in and printed. "The very next day" she refuses to join in an excursion he plans, and lets it distinctly be known that she cannot fulfil his expectations — the authoress evidently approving the whole line of conduct, and the time she chooses for coming to an understanding. Subsequently she records a conversation between aunt and niece on the matter of the bill, in which they both agree that Mr. Carlisle was not a "disinterested lover." An explosion ensues on Eleanor's distinct refusal to form one of the party to Richmond. Her father half turns her out of doors, upon which she returns well pleased to aunt Caxton, who asks to be allowed to adopt her and is permitted to do so.

In the meanwhile Mr. Rhys is off to the Fiji Islands, and in the course of time aunt Caxton thinks fit to sound Eleanor on the state of her affections. Finding them favourable to her views, she gives her two letters from Mr. Rhys, one written on the eve of departure, and another dated "Island Vulanga, South Seas," making formal proposals to her. Eleanor is dismissed to her couch, with an injunction to "take care she does the Lord's will in the matter," and comes down in the morning with her answer ready. This step gained, aunt Caxton proceeds to smooth matters for an early marriage, beyond Eleanor's, and we will also add the reader's, first notions of the possible. Vulanga is a long way off, delays innumerable; the advice is, that Eleanor shall set off at *once*—that is, as soon as an escort can be found—waiting for no response from Mr. Rhys to her acceptance. Eleanor does not care for what the world would say, but she is a little afraid of what Mr. Rhys may think—fears that aunt Caxton conveniently sets to rest; and the process of preparation sets in at once. A ship and an escort are found in due time, and Eleanor and her aunt repair to London, where in a farewell meeting with her mother (the father has died with small moan for his absent daughter), the persecution of the world is represented by Mrs. Powle's objections.

"'What do you think, sister Caxton, of a young lady taking a voyage five months long after her husband, instead of her husband taking it for her? He ought to be a grateful man, I think.'"

And so think we; but Eleanor is pictured as divinely forgiving in offering her mamma a cup of coffee upon this insult, aggravated as it is by the further not unnatural inquiry of who there would be to marry her—that is, to perform the service, when she got there. When Mrs. Powle is gone, having decided it not safe to expose Julia to the influence of such practices, the aunt reminds Eleanor "that he that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." After this she sails, and in due time arrives at the Fiji Islands.

The subject of dress must exercise the minds of all young readers of this exciting narrative. Eleanor has long forsworn trimmings; her bonnet is crossed with chocolate-coloured ribbons. The point is, How will she look when Mr. Rhys sees her? But we have not been left to our own guesses in this particular. The pattern of her dress had been asked for, and its sit admired, at Sydney, which is her first stage; and when the vessel nears the shore at Vulanga, she prudently goes down into the cabin and changes her gown. Here, through a nick of the door, she can note what passes on deck. First appears a half-naked black savage, and "this vision is soon crossed by another which looked to her eyes very much like a white angel of light"—in fact, Mr. Rhys in a white suit. She takes in the freshness of his whole get-up,

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even to the hand that holds his hat. "It was the same white and carefully-looked-after hand she remembered in England." This was fortunate, and little short of a miracle, considering that he had been industriously engaged in housebuilding and carpentering in a tropical climate ever since he had learnt that a wife was on her way to him. She ascends to the deck, and his "O Eleanor!" rewards her for all she had gone through. All is now *couleur de rose*. Mr. Rhys shows himself what is technically called honourable in his intentions. He at once carries off Eleanor to the house of sister Balliol, the wife of a brother missionary. This rather trying personage eyes Eleanor's thick coil of hair, her collar, her cuffs, and the sweep of her dress suspiciously; asks her if she knew brother Rhys before she left England; and austerely reminds her that she must expect some trials out there. But Mr. Rhys soon returns from the ship. The two stand up then and there and are married, and he carries her off to her new home.

If missionary life is such playwork as is here represented, of course sister Balliol was in the wrong. We are introduced, in the Fiji Islands, to a second connubial paradise, where the oddity of having a husband "who had never spoken one word of love" is expected to create quite a new sensation in the reader. Aunt Caxton had amused herself by shipping an incredible amount of household stores to Vulanga; even dinner-napkins and delicate china were not wanting. And in spite of sister Balliol, Eleanor visits her husband in his study, in exquisite white muslin robes (duly set out, we are allowed to gather, by crinoline), and hair charmingly dressed, the occasion of this visit being to inform her husband that Mrs. Balliol urges her cutting off her hair as a sacrifice to the missionary cause. He sets her mind at ease on this point; "But why not say 'sister Balliol!'" For once Eleanor resists. "I cannot," she answers. He insists, but with a comical turn of the lip which tantalises our natural curiosity to know his real design.

But though the time in Fiji passes in a sort of transcendental rapture — though Eleanor is persuaded by her husband to tell her experiences to the assembled company—though they sing revivalist hymns of the usual tone of irreverence for the sake of showing off Eleanor's magnificent voice — one question remains unanswered which must vex the reader. One bone of contention lurks amid all this felicity; Eleanor does not anywhere in these pages address her hostess as "sister Balliol."

Abstracts are such bald things that we can scarcely hope to have kept our readers' curiosity alive to the end. Compressed as it is, it has taken more than the space it deserves, and has left no room for comment. Comment, however, is surely unnecessary. If our unvarnished tale has not shown that a religious novel may be more mischievous than most novels that make no profession at all, nothing that we may add can prove it. We are happy to think that it does not describe our young ladies as they are; but does it foreshadow what any circle amongst us may come to?

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SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART X.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—AN EXIT.

COLONEL SEWELL stood at the window of a small drawing-room he called "his own," watching the details of loading a very cumbrous travelling carriage which was drawn up before the door. Though the postilions were in the saddle, and all ready for a start, the process of putting up the luggage went on but slowly—now, a heavy imperial would be carried out, and after a while taken in again; dressing-boxes carefully stowed away would be disinterred to be searched for some missing article; bags, baskets, and boxes of every shape and sort came and went and came again; and although the two footmen who assisted these operations showed in various ways what length of training had taught them to submit to in worry and caprice, the smart "maid," who now and then appeared to give some order, displayed most unmistakable signs of ill-humour on her face. "Drat those dogs! I wish they were down the river!" cried she, to two yelping, barking Maltese terriers, which, with small bells jingling on their collars, made an uproar that was perfectly deafening.

"Well, Miss Morris, if it would oblige *you*——" said one of the tall footmen as he caressed his whisker, and gave a very languishing look, more than enough, he thought, to supply the words wanting to his sentence.

"It would oblige *me* very much, Mr. George, to get away out of this horrid place. I never did—no, never—in all my life, pass such a ten days."

"We ain't a-going just yet, after all," said footman number two, with a faint yawn.

"It's so like you, Mr. Breggis, to say something disagreeable," said she with a toss of her head.

"It's because it's true I say it, not because it's onpleasant, Miss Caroline."

"I'm not Miss Caroline, at least from you, Mr. Breggis."

"Ain't she haughty—ain't she fierce?" But his colleague would not assent to this judgment, and looked at her with a longing admiration.

"There's her bell again," cried the girl; "as sure as I live she's rung forty times this morning," and she hurried back to the house.

"Why do you think we're not off yet?" asked George.

"It's the way I heerd her talking that shows me," replied the other. "Whenever she's really about to leave a place she goes into them fits of laughing and crying and screaming one minute, and a-whimpering the next; and then she tells the people—as it were, unknownst to her—how she hated them all—how stingy they was—the shameful way they starved the servants, and suchlike. There's some as won't let her into their houses by reason of them fits, for she'll plump out everything she knows of a family—who ran away with the Missis, and why the second daughter went over to France."

"You know her better than me, Breggis."

"I do think I does; it's eight years I've had of it. Eh, what's that—wasn't that a screech?" and as he spoke a wild shrill scream resounded through the house, followed by a rapid succession of notes that might either have been laughter or crying.

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Sewell drew the curtain; and wheeling an arm-chair to the fire-side, lit his cigar and began to smoke.

The house was so small that the noises could be heard easily in every part of it; and for a time the rapid passage of persons overhead, and the voices of many speaking together, could be detected, and, above these, a wild shriek would now and then rise above all, and ring through the house. Sewell smoked on undisturbed; it was not easy to say that he so much as heard these sounds. His indolent attitude, and his seeming enjoyment of his cigar, indicated perfect composure; nor even when the door opened, and his wife entered the room, did he turn his head to see who it was.

"Can William have the pony to go into town?" asked she, in a half submissive voice.

"For what?"

"To tell Dr. Tobin to come out; Lady Trafford is taken ill."

"He can go on foot; I may want the pony."

"She is alarmingly ill, I fear—very violent spasms; and I don't think there is any time to be lost."

"Nobody that makes such a row as that can be in any real danger."

"She is in great pain at all events."

"Send one of her own people—despatch one of the postboys—do what you like, only don't bore *me*."

She was turning to leave the room, when he called out—"I say, when the attack came on did she take the opportunity to tell you any pleasant little facts about yourself or your family?" She smiled faintly, and moved towards the door. "Can't you tell me, ma'am? has this woman been condoling with you over your hard fate and your bad husband? or has she discovered how that 'dear boy' up-stairs broke his head as well as his heart in your service?"

"She did ask me certainly if there wasn't a great friendship between you and her son," said she, with a tone of quiet disdain.

"And what did you reply?" said he, throwing one leg over the arm of the chair as he swung round to face her.

"I don't well remember. I may have said *you* liked *him*, or that *he* liked *you*. It was such a commonplace reply I made I forget it."

"And was that all that passed on the subject?"

"I think I'd better send for the doctor," said she, and left the room before he could stop her, though that such was his intention was evident from the way he arose from his chair with a sudden spring.

"You shall hear more of this, madam—by Heaven you shall!" muttered he, as he paced the room with rapid steps. "Who's that? come in," cried he, as a knock came to the door. "Oh, Balfour! is it you?"

"Yes; what the deuce is going on up-stairs? Lady Trafford appears to have gone mad."

"Indeed! how unpleasant!"

"Very unpleasant for your wife, I take it. She has been saying all sorts of unmannerly things to her this last hour—things that, if she weren't out of her reason, she ought to be thrown out of the window for."

"And why didn't you do so?"

"It was a liberty I couldn't think of taking in another man's house."

"Lord love you, I'd have thought nothing of it! I'm the best-natured fellow breathing. What was it she said?"

"I don't know how I can repeat them."

"Oh, I see, they reflect on *me*. My dear young friend, when you live to my age you will learn that anything can be said to anybody, provided it only be done by 'the third party.' Whatever the law rejects as evidence assumes in social life the value of friendly admonition. Go on and tell me who it is is in love with my wife."

Cool as Mr. Cholmondeley Balfour

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was, the tone of this demand staggered him.

"Art thou the man, Balfour?" said Sewell at last, staring at him with a mock frown.

"No, by Jove! I never presumed that far."

"It's the sick fellow, then, is the culprit?"

"So his mother opines. She is an awful woman! I was sitting with your wife in the small drawing-room when she burst into the room and cried out, 'Mrs. Sewell, is your name Lucy? for, if so, my son has been rambling on about you this last hour in a wonderful way: he has told me about fifty times that he wants to see you before he dies; and now that the doctor says he is out of danger he never ceases talking of dying. I suppose you have no objection to the interview; at least they tell me you were constantly in his room before my arrival.'"

"How did my wife take this?—what did she say?" asked Sewell, with an easy smile as he spoke.

"She said something about agitation or anxiety serving to excuse conduct which otherwise would be unpardonable; and she asked me to send her maid to her, as I think to get me away."

"Of course you rang the bell and sat down again."

"No: she gave me a look that said, I don't want you here, and I went; but the storm broke out again as I closed the door, and I heard Lady Trafford's voice raised to a scream as I came down stairs."

"It all shows what I have said over and over again," said Sewell, slowly, "that whenever a man has a grudge or a grievance against a woman, he ought always to get another woman to torture her. I'll lay you fifty pounds Lady Trafford cut deeper into my wife's flesh by her two or three impertinences than if I had stormed myself into an apoplexy."

"And don't you mean to turn her out of the house?"

"Turn whom out?"

"Lady Trafford, of course."

"It's not so easily done, I suspect. I'll take to the long boat myself one of these days, and leave her in command of the ship."

"I tell you she's a dangerous, a very dangerous woman; she has been ransacking her son's desk, and has come upon all sorts of ugly memoranda — sums lost at play, and reminders to meet bills, and suchlike."

"Yes; he was very unlucky of late," said Sewell, coldly.

"And there was something like a will, too; at least there was a packet of trinkets tied up in a paper, which purported to be a will, but only bore the name Lucy."

"How delicate! There's something touching in that, Balfour; isn't there?" said Sewell, with a grin. "How wonderfully you seem to have got up the case. You know the whole story. How did you manage it?"

"My fellow Paxley had it from Lady Trafford's maid. She told him that her mistress was determined to show all her son's papers to the Chief Baron, and blow you sky high."

"That's awkward, certainly," said Sewell, in deep thought. "It would be a devil of a conflagration if two such combustibles came together. I'd rather she'd fight it out with my mother."

"Have you sent in your papers to the Horse Guards?"

"Yes; it's all finished. I am gazetted out, or I shall be on Tuesday."

"I'm sorry for it. Not that it signifies much as to this registrarship. We never intended to relinquish our right to it; we mean to throw the case into Chancery, and we have one issue already to submit to trial at bar."

"Who are *we* that are going to do all this?"

"The Crown," said Balfour, haughtily.

"*Ego et res meus;* that's the

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style, is it? Come now, Balfy, if you're for a bet, I'll back my horse, the Chief Baron, against the field. Give me sporting odds, for he's aged, and must run in bandages besides."

"That woman's coming here at this moment was most unlucky."

"Of course it was; it wouldn't be *my* lot if it were anything else. I say," cried he, starting up, and approaching the window, "what's up now?"

"She's going at last, I really believe."

The sound of many and heavy footsteps was now heard descending the stair slowly, and immediately after two men issued from the door, carrying young Trafford on a chair; his arms hung listlessly at his side, and his head was supported by his servant.

"I wonder whose doing is this? has the doctor given his concurrence to it? how are they to get him into the coach? and what are they to do with him when he is there?" Such was the running commentary Balfour kept up all the time they were engaged in depositing the sick man in the carriage. Again a long pause of inaction ensued, and at last a tap came to the door of the room, and a servant inquired for Mr. Balfour.

"There!" cried Sewell, "it's *your* turn now. I can hope she'll insist on your accompanying her to town."

Balfour hurried out, and was seen soon afterwards escorting Lady Trafford to the carriage. Whether it was that she was not yet decided as to her departure, or that she had so many injunctions to give before going, the eventful moment was long delayed. She twice tried the seat in the carriage, once with cushions and then without. She next made Balfour try whether it might not be possible to have a sort of inclined plane to lie upon. At length she seemed overcome with her exertions, sent for a chair, and had a glass of water given her, to which her maid added certain drops from a phial.

"You will tell Colonel Sewell all I have said, Mr. Balfour," said she, aloud, as she prepared to enter the carriage. "It would have been more agreeable to me had he given me the opportunity of saying it to himself, but his peculiar notions on the duties of a host have prevented this. As to Mrs. Sewell, I hope and believe I have sufficiently explained myself. She at least knows my sentiments as to what goes on in this house. Of course, sir, it is very agreeable to *you*. Men of pleasure are not persons to be overburdened with scruples—least of all such scruples as interfere with self-indulgence. This sort of life is therefore charming; I leave you to all its delights, sir, and do not even warn you against its danger. I will not promise the same discretion, however, when I go hence. I owe it to all mothers who have sons, Mr. Balfour—I owe it to every family in which there is a name to be transmitted, and a fortune to be handed down, to declare what I have witnessed under the roof. No, Lionel; no, my dear boy; nothing shall prevent my speaking out." This was addressed to her son, who by a deep sigh seemed to protest against the sentiments he was not able to oppose. "It may suit Mr. Balfour's habits, or his tastes, to remain here—with these I have nothing to do. The Duke of Bayswater might, possibly, think his heir could keep better company—with that I have no concern; though when the matter comes to be discussed before me—as it one day will, I have no doubt—I shall hold myself free to state my opinion. Good-bye, sir; you will, perhaps, do me the favour to call at the Bilton; I shall remain till Saturday there; I have resolved not to leave Ireland till I see the Viceroy; and also have a meeting with this Judge, I forget his name, Lam—Lem—what is it? He is the chief something, and easily found."

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A few very energetic words, uttered so low as to be inaudible to all but Balfour himself, closed this address.

"On my word of honour—on my sacred word of honour—Mr. Balfour," said she aloud, as she placed one foot on the step, "Caroline saw it—saw it with her own eyes. Don't forget all I have said; don't drop that envelope; be sure you come to see me." And she was gone.

"Give me five minutes to recover myself," said Balfour, as he entered Sewell's room, and threw himself on a sofa; "such a 'breather' as that I have not had for many a day."

"I heard a good deal of it," said Sewell, coolly. "She screams, particularly when she means to be confidential; and all that about my wife must have reached the gardener in the shrubbery. Where is she off to?"

"To Dublin. She means to see his Excellency and the Chief Baron; she says she can't leave Ireland till she has unmasked all your wickedness."

"She had better take a house on a lease then; did you tell her so?"

"I did nothing but listen—I never interposed a word. Indeed, she won't let one speak."

"I'd give ten pounds to see her with the Chief Baron. It would be such a 'close thing.' All his neat sparring would go for nothing against her; for though she hits wide, she can stand a deal of punishment without feeling it."

"She'll do you mischief there."

"She might," said he, more thoughtfully. "I think I'll set my mother at her; not that she'll have a chance, but just for the fun of the thing. What's the letter in your hand?"

"Oh, a commission she gave me. I was to distribute this amongst your household," and he drew forth a bank-note. "Twenty pounds! you have no objection to it, have you?"

"I know nothing about it; of course you never hinted such a thing to me;" and with this he arose and left the room.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—A STORMY MOMENT.

Within a week after the first letter came a second from Cagliari. It was but half-a-dozen lines from Tom himself. "They are sending me off to a place called Maddalena, dearest Lucy, for change of air. The priest has given me his house, and I am to be Robinson Crusoe there, with an old hag for Friday—how I wish for you! Sir Brook can only come over to me occasionally. Look out for three rocks—they call them islands—off the N. E. of Sardinia; one of them is mine.—Ever your own, Tom L."

Lucy hastened down with this letter in her hand to her grandfather's room; but met Mr. Haire on the stairs, who whispered in her ear, "Don't go in yet, my dear; he is out of sorts this morning; Lady Lendrick has been here, and a number of unpleasant letters have arrived, and it is better not to disturb him further."

"Will you take this note," said she, "and give it to him at any fitting moment? I want to know what I shall reply—I mean, I'd like to hear if grandpapa has any kind message to send the poor fellow."

"Leave it with me. I'll take charge of it, and come up to tell you when you can see the Judge." Thus saying, he passed on, and entered the room where the Chief Baron was sitting. The curtains were closely drawn, and in one of the windows the shutters were closed—so sensitive to light was the old man in his periods of excitement. He lay back in a deep chair, his eyes closed, his face

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slightly flushed, breathing heavily, and the fingers of one hand twitching slightly at moments; the other was held by Beattie, as he counted the pulse. "Dip that handkerchief in the cold lotion, and lay it over his forehead," whispered Beattie to Haire.

"Speak out, sir; that muttering jars on my nerves, and irritates me," said the Judge, in a slow firm tone.

"Come," said Beattie, cheerfully, "you are better now; the weakness has passed off."

"There is no weakness in the case, sir," said the old man, sitting bolt upright in the chair, as he grasped and supported himself by the arms. "It is the ignoble feature of your art to be materialist. You can see nothing in humanity but a nervous cord and a circulation."

"The doctor's ministry goes no further," said Beattie, gently.

"Your art is then but left-handed, sir. Where's Haire?"

"Here, at your side," replied Haire.

"I must finish my story, Haire. Where was it that I left off? Yes; to be sure—I remember now. This boy of Sewell's—Reginald Victor Sewell—was with my permission to take the name of Lendrick, and be called Reginald Victor Sewell Lendrick."

"And become the head of your house?"

"The head of my house, and my heir. She did not say so, but she could not mean anything short of it."

"What has your son done to deserve this?" asked Haire, bluntly.

"My son's rights, sir, extend but to the modest fortune I inherited from my father. Whatever other property I possess has been acquired by my own ability and labour, and is mine to dispose of."

"I suppose there are other rights as well as those of the statute-book?"

"Listen to this, Beattie," cried the old Judge, with a sparkle of the eye—"listen to this dialectician, who discourses to me on the import of a word. It is not generous, I must say, to come down with all the vigour of his bright, unburdened faculties upon a poor, weak, and suffering object like myself. You might have waited, Haire, till I had at least the semblance of power to resist you."

"What answer did you give her?" asked Haire, bluntly.

"I said—what it is always safe to say—'Le roi s'avisera.' Eh, Beattie? this is the grand principle of your own craft. Medicine is very little else than 'the wisdom of waiting.' I told her," continued he, "I would think of it—that I would see the child. 'He is here,' said she, rising and leaving the room, and in a few moments returned, leading a little boy by the hand—a very noble-looking child, I will say, with a lofty head and a bold brow. He met me as might a prince, and gave his hand as though it were an honour he bestowed. What a conscious power there is in youth! Ay, sirs, that is the real source of all the much-boasted vigour and high-heartedness. Beattie will tell us some story of arterial action or nervous expansion; but the mystery lies deeper. The conscious force of a future development imparts a vigour that all the triumphs of after life pale before."

"'Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum,'" said Haire—"I'd not provide for people out of my own family."

"It is a very neat though literal translation, sir, and, like all that comes from you, pointed and forcible."

"I'd rather be fair and honest than either," said Haire, bluntly.

"I appeal to you, Beattie, and I ask if I have deserved this;" and the old Judge spoke with an air of such apparent sincerity as actually to impose upon the Doctor. "The sarcasms of this man push my regard for him to the last intrenchment."

"Haire never meant it; he never

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intended to reflect upon you," said Beattie, in a low tone.

"He knows well enough that I did not," said Haire, half sulkily; for he thought the Chief was pushing his raillery too far.

"I'm satisfied," said the Judge, with a sigh. "I suppose he can't help it. There are fencers who never believe they have touched you till they see the blood. Be it so; and now to go back. She went away and left the child with me, promising to take him up after paying a visit she had to make in the neighbourhood. I was not sorry to have the little fellow's company. He was most agreeable, and, unlike Haire, he never made me his butt. Well, I have done; I will say no more on that head. I was actually sorry when she came to fetch him, and I believe I said so. What does that grunt mean, Haire?"

"I did not speak."

"No, sir, but you uttered what implied an ironical assent—a *nisi prius* trick—like the leer I have seen you bestow upon the jury-box. How hard it is for the cunning man to divest himself of the subtlety of his calling!"

"I want to hear how it all ended," muttered Haire.

"You shall hear, sir, if you will vouchsafe me a little patience. When men are in the full vigour of their faculties, they should be tolerant to those foot-sore and weary travellers who, like myself, halt behind and delay the march. But bear in mind, Haire, I was not always thus. There was a time when I walked in the van. Ay, sir, and bore myself bravely too. I was talking with that child when they announced Mr. Balfour, the private secretary, a man most distasteful to me; but I told them to show him in, curious indeed to hear what new form of compromise they were about to propose to me. He had come with a secret and confidential message from the Viceroy, and really seemed distressed at having to speak before a child of six years old, so mysterious and reserved was he. He made a very long story of it—full an hour; but the substance was this: The Crown had been advised to dispute my right of appointment to the registrarship, and to make a case for a jury; but—mark the 'but'—in consideration for my high name and great services, and in deference to what I might be supposed to feel from an open collision with the Government, they were still willing for an accommodation, and would consent to ratify any appointment I should make, other than that of the gentleman I had already named—Colonel Sewell.

"Self-control is not exactly the quality for which my friends give me most credit. Haire, there, will tell you I am a man of ungovernable temper, and who never even tried to curb his passion; but I would hope there is some injustice in this award. I became a perfect dove in gentleness, as I asked Balfour for the reasons which compelled his Excellency to make my stepson's exclusion from office a condition. 'I am not at liberty to state them,' was the cool reply. 'They are personal, and of course delicate?' asked I, in a tone of submission, and he gave a half assent in silence. I concurred—that is, I yielded the point. I went even further. I hinted, vaguely of course, at the courteous reserve by which his Excellency was willing to spare me such pain as an unpleasant disclosure—if there were such—might occasion me. I added, that old men are not good subjects for shocks; and I will say, sirs, that he looked at me as I spoke with a compassionate pity which won all my gratitude! Ay, Beattie, and though my veins swelled at the temples, and I felt a strange rushing sound in my ears, I had no fit, and in a moment or two was as calm as I am this instant.

"'Let me be clear upon this point,' said I to him. 'I am to

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nominate to the office any one except Sewell, and you will confirm such nomination?' 'Precisely,' replied he. 'Such act on my part in no way to prejudice whatever claim I lay to the appointment in perpetuity, or jeopardise any rights I now assert?' 'Certainly not,' said he. 'Write it,' said I, pushing towards him a pen and paper; and so overjoyed was he with his victorious negotiation, that he wrote, word for word, as I dictated. When I came to the name Sewell, I added, 'To whose nomination his Excellency demurs, on grounds of character and conduct sufficient in his Excellency's estimation to warrant such exclusion; but which, out of deference to the Chief Baron's feelings, are not set forth in this negotiation.' 'Is this necessary?' asked he, as he finished writing. 'It is,' was my reply; 'put your name at foot, and the date,' and he did so.

"I now read over the whole aloud; he winced at the concluding lines, and said, 'I had rather, with your permission, erase these last words, for though I know the whole story, and believe it too, there's no occasion for entering upon it here.'

"As he spoke, I folded the paper and placed it in my pocket. 'Now, sir,' said I, 'let *me* hear the story you speak of.' 'I cannot. I told you before I was not at liberty to repeat it.' I insisted, and he refused. There was a positive altercation between us, and he raised his voice in anger, and demanded back from me the paper, which he said I had tricked him into writing. I will not say that he meant to use force, but he sprang from his chair and came towards me with such an air of menace, that the boy, who was playing in the corner, rushed at him, and struck him with his drumstick, saying, 'You shan't beat grandpapa!' I believe I rang the bell; yes, I rang the bell sharply. The child was crying when they came. I was confused and flurried. Balfour was gone."

"And the paper?" asked Haire.

"The paper is here, sir," said he, touching his breast-pocket. "The country shall ring with it, or such submission shall I exact as will bring that Viceroy and his minions to my feet in abject contrition. Were you to ask me now, I know not what terms I would accept of."

"I would rather you said no more at present," said Beattie. "You need rest and quietness."

"I need reparation and satisfaction, sir; that is what I need."

"Of course—of course; but you must be strong and well to enforce it," said Beattie.

"I told Lady Lendrick to leave the child with me. She said she would bring him back to-morrow. I like the boy. What does my pulse say, Beattie?"

"It says that all this talking and agitation are injurious to you—that you must be left alone."

The old man sighed faintly, but did not speak.

"Haire and I will take a turn in the garden, and be within call if you want us," said Beattie.

"Wait a moment—what was it I had to say? You are too abrupt, Beattie: you snap the cords of thought by such rough handling, and we old men lose our dexterous knack of catching the loose ends, as we once did. There, there—leave me now; the skein is all tangled in hopeless confusion." He waved his hand in farewell, and they left him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A LADY'S LETTER.

"Lucy asked me to show him this note from her brother," said Haire, as he strolled with Beattie down the lawn. "It was no time to do so. Look over it and say what you advise."

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"The boy wants a nurse, not a doctor," said Beattie. "A little care and generous diet would soon bring him round; but they are a strange race these Lendricks. They have all the stern qualities that brave danger, and they are terribly sensitive to some small wound to their self-love. Let that young fellow, for instance, only begin to feel that he is forgotten or an outcast, and he'll droop at once. A few kind words, and a voice he loved, *now*, will do more than all my art could replace a little later."

"You mean that we ought to have him back here?" asked Haire, bluntly.

"I mean that he ought to be where he can be carefully and kindly treated."

"I'll tell the Chief you think so. I'll say that you dropped the remark to myself, of course—never meaning to dictate anything to *him*."

Beattie shook his head in sign of doubt.

"I know him well, better perhaps than any one, and I know there's no more generous man breathing; but he must not be coerced—he must not be even influenced, where the question be one for a decision. As he said to me one day—'I want the evidence, sir. I don't want your speech to it.'"

"There's the evidence then," said Beattie—"that note with its wavering letters, weak and uncertain as the fingers that traced them—show him that. Say, if you like, that I read it, and thought the lad's case critical. If, after that, he wishes to talk to me on the subject, I'm ready to state my opinion. If the boy be like his father, a few tender words and a little show of interest for him will be worth all the tonics that ever were brewed."

"It's the grandfather's nature too; but the world has never known it—probably never will know it," said Haire.

"In that I agree with you," said Beattie, dryly.

"He regards it as a sort of weakness when people discover any act of generosity or any trait of kindliness about him; and do you know," added he, confidentially, "I have often thought that what the world regarded as irritability and sharpness was nothing more nor less than shyness—just shyness."

"I certainly never suspected that he was the victim of that quality."

"No, I imagine not. A man must know him as I do to understand it. I remember one day, long, long ago, I went so far as to throw out a half hint that I thought he laboured under this defect—he only smiled, and said, 'You suspect me of diffidence. I am diffident—no man more so, sir; but it is of the good or great qualities in other men.' Wasn't that a strange reply? I never very clearly understood it—do you?"

"I suspect I do; but here comes a message to us."

Haire spoke a word with the servant, and then returning to Beattie, said—"He wants to see me. I'll just step in, and be back in a moment."

Beattie promised not to leave till he returned, and strolled along by the side of a little brook which meandered tastefully through the greensward. He had fallen into a reverie—a curious inquiry within himself whether it were a boon or an evil for a man to have acquired that sort of influence over another mind which makes his every act and word seem praiseworthy and excellent. "I wonder is the Chief the better or the worse for this indiscriminating attachment? Does it suggest a standard to attain to? or does it merely minister to self-love and conceit? Which is it? which is it?" cried he aloud, as he stood and gazed on the rippling rivulet beside him.

"Shall *I* tell you?" said a low, sweet voice; and Lucy Lendrick slipped her arm within his as she spoke—"shall I tell you, Doctor?"

"Do, by all means."

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"A little of both, I opine. Mind," said she, laughing, "I have not the vaguest notion of what you were balancing in your mind, but somehow I suspect unmixed good or evil is very rare, and I take my stand on a compromise. Am I right!"

"I scarcely know, but I can't submit the case to you. I have an old-fashioned prejudice against letting young people judge their seniors. Let us talk of something else. What shall it be?"

"I want to talk to you of Tom."

"I have just been speaking to Haire about him. We must get him back here, Lucy—we really must."

"Do you mean here, in this house, Doctor?"

"Here, in this house. Come, don't shake your head, Lucy. I see the necessity for it on grounds you know nothing of. Lady Lendrick is surrounding your grandfather with her family, and I want Tom back here just that the Chief should see what a thorough Lendrick he is. If your grandfather only knew the stuff that's in him, he'd be prouder of him than of all his own successes."

"No, no, no,—a thousand times no, Doctor! It would never do—believe me, it would never do. There are things which a girl may submit to in quiet obedience, which in a man would require subserviency. The Sewells, too, are to be here on Saturday, and who is to say what that may bring forth?"

"She wrote to you," said the Doctor, with a peculiar significance in his voice.

"Yes, a strange sort of note too. I almost wish I could show it to you,—I'd so like to hear what you'd say of the spirit of the writer."

"She told me she would write," said he again, with a more marked meaning in his manner.

"You shall see it," said she, resolutely; "here it is," and she drew forth the letter and handed it to him. For an instant she seemed as if about to speak, but suddenly, as if changing her mind, she merely murmured, "Read it, and tell me what you think of it."

The note ran thus:—

"My dearest Lucy,—We are to meet to-morrow, and I hope and trust to meet like sisters who love each other. Let me make one brief explanation before that moment arrives. I cannot tell what rumours may have reached you of all that has happened here. I know nothing of what people say, nor have I the faintest idea how our life may have been represented. If you knew me longer and better, you would know that I neither make this ignorance matter of complaint nor regret. I have lived just long enough to take the world at its just value, and not to make its judgments of such importance as can impair my self-esteem and my comfort. It would, however, have been agreeable to me to have known what you may have heard of me—of us—as it is not impossible I might have felt the necessity to add something—to correct something—perhaps to deny something. I am now in the dark, and pray forgive me if I stumble rudely against you, where I only meant to salute you courteously.

"You at least know the great disaster which befell here. Dr. Beattie has told you the story—what more he may have said I cannot guess. If I were to wait for our meeting, I would not have to ask you. I should read it in your face, and hear it in every accent of your voice; but I write these few lines that you may know me at once in all frankness and openness, and know that if *you* be innocent of *my* secret, *I*, at least, have *yours* in my keeping. Yes, Lucy, I know all; and when I say all, I mean far more than you yourself know.

"If I were treacherous, I would not make this avowal to you. I should be satisfied with the advan-

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tages I possessed, and employ it to my benefit. Perhaps with any other woman than yourself I should play this part,—with you I neither can nor will. I will declare to you frankly and at once, you have lost the game and I have won it. That I say this thus briefly, is because in amplifying I should seem to be attempting to explain what there is no explaining. That I say it in no triumph, my own conscious inferiority to you is the best guarantee. I never would have dreamed of a rivalry had I been a girl. It is because I cannot claim the prize I have won it. It is because my victory is my misery I have gained it. I think I know your nature well enough to know that you will bear me no ill-will. I even go so far as to believe I shall have your compassion and your sympathy. I need them more, far more, than you know of. I could tell you that had matters fallen out differently it would not have been to *your* advantage, for there were obstacles — family obstacles — perfectly insurmountable. This is no pretence: on my honour I pledge to the truth of what I say. So long as I believed they might be overcome, I was in *your* interest, Lucy. You will not believe me, will you, if I swear it? Will you if I declare it on my knees before you?

"If I have not waited till we met to say these things, it is that we may meet with open hearts, in sorrow, but in sincerity. When I have told you everything, you will see that I have not been to blame. There may be much to grieve over, but there is nothing to reprehend—anywhere. And now, how is our future to be? it is for you to decide. I have not wronged you, and yet I am asking for forgiveness. Can you give me your love, and what I need as much, your pity? Can you forget your smaller affliction for the sake of my heavier one, for it is heavier?

"I plead guilty to one only treachery; and this I stooped to, to avoid the shame and disgrace of an open scandal. I told his mother that, though Lucy was my name, it was yours also; and that you were the Lucy of all his feverish wanderings. Your woman's heart will pardon me this one perfidy.

"She is a very dangerous woman in one sense. She has a certain position in the world, from which she could and would open a fire of slander on any one. She desires to injure me. She has already threatened, and she is capable of more than threatening. She says she will see Sir William. This she may not be able to do; but she can write to him. You know better than I do what might ensue from two such tempers meeting; for myself I cannot think of it.

"I have written you a long letter, dear Lucy, when I only meant to have written five or six lines. I have not courage to read it over; were I to do so, I am sure I would never send it. Perhaps you will not thank me for my candour. Perhaps you will laugh at all my scrupulous honesty. Perhaps you will—no, that you never will—I mean, employ my trustfulness against myself.

"Who knows if I have not given to this incident an importance which you will only smile at? There are people so rich that they never are aware if they be robbed. Are you one of these, Lucy? and if so, will you forgive the thief who signs herself your ever loving sister,

"Lucy Sewell.

"I have told Dr. Beattie I would write to you; he looked as if he knew that I might, or that I ought —which is it? Doctors see a great deal more than they ought to see. The great security against them is, that they acquire an indifference to the sight of suffering, which, in rendering them callous, destroys curiosity, and then all ills that can neither be bled nor blistered they treat as trifles, and end by ignoring altogether. Were it otherwise—

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that is, had they any touch of humanity in their nature—they would be charming confidants, for they know everything, and can go everywhere. If Beattie should be one of your pets, I ask pardon for this impertinence; but don't forget it altogether, as, one day or other, you will be certain to acknowledge its truth.

"We arrive by the four-forty train on Saturday afternoon. If I see you at the door when we drive up, I will take it as a sign that I am forgiven."

Beattie folded the letter slowly, and handed it to Lucy without a word. "Tell me," said he, after they had walked on several seconds in silence—"tell me, do you mean to be at the door as she arrives?"

"I think not," said she, in a very low voice.

"She has a humble estimate of doctors; but there is one touch of nature she must not deny them—they are very sensitive about contagion. Now, Lucy, I wish with all my heart that you were not to be the intimate associate of this woman."

"So do I, Doctor; but how is it to be helped?"

He walked along silent and in deep thought.

"Shall I tell you, Doctor, how it can be managed, but only by your help and assistance? I must leave this."

"Leave the Priory! but for where?"

"I shall go and nurse Tom: he needs *me*, Doctor, and I believe I need *him;* that is, I yearn after that old companionship which made all my life till I came here—— Come now, don't oppose this plan; it is only by your hearty aid it can ever be carried out. When you have told grandpapa that the thought is a good one, the battle will be more than half won. You see yourself I ought not to be here."

"Certainly not here with Mrs. Sewell; but there comes the grave difficulty of how you are to be lodged and cared for in that wild country where your brother lives?"

"My dear Doctor, I have never known pampering till I came here. Our life at home—and was it not happy!—was of the very simplest. To go back again to the same humble ways will be like a renewal of the happy past; and then Tom and I suit each other so well—our very caprices are kindred. Do say you like this notion, and tell me you will forward it."

"The very journey is an immense difficulty."

"Not a bit, Doctor; I have planned it all. From this to Marseilles is easy enough—only forty hours; once there, I either go direct to Cagliari, or catch the Sardinian steamer at Genoa——"

"You talk of these places as if they were all old acquaintances; but, my dear child, only fancy yourself alone in a foreign city. I don't speak of the difficulties of a new language."

"You might, though, my dear Doctor. My French and Italian, which carry me on pleasantly enough with Racine and Ariosto, will expose me sadly with my 'commissionnaire.'"

"But quite alone you cannot go—that's certain."

"I must not take a maid, that's as certain; Tom would only send us both back again. If you insist, and if grandpapa insists upon it, I will take old Nicholas; he thinks it a great hardship that he has not been carried away over seas to see the great world: and all his whims and tempers that tortured us as children will only amuse us now; his very tyranny will be good fun."

"I declare frankly," said the Doctor, laughing, "I do not see how the difficulties of foreign travel are to be lessened by the presence of old Nicholas; but are you serious in all this?"

"Perfectly serious, and fully determined on it, if I be permitted."

"When would you go?"

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"At once; I mean as soon as possible. The Sewells are to be here on Saturday. I would leave on Friday evening by the mail-train for London. I would telegraph to Tom to say on what day he might expect me."

"To-day is Tuesday; is it possible you could be ready?"

"I would start to-night, Doctor, if you only obtain my leave."

"It is all a matter of the merest chance how your grandfather will take it," said Beattie, musing.

"But *you* approve? tell me you approve of it."

"There is certainly much in the project that I like. I cannot bear to think of your living here with these Sewells; my experience of them is very brief, but it has taught me to know there could be no worse companionship for you; but as these are things that cannot be spoken of to the Chief, let us see by what arguments we should approach him. I will go at once. Haire is with him, and he is sure to see that what I suggest has come from you. If it should be the difficulty of the journey your grandfather objects to, Lucy, I will go as far as Marseilles with you myself, and see you safely embarked before I leave you." She took his hand and kissed it twice, but was not able to utter a word.

"There, now, my dear child, don't agitate yourself; you need all your calm and all your courage. Loiter about here till I come to you, and it shall not be long."

"What a true kind friend you are!" said she, as her eyes grew dim with tears. "I am more anxious about this than I like to own, perhaps. Will you, if you bring me good tidings, make me a signal with your handkerchief?"

He promised this, and left her.

Lucy sat down under a large elm tree, resolving to wait there patiently for his return; but her fevered anxiety was such that she could not rest in one place, and was forced to rise and walk rapidly up and down. She imagined to herself the interview, and fancied she heard her grandfather's stern question—whether she were not satisfied with her home! What could he do more for her comfort or happiness than he had done? Oh, if he were to accuse her of ingratitude how should she bear it? Whatever irritability he might display towards others, to herself he had always been kind, and thoughtful, and courteous.

She really loved him, and liked his companionship, and she felt that if in leaving him she should consign him to solitude and loneliness, she could scarcely bring herself to go; but he was now to be surrounded with others, and if they were not altogether suited to him by taste or habit, they would, even for their own sakes, try to conform to his ways and likings.

Once more she bethought her of the discussion, and how it was faring. Had her grandfather suffered Beattie to state the case fully, and say all that he might in its favour? or had he, as was sometimes his wont, stopped him short with a peremptory command to desist? And then what part had Haire taken? Haire, for whose intelligence the old Judge entertained the lowest possible estimate, had somehow an immense influence over him, just as instincts are seen too strong for reason. Some traces of boyish intercourse yet survived and swayed his mind with his consciousness of its power.

"How long it seems," murmured she. "Does this delay augur ill for success, or is it that they are talking over the details of the plan? Oh, if I could be sure of that! My poor dear Tom, how I long to be near you—to care for you—and watch you!" and as she said this, a cold sickness came over her, and she muttered aloud—"What perfidy it all is! as if I was not thinking of myself, and my own sorrows, while I try to believe I am but

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thinking of my brother." And now her tears streamed fast down her cheeks, and her heart felt as if it would burst. "It must be an hour since he left this," said she, looking towards the house, where all was still and motionless. "It is not possible that they are yet deliberating. Grandpapa is never long in coming to a decision. Surely all has been determined on before this, and why does he not come and relieve me from my miserable uncertainty?"

At last the hall door opened, and Haire appeared; he beckoned to her with his hand to come, and then re-entered the house. Lucy knew not what to think of this, and she could scarcely drag her steps along as she tried to hasten back. As she entered the hall, Haire met her, and, taking her hand cordially, said, "It is all right; only be calm, and don't agitate him. Come in now," and with this she found herself in the room where the old Judge was sitting, his eyes closed and his whole attitude betokening sleep. Beattie sat at his side and held one hand in his own. Lucy knelt down and pressed her lips to the other hand, which hung over the arm of the chair. Gently drawing away the hand, the old man laid it on her head, and, in a low faint voice, said, "I must not look at you, Lucy, or I shall recall my pledge. You are going away!"

The young girl turned her tearful eyes towards him, and held her lips firmly closed to repress a sob, while her cheeks trembled with emotion.

"Beattie tells me you are right," continued he, with a sigh; and then, with a sort of aroused energy, he added, "But old age, amongst its other infirmities, fancies that right should yield to years. 'Ces sont les droits de la décrépitude,' as La Rochefoucauld calls them. I will not insist upon my 'royalties,' Lucy, this time. You shall go to your brother." His hand trembled as it lay on her head, and then fell heavily to his side. Lucy clasped it eagerly, and pressed it to her cheek, and all was silent for some seconds in the room.

At last the old man spoke, and it was now in a clear distinct voice, though weak. "Beattie will tell you everything, Lucy; he has all my instructions. Let him now have yours. To-morrow we shall, both of us, be calmer, and can talk over all together. To-morrow will be Thursday?"

"Wednesday, grandpapa."

"Wednesday—all the better, my dear child, another day gained. I say, Beattie," cried he in a louder tone, "I cannot have fallen into the pitiable condition the newspapers describe, or I could never have gained this victory over my selfishness. Come, sir, be frank enough to own, that where a man combats himself, he asserts his identity. Haire will go out and give that as his own," muttered he; and as he smiled, he lay back, his breathing grew heavier and longer, and he sank into a quiet sleep.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—SOME CONJUGAL COURTESIES.

"You have not told me what she wrote to you, said Sewell to his wife, as he smoked his cigar at one side of the fire, while she read a novel at the other. It was to be their last evening at "The Nest;" on the morrow they were to leave it for the Priory. "Were there any secrets in it, or were there allusions that I ought not to see?"

"Not that I remember," said she, carelessly.

"What about our coming? Does the old man seem to wish for it?—how does she herself take it?"

"She says nothing on the subject, beyond her regret at not being there to meet us."

"And why can't she? where will she be?"

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"At sea, probably, by that time. She goes off to Sardinia to her brother."

"What! do you mean to that fellow who is living with Fossbrooke? Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I don't think I remembered it, or, if I did, it's possible I thought it could not have much interest for you."

"Indeed, madam! do you imagine that the only things I care for are the movements of *your* admirers? Where's this letter? I'd like to see it."

"I tore it up. She begged me to do so when I had read it."

"How honourable! I declare you ladies conduct your intercourse with an integrity that would be positively charming to think of, if only your male friends were admitted to any share of the fair dealing. Tell me so much as you can remember of this letter."

"She spoke of her brother having had a fever, and being now better, but so weak and reduced as to require great care and attention, and obliged to remove for change of air to a small island off the coast."

"And Fossbrooke — does she mention *him*?"

"Only that he is not with her brother, except occasionally: his business detains him near Cagliari."

"I hope it may continue to detain him there! Has this young woman gone off all alone on this journey?"

"She has taken no maid. She said it might prove inconvenient to her brother; and has only an old family servant she calls Nicholas with her."

"So, then, we have the house to ourselves, so far. She'll not be in a hurry back, I take it. Anything would be better than the life she led with her grandfather."

"She seems sorry to part with him, and recurs three or four times to his kindness and affection."

"His kindness and affection! His vanity and self-love are nearer the mark. I thought I had seen something of conceit and affectation, but that old fellow leaves everything in that line miles behind. He is, without exception, the greatest bore and the most insupportable bully I ever encountered."

"Lucy liked him."

"She did not—she could not. It suits you women to say these things, because you cultivate hypocrisy so carefully that you carry on the game with each other! How could any one, let her be ever so abject, like that incessant homage this old man exacted—to be obliged to be alive to his vapid jokes and his dreary stories—to his twaddling reminiscences of college success, or House of Commons—Irish House too—triumphs? Do you think if I wasn't a beggar I'd go and submit myself to such a discipline?"

To this she made no reply, and for a while there was a silence in the room. At last he said, "*You'll* have to take up that line of character that *she* acted. *You'll* have to 'swing the incense' now. I'll be shot if *I* do."

She gave no answer, and he went on—"You'll have to train the brats too to salute him, and kiss his hand, and call him—what are they to call him—grandpapa? Yes, they must say grandpapa. How I wish I had not sent in my papers! If I had only imagined I could have planted you all here, I could have gone back to my regiment and served out my time."

"It might have been better," said she, in a low voice.

"Of course it would have been better; each of us would have been free, and there are few people, be it said, take more out of their freedom—eh, madam?"

She shrugged her shoulders carelessly, but a slight, a very slight, flush coloured her cheek.

"By the way, now we're on that subject, have you answered Lady Trafford's letter?"

"Yes," said she; and now her cheek grew crimson.

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"And what answer did you send?"

"I sent back everything."

"What do you mean? — your rings and trinkets—the bracelet with the hair—mine, of course—it could be no one's but mine."

"All, everything," said she, with a gulp.

"I must read the old woman's letter over again. You haven't burned *that*, I hope?"

"No; it's up-stairs in my writing-desk."

"I declare," said he, rising and standing with his back to the fire, "you women, and especially fine ladies, say things to each other that men never would dare to utter to other men. That old dame, for instance, charged you with what we male creatures have no equivalent for—cheating at play would be mild in comparison."

"I don't think that *you* escaped scot-free," said she, with an intense bitterness, though her tone was studiously subdued and low.

"No," said he, with a jeering laugh. "I figured as the accessory or accomplice, or whatever the law calls it. I was what polite French ladies call *le mari complaisant*—a part I am so perfect in, madam, that I almost think I ought to play it for 'my Benefit.' What do you say?"

"Oh, sir, it is not for me to pass an opinion on your abilities."

"I have less bashfulness," said he, fiercely. "I'll venture to say a word on *yours*. I've told you scores of times—I told you in India, I told you at the Cape, I told you when we were quarantined at Trieste, and I tell you now—that you never really captivated any man much under seventy. When they are tottering on to the grave, bald, blear-eyed, and deaf, you are perfectly irresistible; and I wish—really I say it in all good faith—you would limit the sphere of your fascinations to such very frail humanities. Trafford only became spoony after that smash on the skull; as he grew better, he threw off his delusions—didn't he?"

"So he told me," said she, with perfect calm.

"By Jove! that was a great fluke of mine," cried he aloud. "That was a hazard I never so much as tried. So that this fellow had made some sort of a declaration to you?"

"I never said so."

"What was it then that you *did* say, madam? let us understand each other clearly."

"Oh, I am sure we need no explanations for that," said she, rising, and moving towards the door.

"I want to hear about this before you go," said he, standing between her and the door.

"You are not going to pretend jealousy, are you?" said she, with a sly laugh.

"I should think not," said he, insolently. "That is about one of the last cares will ever rob me of my rest at night. I'd like to know, however, what pretext I have to send a ball through your young friend."

"Oh, as to that peril, it will not rob *me* of a night's rest!" said she, with such a look of scorn and contempt as seemed actually to sicken him, for he staggered back as though about to fall, and she passed out ere he could recover himself.

"It is to be no quarter between us then! Well, be it so," cried he, as he sank heavily into a seat, "She's playing a bold game when she goes thus far." He leaned his head on the table, and sat thus so long that he appeared to have fallen asleep; indeed, the servant who came to tell him that tea was served feared to disturb him, and retired without speaking. Far from sleeping, however, his head was racked with a maddening pain, and he kept on muttering to himself, "This is the second time—the second time she has taunted me with cowardice. Let her beware! Is there no one will warn her against what she is doing?"

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"Missis says, please, sir, won't you have a cup of tea?" said the maid timidly at the door.

"No; I'll not take any."

"Missis says too, sir, that Miss Cary is tuk poorly, and has a shiverin' over her, and a bad headache, and she hopes you'll send in for Dr. Tobin."

"Is she in bed?"

"Yes, sir, please."

"I'll go up and see her;" and with this he arose and passed up the little stair that led to the nursery. In one bed a little dark-haired girl of about three years old lay fast asleep; in the adjoining bed a bright blue-eyed child of two years or less lay wide awake, her cheeks crimson, and the expression of her features anxious and excited. Her mother was bathing her temples with cold water as Sewell entered, and was talking in a voice of kind and gentle meaning to the child.

"That stupid woman of yours said it was Cary," said Sewell pettishly, as he gazed at the little girl.

"I told her it was Blanche; she has been heavy all day, and eaten nothing. No, pet—no, darling," said she, stooping over the sick child, "pa is not angry, he is only sorry that little Blanche is ill."

"I suppose you'd better have Tobin to see her," said he, coldly. "I'll tell George to take the tax-cart and fetch him out. It's well it wasn't Cary," muttered he, as he sauntered out of the room. His wife's eyes followed him as he went, and never did a human face exhibit a stronger show of repressed passion than hers, as, with closely-compressed lips and staring eyes, she watched him as he passed out.

"The fool frightened me—she said it was Cary," were the words he continued to mutter as he went down the stairs.

Tobin arrived in due time, and pronounced the case not serious—a mere feverish attack that only required a day or two of care and treatment.

"Have you seen Colonel Sewell?" said Mrs. Sewell, as she accompanied the doctor downstairs.

"Yes; I told him just what I've said to you."

"And what reply did he make?"

"He said, 'All right! I have business in town, and must start to-morrow. My wife and the chicks can follow by the end of the week.'"

"It's so like him!—so like him!" said she, as though the pent-up passion could no longer be restrained.

CHAPTER XL.—MR. BALFOUR'S OFFICE.

On arriving in Dublin Sewell repaired at once to Balfour's office in the Castle-yard; he wanted to "hear the news," and it was here that every one went who wanted to "hear the news." There are in all cities, but more especially in cities of the second order, certain haunts where the men about town repair; where, like the changing-houses of bankers, people exchange their "credits"—take up their own notes, and give up those of their neighbours.

Sewell arrived before the usual time when people dropped in, and found Balfour alone and at breakfast. The Under-Secretary's manner was dry, so much Sewell saw as he entered; he met him as though he had seen him the day before, and this, when men have not seen each other for some time, has a certain significance. Nor did he ask when he had come up, nor in any way recognise that his appearance was matter of surprise or pleasure.

"Well, what's going on here?" said Sewell, as he flung himself

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into an easy-chair, and turned towards the fire. "Anything new?"

"Nothing particular. I don't suppose you care for the Cattle Show, or the Royal Irish Academy?"

"Not much—at least I can postpone my inquiries about them. How about my place here? are you going to give me trouble about it?"

"Your place—your place?" muttered the other once or twice; and then, standing up with his back to the fire, and his skirts over his arms, he went on. "Do you want to hear the truth about this affair? or are we only to go on sparring with the gloves—eh?"

"The truth, of course, if such a novel proceeding should not be too much of a shock to you."

"No, I suspect not. I do a little of everything every day just to keep my hand in."

"Well, go on now—out with this truth."

"Well, the truth is—I am now speaking confidentially—if I were you I'd not press my claim to that appointment — do you perceive?"

"I do not; but perhaps I may when you have explained yourself a little more fully."

"And," continued he in the same tone, and as though no interruption had occurred, "that's the opinion of Halkett, and Doyle, and Jocelyn, and the rest."

"Confidentially, of course," said Sewell, with a sneer so slight as not to be detected.

"I may say confidentially, because it was at dinner we talked it over, and we were only the household—no guests but Byam Herries and Barrington."

"And you all agreed?"

"Yes, there was not a dissentient voice but Jocelyn's, who said, if he were in your place, he'd insist on having all the papers and letters given up to him. His view is this. 'What security have I that the same charges are not to be renewed again and again? I submit now, but am I always to submit? Are my Indian'—(what shall I call them? I forget what he called them; I believe it was escapades)—'my Indian escapades to declare me unfit to hold anything under the Crown?' He said a good deal in that strain, but we did not see it. It was hard, to be sure, but we did not see it. As Halkett said, 'Sewell has had his innings already in India. If, with a pretty wife and a neat turn for billiards, he did not lay by enough to make his declining years comfortable, I must say that he was not provident.' Doyle, however, remarked that after that affair with Loftus up at Agra—wasn't it Agra?"—Sewell nodded—"it wasn't so easy for you to get along as many might think, and that you were a devilish clever fellow to do what you had done. Doyle likes you, I think." Sewell nodded again, and, after a slight pause, Balfour proceeded—"And it was Doyle, too, said, 'Why not try for something in the colonies? There are lots of places a man can go and nothing be ever heard of him. If I was Sewell, I'd say, Make me a barrackmaster in the Sandwich Islands, or a consul in the Caracas.'

"They all concurred in one thing, that you never did so weak a thing in your whole life as to have any dealings with Trafford. It was his mother went to the Duke—ay, into the private office at the Horse Guards—and got Clifford's appointment cancelled, just for a miserable five hundred pounds Jack won off the elder brother, — that fellow who died last year at Madeira. She's the most dangerous woman in Europe. She does not care what she says, nor to whom she says it. She'd go up to the Queen at a drawing-room and make a complaint as soon as she'd speak to you or me. As it is, she told their Excellencies here all that went on in your house, and I suppose scores of things that did not go on either,

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and said, 'And are you going to permit this man to be'—she did not remember what, but she said 'a high official under the Crown—and are you going to receive his wife amongst your intimates?' What a woman she is! To hear her you'd think her 'dear child,' instead of being a strapping fellow of six feet two, was a brat in knickerbockers, with a hat and feather. The fellow himself must be a consummate muff to be bullied by her; but then the estate is not entailed, they say, and there's a younger brother may come into it all. His chances look well just now, for Lionel has got a relapse, and the doctors think very ill of him."

"I had not heard that," said Sewell, calmly.

"Oh, he was getting on most favourably—was able to sit up at the window, and move a little about the room — when, one morning Lady Trafford had driven over to the Lodge to luncheon, he stepped down stairs, in his dressing-gown as he was, got into a cab, and drove off into the country. All the cabman could tell was that he ordered him to take the road to Rathfarnham, and said, 'I'll tell you by-and-by where to;' and at last he said, 'Where does Sir William Lendrick live?' and though the man knew the Priory, he had taken a wrong turn and got down to ask the road. Just at this moment a carriage drove by with two greys and a postilion. A young lady was inside with an elderly gentleman, and the moment Trafford saw her he cried out, 'There she is—that is she!' As hard as they could they hastened after; but they smashed a trace, and lost several minutes in repairing it, and as many more in finding out which way the carriage had taken. It was to Kingstown, and, as the cabman suspected, to catch the packet for Holyhead; for just as they drove up, the steamer edged away from the pier, and the carriage with the greys drove off with only the old man. Trafford fell back in a faint, and appeared to have continued so, for when they took him out of the cab at Bilton's he was insensible.

"Beattie says he'll come through it, but Maclin thinks he'll never be the same man again; he'll have a hardening or a softening—which is it?—of the brain, and that he'll be fit for nothing."

"But a place in the viceregal household, perhaps. I don't imagine you want gold-medallists for your gentlemen-in-waiting?"

"We have some monstrous clever fellows, let me tell you. Halkett made a famous examination at Sandhurst, and Jocelyn wrote that article in *Bell's Life*, 'The Badger Drawn at last.'"

"To come back to where we were, how are you to square matters with the Chief Baron? Are you going to law with him about this appointment, or are you about to say that *I* am the objection? Let me have a definite answer to this question."

"We have not fully decided; we think of doing either; and we sometimes incline to do both. At all events, you are not to have it; that's the only thing certain."

"Have you got a cigar? No, not these things; I mean something that can be smoked?"

"Try this," said Balfour, offering his case.

"They're the same as those on the chimney. I must say, Balfour, the traditional hospitalities of the Castle are suffering in their present hands. When I dined here the last time I was in town they gave me two glasses of bad sherry and one glass of a corked Gladstone; and I came to dinner that day after reading in Barrington all about the glorious festivities of the Irish Court in the olden days of Richmond and Bedford."

"Lady Trafford insists that your names—your wife's as well as your own—are to be scratched from the dinner-list. Sir Hugh has three votes in the House, and she bullies

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us to some purpose, I can tell you. I can't think how you could have made this woman so much your enemy. It is not dislike—it is hatred."

"Bad luck, I suppose," said Sewell, carelessly.

"She seems so inveterate, too; she'll not give you up very probably."

"Women generally don't weary in this sort of pursuit."

"Couldn't you come to some kind of terms? Couldn't you contrive to let her know that you have no designs on her boy? You've won money of him, haven't you?"

"I have some bills of his—not for a very large amount, though; you shall have them a bargain."

"I seldom speculate," was the dry rejoinder.

"You are right; nor is this the case to tempt you."

"They'll be paid, I take it?"

"Paid! I'll swear they shall!" said Sewell, fiercely. "I'll stand a deal of humbug about dinner invitations, and cold salutations, and suchlike; but none, sir, not one, about what touches a material interest."

"It's not worth being angry about," said Balfour, who was really glad to see the other's imperturbability give way.

"I'm not angry. I was only a little in[illegible] man may be when [illegible] hears a fellow utter a truism as a measure of encouragement. Tell your friends—I suppose I must call them your friends—that they make an egregious mistake when they push a man like me to the wall. It is intelligible enough in a woman to do it; women don't measure their malignity, nor their means of gratifying it; but *men* ought to know better."

"I incline to think I'll tell my 'friends' nothing whatever on the subject."

"That's as you please; but remember this—if the day should come that I need any of these details you have given me this morning, I'll quote them, and you too, as their author; and if I bring an old house about your ears, look out sharp for a falling chimney-pot!

"You gave me a piece of advice a while ago," continued he, as he put on his hat before the glass, and arranged his necktie. "Let me repay you with two, which you will find useful in their several ways: Don't show your hand when you play with as shrewd men as myself; and, Don't offer a friend such execrable tobacco as that on the chimney;" and with this he nodded and strolled out, humming an air as he crossed the Castle-yard and entered the city.

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MEMOIRS OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, BY HEROS VON BORCKE, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

PART VII.

BOMBARDMENT OF FREDERICKSBURG.

11*th December*.—I had enjoyed but a few minutes of repose, enveloped in my warm blankets, when I was waked from sleep by a dull, heavy noise, which, in the earliest moments of consciousness, I believed to have been produced by the thawing and sliding down of the snow that had accumulated on the top of my tent. I was quickly undeceived, however, by my negro servant Henry, who, appearing at my tent door, informed me in a single abrupt sentence of the true condition of affairs. "Major," said Henry, "de Yankees is shelling Fredericksburg. I done saddled your horse, and de General is ready for to start." This intelligence brought me in an instant to my feet. Inserting my legs into my huge cavalry boots, I soon emerged from the tent, and in a few minutes I galloped off with the General and the other members of the staff in full haste for the front.

For the reader's better comprehension of the events I am about to narrate, it will be necessary to describe the position of the two hostile armies, and the ground on which one of the most sanguinary battles of the present century was to be fought.

The little valley in which Fredericksburg is situated is enclosed on the south side of the Rappahannock by a range of hills, which, directly opposite the town, are known as "Marye's Heights," and approach within half a mile of the river, and which, receding from it afterwards in a semicircular or crescent-like sweep of five miles, to a distance of three miles from the stream, again trend towards it near Hamilton's Crossing, at which point the interval between them may be one mile and a half. Most of these hills are covered with a thick copse of oak, and only in front of the town are they quite bare of trees. The ground towards the Rappahannock is open and flat, and is intersected only by some small streams—such as the Hazel and Deep Run—and broken immediately upon the river by several large and deep ravines, which afforded serviceable shelter to the Federal troops in their retreat under the fire of our artillery. This valley is cut nearly in half by the railway from Hamilton's Crossing to Fredericksburg, the high embankment of which was used by a portion of Jackson's troops as a breastwork. Nearly parallel with the railway runs the county turnpike road, which, at a distance of four miles from Fredericksburg, branches off, leading on the right to Hamilton's Crossing, where it crosses the railway, thus giving the name to the station, and on the left to Port Royal, where it strikes the Rappahannock. The turnpike road from Fredericksburg to the fork just mentioned, being carried for a considerable distance through deep cuts, formed a formidable defensive work for the Federals. On this semicircle of hills, the relative position of which to the river, the railway, the turnpike, and the town I have endeavoured to render intelligible, our army, numbering in all about 80,000 men, was posted in order of battle behind a continuous line of intrenchments, concealed from the enemy's view by the thick underwood, which, except in a few small spaces, covers the ridge abundantly. Longstreet's corps formed the left, Jackson's the right, of our

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lines. Our extreme left, constituting Anderson's division, rested on a broad swampy ditch, which about two miles above Fredericksburg makes up from the Rappahannock; then came Ransom's and M'Laws's divisions, the right wing of the latter extending across the Telegraph Road, there joining Pickett's troops; and further on Hood's division, which occupied as nearly as possible the centre of our whole line of battle, at a point where the hills open into a small valley for the passage of the creek, Deep Run; yet further on came Early's division of Jackson's corps. The extreme right was composed of A. P. Hill's division, holding in reserve the troops of Taliaferro. The splendid division of D. H. Hill, having been kept back by some demonstrations of the enemy in the direction of Port Royal, did not join us until the evening of the battle, the 13th, when it took its place on the extreme right. The cavalry, with the exception of Hampton's brigade, which was operating on the upper Rappahannock, and our horse-artillery, under Pelham, occupied the road leading from Hamilton's Crossing to Port Royal, our right extending to Massaponax Creek, and our line of battle thus stood nearly perpendicular to the lines of the main army. The bulk of the artillery, numbering about 250 pieces, was well posted all along the lines, but was principally concentrated into large batteries, on the extreme right, under Colonel Lindsay Walker, in the centre under Colonel Alexander, and on the left opposite Fredericksburg, on Marye's Heights, under Colonel Walton. The Rappahannock is closely lined on its northern bank by a range of commanding hills, on which the hostile artillery, consisting of more than 300 pieces, some of them of heavier calibre than had ever before been employed in the field, were advantageously posted. The greater part of them, especially those on the Stafford Heights, bore immediately on the town, but nearly all were in a position to sweep the plains on our side of the river. The entire strength of the Federal army in the battle amounted to not less than 150,000 men.

Reaching our lines, we found General Lee on an eminence which, rising considerably above the other heights, a few hundred yards to the right of the Telegraph Road, afforded a view over nearly the whole plain before him, and gave our great commander the opportunity of watching closely the operations of the enemy, and controlling the movements of his own army in accordance therewith. This hill having been occupied by General Lee during the entire progress of the battle, received his name, and to all future generations of Southerners it will be known as the spot from which their gallant forefathers were led on to victory. Longstreet and several other generals were also assembled here, looking anxiously towards Fredericksburg, as yet concealed from their sight by a dense fog which hung heavily over the little valley. Information had been received here that under cover of the fog the enemy had endeavoured to lay his pontoon bridges across the river, but that, by the accurate and effective fire of Barksdale's Mississippi brigade, the Federal engineers and working parties had been driven off with heavy loss, and all their efforts had been so far unsuccessful. The cannonade which had so rudely roused us from our slumbers had been nothing more than an artillery duel between some of the Federal batteries and a like number of our own, and had now ceased altogether; and the quiet of the morning was disturbed only by the repeated cracks of Barksdale's rifles sounding over from the river, from which we knew that the enemy's bridge-building was still resisted with spirit. The frequent reports which reached us from that quarter were as favourable as could be desired—"All right! the enemy

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have been driven back, with severe loss, from their pontoons."

So several hours passed wearily away, oppressing every one of us with an anticipation of the sad spectacle we should soon be compelled to witness in the bombardment of the town. Already the Telegraph Road leading up to the heights from Fredericksburg was thronged with a confused mass of fugitives, men, women, and children, who had not been willing or able to leave their homesteads before, bearing with them such of their effects as they could bring away, and as they most wished to save, many of which, having been dropped in the haste and terror of their exodus, marked the line of their flight as far as the eye could reach. Ten o'clock came, and the hammers of the church-clocks were just sounding the last peaceful stroke of the hour, when suddenly, at the signal of a single cannon-shot, more than 150 pieces of artillery, including some of the enemy's most ponderous guns, opened their iron mouths with a terrific roar, and hurled a tempest of destruction upon the devoted town. The air shook, and the very earth beneath our feet trembled at this deafening cannonade, the heaviest that had ever yet assailed my ears. The thick fog still prevented us from obtaining a satisfactory view of the bombardment; but the howling of the solid shot, the bursting of the shells, the crashing of the missiles through the thick walls, and the dull sound of falling houses, united in a dismal concert of doom. Very soon the exact site of the unhappy town was indicated, even through the fog, by a rising column of smoke and dust, and the flames of burning buildings broke out of the dark overhanging canopy with reddening glare, while the bursting bombs flashed athwart the gloom like the arrowy lightning in a thunder-cloud. Our batteries did not respond to the guns of the enemy with a single shot. It was evident enough that nothing could be done to save the place from the desolation to which it had been foreconsigned by the wanton barbarity of the Federal commander. The horrible din lasted for two hours, and was succeeded by perfect silence—the silence of a solitude. About noon, a gentle breeze, springing up just as the roar of the latest guns died away, lifted the veil which had mysteriously shrouded the valley, and the sun, breaking through the clouds, seemed to mock with its garish splendour the smoking ruins it revealed. Sad indeed was the scene that presented itself to our gaze, and to the eyes, filled with tears, of the mournful fugitives whose once happy homes lay before them, shattered or smouldering, and every heart of the thousands of brave Confederate soldiers who witnessed it burned for revenge.

It may be supposed that we thought with great anxiety of our Mississippi brigade, which had all the time been exposed to this *feu d'enfer;* but the sharp crack of their rifles soon gave us the gratifying assurance that these gallant fellows, unmindful of the death and anguish which shot and shell had been spreading amid their ranks, had firmly maintained their ground, and were ready to meet the enemy's attack; and a little later we received the satisfactory report that a renewed attempt of the Federals to force the building of their bridges had been defeated. But General Lee knew very well that he would not be able to prevent the passage of the river by the Federal army; and having entertained from the beginning no idea of seriously contesting this, he now gave orders for Barksdale's brigade to withdraw gradually from the town, and to keep up only a feigned resistance. Accordingly, about 2 P. M., Fredericksburg was altogether abandoned by our men, after a sanguinary fight had been maintained for a considerable time in the streets. During the rest of the afternoon

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and evening, the pontoon bridges having been completed, the dense masses of the Federal army commenced to move over to our side of the river.

In the quietude that followed the hurly-burly of the day we exchanged felicitations upon the great blunder of the Federal commander in thus running right into the lion's mouth, and preparing to attack us in a position of our own choice, where his defeat was wellnigh certain—a lack of generalship on his part which we had scarcely dared to hope for. Even the face of our great commander Lee, which rarely underwent [illegible] of expression at the news of victory or disaster, seemed to be lit up with pleasure at every fresh report that a greater number of the enemy had crossed the river.

With the gathering darkness Stuart returned to our cavalry headquarters, attended by the members of his staff, for a short interim of rest, each one of us looking forward with good confidence and certain hope, in common with our whole army, to the great battle which, in all human probability, would be joined at an early hour of the following day.

EVENTS PRECEDING THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

12th December.—At an early hour of the morning we were again assembled on "Lee's Hill," viewing the plain beneath us, from which the fogs of the night were just rising, and where the rays of the newly-risen sun revealed many thousands of Yankees that had crossed from the Stafford side of the river since the previous afternoon. The enemy seemed as busy as bees. Long trains of artillery and ammunition and provision-waggons were to be seen descending the heights on the opposite side, and interminable columns of infantry, blue in colour, and blurred by distance, flowed towards us like the waves of a steadily-advancing sea. On and on they came, with flash of bayonets and flutter of flags, to the measure of military music, each note of which was borne to us by the morning breeze, and we could distinctly observe them deploy into line of battle. From the many heavy batteries over the river rose, from time to time, little white puffs of smoke, and the deep, dull boom of the big guns was almost immediately followed by the angry whirr of a 50 or 100-pound shell, which falling, in the majority of instances, too short, did little or no damage. Our artillery, from different points along our line, occasionally answered the enemy's guns with just as little effect, and our confident belief that the great battle would be fought on the morning of the 12th was more and more weakened as the day wore on.

About eleven o'clock I was asked by General Stuart to accompany him on a ride along our line of battle to the extreme right, that we might look after our horsemen, reconnoitre the position and movements of the enemy in that direction, and ascertain whether the nature of the ground was such that a charge of our whole cavalry division during the impending fight might be profitably attempted. It was a pleasure and an encouragement to pass the extended lines of our soldiers, who were lying carelessly behind their earthworks, or actively engaged in throwing up new ones—some cooking, others gaily discussing the designs of the enemy, and greeting with loud cheers of derision the enormous shells, which they called "Yankee flour-barrels," as these came tumbling into the woods around them, and to read in every bronzed face of them all [illegible] for the conflict, and co[illegible]s to the result.

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The atmosphere had now again become obscure, and the fog was rolling up from the low swampy grounds along the margin of Deep Run Creek, in the immediate front of Hood's and Early's divisions. Here we turned off into a narrow bridle-path, which bore away some distance from our lines, but would shorten our ride by nearly a mile. We had proceeded but a few steps in a careless trot, when suddenly a long line of horsemen in skirmishing order appeared directly before us in the mist. I felt very certain they were Federal horsemen, but Stuart was unwilling to believe that the Yankees would have the audacity to approach our position so closely; and as the greater part of them wore a brownish dust-coloured jacket over their uniforms, he set them down as a small command of our own cavalry returning from a reconnaissance. So we continued upon our route yet a little farther, until at a distance of about forty yards several carbine-shots, whose bullets whistled around our heads, taught us very plainly with whom we had to deal. At the same moment ten or fifteen of the dragoons spurred furiously towards us, demanding, with loud outcries, our surrender; hearing which, we galloped in some haste back to our lines, where our bold pursuers were received and put to flight by Early's sharpshooters. A considerable number of our infantry skirmishers now moved forward to drive the dashing cavalrymen off; but the latter held their ground gallantly, and kept up so annoying a fire with their long-range carbines, that our men did not obtain any advantage over them, while Stuart and myself could not look without admiration upon the address and intrepidity our enemies displayed. General Hood, who had been attracted by the noise of the brisk fusillade, soon came riding up to us, and, seeing at a moment what was going on, said, "This will never do; I must send up some of my Texans, who will make short work of these impudent Yankees." One of Hood's adjutants galloped off at once with an order from his general, and soon a select number of these dreaded marksmen, crawling along the ground, after their wild Indian fashion, advanced upon the Federal dragoons, who had no idea of their approach until they opened fire at a distance of about eighty yards. In a few seconds several men and horses had been killed, and the whole Federal line, stampeded by a galling fire from an unseen foe in a quarter wholly unexpected, broke into confused and rapid flight.

This opened the way for us, and we continued our ride without farther interruption. On the left wing of A. P. Hill's division, we had to pass a small piece of wood, extending in a triangular shape about six or eight hundred yards outside of our lines, with a base of about half a mile, offering, in my opinion, a great advantage to the enemy, and I remarked to Stuart that I thought it ought to be cut down. He did not regard this as necessary, as he did not believe that, under the sweeping cross-fire of our artillery, the Federals could ever advance so far. The events of the following day proved, however, that I had been right, as, under cover of this identical piece of wood, a hostile division approached so rapidly and unexpectedly that here alone our line was broken, and we suffered severe loss before the enemy could be driven back. We found our horsemen in good spirits, and occupying their position on the Port Royal road, where the right wing was engaged in a lively skirmish with a body of Federal cavalry which ended in the withdrawal of the latter. Our comrades of the other arms of the service had indulged in some captious criticism of the cavalry for not having given the decisive finishing stroke to great battles by grand and overwhelming charges, as this

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had been done in the times of Frederick the Great and Napoleon —criticism that was unwarranted and unjust, since the nature of the ground in Virginia did not favour the operations of cavalry, and since the great improvement in firearms in our day had necessitated a very material change in cavalry tactics. Still more unkind and uncalled-for did such animadversions appear when it was considered what important services had been rendered by the cavalry—the hard fighting they had done, the wearisome marches they had made, the fatigue and cold and hunger they had cheerfully endured. Nevertheless General Stuart was anxious, with every officer and private under his command, to show that we were able to do what other cavalry had accomplished before us; and all burned with the noble ambition of winning an enduring fame on so grand a theatre, with the eyes of the whole army resting upon us. The forty centuries that looked down from the Pyramids on the legions of the mighty Corsican did not inspire them with a more generous ardour. The open plain before us, cut by only a few ditches and with only here and there a fence running across it, seemed to offer us the arena for the realisation of our dreams of glory; but upon a closer survey of the ground we found it much too soft for a charge with any chance of success, as the horses, moving even at a moderate speed, would sink several feet into the mire. A sluggish artillery fire which had lasted all day, grew, about one o'clock, into a spirited cannonade all along the lines, in which the Federal light batteries on our side of the river took no part, it being altogether maintained by their heavier guns on the Stafford Hills. This continued until two o'clock, when the firing slackened again to the occasional boom of the largest pieces of ordnance.

On the road between Hamilton's Crossing and ksburg, thousands of Yankees were working like beavers in digging rifle-pits, and erecting works for their artillery. Stuart being anxious to discover exactly what they were about, I rode with him in that direction to a small barn, where we dismounted and tied our horses, and thence carefully approached the hostile lines by creeping along a ditch which led into the main turnpike road, constituting the boundary of an inconsiderable plantation. Thus we proceeded until we reached a slight eminence only a few hundred yards from the Yankees, where two big posts, the remains of a dismantled gate, concealed us from their observation. Our own view was so satisfactory, that with our field-glasses we could distinctly mark the features of the men. It was evident enough to us that they were engaged in converting the simple road into a most formidable work of defence, and that in Jackson's front they were massing large forces of infantry and artillery, of the latter of which I counted 32 guns in one battery. Quite content with what we had seen, we returned to our horses, and I received orders to ride at once to General Lee to make report of our reconnaissance, General Stuart himself galloping over to A. P. Hill. After a ride of a few minutes, I met Generals Lee and Jackson, who were taking a turn to inspect our own lines, and to reconnoitre those of the enemy. Upon hearing what I had to tell them, both generals determined at once to repair themselves to the point of look-out from which we had just withdrawn, and, leaving their numerous escort behind, accompanied only by an orderly, they rode forward under my guidance to the barn already mentioned. Here the horses were placed in charge of the orderly, and we made our way on foot to the gate-posts. Fearing to augment the danger of their situation by my presence, I retired to the roadside some twenty yards dis-

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tant, and left the two great leaders to their conference and survey. I must confess I felt extremely nervous as regards their safety, so close to the enemy, who surely little suspected that the two greatest heroes of the war were so nearly in their clutches. One well-directed shot, or a rapid dash of resolute horsemen, might have destroyed the hopes and confidence of our whole army. The sensation of relief on my part was therefore great, when, after many minutes of painful anxiety and impatience, the generals slowly returned, and we reached our horses without accident.

We were now soon joined by Stuart, and all, except Jackson, who parted with us to regain the troops under his command, rode back to Lee's Hill, from which a desultory cannonade was still kept up. Here we found that one of our 32-pounder Parrott guns had burst only a few moments before—a disaster which was fortunately not attended with loss of life, but which came very near proving fatal to our English friend Captain Phillips, who was standing at the instant of the explosion quite close to the gun, huge fragments of which had been scattered with fearful violence all around him. The witnesses of the scene were full of admiration at the coolness displayed by our visitor on this occasion, and none of us could fail to remark the soldierly indifference to danger he manifested under heavy fire throughout the day. These Parrott guns had been manufactured in Richmond, and the iron of which they were cast was so defective that a second gun burst the same evening, wounding several of the gunners severely. At dusk the firing ceased altogether, and we returned to our headquarters, where our little military family, officers and guests, gathered around the glowing fires of Stuart's double-chimneyed tent to recite the adventures of the past, and discuss the chances of the coming day.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

13*th December* 1862.—The darkness of night was just giving way before the doubtful light of morning, which struggled with a dense, all-obscuring fog, when the bugle sounded to horse at our headquarters. In obeying the summons, every man girded his sword more tightly around his waist, and looked with a greater care than usual to the saddling of his horse and the loading of his revolver, feeling well assured that the hour of the momentous conflict had indeed arrived.

Our guest, Captain Phillips, believing that he should obtain a more extended and satisfactory view of the engagement from Lee's Hill than from the position of our cavalry on the right flank, concluded to separate himself from us for the day, and at an early hour we parted with this portly grenadier, whose engaging manners had endeared him to us all. Our parting had just that little admixture of sadness in it which came from the involuntary misgiving that possibly we were bidding each other a final farewell. Captain Phillips had worn in camp a narrow red and blue striped necktie, consisting of a bit of the ribbon of his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, which, at the moment of leaving us, he handed to Pelham, with the request that he would wear it as a talisman during the battle, and return it afterwards to the owner to be preserved as a relique. The boy hero, with the blush of modesty and pride suffusing his fair cheek, readily accepted the compliment, and, tying the ribbon around his cap, galloped off with us to the front, where we hastened to take our position on the extreme right. On our way we met

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General Maxey Gregg, a gallant officer from South Carolina, with whom I exchanged a few words of friendly greeting for the last time, as a few hours afterwards he was a corpse.

Jackson had chosen his own position on an eminence, within a few hundred yards of Hamilton's Crossing, which rose above the general elevation of the ridge in a similar manner to Lee's Hill on the left, and which has ever since borne the name of "Jackson's Hill," from its having been rendered historical by the presence of the great warrior during the fight. Here we first directed our horses, and here we found Stonewall and A. P. Hill, with their respective staffs, looking out through the white mists of the morning into the plain below, from which arose an indistinct murmur, like the distant hum of myriads of bees, vaguely announcing to us its hostile occupation by thousands of human beings. Jackson and Stuart concurred in the opinion that it would be the best plan to make a sudden general attack upon the enemy under cover of the fog, which must have prevented the fire of the numerous Federal batteries on the other side of the Rappahannock, or caused that fire to be ineffective; but General Lee had decided in council of war against any offensive movement, preferring to fight behind his intrenchments and to inflict a severe blow upon the enemy without the risk of fearful loss of life, even should the material result prove a less decided one.

After remaining for half an hour upon Jackson's Hill, we rode down to the lines of our cavalry, and found our sharpshooters all along the Port Royal road, well posted in rifle-pits or behind the high embankments of the turnpike, the regiments themselves a little farther back in reserve, and Pelham's eighteen pieces of horse-artillery in favourable position, the young leader longing for the combat, and anxious to o[illegible]all with some of his light guns.

Nine o'clock came, and still the vaporous curtain overhung the plateau, still the brooding silence pre[illegible]iled, which always seemed the dee[illegible]r just before the furies of war were to be unchained; and we slowly returned to the Crossing almost despairing that the decisive action would be fought on that day. Here we dismounted to rest our horses, and I found a convenient seat on a large box, one of many filled with boots and uniforms for our soldiers, which had been deposited near the station for distribution among the respective commands of our army. I had been seated but a few minutes, when suddenly it seemed as though a tremendous hurricane had burst upon us, and we became sensible upon the instant of a howling tempest of shot and shell hurled against our position from not fewer than 300 pieces of artillery, which had opened all along the hostile lines, with a roar more deafening than the loudest thunder. Hundreds of missiles of every size and description crashed through the woods, breaking down trees and scattering branches and splinters in all directions. I was just calling out to the orderly who held my horse, and had been walking the animal up and down at the distance of a hundred yards, to return to me at once, when, about thirty paces from me, a young officer of artillery, struck by the fragment of a shell, fell with a groan to the earth; I immediately rushed to his assistance, but reached him only to receive his parting breath as I lifted him from the spot. This incident, sad as it was, saved my own life, for, a few seconds after I had left my seat, a huge shell, falling into a pile of boxes and bursting there, shattered them to atoms, filling the air with the debris of wood, leather, and clothing.

As this cannonade was to be immediately followed up in all probability by a general attack, we

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galloped to our post with the cavalry, which as yet had suffered not at all from the heavy fire of the enemy, this being concentrated chiefly upon our main line.

And now the thick veil of mist that had concealed the plain from our eyes rolled away, like the drawing up of a drop-scene at the opera, and revealed to us the countless corps, divisions, brigades, and regiments of the Federal army forming their lines of attack. At this moment I was sent by Stuart to General Jackson with the message that the Yankees were about commencing their advance. I found old Stonewall standing at ease upon his hill, unmoved in the midst of the terrible fire, narrowly observing the movements of the enemy through his field-glass. The atmosphere was now perfectly clear, and from this eminence was afforded a distinct view of more than two-thirds of the battle-field and the larger part of the whole number of the advancing foe, extending as far as the eye could reach—a military panorama, the grandeur of which I had never seen equalled. On they came, in beautiful order, as if on parade, a moving forest of steel, their bayonets glistening in the bright sunlight; on they came, waving their hundreds of regimental flags, which relieved with warm bits of colouring the dull blue of the columns and the russet tinge of the wintry landscape, while their artillery beyond the river continued the cannonade with unabated fury over their heads, and gave a background of white fleecy smoke, like midsummer clouds, to the animated picture.

I could not rid myself of a feeling of depression and anxiety as I saw this innumerable host steadily moving upon our lines, which were hidden by the woods, where our artillery maintained as yet a perfect silence, General Lee having given orders that our guns should not open fire until the Yankees had come within easy canister range. Upon my mentioning this feeling to Jackson, the old chief answered me in his characteristic way: "Major, my men have sometimes failed *to take* a position, but *to defend* one, never! I am glad the Yankees are coming." He then gave me orders for Stuart to employ his horse-artillery, and open fire at once on the enemy's flank.

Pelham was accordingly directed to prepare for action, but, being exceedingly anxious to go to work without a moment's delay, he begged Stuart to allow him to advance two of his light pieces to the fork of the road where the turnpike branches off to Fredericksburg, as from this point the masses of the enemy offered him an easy target. The permission being given, Pelham went off with his two guns at a gallop, amidst the loud cheering of the cannoneers, and in a few minutes his solid shot were ploughing at short range with fearful effect through the dense columns of the Federals. The boldness of the enterprise and the fatal accuracy of the firing seemed to paralyse for a time and then to stampede the whole of the extreme left of the Yankee army, and terror and confusion reigned there during some minutes: soon, however, several batteries moved into position, and, uniting with several of those on the Stafford Heights, concentrated a tremendous fire upon our guns, one of which, a Blakely gun, was quickly disabled and compelled to withdraw. I was now sent by General Stuart to tell Pelham to retire if he thought the proper moment had arrived, but the young hero could not be moved. "Tell the General I can hold my ground," he said, and again and again pealed out the ringing report of his single gun, upon which at one time 32 pieces of the enemy's artillery were brought to bear in a sweeping cross-fire, which killed and wounded many of the men, so that at last Pelham had to assist himself in loading and aiming it. Three

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times the summons to retire was renewed; but not until the last round of ammunition had been discharged, and after spreading carnage for two hours in the ranks of the Federal infantry, did the gallant officer succumb to necessity in abandoning his position.*

The rest of our horse-artillery had in the mean time joined in the cannonade, and the thunder soon rolled all along our lines, while from the continuous roar the ear caught distinctly the sharp, rapid, rattling volleys of the musketry, especially in the immediate front of General A. P. Hill, where the infantry were very hotly engaged. The battle was now fully developed, and the mists of the morning were presently succeeded by a dense cloud of powder-smoke, out of which rose ever and anon the dark column from an exploding caisson. At intervals above the tumult of the conflict we could hear the wild hurrah of the attacking hosts of the Federals, and the defiant yell of the Confederates, as the assault was repulsed. Directly in our own front the cavalry sharpshooters had become occupied with long lines of hostile tirailleurs, and a vivid fusillade raged all along the Port Royal road, the shot and shell of our horse-artillery, which was in position in our rear, crossing in their flight the missiles of the enemy's batteries high in air above the heads of our men. The firing grew most animated near a number of stacks of straw, which a body of Federal infantry had taken possession of, and which offered them so efficient a shelter that all attempts to dislodge them had proved in vain. I had just been ordering our men not to waste their ammunition, and to fire only when they saw the person of a [illegible] ely exposed, when close at hand I heard the dull thud of a bullet striking home, and turning round saw one of our soldiers, a gallant young fellow whom I knew well, throw up his arms and fall heavily to the ground. Dismounting at once I hastened to his side, but finding that the ball had struck him right in the middle of the forehead, I regarded him as a corpse, and deemed all further assistance wholly unnecessary. Not many minutes had elapsed, however, before the apparently dead man began to move, and when the surgeon, who had already arrived, poured some brandy down his throat, to our infinite amazement he opened his eyes. A few hours later, miraculous to relate, when the bleeding from the wound had ceased, he had recovered sufficiently from the severe shock to return to his post of duty. According to the surgeon's statement, the ball, striking obliquely, had glanced, passing between cuticle and skull all around the head, emerging at last from the very place it had first entered!

The fury and tumult of the battle lasted all the forenoon and until two o'clock in the afternoon along Jackson's lines. A comparative quietude then succeeded, the infantry firing died away, and only a regular intermittent cannonade was kept up in our immediate front; but from the left opposite Fredericksburg there came to us the heavy boom of artillery and the distant rattle of small-arms, and we knew the fight still raged there with undiminished vehemence. So far all had gone favourably for us. The division of A. P. Hill had sustained the first shock of the Federal attack, which for a while had promised success to the enemy. On

* For the gallantry displayed here, and his great services rendered during the latter part of the battle, Pelham was highly complimented in Stuart's, Jackson's, and Lee's reports, the latter of which styled him "the gallant Pelham"—a title which was adopted in a short time by the whole army, and which has often been employed in these memoirs. Several English writers have done justice to his heroism on this special occasion.—See Chesney's 'Campaigns in Virginia,' vol. i. p. 192; Fletcher's 'History of the American War,' vol. ii. p. 250.

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the left wing of this division, under cover of the fog and protected by the triangular piece of wood already described, the hostile column had fallen rather suddenly upon our men, the first line of whom, consisting of a brigade of North Carolina conscripts, gave way, reaching the second line in their retreat at the same moment nearly with their pursuers, with whom they became indiscriminately mingled, whereby was caused inevitable confusion and great loss of life on our side. Here the gallant General Gregg fell mortally wounded while attempting to rally his men. Our reserves speedily coming up, however, with the right wing of Early's division, the Yankees were repulsed with severe loss, and pursued far into the plain. The whole of Early's and Hood's divisions now soon became engaged, and after a short but sanguinary contest succeeded in driving back the enemy in like manner with fearful slaughter. Again and again, with the most obstinate courage and energy, did the Federals renew the attack, bringing more and more fresh troops into action; but their dense lines were so much shattered by the appalling fire of our artillery that, upon coming within range of our infantry and being there received with a withering hail of bullets, they broke and fled time after time, leaving the ground strewn with hundreds of their dead and wounded. Our men could with difficulty be held back in their intrenchments, and more than once followed the flying host far out upon the plateau, until the sweeping fire of the Yankee batteries put an end to their pursuit.

Immediately in front of Jackson's Hill the fight had for a considerable period been fiercest, and our antagonists, repeating the onset with the greatest bravery, had on several occasions come up to the very muzzles of our guns. Here, opposite his great namesake, fell the Federal General Jackson. The troops under his command broke into disorderly flight after his death, and one of his regiments, from the State of Pennsylvania, was captured to the last man in the railway cut in front of our position, where they sought shelter from the tremendous fire of artillery and musketry that poured down upon them.

While the Yankees were thus suffering reverses in this portion of the field, large masses of their troops had been concentrated near Fredericksburg, opposite Marye's Heights, where that stern and steady fighter Longstreet awaited their attack with his accustomed composure, and where our great leader Lee himself inspired the troops by his presence. This portion of our lines was unquestionably the strongest, and the folly of the Federal commander in sending his men here to certain death and destruction is utterly incomprehensible. All along Marye's Heights runs a sunken road, fenced in with a stone wall on either side, which in itself constituted a most formidable defensive work for our troops; a little higher up the hill there was a regular line of intrenchments, the defenders of which might fire over the heads of those below them, and the crest was occupied by the numerous pieces of the famous Washington Artillery, under their gallant commander Colonel Walton; so that the assailants were received with a triple sheet of fire, which swept them away by hundreds. The Federals certainly behaved with the utmost gallantry. Line after line moved forward to the assault, only to recoil again and again from the murderous tempest of shot, shell, and bullets, and to strew yet more thickly with dead and wounded the crimsoned field, which was afterwards most appropriately named "the slaughter-pen." Pickett's division was but little engaged here, the wider open space of ground giving ample opportunity to our artillery to play

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upon the hostile columns, scattering them and throwing them into disorder even before they could form their lines of attack.

About three o'clock in the afternoon there seemed to be a new movement preparing on the enemy's left, and General Stuart, suspecting it might be a movement on our right flank, ordered me to proceed with twenty couriers to our extreme right, reconnoitre the operations of the Yankees as closely as possible, and send him a report every five minutes. Captain Blackford, who possessed a very good field-glass, volunteered to accompany me, and we at once trotted off together upon our hazardous expedition. Near to the point where the Massaponax Creek falls into the Rappahannock, and at about one hundred yards' distance from the larger stream, there rises a small elevation of ground thickly covered with cedar and pine trees, from which we were well assured there might be obtained a good view over the river and the whole left wing of the Federal army. This hillock was quite outside of our lines, and there had been pushed forward towards it only a small body of our sharpshooters, whom we found lying concealed in the bushes below, for the Yankees, perfectly aware of the importance of this point of observation, had cleared the summit of its occupants by a severe fire whenever a grey uniform had been seen there. Leaving the couriers at the foot of the hill, Blackford and I dismounted and climbed cautiously up to the top, creeping along through the bushes and concealing ourselves behind some pine-trees that grew on the way. The view which here presented itself to our eyes far exceeded our expectations. The Yankees, not more than a thousand yards distant from us, were evidently enough preparing for a new advance; reinforcements were moving up at a double-quick and forming into line of battle as they arrived; troo[illegible] engaged in the [illegible]ttle and been repulsed were marching sulkily to the rear; wounded men were being carried off by hundreds, while there galloped up and down the lines general officers with their staffs, some of whom we could personally recognize through our glasses. To the right we looked down upon the river for a considerable [illegible]istance, and could plainly see and count the heavy guns on the opposite bank, and could even hear the conversation of the cannoneers. Cautious as we had been, however, the Yankees quickly discovered our presence, and a number of their sharpshooters, sent forward to dislodge us, commenced a sharp fire of exploding bullets, which, striking the objects around us, burst, with the noise peculiar to these projectiles, and scattered their fragments in every direction like small-shot. Well protected by the pine-trees we paid little attention to this fusillade, when suddenly I observed two pieces of artillery moving into position, and before Blackford finished uttering the words, "Von, the Yankees are going to shell us out of this," a missile, whizzing towards us, struck the topmost branches of one of the pines, and, exploding there, rained down upon us a shower of limbs and splinters. Others followed in rapid succession with increasing accuracy of aim, so that we concluded to evacuate the spot and seek shelter for a time on the opposite side of the hill. Breaking at once through the bushes, we thought it would be an easy matter enough to get to a place of security, but the enemy's gunners followed our movements with a nicety of calculation so admirable that shot after shot came yet nearer and nearer to us, and at the very moment that we supposed we had got out of their reach, a shell passed so near to our heads that my gallant friend and myself were precipitated headlong by the force of windage at least fifteen feet down the [illegible]side, where we both lay motionl[illegible] for a brief

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space, and then rose in a fit of uncontrollable laughter as we looked each in the other's blank and astonished face. Returning, as soon as the firing had ceased, to the spot we had so suddenly abandoned, we saw the Federal lines moving forward to their new attack, which was introduced and supported by a cannonade of several hundred pieces equal in fury to that of the morning. The balls fired from the opposite side of the river howled and hissed in their course over our heads, each shot of the heavy guns reverberating from the cliffs like rolling thunder, while the musketry soon became audible again, giving proof by its increasing vehemence that the hostile parties were now hotly engaged. An hour of anxiety and doubt passed away, until at five o'clock we saw scattered fugitives straggling to the rear, their numbers augmenting every moment, until whole regiments, brigades, and divisions, in utter confusion and bewildered flight, covered the plain before us. Blackford, as excited as myself, jumped from his hiding-place, and, throwing his hat in the air, cried out, "Thank God, they are whipped—they are running." Yes; there was no doubt about it—they were running; and all the efforts of their officers, whom we could distinctly see using their sabres against their own men to check the precipitate retreat, were unavailing. All discipline was lost for the moment, and those thousands of troops whom an hour before we had seen advancing in beautiful military order, now presented the spectacle of a stampeded and demoralised mob. Having kept Stuart constantly informed of the enemy's movements, I was at this moment more careful to send courier after courier to apprise him that the Yankees were routed, and that in my judgment the time for our attack had arrived; but my general did not fully credit my report, until at my urgent request he galloped up to us in person to see, just a little too late, how correct my account of affairs had been. Off we now hastened to Jackson, who at once sent to General Lee the request that he might leave his intrenchments without further delay, fall upon the enemy, and render the victory complete. A single cannon-shot fired from our centre was to be the signal for the general attack by our whole line, at which movement Stuart was to press forward with his cavalry and horse-artillery vigorously upon the enemy's flank.

Returning to our position on the Port Royal road, we awaited in anxious silence the so much desired signal; but minute after minute passed by, and the dark veil of night began to envelop the valley, when Stuart, believing that the summons agreed upon had been given, issued the order to advance. Off we went into the gathering darkness, our sharpshooters driving their opponents easily before them, and Pelham, with his guns, pushing ahead at a trot, firing a few shots whenever the position seemed favourable, and then again pressing forward. This lasted about twenty minutes, when the fire of the enemy's infantry began to be more and more destructive, and other fresh batteries opened upon us.* Still all remained silent upon our main line. Stuart himself, as usual, was always in the extreme front, exposing his person to the hottest fire; one bullet had already pierced his haversack, and another torn the fur collar off his cape, and the wonder was that any one of us had escaped unhurt.

Our situation had become, in-

* It must be remarked here that the division of Federal infantry opposite to us had not as yet gone into the battle, and therefore had not been included in the rout, and that the Yankees had gained time enough to replace their demoralised troops with reserves drawn as rapidly as possible from the other side of the river.

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deed, a critical one, when a courier from General Jackson galloped up at full speed bringing the order for Stuart to retreat as quickly as he could to his original position. Our commander-in-chief, adhering to his earliest idea, still objected to a forward movement, for which, in my judgment, the golden moment had now passed, had he inclined to favour it. Under cover of the darkness of the night, we conducted our retrograde movement in safety, and reached our old position on the Port Royal road with but slight loss.

The division of D. H. Hill had now arrived at Hamilton's Crossing, and had been placed at once in the open field upon Jackson's right, where might be seen the glare of their hundreds of camp-fires, and where they were busily engaged in throwing up intrenchments.

On our left wing the assault of the enemy had been renewed at dark, and had been attended with the same fatal result to them with their efforts elsewhere, and the ground in front of Marye's Heights was heaped with dead bodies, chiefly those of the brave Irishmen of Meagher's brigade, which went to the attack 1200 strong, and left 900 of their number upon this dreadful spot.

About seven o'clock the battle ceased for the day; only random cannon-shots were still interchanged, the flight of the shells distinctly marked in flaming curves across the dark firmament, and the shadows of evening fell upon a battle-field, the nameless horrors of which none of us had even measurably conjectured — a battle-field where thousands of mutilated and dying men lay in hopeless anguish, writhing in their wounds, and pitilessly exposed to the sharp frosty air of the winter's night.

Not one of our generals was aware of the magnitude of the victory we had gained, of the injury we had inflicted upon the enemy, and of the degree of demoralisation in the hostile army, e dy regarding the work as but half done, and expecting a renewal of the attack the following morning. Of our own army only one-third had been engaged, and our loss did not exceed 1800 in killed and wounded. Most of these belonged to A. P. Hill's division, and had fallen during the first attack in the morning on the spot where our lines had for some time been broken. We had to mourn the loss of two general officers, Maxey Gregg of South Carolina, and Thomas R. R. Cobb of Georgia, who fell on Marye's Heights. At his side General Cooke, a brother of Mrs. Stuart, was dangerously wounded in the forehead. The Federal loss was not less than 14,000 in killed and wounded (we took only 800 prisoners), and in this frightful aggregate of casualties was to be reckoned the loss of many officers of rank. Among these there was the much lamented General Bayard, a cavalry officer of great promise, who, far in the rear of his lines, was torn to pieces by one of our exploding shells while in the act of taking luncheon under a tree.

General Lee has been much criticised, and chiefly by English writers, for not having assumed the offensive in this battle; but every one who knows how exceedingly difficult it had become, already at that time, to fill the ranks of the Confederate army, and how valuable each individual life in that army must have been considered, and, on the other hand, what reckless prodigality of life characterised the Federal Government and the Federal commanders, caring little that 20,000 or 30,000 men should be killed in a campaign, when as many more Germans and Irishmen could be readily put in their places,—I say that every one who bears in mind these facts will agree with me in thinking that our commander-in-chief acted with great consideration and wisdom. There was scarcely an officer in the wh ny who did

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not confidently believe that the attack would be renewed the next day; and where an opportunity was likely to be afforded of again inflicting serious damage upon the enemy with trifling injury to ourselves, it surely cannot be censured as a fault to have speculated upon the incapacity of the adversary. General Lee, who had been careful to strengthen the weaker portions of his line during the night, said in my presence on the following morning, "My army is as much stronger for their new intrenchments as if I had received reinforcements of 20,000 men." I regard it as almost certain that had the Federal commander been able to carry out his intention of renewing the struggle, the second day would have turned out even more disastrously to him than the first.

It was a late hour of the night when we returned to headquarters for a short rest. There we found Captain Phillips, who congratulated us heartily upon having safely passed through the perils of the day, and who spoke with enthusiasm of the magnificent view of the battle which he had obtained from Lee's Hill. With a modest smile, Pelham returned to the Captain the bit of regimental ribbon he had worn as a talisman during the fight, its gay colours just a little blackened by powder-smoke, for it had flaunted from the cap of the young hero in the very atmosphere of Death. Poor Pelham! he has been lying these three years in his early grave there in Alabama, whose Indian name, "Here we rest," has a pathetic significance as applied to the "narrow home" of one so young and so full of promise; and the record of his services to his country fills a few pages in the melancholy story of an unsuccessful struggle for national existence; but his memory is green in the hearts of friends that survived him, and a brave English soldier cherishes the ribbon he wore at Fredericksburg as one of the dearest souvenirs of the past in his possession.

We were greatly delighted at finding also at headquarters two of the younger members of the staff, Lieutenants Hullyhan and Turner, who had just returned from a dangerous expedition into the enemy's lines on the other side of the Rappahannock. Several days before they had gone off with the hope of rescuing from the hands of the Yankees Miss Mary Lee, the daughter of our commander-in-chief and a dear friend of General Stuart's, who, while on a visit to some friends in the county of Stafford, had been cut off from her home and family. This was an expedition after my own heart, but I was prevented from undertaking it by General Stuart's energetic opposition. The young lieutenants had reached in safety the house where Miss Lee was staying; but as her friends were afraid to allow her to accompany them on their return, they were compelled to come back without their expected precious charge—fortunately enough, indeed, for the lady, as they were very soon taken prisoners by a patrol of Federal cavalry. During the night following their capture they found the opportunity of overpowering and killing two of their sentinels with their own carbines; and mounting, just in the nick of time, the horses of the Yankee guard, they made good their escape before the rest of their captors had recovered from their amazement at the boldness of the venture.

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REFORM OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

"What I want is Facts."—Box.

Once upon a time a great Chief of his nation, whom we would call a Prime Minister, rose in an assembly of the chiefs and elders of the people, which we would call a House of Commons, and he laid before them a long roll covered with strange characters, which no man then could rightly understand. And the great Chief said, "This is of great moment to the welfare of the nation: it tells us how to get rid of the plague which has so long vexed our country; and I shall tell you what it means." And he said, "The interpretation of the scroll is so-and-so, and thus must we act." And one or two chiefs, with whom the great Chief had previously taken counsel, said as he said. And half-a-dozen of the elders of the people said, "Nay; that is not the meaning of the scroll; and if you do as the great Chief proposes, it will bring evil days upon our country." But the great body of the chiefs and elders said nothing: they could not read the scroll, neither did they profess to be able to do so. And as it was not what we call "a party question," the assembly took little interest in the matter. So, although the proposal of the great Chief had to be repeated several times, according to the custom of the country, there was very little debate—only half-a-dozen of the elders said "Nay" to it, as before, while the great Chief, and two or three of his friends, said that his proposal was very good. The remaining 650 or so of the chiefs and elders said nothing; but they thought that the great Chief must be right, and voted on his side: so that the great Chief's proposal, which we would call a Bill, was adopted almost without discussion or opposition – only half-a-dozen speaking and voting against it, and all the rest taking the great Chief's words as gospel.

If we transmute this parable into facts, it will aptly describe what happened twenty-two years ago, when the present Bank Acts were adopted by Parliament. All parties then, as now, were agreed that the matter was one of great importance to the wellbeing of the community, but not one man in twenty in either House even professed to know the facts or understand the principles of the question. It was a case decided without being judged—without the evidence being gone into, or counsel heard on the other side. The Minister who brought forward the measure was thought to understand the question, and the House, without questioning, adopted his proposal. There never was a case, in our times at least, when the value of "Party," as a means of insuring criticism and ample discussion, and thereby eliciting the true facts of a case, was so plainly demonstrated. *Jurare in verba magistri* may be a good maxim in schools, but it is a very bad one in Parliament, as the present case, in its practical results, has lamentably shown.

No question has hitherto been regarded as so great a mystery as that of Monetary Science. It is allowed on all hands to be of vital importance to national wellbeing—alike to the interests of the State and the fortunes of the community. Nevertheless few men, either in Parliament or out of it, have given much study to it, or profess to have mastered it as a whole. The immense field of Facts—and Facts are everything in this question—is still like a strange scroll, the actual import of which few men even profess to understand. The study of the whole facts is too much for any Minister, absorbed in parliamentary

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business, and who knows little or nothing of the practical ongoings of commercial and monetary affairs. But a change is coming. We are glad to find, from converse with City men, that the events of the last few years—even of the last two years—have forced them to give heed to the matter. The unreasoning and unquestioning faith so long accorded to the Bank Acts is wholly shaken, and City men begin to investigate the matter for themselves.* The Act of 1844 has in practice proved a failure, and has already been suspended twice. It is also acknowledged, even by many of its supporters,† that the theory upon which the Act was based is wholly false. But the time of men of business is too valuable, their pursuits are too engrossing, to allow of their investigating the question fully and thoroughly, so that as yet they have arrived only at a negative result. They feel, all of them, that something is wrong—that the Bank Act works great mischief; but they are still at a loss to devise a remedy.

Having given many years of patient thought and study to the question; having watched closely from year to year every phase of monetary affairs—not merely looking out from our study, or viewing the facts as reflected in the newspapers, but mingling with men of all classes—with bankers, merchants, manufacturers, agriculturists, shopkeepers, in all parts of the country—having noted the nature of their business, the varying wants and opinions of each class, and not least the interests of the community at large; having viewed the question alike in regard to individuals and to the general well-being of the State and the country,—we can speak with no ordinary confidence as to the facts of the case, and to the consideration of these facts we have given many weary hours—hours at least which would be weary but for the great object which we have in view—an object of immense benefit to the welfare of the country, and which, we believe, will triumph in the end as surely as (*pace* Dr. Cumming) the sun will rise on the earth a dozen years hence.

In previous articles, constantly appealing to Facts, we have described minutely the nature of the ever-recurrent malady to which the trade of this country is subjected; and we have laid down carefully and fully the general principles of monetary science which ought to be applied, and the neglect or violation of which principles is the chief cause of our recurrent commercial crises. We have set forth the remedy, our plan of Reform, as regards the general currency and banking system of the country. But there is one grand point which remains to be discussed, and which we have reserved for separate treatment in the present article.

The Bank of England, the head and centre of our system of currency and banking, is an establishment *per se*. It is an anomaly. Legislation has done its worst upon it—has conferred upon it so many privileges, and imposed upon it so many burdens, that both the position and the constitution of the establishment are wholly unnatural.

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* Since this article was in type, the banking and commercial classes in Liverpool have memorialised the Government for the abolition of the Bank Act, and for the establishment of a monetary system substantially the same as that which we proposed and explained last summer in a series of articles on the "Rate of Interest."

† "The Act of 1844 was passed amid a cloud of theoretical discussion. What has turned out to be the essence of the Act was hardly alluded to. As to the refined and abstruse arguments upon which the Act was originally defended, we have often shown their unsoundness. . . . The original doctrine of the founders of the Act of 1844, was one of which they do not like now to be reminded."—*Economist*, September 24 and November 5, 1864.

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The Bank acquired a virtual monopoly 160 years ago, in return for a loan which it then made to the Government. In consideration of that loan the Bank was constituted the sole joint-stock bank of issue in England. And at successive intervals it purchased a renewal of this monopoly by making to the Government new loans. These loans form part of the capital or assets of the establishment, and in consequence its capital has swollen into disproportionate magnitude to the requirements of the Bank. The result of this—especially since 1844, when the Bank's monopoly of issue was made stringent—has been most injurious. As every one knows, the larger the amount of a bank's capital compared to the amount of its business, the higher must be the rate of interest at which the bank carries on its business if it is to pay an ordinary dividend. In brief, the capital of the Bank of England has been swollen to its present magnitude not by the natural requirements of its business, but as a means of purchasing renewals of its monopoly: and this disproportionate magnitude of its capital is a direct and special cause why the Bank should seek to reimburse itself by enhancing its charges upon the community. It acquired its present dominating position at the cost of adding inordinately to its capital, and naturally it now makes use of its position to recoup this cost by keeping the rate of interest in this country at the highest possible level. If the Bank's capital were less, or to the extent of its operations greater, it is obvious that the Bank could conduct its business at a lower rate of interest without any diminution of its profits. A rate of 4 per cent., for example, might then yield it as much profit as a 6 per cent. rate does at present.

Let us then, in our review of the present condition of the Bank of England, begin with its Capital or Assets, and see what relation these bear to its liabilities, or, in other words, to the [illegible] of business which it carries on.

The Bank keeps permanently on hand Government securities of various kinds to the amount of £25,000,000; also, on the average, nearly £15,000,000 of specie: making a total of £40,000,000. It also holds on the average upwards of £20,000,000 of private securities, consisting chiefly of commercial bills. Thus the capital and assets of the Bank amount to upwards of £60,000,000. Its Liabilities consist of its note-circulation, averaging £21,000,000, and its public and private deposits, amounting to about £20,000,000; in all, about £41,000,000. So that, while holding upwards of 60 millions of assets, the Bank has only 41 millions of liabilities. It has one-half more capital than the total amount of business which it carries on.

Next, let us see the nature of its business and of its Liabilities. Rather more than one-half of its liabilities, as we have seen, consists of its Note-circulation, and the remainder of its deposits. With the exception of an infinitesimal fraction, its note-circulation never becomes a charge upon the Bank at all. The notes are all needed to carry on the business of the country. The country—that is to say, the public and the other banks—must have some twenty millions of these notes, otherwise all business would be stopped. The notes are never brought to the Bank to be cashed save for the purpose of getting "change." As no notes are issued by the Bank for a smaller amount than £5, it ever and anon happens that some note-holder wants to exchange a £5 or £10 note for "small change," sovereigns: but this, and this only, is the extent of the demand for gold in payment of notes. And the whole amount of specie needed for this purpose in "the Hall" of the Issue Department averages only about £100,000, —the public demand amounting ordinarily only to a few thousands.

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The note-circulation varies in amount, sometimes rising to 24 millions, sometimes falling to 19 millions: but these variations are not occasioned by any cashing of the notes. Say that the circulation from any cause has reached a maximum, 24 millions: what happens when five millions of the notes relapse into the Bank and the circulation falls to its lowest point? As a matter of fact, such a change is very gradual, extending over a year or more. But, gradual or not, what takes place? Do the holders of the notes, when they no longer require them, take the notes to the Bank to be exchanged for gold? Not at all. The notes are simply paid in, either directly or through other banks, in the shape of deposits. Their lapse is not occasioned or attended by the least demand for specie. When no longer needed, the notes simply filter back into the bank which issued them.

What is more, the demand for the Bank's notes on the part of the public is no way dependent upon the amount of gold in the Bank. On the contrary, these note-issues are sometimes at a maximum when the stock of gold is at a minimum. As the most remarkable case of this kind (the most remarkable at least since the resumption of cash-payments) we may refer to December 1825, at the height of the great crisis of that year, when the Bank's note-circulation rose to 25¼ millions, the highest point it has ever reached since 1819, while the Bank's stock of specie had fallen to *one million!* And never at any time in the history of the Bank were its notes more eagerly sought after by the public. The same thing happened to a lesser extent in 1857, despite the efforts of the Bank to prevent it, by charging an exorbitant rate for the use of its notes. In fact, as the experience of every monetary crisis shows, the public never loses faith in the note-circulation, and accepts the notes as readily when (as in 1825) there is hardly a sovereign in the Bank, as when the vaults of the establishment are overstocked with gold.

The most erroneous ideas have prevailed, and to some extent still prevail, in regard to this part of monetary science. The originators of the present Bank Acts held that the ever-recurrent drains of specie to which this country is subject were occasioned by an "over-issue" of bank-notes, whereby our paper-money became depreciated,—whereupon the note-holders (it was further believed) took the notes to the Bank to be exchanged for gold, and then exported the gold. A more baseless theory—as a better knowledge of the facts has since shown—never was imagined. Never at any time since the resumption of cash-payments in 1819 has the paper-money of this country been depreciated; nor indeed is it ever possible for any convertible currency, such as bank-notes, to fall below their specie value. The fanciful dogma upon which the present Bank Acts were founded is now known to be an illusion, an absurdity. Nevertheless, several erroneous notions in regard to the note-circulation are still entertained by writers on monetary science,—simply because these writers prefer to theorise in the dark, rather than investigate the facts. For example, we are frequently told in print that the way in which gold is withdrawn from the Bank, whether for export or for domestic use, is by getting a large amount of the Bank's notes, and then cashing them at the Issue Office. This also is a mistake. When a drain of gold occurs, it takes place quite irrespective of the Bank's notes. Notes are never used in this way. The drains would occur just the same, and to the same extent, though the Bank did not issue notes at all. A drain of gold is made just in the same way as a demand for notes—that is to say, by means of cheques. A bank or an individual who keeps an ac-

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count at the Bank, draws upon the establishment in the usual way, and receives the amount either in gold or in notes as he pleases. If a private customer hands in a cheque, the invariable question is, "How will you take it?"—*i. e.*, in notes or in gold?—and if he wishes 50 or 100 or 200 sovereigns, he gets it at once across the counter of the Banking Department. On the other hand, if a bank or merchant wishes to have a large sum in gold, he receives an order upon the Bullion Office for the amount. If he wishes to have (say) half a million in gold, the Bank does not go through the clumsy process of giving him first half a million in notes, and then send him to the Issue Department to get these notes exchanged for gold. In short, notes play no part at all in the withdrawal of gold from the Bank. And we have stated exactly how drains of gold are made, in order that this long-established fallacy may receive its quietus.

Thus, dealing simply with facts, we find that the only demand to which the Bank is exposed in connection with its note-circulation (which constitutes one-half of its entire Liabilities) arises from its notes being too large to be of service in retail payments—thereby producing a trifling cashing of notes (a few thousand pounds a-day,) for small change. For a century at least, and during the most terrible monetary crisis on record, this and this only is the extent of the demand to which the Bank is exposed by its note-issues.

At present we are not considering what precautionary measures or financial conditions the Government may rightly impose upon the Bank in connection with its note-issues. We are simply exhibiting the facts of the case as they stand, and as in principle they have stood for a century and more.

Coming next to the "Deposits," or the liabilities of the Bank in its purely banking department, we have (at the present stage of our inquiry) to consider these simply in relation to the amount of the Bank's capital and assets—irrespective of the form, whether bullion or convertible securities, in which the amount of wealth with which the Bank carries on its business is kept. And the first point to be observed is this,—that a withdrawal of deposits, while it diminishes the assets of a bank, equally diminishes its liabilities. When such a withdrawal of deposits takes place, the Bank converts a corresponding amount of its assets into Money; it either "realises"—*i. e.*, converts into money—a portion of the securities upon which its deposits have been lent out, or (as is the usual practice) it pays out a portion of its assets which it keeps on hand in the shape of cash. A diminution of a bank's deposits, like a decrease of its note-issues, lessens the amount of business which the bank carries on, but it causes no diminution in the amount of the bank's assets compared to the amount of its liabilities. On the contrary, in the case of the Bank of England—and of any other bank which has a surplus—any decrease in the extent of the bank's business or liabilities simply increases the ratio of its remaining assets to its remaining liabilities. For example, suppose ten millions of the Bank of England's deposits were withdrawn, and ten millions of its note-circulation were cashed, the remaining assets of the establishment would amount to forty-one millions, while its remaining liabilities would be only twenty-one millions. In other words, in such circumstances its assets would be double the amount of its liabilities, instead of only one-half greater as at present.

It is purely in connection with its banking department that the Bank of England is subject to any embarrassment. And this embarrassment might take a twofold shape. Although the reduction of a bank's business tends to increase the ratio of its surplus

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to the amount of its liabilities, such a reduction when compulsory may, and in the case of most banks does, occasion a partial loss to the establishment; for an unusual withdrawal of deposits compels a bank to convert a portion of its reserve of securities into money (that is to say, it must sell a portion of these securities), while the market at such times is usually much depressed, so that the bank gets less than the ordinary price for its stock. Every bank in this country is liable to a trifling loss of this kind in exceptional times, except the Bank of England. The Scotch and Irish banks, when an unusual demand for deposits is made upon them, have to cash their reserve of Government stock in order to provide themselves with more gold (not because they require more gold, but because, under the present system, they must get more gold before they are allowed to extend their note-issues). And the English banks, in like circumstances, have to sell a portion of their Government stock in order to provide themselves with more money, in the form of Bank of England notes. But, be it observed, the Bank of England does nothing of the kind. If its gold be reduced, or its notes withdrawn, it takes no means to provide itself with either. If there be an unusual run upon it for deposits, it takes no step to enable it to issue more notes; or, if the demand for deposits remain as usual, but more gold is wanted in payment, the Bank equally takes no step to provide itself with gold. Thus, then, although a withdrawal of deposits does generally cause a trifling loss to banks (but without diminishing the ratio of their surplus to their liabilities), such a loss never falls upon the Bank of England. Its stock of Money, the means by which it must meet the demands of its depositors, may decrease *ad lib.*, but never in any case does the Bank expose itself to loss in order to provide itself with more money. Thus, of the two forms in which loss *might* occur to the Bank of England in connection with its deposits or banking liabilities, one of them at least never does occur.

The other form in which loss may, and sometimes does, occur to the Bank of England in connection with its banking department, arises from its loans or discount business, —from the commercial bills and other private securities upon which it lends out its capital. These loans or discounts amount, as we have said, to about 20 millions. Well then, against these the Bank holds, in the first place, an equal amount of private securities; and in addition (after setting aside 21 millions of its assets as securities for its average note-circulation) it holds a clear surplus of 19 millions of other assets (in the form of Money and Government securities) wholly available to replace any loss caused by some of its bills proving bad. 'As a simple statement of facts, there is no other bank in the kingdom that does not regard *one-tenth* of such an amount of reserve as ample for all contingencies. And since this is the case with all the other banks, it is still more so with the Bank of England, which is notably dainty in its business, and sniffs at bills in a supercilious manner.* It deals only in the best bills or securities—what is called "first-class paper;"

* It is true that the Bank of England is more liable than other banks to unusually large withdrawals of Money (whether notes or gold); but this never occasions any loss to the Bank, because (as we have said above), unlike all the other banks, the Bank of England never takes any steps to provide itself with more money, whether in the form of gold or of notes. The only kind of loss, then, to which the Bank is liable, arises from its loans: and, owing to the select nature of the business which it carries on, its liability to loss from this source is even less than that of the other banks.

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and hence the Bank's liability to loss upon its loans is even less than that of any other bank in the kingdom.

Take the case of other banks. The London and Westminster has an amount of banking liabilities almost equal to those of the Bank of England, yet it carries on business with a surplus of assets not exceeding four millions. The Union Bank, with a similar amount of liabilities, has a somewhat smaller amount of surplus. And if we take the London joint-stock banks as a whole, we find that a surplus of *one-fifth* of assets over liabilities enables them to carry on their business with perfect safety and great success. Yet these banks are as liable to pay all their deposits back in money as the Bank of England is. It is true they cannot be called on to pay in gold, for the notes of the Bank of England have been made a legal tender; but they must supply themselves with these notes just as the Bank of England can supply itself with gold. Each of these banks alike, when an unusual amount of deposits is called up, must supply itself with money by realising some of its assets, or using a portion of the [illegible]us which it keeps in the form of money. It costs a bank as much to get Bank of England notes as it does to get gold; hence the bank of England, when called upon for gold, has to do no more than our other banks have to do when called upon for notes. The only difference is, that the Bank of England can best get gold abroad,—it cannot readily get it here, for, when it sells a portion of its securities, it is paid in its own notes. But it can get gold abroad quite as cheaply as other banks can get money (whether notes or coin) at home.

Or take the case of the Bank of France, the position of which, alike as a bank of issue and as a quasi-Government bank, most nearly corresponds to that of the Bank of England. Let us compare the amount of the assets held by each of these great establishments with the amount of their liabilities, or the extent of business which they carry on. The figures in the following table represent millions sterling; and the position of the Bank of France is computed from the average of the weekly returns in the twelve months of 1865:—

	Liabilities.		Assets.			Total.		
	Notes.	Deposits.	Gov. Sec.	Priv. Sec.	Specie.	Liabilities.	Assets.	Surplus.
Bank of England, .	21	20	25	21	15	41	61	20
Bank of France, . .	33½	11	7½	26*	18	44½	51½	7

Thus it is seen that the Bank of France carries on business, with most perfect prestige and success, with an amount of assets *one-sixth* in excess of its liabilities; while the assets of the Bank of England are *one-half* larger than its liabilities. Moreover the Bank of France is bound to let the Government draw upon it at any time to the extent of 2½ millions (£2,400,000), while the Bank of England is not liable to any similar demand. In fact, as appears from the preceding table, if the Bank of England kept a reserve, or surplus of assets, of only £7,000,000, its position would be financially stronger than that of the Bank of France. And yet the credit of the Bank of France is as undoubted as that of the Bank of England,—manifestly showing that the capital or assets of the latter bank are (as we have said) uselessly large in proportion to its present amount of business.

While thus demonstrating that the capital of the Bank of England

* We deduct from the Private Securities £1,600,000—this [illegible]ng lent upon bullion, which bullion is included in the Assets under the head [illegible]ecie."

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(meaning thereby not merely the proprietors' capital, but the total reserved assets of the establishment) is excessive compared with the amount of business which it at present carries on, we do not at this stage of the inquiry pronounce an opinion as to whether or not the amount of the Bank's capital ought to be reduced, either by the Government paying off the debt of eleven millions or otherwise. This question we shall consider by-and-by, after we have reviewed the whole facts of the case, and with that respect to existing circumstances without which in this country no one can hope to carry out any great measure of reform. We content ourselves for the present with showing that the capital of the Bank is of inordinate amount compared to its present extent of business; and also that for this excess of capital the community must pay, as thereby the Bank is hindered from carrying on its business on the lower terms which would be charged if its capital were only commensurate with its actual requirements.

Next, putting into temporary abeyance the question as to the amount of the Bank's capital, let us proceed to the second stage of our inquiry, and see if this immense amount of capital is kept in good form—in the shape most available to meet either the actual or the possible demands upon the Bank.

The assets of the Bank are of three different kinds — namely, Government securities, coin and bullion, and private securities. Of the private securities we need not speak; they are of the same kind as with other banks, or, in so far as they differ from these, they are better. Therefore we need only concern ourselves with the two other kinds of assets—namely, the Government securities, and the coin and bullion.

These Government securities are held partly in the Issue Department, partly in the Banking Department; 14¾ millions in the former, and fully 10 millions in the latter.

I. Let us consider first the Government securities held in the Issue Department. These consist of 11 millions of Government Debt, and 3¾ millions of Government stock. The Debt, as we have said, was part of the loans made to the Government by the Bank in order to obtain a continuance of its exclusive privileges. The loans were made, the Debt was created, not as a necessary means of securing either the notes or the general solvency of the establishment, but simply to preserve the monopoly first conferred upon the Bank in 1708. By the Act of 1844 the Debt was placed among the assets of the Issue Department, professedly as a security for the note-circulation. But this was an after-thought. The Bank never thought, or found it necessary, to secure its notes by this means. The credit of its notes had never been questioned. Moreover, the alteration thus made in 1844 was merely nominal. The Bank had not the power to part with any portion of the Debt: independently of the Act, the Debt must have remained as before, a fixed portion of the Bank's assets. The Act in no way made any addition to the assets or general solvency of the Bank; it simply decreed—with what wisdom we shall see—that this debt and 8 (now 8¾) millions of the Government stock held by the Bank should be set apart, locked up in the Issue Department. These Government securities were held by the Bank before, and, as regards the amount of the Debt at least, were then as available as security for the notes as they are now. Only, instead of the 11 millions being regarded as a debt which the Government ought to repay, they were thenceforth said to be a security for its notes which it was absolutely incumbent upon the Bank to keep.

The theory or principle upon which this arrangement was justi-

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fied was this. It was said, "Experience shows that the amount of the Bank's note-circulation which never is or can be cashed is 14 millions; therefore no gold is needed to secure them." But the same reasoning would prove that for this amount of notes no *special* security was needed at all. Why, then, was the Bank not left to use its own discretion in the matter? Why was this immense amount of capital withdrawn from its use and locked up in the Issue Department? Because, it was replied, it was the privileges conferred upon the Bank which enabled it to acquire so large a note-circulation; therefore the Bank should *pay* for this—the State should get some advantage from the profitable result of the exclusive privileges which it had conferred on the Bank. In literal fact, then, the cause of this loan not being repaid, and of its being made a part of the fixed assets of the Bank, was substantially on the State's account. Just as it had been for years before. Only, instead of acknowledging, as previously, that this loan of 11 millions was a bonus advanced by the Bank for its monopoly, which ought to be repaid by the Government as soon as possible, in order that the banking system of the country might be put on a fair footing, it was said that the Debt should be continued as a new security for the Bank's note-issues. But no such new security was established! The name of the thing was altered, but the position remained unchanged. The general solvency of the Bank was not strengthened, neither are these assets any more available as security for the note-issues than before. Neither the amount of the Debt nor the other Government securities locked up in the Issue Department are "ear-marked" for the note-holders. The depositors have an equal claim upon them as the note-holders have. If the assets were meant to be a special security for the notes, they ought to have been "ear-marked" for t[illegible]rpose; but they are not. Accordingly they are merely a portion of the general assets of the establishment which the Bank cannot use,—which are only available in the event of the insolvency of the Bank,—and which then can be claimed by the depositors as well as by the note-holders. They are simply a part of the immobilised capital of the Bank: which capital in 1844 was already excessive in proportion to the amount of business carried on by the Bank.

The fact that the Bank's capital is of inordinate magnitude—far exceeding not only the actual or probable but even all possible requirements of the establishment—renders it unnecessary for us to inquire whether the reserve in the Issue Department is kept in the best or most available form. A Government Debt is a bad form of banking reserve, for it is not convertible, as Government Stock is: and a banking reserve, if needed at all, ought to be kept in a form readily convertible into cash. But as regards these eleven millions of Debt, it were a work of supererogation to discuss the question. Whether or not the Bank should be compelled to hold this amount of capital locked up in the Issue Department is a question of some importance; but if the Bank be compelled to do so, there can be no objection to the form in which these eleven millions are kept.

II. A very different case presents itself for consideration when we come to the ten millions of Government securities kept in the Banking Department. The reserve in the Banking Department is really the most important point of all. It is on the Banking Department that the great demands are made. The great drains on the establishment, whether for notes or gold, arise in connection with its purely banking business. They would occur [illegible] frequently, and to as great an e[illegible]nt at present,

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if the Bank did not issue a single note of its own. They are caused by the customers of the Bank withdrawing their deposits (or, which is the same thing, the amount of the bills which the Bank discounts for them) whenever or from whatever cause the monetary requirements of the country increase. If the money is wanted in an international form, *i. e.* for payments abroad, then the deposits are withdrawn in gold; if it is wanted for home business only, then the amount is withdrawn chiefly in notes, but partly also in sovereigns as small change—for payment of wages, &c. Whether the demand is for notes or for gold, the result, under the present constitution of the Bank, is the same. If the depositor calls for notes, the reserve of notes is correspondingly diminished; if he calls for gold, the Bank has to cancel notes to an equal amount. Hence in either case, what is wanted by the Bank is more gold—to replace the gold withdrawn, or (if notes only are wanted) to enable it to replace the notes withdrawn. And hence the reserve of securities in the Banking Department ought to be kept in a form immediately convertible into gold or into an additional issue of notes. But it is not so kept. It consists of Government securities, which may be sold or lent on the Stock Exchange, but for which, when so lent or sold, the Bank receives payment, not in gold, but in its own notes. Hence a reserve kept in this form is singularly inefficient. It cannot supply the Bank with gold; and it can only supply it with notes by taking these out of the hands of the public and the other banks, which are already (in times of pressure) insufficiently supplied with them.

The only use the Bank makes of the large amount of Government securities kept in the Banking Department, is to sell, or, as more frequently happens now, to take short loans upon a small portion of them. Let us see exactly the nature of this operation. The Bank, as we have said, gets in exchange no gold, only its own notes: and as at such times there is a greater demand for Money than usual, the notes which the Bank draws in from the public with one hand, it has to give out again with the other. The notes are not increased in number by this process: the only effect is, to take an amount of notes from the public and the other banks, and to concentrate it in the Bank of England. What the latter gains, the former lose. The consequence is, that the other banks and the public, being further straitened for notes, go to the Bank for a fresh supply, and thereby draw out again the notes which the Bank had just drawn in. The effect of the process, therefore, is *nil*, or infinitesimal. As the Bank gets loans on these Government securities below the minimum rate which it charges for the notes when lent out again in discounts, it makes a gain on the transaction, and does not in any case suffer loss. A very slight economy of the currency is the most that can be effected: that is to say, some notes not absolutely needed by their holders (*i. e.*, the other banks and the public) may be turned to account by being drawn into the Bank. But this is a mere trifle at most, and does not exercise the slightest appreciable effect upon the course of a monetary crisis.

Thus we see that this large reserve of Government securities in the Banking Department is not a means of adding to the note-circulation, neither is it a means of bringing gold into this country, or of lessening the export of gold. It is not a means of supplying the Bank with gold or notes, when these are needed; yet to obtain this supply is the very thing wanted, —it is the grand object for which the Bank's reserve is, or ought to be, kept. What is especially needed is, that the Bank's reserve of

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securities should be kept in a form readily convertible into gold. How is this proceeding to be effected? It may be done to an infinitesimal extent by the Bank keeping a portfolio of first-class foreign bills; but much better by keeping part of its banking reserve of securities in the shape of foreign stock—in the shape of Government securities held in those countries to which our drains of gold usually flow. To keep a portfolio of foreign bills would have no more effect in supplying the Bank with gold than the cashing of its securities at home has in adding to its stock of notes; that is to say, it might make a very slight economy of these foreign bills, but that is all. It would not increase the amount of foreign bills in this country; it would not give us any more means of making payments abroad without the use of specie. The foreign bills kept by the Bank would be just so many withdrawn from the portfolios of the merchants. If the Bank were in times of difficulty to buy up foreign bills *abroad*—as the Bank of France has done on several occasions—the effect would be much more important; but merely to keep a portfolio of foreign bills drawn from our own merchants would be of no appreciable use.

The purchase of foreign bills abroad would be an exceptional transaction suited (if there were no better plan) to meet exceptional and transient emergencies. But even to facilitate such a course, the Bank's reserve of securities ought to be kept in a different form from what it is at present. What is really required is, that the Bank should keep a portion of its reserve of Government securities in the shape of Government stock abroad—in those countries to which our drains of specie usually flow. By selling or taking loans upon that stock, the Bank could either draw specie to this country, or lessen our exports of gold by giving to its customers drafts upon foreign banks—upon the banks of the country to which they required to send specie. This process would give what we so often want—namely, a means of adding to our stock of international currency, and thereby lessening our export of gold in times of foreign drains. Even the heaviest drain, which seldom amount to five millions, would then hardly be felt. This would be of immense advantage to our commercial prosperity. Moreover, as money is always cheaper in those countries to which drains of international currency are flowing—in other words, where specie is accumulating—the Bank of England would rather gain than lose by adopting this process; for it would obtain such loans on its stock abroad at a lower rate than it at the same time charged for lending its money at home. When banks are pressed for money (the means by which they carry on business), they must expect occasionally to have to supply themselves with it at a loss; but in this case there would be no loss. It is also to be noted that banks do not want an excessive stock of specie; and when specie is flowing into a country, the banks of that country would willingly let the Bank of England draw upon them in the shape of a loan—thereby rendering a service to the country from which the specie is flowing without any loss of profits to themselves.

There is plenty of specie, only it shifts about at times inconveniently. It is only the transient ebbs of the precious metals which occasion embarrassment. But ebb-tide in one country means full-tide in another. And while the ebb-tide is most disastrous, the full-tide is not desirable. All such transient disturbances in the supply of the precious metals are an evil; and it is one which may be greatly lessened. In a short time the equilibrium is always restored in the natural course and by the unaided operations of trade. But why should not our

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monetary system assist in the matter, and mitigate, if not neutralise, these transient disturbances? We believe this will be ere long effected by the organisation of an International monetary system. For the present, we content ourselves with pointing out one means to mitigate these disturbing movements of the precious metals, and the adoption of which is urgently needed as a reform in the arrangements and procedure of the Bank of England.

III. The Coin and Bullion in the Issue Department. In addition to the 14¾ millions of Government securities (of which we have already spoken), the Issue Department holds on the average 14¼ millions of coin and bullion—together, 29 millions—as a security for its note-circulation, which averages 21 millions. The great fact to be noted, as regards this stock of coin and bullion, is that nearly one-half of it is practically nullified. One-half of it is of no use whatever in carrying on the business of the Bank, however urgent may be the exigencies of the establishment; it counts for nothing, and can only become available in the event of the Bank becoming insolvent. Seven millions of the reserve of coin and bullion are *de facto* as useless as if they were kept buried by Act of Parliament beneath the solid foundations of the Bank. The Bank might possibly, in some great emergency, sell or mortgage the buildings in which it carries on its business, but it cannot possibly touch or pledge any part of these seven millions of gold. Not a particle of that large amount of specie can be used even to ward off bankruptcy. A few words will serve to explain how this strange result is produced; and we shall borrow them from the work of Mr. Patterson, who was the first to direct attention to this point, and fully to demonstrate its evil effects:—

"For every note issued beyond the arbitrarily fixed sum of £14,650,000, the Act of 1844 requires that the Bank shall hold a corresponding amount of gold. As the ordinary amount of notes required for the wants of the public is £21,000,000, it follows that £6,350,000 is the lowest amount of gold that must be in the Issue Department to allow of these 21 millions of notes being kept in circulation. And taking into account the requirements of the branches of the Bank and other matters, this sum may safely be stated in round numbers at seven millions. [As a matter of fact, the Bank Act has always to be suspended when the gold in the Bank falls to 7 millions.]

"Thus, when 7 millions of specie are in its possession, and 21 millions of notes are in circulation, all the notes which the Bank is allowed to issue are in the hands of the public. When this point is reached—when the bullion in its possession has sunk to this level—the Bank cannot issue a single additional note. Neither can it part with a single sovereign. As discounted bills fall due, the Bank may discount others to an equal amount; but that is the most it can do. However pressing be the emergency, the Bank cannot extend its discount accommodation one iota. What is more, when an actual crisis arrives, it cannot even continue it. Its Issue Department being literally shut up, it must withdraw from its discount-business whatever amount of notes may be called for by its depositors. Otherwise, if a depositor were to ask at such a time for even a £5-note, the Bank could not give it—its legal power to issue notes being exhausted. And if the depositor were to say, 'Then give it to me in gold, of which you say you have 7 millions,' the Bank must reply that this form of issue is shut up too, because every sovereign of these 7 millions is needed in its own vaults in order to avoid an infringement of its charter. Thus the Bank at such times cannot make payment of a single note or sovereign to any of its depositors, except by withdrawing a similar amount from its discount-operations, which are the mainstay of trade and credit. And this artificial dilemna occurs at times when, as every one knows, there is a greatly increased demand for discounts at the Bank of England, owing to the curtailment of discounts on the part of the other banks and the discount-houses." *

* Patterson's 'Economy of Capital,' p. 254–5.

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The effect of this arrangement is, that nearly one-half of the average stock of gold held by the Bank is of no use—cannot in any way be employed in carrying on the business of the establishment. At the same time a useless addition is made to the Bank's capital, and a very costly one, seeing that (unlike a reserve of Government stock) these 7 millions of gold yield no interest. It is highly important to observe the practical consequences of this arrangement as regards the community. This artificial curtailment of the resources of the Bank renders monetary crises more frequent and disastrous than ever. Nearly 7 millions of gold being nullified, when the bullion in the Bank falls to 9 million, a crisis ensues as violent as used to be when the specie was reduced to 2 millions. The Bank has to stop when it still has fully 7 millions of gold, just as if the gold had fallen to zero.* Thus every trifling ebb of specie from the Bank is converted into a serious national disaster.

What is more, the effect of this arrangement weighs upon the community at all times. Not only, at recurrent periods, does it produce great monetary crises, but it permanently and artificially enhances the rate of interest throughout the whole country. "The Bank Directors now regard 7 millions of their stock of specie as non-existent. When they [illegible] millions of gold, they act as if they had only seven. Seven millions form the zero-point in their calculations—that is to say, one half of the ordinary amount of bullion in the Bank is nullified and a double price is charged for the other half."† It is needless to say that the special interest of the Bank Directors, and of the directors of all banks, is to keep the rate of interest as high as possible. It is as natural for bankers to desire to keep up the price of money on loan as it is for farmers to wish for high prices for corn. Bankers will always keep the rate of interest as high as they possibly can. But in the present case the Government imposes a useless burden upon the Bank, which the Bank naturally seeks to shift on to the shoulders of the community. And it does so most successfully. *The Bank now raises its rate to* 8 *or* 9 *per cent. in circumstances where, until quite recently, it only charged* 4½ *per cent.* In similar circumstances, the Bank charges twice as much for its money as it used to do. Until within the last two or three years, when the amount of bullion in the Bank was between thirteen and fourteen millions, the rate of discount usually stood at 4½ per cent.; but now, when the bullion stands at a similar amount, the rate is raised to 8 or 9 per cent. In December 1863, when the minimum Bank rate was 8 per cent., the

* As shown in November 1857, the Bank has to fail, or the Bank Act has to be suspended, when there is £7,170,000 of coin and bullion in the establishment. Consider for a moment the magnitude of this waste. The amount is nearly equal to the whole stock of specie (8,000,000) which the Bank held, on the average, for twenty-five years previous to the passing of the Bank Act—namely, from 1819 to 1844. Or look at the case of the Bank of France. That Bank, with a note-circulation fully one-half larger than that of the Bank of England, and whose loans to the public are likewise one-half larger, has often carried on its usual amount of operations with only seven millions of specie. During December 1862 and January 1864, its stock of specie averaged exactly seven millions sterling; and for several months at that time, the Bank of France, with equal liabilities to those of the Bank of England, had only half as much specie, and yet charged less for its loans, while more confidence prevailed in the commercial world of France than in ours. Finally, to show the true value of the specie thus wasted, nullified, by the Bank Act, we may state that seven millions of gold more than suffices for the wants of all the Scotch and Irish banks put together, although the liabilities of those banks are wellnigh quadruple those of the Bank of England.

† Patterson's 'Economy of Capital,' p. 256.

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stock of bullion averaged 18½ millions. And in the autumn of 1864 the Bank-rate stood for two months at 9 per cent., while its amount of gold averaged nearly 13½ millions. Thus the level of the Bank-rate has of late been inordinately raised in this country. The Bank of England now charges twice as much for its loans as it used to do, and entirely from artificial causes. This is a serious matter for Trade; nor should it be regarded with indifference by the State. Whenever the Government has need of a loan, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will find that he can no longer borrow upon the old terms. And unquestionably the only serious obstacle to his present scheme for reducing the National Debt arises from the exorbitant rate of interest now charged by the banks.

The great defect of monetary science, not only in past times, but even at the present day, is, that the writers do not look at the facts, but luxuriate in theories. The present matter is a case in point. Within the last twelve months, the fact that the rate of interest has been raised to a much higher level than ever before, has begun to attract general attention. But, instead of seeing, what every one may see, that the Bank now charges a far higher rate of discount, in similar circumstances, than it used to do, our so-called authorities on banking questions shut their eyes to this fact (or never see it), and indulge in all manner of theories to account for the change. A year ago one great authority proclaimed that the high Bank-rate was a consequence of the large financial investments which our people nowadays make abroad, and that henceforth it was vain to expect a lower rate than 7 per cent.—nevertheless, unluckily for his credit as a financial authority, in a few months afterwards the Bank-rate fell to three per cent. Since the rate rose again so suddenly in October last, new theorists of repute have come into the field; one of whom declares that the high Bank-rate in this country is caused (he does not explain how) by the "destruction of capital which took place during the late civil war in America." And more recently still, another great authority has informed "the City," that the high Bank-rate is greatly due to the new and handsome edifices which are being built there—to so much "capital being sunk in bricks and mortar." Now if these be the causes of the great rise which has taken place in the Bank-rate, how do they operate, and where are the effects? All or any of these various so-called causes can only affect the Bank-rate by affecting the position of the Bank. Yet, as a matter of fact, what do we see? Simply this, that it is not in the position of the Bank or banks that the cause of the change is to be found, but mainly if not entirely in the *altered practice* of the Bank. As we have said above—and as any one may see for himself who consults the Bank's returns—the Bank of England now charges 8 and 9 per cent. in circumstances where previously it used to charge 4½. As a natural consequence the dividends of banks have risen almost to a fabulous extent, and the profit of financial companies and of all other parties who deal in money has proportionately increased. On the other hand, as an equally necessary consequence, the price of the Funds is steadily falling, and railway shares and the profits of all other kinds of industrial enterprise are proportionately depressed. The increased rate which railway and other companies have to pay on their debentures, and which traders have to pay for their bills, tends to neutralise the increased business which most of them are carrying on. The stock of banking and financial companies is raised in value, while that of mercantile and industrial companies tends to be lowered, by this recent change in the practice of the Bank of England—a change which it is impossible to check as long as the present system of monopoly is allowed to exist.

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Having thus reviewed the position of the Bank as it is, let us recapitulate. The three great points which come into view are: 1. That the capital of the Bank is inordinately large in proportion to the present extent of its business. 2. That the reserve of Government securities in the Banking Department is kept in a useless form, and is never employed (as such a reserve ought to be) to procure gold for the Bank when gold is needed. 3. That nearly one-half of the gold kept in the Issue Office is practically useless—cannot be employed at all in the business of the Bank,—constituting a dead loss to the establishment, which the Directors now shift on the shoulders of the public. One effect of the burdens and restrictions placed on the Bank by the Government—and still more of the virtual monopoly possessed by the Bank—is to be seen in the misuse which the Directors make of the Government securities in the Banking Department. They never employ these as a means of getting gold. Instead of taking steps to supply themselves with gold when gold is needed, they prefer to charge a double or a treble rate for all their money, whether gold or notes. It is infinitely more profitable for the Bank to keep down its power of issue, and to charge a famine price for the supply, than to issue the amount required by the country. Availing itself of the virtual monopoly of the currency which it possesses, the Bank repays itself at the expense of the community for the burdens imposed upon it by the State. It makes use of its privileges to nullify its burdens. And as the result of its efforts in this direction, the level of the rate of interest in this country has of late been enormously raised.

The remedy to be applied is as obvious as the existing defects. In brief, we must lighten the burdens upon the Bank, and at the same time abolish its monopoly. We must put an end to the present waste of the re Bank, by rendering [illegible] as available as is possible to meet the actual requirements of the establishment. Especially, in so doing, we must raise the embargo upon the seven millions of gold (at present locked up passively in the Issue Department), which is the most effective portion of the Bank's reserve; the embargo upon which is a serious tax upon the Bank, seeing that they bear no interest, and also one cause of the exorbitant raising of the Bank-rate which has of late become so frequent and so disastrous to our trade and industry.

It were useless to attempt to deal with the position of the Bank as if it presented a *tabula rasa*. We must pay deference to existing, and long-existing, circumstances. Hence our object is to effect a maximum of improvement with a minimum of change. The capital of the Bank (using the term as we have already defined it—that is to say, including alike the proprietors' capital and the general assets of the establishment) is unquestionably larger than is actually needed: but we do not propose to lessen it. We would use it as a means of greatly extending the Bank's business. Instead of lessening the capital, we would let the Bank's business work up to it. Moreover, the present magnitude of its capital affords a means of basing the note-issues of the Bank upon the same principle which we have already proposed to apply to the general banking or monetary system of the country, without imposing any burden upon the Bank in lieu of those from which we think it ought to be freed.

The first and greatest reform which we propose is this:—Let the note-issues of the Bank be fully covered by a corresponding amount of Government securities, "earmarked" for the note-holders; thereafter let the other assets of the Bank be freely at the disposal of the Directors—to be used in whatever v [illegible] ncies of the Bank may require. This will pre-

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serve in essence the separation between the Issue and Banking Departments of the establishment, without the embarrassments produced by the present constitution of these distinct departments. In the first place, seven millions of gold, yielding no interest, would be withdrawn from their present condition of passivity, as a *vague* security for the notes, and would be replaced by an equal amount of Government securities, bearing interest, and *expressly set apart for the note-holders*. Moreover, we should withdraw from the present Banking reserve the amount of the "Dead-weight Annuities"—which, not being immediately convertible into money, is of no use as a banking reserve—and place it as part of the security for the notes, where it would be as efficient as the Debt (11 millions) at present is, and more so, seeing that it would henceforth be ear-marked for the note-holders.*

With these changes made, let us see what would be the constitution of the Bank of England. Taking the ordinary position of the Bank (as we have hitherto done) as a basis—that is to say, with 21 millions of notes, 20 of deposits, 15 of specie, 25 of Government securities—and 20 of private securities—the position of the establishment would be as follows. The figures in the table represent millions sterling.

NEW SYSTEM.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.			
Notes.	Deposits.	Security for Notes.		General Reserve.	
21	20	The Debt, . . 11 Government Securities, . . 10	21	Gold, ... 15 Gov. Securities, 4 Private do., 20	39
41				60	

Or the same position may be exhibited in this way :—

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.					
Notes.	Deposits.	Security for Notes.		Security for Deposits.		Reserve.	
21	20	The Debt, . . 11 Government Securities . . 0	21	Bills and other Private Securities, ...	20	Gold . 15 Gov. Sec 4	19
41				60			

The most important result of these changes, as is obvious, is greatly to add to the effective strength of the Bank's Reserve. The amount of the Reserve remains the same, but the amount of it which exists in an effective form is largely increased. A great and most important addition is made to the portion of the Reserve which consists of Money. Instead of 10½ millions of Government securities (part of which at present consists of the inconvertible Dead-weight Annuities), and 8½ millions of notes, the Reserve would consist of 4 millions of convertible stock (Consols and Exchequer bills), and 15 millions of gold.

But the effects of the New System would go much further than this. The whole amount of the Reserve would become available. This would remedy one of the most striking defects of the existing system. At present, when the notes and coin in the Banking Department fall to 5 millions (whether from a demand solely for notes, or, for gold alone, or as a

* But it is hardly worth while taking notice of the Dead-weight Annuities, as they will expire in the course of next year.

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foreign drain often produces an internal one also, for notes and gold simultaneously), there are also on hand 10 millions of Government securities — making the Reserve amount to 15 millions. How, then, is it that embarrassment arises at such times? Because *two-thirds of the Reserve are at present useless.* Even though the whole of the Government securities were in the form of Consols, not any portion of them could be converted into currency (notes) save by withdrawing an equal amount of notes from the public and other banks. The monetary requirements of the public remaining as before, the notes thus acquired by the Bank are immediately drawn out again by the other banks and its private customers. Hence the Bank's present practice of taking loans upon a portion of its Consols, though profitable to the establishment, is quite illusory as a means of adding to its reserve of money. The present constitution of the Reserve is perfectly absurd; it is also a waste of resources, for which the community suffers. Even in ordinary times—*i. e.*, when there are eight or nine millions of notes and coin in the Banking Department—the useless portion of the Reserve exceeds one-half of the whole amount. When the notes and coin fall to five millions, three-fourths of the Reserve are useless. And when all the notes and coin are used up, the whole of the Reserve (still consisting of ten millions) is as useless as if it were non-existent! It is a mirage, which becomes "nowhere" when approached.

Under the New System the case would be very different. The Government securities (all Consols and Exchequer Bills) held in the Banking Department would be immediately convertible into an equal amount of bank-notes. By transferring a portion of these consols into what may still be called the Issue Department (although this would likely be made a Government office, or at least have a Government official at [illegible] of it) the Bank would be entitled to issue additional notes to a like amount. So that, at any moment, the Bank could transform the Government securities in its banking reserve into an equal amount of currency in the shape of notes. The gold in the banking reserve would be likewise transmutable into notes. If the demand were for notes, the Bank would either transfer some of its consols from the banking reserve, or would purchase such stock with its Exchequer bills or gold, and, depositing these consols in the Issue Office, would receive in return an equal amount of notes. In this way the whole of the Reserve, alike the Government securities and the gold, would be rendered available to meet the requirements of the Bank. What would be the result? The effective resources of the Bank would in ordinary times be fully *doubled*, and in times of difficulty *trebled* or *quadrupled*.

The portion of the Reserve consisting of consols would not be of any use in procuring for the Bank a supply of gold. The gold could be converted into consols and the consols into notes, but the consols could not be converted into gold—because the Bank might be paid in its own notes whenever it sold any portion of its securities. Accordingly the proportion of gold in the Reserve should greatly exceed that of consols. The largest amount of consols held in the banking reserve should not be more than sufficient to meet the possible requirement for notes. When the note-circulation stands at 21 millions, the portion of the Reserve consisting of consols should not exceed 4 millions—24½ millions being the highest point which the note-circulation reaches. In the ordinary position of the Bank (viz., with 21 million of notes, 15 of gold, and 19 of Reserve) this would leave 15 millions of the Reserve in the form of gold. In similar circumstances, under the present system, the amount of cash in the

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Reserve is only 8¼ millions. And after setting aside even one million of gold for the cashing of notes (which is about ten times the amount actually needed), the amount of the Reserve available for purely banking purposes (including the 4 millions of Consols, convertible into notes) would be more than twice as large under the new system as under the present one.

In fact, in the ordinary position of the Bank under the New System, several millions of its gold might with perfect safety to the public, and obviously with profit to the Bank, be invested in Government stock abroad. When a demand for gold for export arose, the Bank would take short loans on these foreign securities, and give drafts for the amount to its customers; so that the gold in Bank would not be touched until these foreign securities, or the greater part of them, had been turned to account —reconverted into gold. Such a process would be more profitable to the Bank than keeping its whole stock (15 and sometimes 18 millions) of gold in hand; and at the same time it would be an effectual means of enabling the Bank to meet the requirements of its customers. Say that the Bank should, in ordinary circumstances, keep 10 millions of gold on hand: this, in addition to the 4 millions of Consols convertible into notes, would make the effective Reserve amount to 14 millions,—while in addition the Bank would hold 5 millions of foreign stock convertible into gold when required.

To bring clearly into view the bearing of the New System, as compared with the present one, let us show what will be the variations in the amount and form of the *Reserve* under several different positions of the Bank. First, let us suppose that the note-circulation remains at its ordinary amount, while the Bank's stock of gold varies from a minimum to a maximum:—

NOTE-CIRCULATION=21 MILLIONS.

GOLD=7 MILLIONS.				GOLD=20 MILLIONS.			
Position of the Bank's Reserve.							
At Present.		As Proposed.		At Present.		Proposed Alternatives.	
						either	*or*
Dead. Ann., Consols, &c.	10½	Consols, &c. *convertible*,	4	Dead. Ann., Consols, &c.	10½	Consols, &c. *convertible*,	4
Notes and Coin,*	½	Gold & Coin,	7	Notes and Coin,	13½	Gold & Coin,	20
							Foreign Stock,	10
Millions,	11		11	Millions,	24		24	24

Next let us vary the case, and suppose that the Gold remains at its ordinary amount (say 15 millions), while the Note-circulation varies:—

GOLD=15 MILLIONS.

NOTE-CIRCULATION=19 MILLIONS.				NOTE-CIRCULATION=25 MILLIONS.			
Position of the Bank's Reserve.							
At Present.		As Proposed.		At Present.		As Proposed.	
Dead. Ann., Consols, &c.	10½	Consols, &c. *convertible*,	6	Dead. Ann., Consols, &c.	10½	Consols, &c. *convertible*,	0
Notes and Coin,	10½	Gold & Coin,	15	Notes and Coin,	4½	Gold & Coin,	15
Millions,	21		21	Millions,	15		15

* In this case the Bank Act must be suspended, for the Bank is no longer able to carry on business when its Reserve of notes and coin falls to £1,000,000.

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Or, let us suppose that the gold in the Bank of England runs down to 9 millions, while the requirements of the public keep the note-circulation at 23 millions. Under the present system, the Bank, in such a [illegible] up; whereas, under the new system, the Reserve would actually be in a much better position than it occupies in ordinary times under the present regime:—

NOTES=23 MILLIONS. GOLD=9 MILLIONS.

Position of the Bank's Reserve.

At Present.		As Proposed.	
Deadweight Annuities, Consols, Exchequer Bills, &c.	10¾	Consols and Exchequer Bills (*Convertible into Notes*),	2
Notes and Coin,	¼	Gold and Coin,	9
Millions,	11	Millions,	11

Finally, fully to test the resources of the New System, let us suppose that the gold in the Bank falls to 7 millions, while, owing to some extraordinary circumstances, the note-circulation stands at 25 millions. Even then the Reserve would be little less than the effective portion of it (the notes and coin) is in ordinary circumstances under the present system; and the amount of gold would be fully equal to that with which the Bank of France at times carries on its business without disquiet or embarrassment. The Reserve would, in the highly exceptional circumstances above mentioned, stand thus:—

Note-circ. = 25 mils. Gold = 7 mils.

Bank's Reserve.

Consols,	0
Gold,*	7
Millions,	7

The two features of the New System are: 1. A redistribution or rearrangement of the assets of the Bank of England, so as to economise the Bank's resources by placing each item of its capital or assets in the place where it will have a maximum of efficiency. 2. The power to increase the issue of notes, when required, upon the Bank depositing in the Issue Office a corresponding amount of Consols. Let us consider the effect of each of these changes separately.

1. The Rearrangement of the Assets of the Bank. Taking the note-circulation at its ordinary amount (21 millions), the 25 millions of Government securities at present held by the Bank would be disposed of thus—21 millions deposited in the Issue Office, and 4 millions in the Bank's Reserve. If the note-circulation increased, the Consols in the Reserve would be correspondingly diminished; if the circulation fell, a correspondingly greater amount of Consols would be added to the Reserve. As regards the Gold (which in ordinary times amounts to 14½, say 15 millions), the whole of it would be placed in the Bank's Reserve—to be employed alike in the cashing of notes, and for the specie-payments required by depositors or discount-customers. The effect of this arrangement, as we have fully shown, would be in ordinary times to double, and in times of difficulty to treble or quadruple the effective or really available portion of the Bank's Reserve. For example (independently of the second part of our scheme, *i.e.*, the power to issue notes on the deposit

* In a case like this (if such were to happen) the Bank would not be likely to convert any of its gold into consols or notes.

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of Consols), the difference between the present and the proposed systems, during a heavy drain of gold, would be this:—

Note-Circulation=21 Millions. Gold=7 Millions.

State of the Bank's Reserve.

Present System.		New System.	
Deadweight Annuities, Consols, and Exchequer Bills,	10½	Consols and Exchequer Bills,	4
Notes and Coin,	½	Gold and Coin,	7
Millions,	11	Millions,	11

When so circumstanced, under the present system, the Bank of England must stop; whereas, under the new arrangement of its assets (and apart from the power to issue notes on the deposit of Consols), the available portion of the Bank's Reserve would be nearly equal to its ordinary amount under the present regime. This important change would be effected simply by withdrawing 6½ millions of gold from the Issue Department (where at present they are locked up passively when the note-circulation is at its ordinary amount), depositing in their stead an equal amount of Government securities, and placing the 6½ millions of gold in the general Reserve of the establishment.

It was purely by a mistake on the part of the framers of the Bank Act that this large amount of gold was thus locked up. In 1844 the current notion was that our drains of the precious metals were owing to the note-issues being redundant and depreciated, and that the drafts for gold upon the Bank were made by the note-holders, who, finding the notes depreciated, took them to the Bank to be cashed. Every one now knows that this notion is utterly absurd. It has not an atom of foundation. As we have stated, the only cashing of notes which takes place is with a view to obtain "small change;" and even this demand would disappear if an issue of the £1-notes were permitted. Indeed, it will surprise the public to learn that £100,000 in sovereigns is the full average amount kept in "the Hall" of the Issue Office for the cashing of notes. This is the fact. And a fact more fatal to the principle, and more condemnatory of the details of the Bank Act, it is impossible to conceive.

The Bank of England needs about 750,000 sovereigns as small change for its customers in the Banking Department; but it rarely needs one-seventh of that sum for the cashing of notes in the Issue Department. The whole of the large drafts for gold upon the Bank are, as is well known, made through its Banking Department: they are caused by depositors or discount-customers withdrawing their money in the shape of coin or bullion. But here we show that, even as regards the demand for gold as small change, the whole average amount of such demands is less than one million; and, moreover, not one-fifth of that sum is called for in the Issue Department, while four-fifths of it are needed in the Banking Department. Thus the new arrangement which we propose, by which all the gold will be taken from the Issue Department and placed in the general Reserve of the Bank, is strictly in accordance with the actual requirements of the case. The cashing of notes (a petty affair, requiring only a few thousands in coin) may be carried on in the same room of the Bank as at present, but

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simply as part of the ordinary banking business — just as in the Scotch and Irish banks, and as used to be in every English bank prior to 1833, when the notes of the Bank were made a legal tender throughout England and Wales.

2. The Power to issue Notes on Deposit of Consols. Such a measure is necessary to insure that elasticity to the currency which is indispensable to meet the varying monetary requirements of the country. We have fully discussed this part of the subject in previous articles,* and we have not space even to summarise it here. Let us only repeat, as a practical point, that the current value of the Consols to be deposited with Government, should (according to our plan) be 10 per cent in excess of the amount of notes to be issued thereon, in order to insure the perfect validity of the security. Any attempt at jobbing or speculating on the part of the Bank in the conversion of its Consols into notes, or of its notes into Consols, is not to be looked for; and could easily be rendered impossible by taking suitable precautions.

For the State to make the notes of any private bank, such as the Bank of England is, a legal tender, is highly objectionable. Such a step may be justifiable in great State emergencies—such, for example, as in France during the Revolution of 1848; but, like martial law, it is quite inapplicable to ordinary times. And in this country it has never been needed. It is alike unfair to the other banks, and an improper interference on the part of the State. We have not space to discuss all the reasons for and against the enactment of 1833; but our general conclusion is, that it was an error to give to the notes of the Bank of England the exclusive privilege of being a legal tender. And it would be well if, in

[illegible] Bank Acts, the [illegible]ary system of the country could once and for all be placed in every respect on a proper footing —by not only abolishing the existing monopoly of the right to issue bank-notes, but also by withdrawing from the notes of the Bank their privileged character as a "legal tender." The denomination of the notes to be issued by the Bank, and by the English banks generally, is a matter of detail upon which we have already expressed our opinion.†

Having thus shown in detail the general condition of the Bank of England under the New System, let us now consider the relations subsisting between the Bank and the State; and also what alterations the new system would make in the profits of the Bank.

The first result, the necessary concomitant, of the establishment of the new system, would be the disappearance of the debt of eleven millions which the State at present owes to the Bank. The Government would take power to convert the Debt into consols, which it would hand to the Bank in payment of the debt; and the Bank would simultaneously deposit these consols with the Government as a necessary part of the security for its note-issues. The Bank would receive from the Government the same amount of interest on these consols as it at present receives for the Debt; but the nature of the relation between the Bank and the State would be changed. "The Debt" would be at an end. Thereafter the Bank would have no more claim upon the State than any private fundholder has.

This result, as will be observed, arises naturally and necessarily under the new system; for as, under the proposed system, the note-issue of the Bank (in common with all

* See especially Part III. of the "Rate of Interest," in the [illegible] for July 1865.
† See the Magazine for July 1865, pp. 86, 87.

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the other banks) are to be secured by an equal, or rather larger amount of consols, the eleven millions at present represented by the Debt will be needed, in the form of consols, to maintain the issuing power of the Bank. The disappearance of the Debt, thus occasioned — although financially the change will produce neither gain nor loss either to the Bank or to the Government —is a matter of much importance politically. For, according to the Act of 1844, no alteration can be made in the privileges of the Bank except (upon twelve months' notice being given, and) on *repayment of all debts due from the State.* This unusual condition—never before inserted in any renewal of the Bank's charter—created a formidable difficulty in the way of future legislation in regard either to the Bank itself, or to the bank-issues in the country at large. It is true that Parliament may assume the power to rescind this clause in the Act of 1844, and thereafter to reopen the whole question unconditionally. And, a few years ago, Parliament did not hesitate to use its powers in this fashion in a case of much greater importance, and of more delicacy, than that which we are at present considering.* Nevertheless, such a course of procedure is only justifiable in a case of necessity. And hence a great practical advantage arises from the New System in this respect, inasmuch as it removes the present obstacle to legislation, and leaves Parliament to act freely and at once, in the interests of all parties, by reforming the banking and monetary system of the whole country.

Next, as to the profits of the Bank of England under the new system, as compared with the old. The difference in this respect would be in favour of the Bank. The great feature of the new system is to establish a rearrangement of the assets of the Bank in such a way as immensely to add to their efficiency or active power, without altering the amount of the securities and assets with which the Bank carries on its business. For the sake of clearness, we shall place the two systems side by side, taking, as heretofore, the note-issues of the Bank at their ordinary amount — namely, twenty-one millions — and the specie at fourteen and a half millions:—

PRESENT SYSTEM.

Issue Department.		Interest. 3 p. c.	*Banking Department.*		Interest. 3 p. c.	Total Int.
Gold, . .	£13,750,000	—	Notes and Coin,	£8,250,000	—	£750,000
Govt. Securities,	14,650,000	£439,500	Govt. Securities,	10,350,000	£310,500	

NEW SYSTEM.

Govt. Securities,	£23,000,000	£690,000	Govt. Securities,	£9,000,000	£60,000	£750,000
			Gold and Coin,	14,500,000	—	

So far as these figures show, there is no change. But it is to be remembered that under the present system all the profit on the notes issued upon £650,000 of the Government securities in the Issue Department is appropriated by the Government; whereas, under the

* We allude to the case of the Loan Act passed during the Russian war, which contained a stipulation that the Loan should be gradually extinguished by means of a sinking fund; a stipulation which Parliament subsequently annulled.

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new system, the profit on these notes (equal at 4 per cent to £26,000) would go to the Bank. Thus, when the note-circulation is at its ordinary amount, the Bank would gain £26,000 more than under the present system. Substantially, however, the profits of the Bank thus far would remain just as at present.

But there are two other elements to be taken into account in considering the effect of the new system upon the profits of the Bank. If the ordinary circulation of the Bank were to rise above 21 millions, and also when its stock of gold increased beyond its average amount, in both cases the Bank would be much better off under the new system than under the old. For example (1), if the circulation rose to 23 millions, the 2 millions of Consols in the Banking Department (as shown in the preceding table) would be transferred to the Issue Department, and notes thereon would be issued to nearly an equal amount (£1,800,000), yielding a net profit of, say at 4 per cent, £72,000. Also (2), when the Bank's stock of gold rose to 18 millions, instead of keeping the whole of this vast sum idle in its vaults, some eight millions of it might be safely and advantageously invested in Government securities abroad (say at Calcutta and New York), reconvertible into specie when required, and yielding for the time to the Bank a net return of at least 4 per cent. It is needless to speculate as to what extent the Bank's note-circulation may increase in the future, or to pretend to calculate with nicety the gain which the Bank may derive from the new system. We need only say, that the pecuniary changes would be wholly in favour of the Bank; while, at the same time, the community would be released from the evil restrictions at present imposed upon the Bank and which the Bank shows itself only too willing, not merely to enforce, but to exaggerate.

Lastly, let us consider the charges imposed by the State upon the Bank, in return for the privileges so long enjoyed by the Bank, and for the dominant position which it has thereby acquired. These charges at present amount to fully £200,000 a-year:—£120,000 being paid for its charter, and £60,000 as the composition with the Stamp-office upon its note-circulation, besides about £26,000 as profit on £650,000 of its note-issues. The £60,000 of stamp-dues is simply a fiscal measure, and one to which there can be no objection. On the other hand, the payment of £120,000 for the Bank's charter, and the appropriation by the State of the whole profits on a portion of the Bank's note-issues, are matters which open up a very wide and important question. The peculiar privileges so long enjoyed by the Bank have enabled it to acquire a dominant position over all the other banks of the kingdom, and have thereby conferred on it a power over the currency, and consequently* over the rate of interest, which otherwise the Bank would not have possessed. Hence the question arises, Ought the State to impose a charge upon the Bank (ought the State to make the Bank *pay*) for the virtual monopoly it has thus acquired; and, if so, in what form ought this charge upon the Bank to be made?

The leading principle of this matter may be safely laid down. The State may impose a tax upon bank-notes on the same principle on which all other taxes are imposed—namely, as a means of raising revenue from classes which otherwise would not bear their fair share of

* Money, as we have previously shown, is the only form in which the capital stored in banks can be lent: hence a deficiency of Money has the same effect on the rate of interest as a deficiency of Capital has. See the "Rate of Interest," Part I.

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taxation. Bank-notes may be taxed just as cheques and commercial bills are taxed, or as dock-warrants were attempted to be taxed a few years ago. But not otherwise. The State, under a free system of banking, has no more right to the profit upon bank-notes than it has to the profit upon commercial bills.

Let us consider this matter under each of its leading features.

It may be said that a State may levy a tax or seigneurage upon the legal money of the realm. But such a system has been repudiated in this country. The State does not only levy no seigneurage upon the coinage, but it does not even charge for the process of coining. It keeps up a costly establishment (and an admirable one) for the purpose of doing all the coining gratis. Any person may take any amount of gold to the Mint, and he will get it turned into coin of the realm free of charge. Moreover, to levy a seigneurage upon money is justifiable only when the State agrees to receive that money at all times, and indefeasibly, in payment of taxes, &c., and also, by making that money a legal tender, to enforce its acceptance upon the community at large. This, it is needless to say, the State does not do in the case of bank-notes. Although there are upwards of 200 banks of issue in the kingdom, the notes of only one of them are a legal tender; and even in the case of this favoured establishment (the Bank of England), the State agrees to accept payment in its notes only so long as the Bank secures their convertibility into gold. If the State were to take upon itself to secure the convertibility into gold of the notes of the Bank of England, or of all the banks of issue, the case would be different. But it does nothing of the kind. The duty and cost of converting their notes into gold fall upon the banks themselves. And, but for the present vicious monopoly of issue, there would not be even a shadow of a plea for taxing bank-notes, except on the same principle and to the same extent that cheques, bills, &c. are taxed—*i. e.*, simply as a means of raising revenue. The State may and ought to take adequate security from banks for the notes which they issue: but it has no more right to the profits of banks of issue than it has to those of any merchant or manufacturer who carries on a portion of his business by means of bills.

Of course, if the appropriation by the State of the profit upon bank-notes were meant as a step towards, and a means of, suppressing all the existing bank-issues, and taking these issues into the hands of the State, the process, however despotic, would be intelligible. But that idea is now exploded. A *convertible* paper-currency can only be issued through the agency of banks. An issue of convertible notes cannot be made except in this way. The more fully the question is considered, the more clearly will it appear that the paper-money of a country must be issued by banks. The State may rightly take security for the note-circulation from the banks which issue it, but for the State to claim the profit on these notes would be as preposterous as if it were to make a like demand upon traders for the profit which they make by means of their bills. It may be thought by some persons that the monopoly of the present banks of issue in some measure justifies the State in appropriating part of their profits; this idea is wrong, as will fully appear in the sequel: but in any case the true remedy for a system of monopoly is, not to tax its possessors, but to abolish the system—as in this case we propose should be done.

As regards the general principle, let it be borne in mind that, whether under a system of monopoly or of free-trade, every tax imposed upon banks is a burden which they at once shift on to the shoulders of their customers. Moreover this burden, when so shifted,

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falls with tenfold force upon the community. As with a hydraulic press, an ounce of weight placed upon the small end is transmuted into a hundredfold pressure upon the broad end; so is every burden laid upon banks converted into an infinitely greater burden upon the community. The increased charge exacted from the community may simply compensate the banks for the State-tax, but this recouping necessarily takes place in such a way as enormously to aggravate the burden when so transferred to the shoulders of the public. For example, when the Bank raises its rate of discount to a high point, the result is, not only to give to the Bank a proportionately larger share of the profits of trade, but also to cause a collapse of trade and inflict widespread loss and suffering upon the country. A high Bank-rate depresses prices; so that the trader has not only to pay, it may be, twice as much for his customary loans (for the discount of the bills by which trade is carried on), but his stock of goods is simultaneously depreciated to the extent of 20 or 30 per cent. And thus, while the Bank only receives 10 instead of 5 per cent—while it takes only 5 per cent more from the profits of trade—the commercial classes lose also 25 per cent on the sale of their goods. Moreover, whenever the Bank-rate is raised to this high point, bills, the ordinary currency of wholesale trade, fall into disrepute, because commercial credit is shaken; and thus the bills of many traders are no longer accepted, — and many of these firms (although essentially solvent), being deprived of the means of carrying on business, are forced to suspend. Thus the effect of a rise in the Bank-rate from 5 to 10 per cent is not merely an appropriation by the banks of 5 per cent more of the profits of trade; it also entails upon traders a further loss of 20 or 25 per cent on the sale of their goods; and moreover, by bringing

[illegible] of trade (i. e., [illegible] it deprives many firms of the means of carrying on business, and forces them [illegible] the 'Gazette.' This is the [illegible] of a high Bank-rate upon [illegible] commercial and manufacturing [illegible]s; and upon the lower classes the effect is equally disastrous. The collapse or contraction of trade occasioned by a high Bank-rate throws a very large portion of the [illegible]ing-classes upon half-time or [illegible]ly out of employment, — entails unmerited suffering upon [illegible]ands of industrious families, [illegible] adding heavily to the poor-[illegible]. All this ensues whenever Bank-rate is raised to 9 or 10 [illegible]nt. Banks at such times get [illegible] cent more for their money, commodity in which they deal, —but a large portion of the trading classes lose 25 or 30 per cent. Trade collapses, poor-rates increase, the national prosperity is checked; accompanied by a large amount of individual suffering, alike in the middle and the lower classes.

The present idea of making banks of issue pay for their monopoly, as a correction of the evil effects of such a monopoly, is, of all others, the most preposterous and illusive. So far from counteracting or even palliating the evils of the present system, it most disastrously aggravates them. The banks naturally make use of their monopoly to nullify the burdens imposed upon them, by shifting the burden on to the shoulders of the community; and, as we have shown, the burden, when so shifted, falls with twentyfold severity on the public. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that for every petty gain thus made by the State, it would be far better for the community to pay a hundredfold more in the shape of legitimate taxation. Even under a system of perfect free-trade in banking, the banks will always recoup themselves at the expense, and to the serious detriment, of the [illegible]mmunity for

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any burdens imposed upon them by the State. Moreover, let it be borne in mind that, even after the present system of monopoly is abolished, the Bank of England will possess a dominating influence over all the other banks, and over the money-market. Its present position as the great bank of issue, the great foundation of the currency, will remain. And if it chooses to charge high rates for the use of its notes, all the other banks will have a great temptation to follow suit. No bank will willingly lend its money cheaply: every one of them has a direct motive to keep the rate of interest as high as possible.

What, then, should be done in regard to the charge which the State exacts from the Bank of England as payment for its charter; and also in regard to the appropriation by the State of the whole profit on its extra note-issues? Both of these charges are wholly vicious in principle; and in practice, as we have shown, they are not only quite illusory as regards the Bank, but eminently disastrous to the public. There is but one way in which the State can intervene to palliate the effects of a monopoly (whether legal or *de facto*) of bank issues: and that is, by preventing the Bank or banks raising the rate of interest to an exorbitant point for the sake of adding to their profits,—*i.e.*, by enacting that, whenever the rate is raised above a certain point, the extra profits thus accruing to the bank shall be at the disposal of the State. This is the principle adopted in France, and which more recently and more stringently has been adopted, after ample discussion, in Belgium. The Banks of France and Belgium are allowed to raise the rate of interest to any point they may find necessary, to free them from embarrassment, but they are not allowed to convert their seasons of difficulty into a source of extra profits. It is certainly a most anomalous thing that a bank should make its very difficulties a means of increasing its profits. Yet this is in simple fact what the Bank of England at present does. If the Bank, when pressed for gold, were to take means to supply itself with gold, and were then to charge a compensating rate for the use of it, the process would be intelligible; although even in that case the Bank would always be able to charge an excessive price for the supply as long as it possessed a virtual monopoly. But the Bank of England does not take any steps to provide itself with specie: it simply makes its difficulties, which it does not stir a finger to obviate, a means of adding largely to its profits at the expense of the community. This is a most extraordinary state of matters, and we think it is high time that the commercial classes should resist being so relentlessly victimised.*

It is true that the "difficulties," so profitable to itself and so disastrous to trade, which now so frequently beset the Bank are purely artificial. They are due to the insensate restrictions placed upon the Bank by the Act of 1844. The Bank can make use of little more than one-half of its ordinary stock of gold; the other portion is, for all practical purposes, as useless as if it were at the bottom of the sea. In the worst drain of specie which the Bank has experienced since the passing of the Act (namely, in the crisis of 1857), its stock of gold never fell below seven millions—an amount of specie with which the Bank of France has repeatedly carried on its vast operations without any difficulty at all. If the Bank of

* The difficulty to which a bank is subjected when its stock of gold is diminished is, that it is less able than usual to meet its liability to pay its depositors in specie. But it is a novel idea (only established subsequent to 1844) that banks should convert this difficulty into a means of enormously increasing their profits.

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England were allowed to make use of these seven millions of gold, there would have been no crisis either in 1847 or in 1857; and as to the petty diminutions in its stock of gold which, under its *new* system of working the Act, led to the minor crises of 1864 and 1865, they would not have been felt at all.

By removing the existing restrictions upon the Bank, these recurrent artificial difficulties will also disappear. At least they ought to disappear. But the Bank, having once tasted the sweets of 9 per cent at times when it has fully 18 millions of gold in its coffers, will be loath to relinquish its present practice, even after the cause or excuse for such exorbitant rates has been abolished. And, as we have said, even after the present legalised monopoly of bank-issues has been removed, the Bank of England will still possess a preponderating influence over the currency, and consequently over the rate of interest; and the banks at large will always have a strong inducement to follow suit whenever the Bank raises its charges upon the community. At present (owing to the long-established monopoly of the Bank), there is not one of the other banks which can enter into competition with it on anything like adequate terms; and as long as this state of matters exists, every bank will be only too ready to follow the example of the Bank of England in charging higher rates, rather than attempt a fruitless rivalry with it. In course of time, however, under a free system of banking, it may be expected, as certainly it is to be hoped, that some of the other banks will gradually develop themselves to such an extent that, although each of them be inferior in power to the Bank of England, yet their collective action will form an effective check upon any undue exorbitance in its charges. Perfect freedom is the right course; and we would

of continued exor of difficulty, on the part of the Bank, and trust to a check growing up in the future, than seek in any way to interfere by legislative checks with the free action of the Bank. Owing to the dominating position which the long-enjoyed State-privileges have enabled the Bank to acquire, possibly it may be advisable to continue to make a charge for its charter *pro forma*, in order to facilitate future legislation in the (we trust) improbable case of the Bank abusing its power; but the system of what is called "making the Bank *pay*" for its charter, and also the appropriation by the State of any portion of the profit on its note-issues (except, of course, in the way of ordinary taxation), ought to be totally abolished.

Such is the reform which we propose for the Bank of England. The New System will immensely increase the resources of the Bank, and will enable it without difficulty to carry on a much larger amount of business. It will enable it to increase its profits, while more widely benefiting the community. The New System is simple in principle, and effects a maximum of improvement with a minimum of change. It has also the important recommendation of being in perfect unison with the general Monetary System, which we have already proposed for the kingdom at large. The great principle which we advocate is, that banking in all its departments should be free; that all banks should be equal in the eye of the law; and that, subject to like conditions, every bank alike should have the right to issue notes. And these conditions, as we have specified them, are, that the notes should be secured by a deposit in the hands of the State of Government securities, ten per cent in excess of the note-issues — leaving the convertibility of the notes into specie to the banks themselves, to be secured (under penalty of bank-

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ruptcy) according to the means which the widely different circumstance of the various banks may show to be best. It may also be enacted that all banks shall be conducted on the joint-stock principle (*i. e.*, with more than six partners), and if deemed necessary, a minimum might be imposed on the amount of capital of each banking company. These two latter and subordinate conditions would facilitate the improvement of the state of banking in England, in which part of the kingdom (owing to the monopoly of joint-stock banking so long enjoyed by the Bank of England) banking has grown up in a much inferior form to that which has been established in Scotland, or even in Ireland. These conditions would facilitate the amalgamation of banks, the consolidation of small banks into larger ones, which has already begun in England, and thereby tend to produce a further economy of capital in banking, while greatly enhancing the solidity and solvency of the establishments by which this important branch of trade is carried on.

It is beyond our present purpose —it is infinitely beyond our space —to reopen here the whole field of monetary discussion, or to fortify the New System by general reasonings on monetary science and practice. We have done this in previous articles, practically, and in ample detail; and to these articles* we must now content ourselves by referring. Still less is it needful to speak of the importance of the question which we have been discussing, or of the urgent call that there is for reform. The commercial classes are beginning to awake to the disastrous consequences of combining a fossilised monetary system with an ever-expanding trade. There are some events which it is safe to predict, and one of these certainly is, that the present regime of monopoly and restriction in banking will soon come to an end. Oppose it who may, the natural law of progress will accomplish this event as surely as the waters of a river will in due time reach the sea. Dam the stream as you may, the waters will ere long overflow its barriers or burst them. So will it be with this great question of Monetary Reform. It may be opposed, and it will be opposed; for to many powerful parties the worship of the Bank Act is as productive of gain as the worship of the statue of Diana at Ephesus was to Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen. But sooner or later the opposition will fail, and the principle of freedom and fair competition will replace in banking, as it has already replaced in all other forms of trade and industry, the present pernicious system of restriction and monopoly.

* See the series of articles on the "Rate of Interest," in the Magazine for May, June, and July 1865; and "Our Invisible Capital," in the December number.

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MISS MARJORIBANKS.—PART XIII.

CHAPTER XLV.

When the first whisper of the way in which she was—as people say—"left," reached Lucilla, her first feeling was incredulity. It was conveyed to her by aunt Jemima, who came to her in her room after the funeral with a face blanched with dismay. Miss Marjoribanks took it for grief; and, though she did not look for so much feeling from Mrs. John, was pleased and comforted that her aunt should really lament her poor papa. It was a compliment which, in the softened and sorrowful state of Lucilla's mind, went to her heart. Aunt Jemima came up and kissed her in a hasty excited way, which showed genuine and spontaneous emotion, and was not like the solemn pomp with which sympathising friends generally embrace a mourner; and then she made Lucilla sit down by the fire and held her hands. "My poor child," said aunt Jemima—"my poor, dear, sacrificed child! you know, Lucilla, how fond I am of you, and you can always come to me——"

"Thank you, dear aunt Jemima," said Miss Marjoribanks, though she was a little puzzled. "You are the only relative I have, and I knew you would not forsake me. What should I do without you at such a time? I am sure it is what dear papa would have wished——'

"Lucilla," cried Mrs. John, impulsively, "I know it is natural you should cry for your father; but when you know all,—you that never knew what it was to be without money—that never were straitened even, or obliged to give up things, like most other young women. Oh, my dear, they said I was to prepare you, but how can I prepare you? I feel as if I never could forgive my brother-in-law; that he should bring you up like this, and then——"

"What is it?" said Miss Marjoribanks, drying her tears. "If it is anything new, tell me, but don't speak so of—of—— What is it? say it right out."

"Lucilla," said aunt Jemima, solemnly "you think you have a great deal of courage, and now is your time to show it. He has left you without a farthing—he that was always thought to be so rich. It is quite true what I am saying. He has gone and died and left nothing, Lucilla. Now I have told you; and oh, my poor, dear, injured child," cried Mrs. John, with fervour, "as long as I have a home there will be room in it for you."

But Lucilla put her aunt away softly when she was about to fall upon her neck. Miss Marjoribanks was struck dumb; her heart seemed to stop beating for the moment. "It is quite impossible—it cannot be true," she said, and gave a gasp to recover her breath. Then Mrs. John came down upon her with facts, proving it to be true—showing how Dr. Marjoribank's money was invested, and how it had been lost. She made a terrible muddle of it, no doubt, but Lucilla was not very clear about business details any more than her aunt, and she did not move nor say a word while the long, involved, endless narrative went on. She kept saying it was impossible in her heart for half of the time, and then she crept nearer the fire and shivered and said nothing even to herself, and did not even seem to listen, but knew that it must be true. It would be vain to attempt to say that it was not a terrible blow to Lucilla; her strength was weakened already by grief and soli-

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tude and want of food, for she could not find it in her heart to go on eating her ordinary meals as if nothing had happened; and all of a sudden she felt the cold seize her, and drew closer and closer to the fire. The thoughts which she had been thinking in spite of herself, and for which she had so greatly condemned herself, went out with a sudden distinctness, as if it had been a lamp going out and leaving the room in darkness, and a sudden sense of utter gloom and cold and bewildering uncertainty came over Lucilla. When she lifted her eyes from the fire, into which she had been gazing, it almost surprised her to find herself still in this warm room where there was every appliance for comfort, and where her entire wardrobe of new mourning — everything, as aunt Jemima said, that a woman could desire— was piled up on the bed. It was impossible that she could be a penniless creature, left on her own resources, without father or supporter or revenue; and yet — good heavens! could it be true?

"If it is true, aunt Jemima," said Lucilla, "I must try to bear it; but my poor head feels all queer. I'd rather not think any more about it to-night."

"How can you help thinking about it, Lucilla?" cried Mrs. John. "I can think of nothing else; and I am not so much concerned as you."

Upon which Lucilla rose and kissed aunt Jemima, though her head was all confused, and she had noises in her ears. "I don't think we are much like each other, you know," she said. "Did you hear how Mrs. Chiley was? I am sure she will be very sorry;" and with that Miss Marjoribanks softened and felt a little comforted, and cried again—not for the money, but for her father. "If you are going down-stairs, I think I will come down to tea, aunt Jemima," she said. But after Mrs. John had gone away full of wonder at her philosophy, Lucilla drew close to the fire again and took her head between her hands and tried to think what it meant. Could it be true? Instead of the heiress, in a good position, who could go abroad or anywhere and do anything she liked, was it possible that she was only a penniless single woman with nobody to look to, and nothing to live on? Such an extraordinary incomprehensible revolution might well make any one feel giddy. The solid house and the comfortable room, and her own sober brain, which was not in the way of being put off its balance, seemed to turn round and round as she looked into the fire. Lucilla was not one to throw the blame upon her father as Mrs. John had done. On the contrary she was sorry, profoundly sorry for him, and made such a picture to herself of what his feelings must have been, when he went into his room that night and knew that all his hard-earned fortune was gone, that it made her weep the deepest tears for him that she had yet shed. "Poor papa!" she said to herself; and as she was not much given to employing her imagination in this way, and realising the feeling of others, the effect was all the greater now. If he had but told her, and put off a share of the burden from his own shoulders on to hers who could have borne it! but the Doctor had never done justice to Lucilla's qualities. This, amid her general sense of confusion and dizziness and insecurity, was the only clear thought that struck Miss Marjoribanks; and that it was very cold and must be freezing outside; and how did the poor people manage who had not all her present advantages? She tried to put away this revelation from her, as she had said to aunt Jemima, and keep it for a little at arm's length, and get a night's rest in the mean time, and so be able to bring a clear head to the contemplation of it to-morrow, which was the most judicious thing to do. But

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when the mind has been stimulated by such a shock, Solomon himself, one would suppose, could scarcely, however clearly he might perceive what was best, take the judicious passive way. When Lucilla got up from where she was crouching before the fire she felt so giddy that she could scarcely stand. Her head was all queer, as she had said, and she had a singing in her ears. She herself seemed to have changed along with her position. An hour or two before, she could have answered for her own steadiness and self-possession in almost any circumstances, but now the blood seemed to be running a race in her veins, and the strangest noises hummed in her ears. She felt ashamed of her weakness, but she could not help it; and then she was weak with grief and excitement and comparative fasting, which told for something, probably, in her inability to bear so unlooked-for a blow.

But Miss Marjoribanks thought it was best to go down to the drawing-room for tea, as she had said. To see everything just as it had been, utterly indifferent and unconscious of what had happened, made her cry, and relieved her giddiness by reviving her grief; and then the next minute a bewildering wonder seized her as to what would become of this drawing-room, the scene of her triumphs; who would live in it, and whom the things would go to, which made her sick and brought back the singing in her ears. But on the whole she took tea very quietly with aunt Jemima, who kept breaking into continual snatches of lamentation, but was always checked by Lucilla's composed looks. If she had not heard this extraordinary news, which made the world turn round with her, Miss Marjoribanks would have felt that soft hush of exhaustion and grief subdued which, when the grief is not too urgent, comes after all is over; and even now she felt a certain comfort in the warm firelight and the change out of her own room—where she had been living shut up, with the blinds down, and the black dresses everywhere about, for so many dreary days.

John Brown, who had charge of Dr. Marjoribanks's affairs, came next day and explained everything to Lucilla. The lawyer had had one short interview with his client after the news came, and Dr. Marjoribanks had borne it like a man. His face had changed a little, and he had sat down, which he was not in the habit of doing, and drawn a kind of shivering long breath; and then he had said, "Poor Lucilla!" to himself. This was all Mr. Brown could say about the effect the shock had on the Doctor. And there was something in this very scanty information which gave Lucilla a new pang of sorrow and consolation. "And he patted me on the shoulder that last night," she said, with tender tears; and felt she had never loved her father so well in all her life—which is one of the sweeter uses of death which many must have experienced, but which belonged to a more exquisite and penetrating kind of emotion than was common to Lucilla.

"I thought he looked a little broken when he went out," said Mr. Brown, "but full of pluck and spirit, as he always was. 'I am making a good deal of money, and I *may* live long enough to lay by a little still,' were the last words he said to me. I remember he put a kind of emphasis on the *may*. Perhaps he knew he was not so strong as he looked. He was a good man, Miss Marjoribanks, and there is nobody that has not some kind thing to tell of him," said the lawyer, with a certain moisture in his eyes; for there was nobody in Carlingford who did not miss the old Doctor, and John Brown was very tender-hearted in his way.

"But nobody can know what a good father he was," said Lucilla, with a sob; and she meant it with

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all her heart, thinking chiefly of his hand on her shoulder that last night, and of the "Poor Lucilla!" in John Brown's office; though, after all, perhaps, it was not chiefly as a tender father that Dr. Marjoribanks shone, though he gave his daughter all she wanted or asked for. Her grief was so true, and so little tinctured by any of that indignation over the unexpected loss, which aunt Jemima had not been able to conceal, that John Brown was quite touched, and felt his heart warm to Lucilla. He explained it all very fully to her when she was composed enough to understand him; and as he went through all the details the giddiness came back, and once more Miss Marjoribanks felt the world running round, and heard his statement through the noises in her ears. All this settled down, however, into a certain distinctness as John Brown, who was very clear-headed and good at making a concise statement, went on; and gradually the gyrations became slower and slower, and the great universe became solid once more, and held to its moorings under Lucilla's feet, and she ceased to hear that supernatural hum and buzz. The vague shadows of chaos and ruin dispersed, and through them she saw once more the real aspect of things. She was not quite penniless. There was the house, which was a very good house, and some little corners and scraps of money in the funds, which were Lucilla's very own, and could not be lost; and last of all there was the business—the best practice in Carlingford, and entire command of Grange Lane.

"But what does that matter?" said Lucilla, "if poor papa had retired indeed, as I used to beg him to do, and parted with it—— But everybody has begun to send for Dr. Rider already," she said, in an aggrieved voice; and then for the first time John Brown remembered, to his confusion, that there was once said to be "something between" Miss Marjoribanks and Dr. Rider; which complicated the affair in the most uncomfortable way.

"Yes," he said, "and of course that would make it much more difficult to bring in another man; but Rider is a very honourable young fellow, Miss Marjoribanks——"

"He is not so very young," said Lucilla. "He is quite as old as I am, though no one ever would think so. I am sure he is honourable, but what has that to do with it? And I do think Mrs. Chiley might have done without—anybody else: for a day or two, considering when it was——"

And here she stopped to cry, unreasonably, but yet very naturally; for it did feel hard that in the house to which Dr. Marjoribanks's last visit had been paid, another doctor should have been called in next day.

"What I meant to say," said John Brown, "was, that Dr. Rider, though he is not rich, and could not pay a large sum of money down, would be very glad to make some arrangement. He is very anxious about it, and he seemed himself to think that if you knew his circumstances you would not be disinclined to—— But as I did not at all know——"

Lucilla caught, as it were, and met, and forced to face her, her informant's embarrassed, hesitating look. "You say this," said Miss Marjoribanks, "because people used to say there was something between us, and you think I may have some feeling about it. But there never was anything between us. Anybody with a quarter of an eye could have seen that he was going out of his senses about that little Australian girl. And I am rather fond of men that are in love—it shows they have some good in them. But it is dreadful to talk of such things now," said Lucilla, with a sigh of self-reproach. "If Dr. Rider has any arrangement to propose, I should like to give him the preference, please. You see they

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have begun to send for him already in Grange Lane."

"I will do whatever you think proper," said John Brown, who was rather scared, and very much impressed by Miss Marjoribanks's candour. Dr. Rider had been the first love of Mr. Brown's own wife, and the lawyer had a curious kind of satisfaction in thinking that this silly young fellow had thus lost two admirable women, and that probably the little Australian was equally inferior to Miss Marjoribanks and Mrs. Brown. He ought to have been grateful that Dr. Rider had left the latter lady to his own superior discrimination—and so he was; and yet it gave him a certain odd satisfaction to think that the Doctor was not so happy as he might have been. He went away fully warranted to receive Dr. Rider's proposition, and even, to a certain extent, to decide upon it—and Lucilla threw herself back in her chair in the silent drawing-room, from which aunt Jemima had discreetly withdrawn, and began to think over the reality of her position as she now saw it for the first time.

The sense of bewildering revolution and change was over; for, strangely enough, the greater a change is the more easily the mind, after the first shock, accepts and gets accustomed to it. It was over, and the world felt steady once more under Lucilla's feet, and she sat down, not precisely amid the ruins of her happiness, but still in the presence of many an imagination overthrown to look at her real position. It was not, after all, utter poverty, misery, and destitution, as at the first glance she had believed. According to what John Brown had said, and a rapid calculation which Lucilla had herself made in passing, something approaching two hundred a-year would be left to her—just a small single woman's revenue, as she thought to herself. Two hundred a-year! All at once there [illegible] Miss Marjoribanks's [illegible]den vision of the two Miss Ravenswoods, who had lived in that pretty set of r[illegible]s over Elsworthy's shop, facing into Grange Lane, and who had kept a lady's maid, and asked the best people in the place to tea upon a very similar income, and how their achievements had been held up to everybody as a model of what genteel economy could do. She thought of them, and her heart sank within her; for it was not in Lucilla's nature to live without a sphere, nor to disjoin herself from her fellow-creatures, nor to give up entirely the sovereign position she had held for so many years. What[illegible] she might ultimately do, it was clear that, in the mean time, she could not make up her mind to any such giving up of the battle as that. And then there was the house. She might let it to the Riders, and add probably another hundred a-year to her income; for though it was an excellent house, and worth more than a hundred a-year, still there was no competition for houses in Grange Lane, and the new Doctor was the only probable tenant. And, to tell the truth, though Lucilla was very reasonable, it went to her heart at the present moment to think of letting the house to the new Doctor, and having the patients come as usual, and the lamp lighted as of old, and nothing changed except the central figure of all. She ought to have been above such sentimental ideas when a whole hundred pounds a-year was in question; but she was not, which of itself was a strange phenomenon. If she could have made up her mind to that, there were a great many things that she might have done. She might still have gone abroad, and to some extent taken a limited share in what was going on in some section of English society on the Continent. Or she might have gone to one of the mild centres of a similar kind of life in England. [illegible] such a pro-

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spect did not offer many attractions to Miss Marjoribanks. If she had been rich, it would have been different. Thus there gradually dawned upon her the germ of the plan she ultimately adopted, and which was the only one that commended itself to her feelings. Going away was expensive and troublesome at the best; and even at Elsworthy's, if she could have made up her mind to such an expedient, she would have been charged a pound a-week for the rooms alone, not to speak of all kinds of extras, and never having the satisfaction of feeling yourself in your own place. Under all the circumstances, it was impressed upon Lucilla's mind that her natural course was to stay still where she was, and make no change. Why should she make any change? The house was her own, and did not cost anything, and if Nancy would but stand by her and one good maid—— It was a venture; but still Lucilla felt as if she might be equal to it. Though she was no mathematician, Miss Marjoribanks was very clever at mental arithmetic in a practical sort of way. She put down lines upon lines of figures in her head while she sat musing in her chair, and worked them out with wonderful skill and speed and accuracy. And the more she thought of it, the more it seemed to her that this was the thing to do. Why should she retreat and leave her native soil and the neighbourhood of all her friends because she was poor and in trouble? Lucilla was not ashamed of being poor—nor even frightened by it, now that she understood what it was—any more than she would have been frightened, after the first shock, had her poverty even been much more absolute. She was standing alone at this moment as upon a little island of as yet undisturbed seclusion and calm, and she knew very well that outside a perfect sea of good advice would surge round her as soon as she was visible. In these circumstances Lucilla took by instinct the only wise course: she made up her mind there and then with a perfect unanimity which is seldom to be gained when counsellors are admitted. And what she decided upon, as was to be expected from her character, was not to fly from her misfortune and the scene of it, but to confront fate and take up her lawful burden and stay still in her own house. It was the wisest and the easiest, and at the same time the most heroic course to adopt, and she knew beforehand that it was one which would be approved of by nobody. All this Lucilla steadily faced and considered and made up her mind to while she sat alone; although silence and solitude and desolation seemed to have suddenly come in and taken possession all around her of the once gay and brilliant room.

She had just made her final decision when she was rejoined by her aunt, who, everybody said, was at this trying moment like a mother to Lucilla. Yet aunt Jemima, too, had changed a little since her brother-in-law's death. She was very fond of Miss Marjoribanks, and meant every word she had said about giving her a home, and still meant it. But she did not feel so certain now as she had done about Tom's love for his cousin, nor at all anxious to have him come home just at this moment; and for another thing, she had got a way of prowling about the house and looking at the furniture in a speculative, auctioneering sort of way. "It must be all sold, of course," aunt Jemima had said to herself, "and I may as well look what things would suit me; there is a little chiffonier that I have always wanted for my drawing-room, and Lucilla would like to see a few of the old things about her, poor dear." With this idea Mrs. John gave herself a great deal of unnecessary fatigue, and gave much offence to the servants

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by making pilgrimages all over the house, turning up at the most unlikely places and poking about in the least frequented rooms. It was a perfectly virtuous and even amiable thing to do, for it was better, as she reasoned, that they should go to her than to a stranger, and it would be nice for Lucilla to feel that she had some of the old things about her; but then such delicate motives are seldom appreciated by the homely critics down-stairs.

It was with something of this same air that she came into the drawing-room, where Lucilla was. She could not help laying her hand in a suggestive sort of way on a small table which she had to pass, as if she were saying to herself (as indeed she was saying), "The veneer has been broken off at that side, and the foot is mended; it will bring very little; and yet it looks well when you don't look too close." Such were the ideas with which aunt Jemima's mind was filled. But yet she came forward with a great deal of sympathy and curiosity, and forgot about the furniture in presence of her afflicted niece.

"Did he tell you anything, Lucilla?" said Mrs. John; "of course he must have told you something—but anything satisfactory, I mean."

"I don't know if you can call it satisfactory," said Lucilla, with a sudden rush of softer thoughts; "but it was a comfort to hear it. He told me something about dear papa, aunt Jemima. After he had heard of *that*, you know—all that he said was, Poor Lucilla! And don't you remember how he put his hand on my shoulder that last night? I am so — so — glad he did it," sobbed Miss Marjoribanks. It may be supposed it was an abrupt transition from her calculations; but after all it was only a different branch of the same subject; and Lucilla in all her life had never before shed such poignant and tender tears.

"He might well say, Poor Lucilla!" said Mrs. John — "brought up as you have been, my dear; and did not you hear anything more important? — I mean, more important in a worldly point of view," aunt Jemima added, correcting herself; "of course, it must be the greatest comfort to hear something about your poor papa."

And then Lucilla unfolded John Brown's further particulars to her surprised hearer. Mrs. John lived upon a smallish income herself, and she was not so contemptuous of the two hundred a year. "And the house," she said— "the house would bring you in another hundred, Lucilla. The Riders, I am sure, would take it directly, and perhaps a great part of the furniture too. Three hundred would not be so bad for a single woman. Did you say anything about the furniture, my dear?" aunt Jemima added, half regretfully, for she did feel that she would be sorry to lose that chiffonier.

"I think I shall stay in the house," said Lucilla; "you may think it silly, aunt Jemima, but I was born in it, and——"

"Stay in the house!" Mrs. John said, with a gasp. She did not think it silly, but simple madness, and so she told her niece. If Lucilla could not make up her mind to Elsworthy's, there was Brighton and Bath and Cheltenham, and a hundred other places where a single woman might be very comfortable on three hundred a-year. And to lose a third part of her income for a piece of sentiment was so utterly unlike any conception aunt Jemima had ever formed of her niece. It *was* unlike Miss Marjoribanks; but there are times of life when even the most reasonable people are inconsistent. Lucilla, though she felt it was open to grave criticism, felt only more confirmed in her resolution by her aunt's remarks. She heard a voice aunt Jemima could not hear, and that voice said, Stay!

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CHAPTER XLVI.

It must be allowed that Lucilla's decision caused very general surprise in Carlingford, where people had been disposed to think that she would be rather glad, now that things were so changed, to get away. To be sure it was not known for some time; but everybody's idea was that, being thus left alone in the world, and in circumstances so reduced, Miss Marjoribanks naturally would go to live with somebody. Perhaps with her aunt, who had something, though she was not rich; perhaps, after a little, to visit about among her friends, of whom she had so many. Nobody doubted that Lucilla would abdicate at once, and a certain uneasy, yet delicious, sense of freedom had already stolen into the hearts of some of the ladies in Grange Lane. They lamented, it is true, the state of chaos into which everything would fall, and the dreadful loss Miss Marjoribanks would be to society; but still, freedom is a noble thing, and Lucilla's subjects contemplated their emancipation with a certain guilty delight. It was, at the same time, a most fertile subject of discussion in Carlingford, and gave rise to all those lively speculations and consultations, and oft-renewed comparing of notes, which take the place of bets in the feminine community. The Carlingford ladies as good as betted upon Lucilla, whether she would go with her aunt, or pay Mrs. Beverley a visit at the Deanery, or retire to Mount Pleasant for a little, where those good old Miss Blunts were so fond of her. Each of these opinions had its backers, if it is not profane to say so; and the discussion which of them Miss Marjoribanks would choose waxed very warm. It almost put the election out of people's heads; and indeed the election had been sadly damaged in interest and social importance by the sad and most unexpected event which had just happened in Grange Lane.

But when the fact was really known, it would be difficult to describe the sense of guilt and horror which filled many innocent bosoms. The bound of freedom had been premature — liberty and equality had not come yet, notwithstanding that too early unwise *élan* of republican satisfaction. It was true that she was in deep mourning, and that for a year, at least, society must be left to its own devices; and it was true, also, that she was poor — which might naturally be supposed a damper upon her energies — but, at the same time, Carlingford knew its Lucilla. As long as she remained in Grange Lane, even though retired and in crape, the constitutional monarch was still present among her subjects; and nobody could usurp her place or show that utter indifference to her regulations which some revolutionaries had dreamed of. Such an idea would have gone direct in the face of the British Constitution, and the sense of the community would have been dead against it. But everybody who had speculated upon her proceedings disapproved of Lucilla in her most unlooked-for resolution. Some could not think how she could bear it, staying on there when everything was so changed; and some said it was a weakness they could never have believed to exist in her; and some—for there are spiteful people everywhere — breathed the names of Cavendish and Ashburton, the rival candidates, and hinted that Miss Marjoribanks had something in her mind to justify her lingering. If Lucilla had not been supported by a conscious sense of rectitude, she must have broken down before this universal disapprobation. Not a soul in the world

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except one supported her in her resolution, and that was perhaps, of all others, the one least likely to be able to judge.

And it was not for want of opportunity to go elsewhere. Aunt Jemima, as has been seen, did not lose an instant in offering the shelter of her house to her niece; and Mrs. Beverley wrote the longest, kindest, most incoherent letter begging her dear Lucilla to come to her immediately for a long visit, and adding, that though she had to go out a good deal into society, she needn't mind, for that everything she could think of would be done to make her comfortable; to which Dr. Beverley himself, who was now a dean, added an equally kind postscript, begging Miss Marjoribanks to make her home at the Deanery "until she saw how things were to be." "He would have found me a place, perhaps," Lucilla said, when she folded up the letter—and this was a terrible mode of expression to the genteel ears of Mrs. John.

"I wish you would not use such words, my dear," said aunt Jemima; "even if you had been as poor as you thought, my house would always have been a home for you. Thank heaven I have enough for both; you never needed to have thought, under any circumstances, of taking a—a situation. It is a thing I could never have consented to,"—which was a very handsome thing of aunt Jemima to say.

"Thank you, aunt," said Lucilla, but she sighed; for, though it was very kind, what was Miss Marjoribanks to have done with herself in such a dowager establishment? And then Colonel Chiley came in, who had also his proposal to make.

"*She* sent me," the Colonel said; "it's been a sad business for us all, Lucilla; I don't know when I have felt anything more; and, as for her, you know she has never held up her head since——"

"Dear Mrs. Chiley!" Miss Marjoribanks said, unable to resist the old affection; "and yet I heard she had sent for Dr. Rider directly," Lucilla added. She knew it was quite natural, and perhaps quite necessary, but then it did seem hard that his own friends should be the first to replace her dear papa.

"It was I did that," said the Colonel. "What was a man to do! I was horribly cut up, but I could not stand and see her making herself worse; and I said, you had too much sense to mind——"

"So I ought," said Lucilla, with penitence, "but when I remembered where he was last, the very last place——"

It was hard upon the Colonel to stand by and see a woman cry. It was a thing he could never stand, as he had always said to his wife. He took the poker, which was his favourite resource, and made one of his tremendous dashes at the fire, to give Lucilla time to recover herself, and then he turned to aunt Jemima, who sat pensively by—

"*She* sent me," said the Colonel, who did not think his wife needed any other name—"not that I would not have come of my own accord—we want Lucilla to go to us, you see. I don't know what plans she may have been making, but we're both very fond of her—she knows that. I think, if you have not settled upon anything, the best that Lucilla can do is to come to us. She'll be the same as at home, and always somebody to look after her——"

The old Colonel was standing before the fire, wavering a little on his long unsteady old legs, and looking wonderfully well preserved, and old and feeble; and Lucilla, though she was in mourning, was so full of life and force in her way. It was a curious sort of protection to offer her, and yet it was real protection, and love and succour, though, heaven knows! it might not perhaps last out the year.

"I am sure, Colonel Chiley, it is a very kind offer," said aunt Jemima,

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ma, "and I would have been thankful if she could have made up her mind to go with me. But I must say she has taken a very queer notion into her head—a thing I should never have expected from Lucilla—she says she will stay here."

"Here?—ah—eh—what does she mean by here?" said the Colonel.

"*Here*, Colonel Chiley, in this great big melancholy house. I have been thinking about it, and talking about it till my head goes round and round. Unless she were to take Inmates," said aunt Jemima, in a resigned and doleful voice. As for the Colonel he was petrified, and for a long time had not a word to say.

"*Here!*—By Jove, I think she must have lost her senses," said the old soldier. "Why, Lucilla, I—I thought—wasn't there something about the money being lost? You couldn't keep up this house under a—fifteen hundred a-year at least; the Doctor spent a mint of money; —you must be going out of your senses. And to have all the sick people coming, and the bell ringing of nights. Bless my soul! it would kill anybody," said Colonel Chiley. "Put on your bonnet, and come out with me; shutting her up here, and letting her cry, and so forth —I don't say it ain't natural—I'm terribly cut up myself whenever I think of it; but it's been too much for her head," said the Colonel, with anxiety and consternation mingling in his face.

"Unless she were to take Inmates, you know," said aunt Jemima, in a sepulchral voice. There was something in the word that seemed to carry out to a point of reality much beyond anything he had dreamt of, the suggestion Colonel Chiley had just made.

"Inmates! Lord bless my soul! what do you mean, ma'am?" said the old soldier. "Lucilla, put on your bonnet directly, and come and have a little fresh air. She'll soon be an inmate herself if we leave her here," the Colonel said. They were all very sad and grave, and yet it was a droll scene; and then the old hero offered Lucilla his arm, and led her to the door. "You'll find me in the hall as soon as you are ready," he said, in tones half gruff, half tender, and was glad to go down-stairs, though it was cold, and put on his greatcoat with the aid of Thomas, and stand warming the tips of his boots at the hall fire. As for Lucilla, she obeyed him without a word; and it was with his unsteady but kind old arm to lean upon that she first saw how the familiar world looked through the mist of this strange change that had come over it, and through the blackness of her crape veil.

But though she succeeded in satisfying her friends that she had made up her mind, she did not secure their approval. There were so many objections to her plan. "If you had been rich even, I don't think I should have approved of it, Lucilla," Mrs. Chiley said, with tears; "and I think we could have made you happy here." So the good old lady spoke, looking round her pretty room, which was so warm and cheery and bright, and where the Colonel, neat and precise as if he had come out of a box, was standing poking the fire. It looked all very solid and substantial, and yet it was as unstable as any gossamer that the careless passenger might brush away. The two good people were so old that they had forgotten to remember they were old. But neither did Lucilla think of that. This was really what she thought and partly said—

"I am in my own house, that wants no expense nor changing, and Nancy is getting old, and does not mind standing by me. And it is not so much trouble after all keeping everything nice when there is no gentleman coming in, and nothing else to do. And, besides, I don't mean to be Lucilla Marjoribanks for ever and ever." This was the general scope, without going into all the details, of what Lucilla said.

But, at the same time, though she was so happy as not to be disturbed in her decision, or made uncomfortable, either by lamentation or remonstrance, and had no doubt in her mind that she was doing right, it was disagreeable to Miss Marjoribanks to go thus in the face of all her friends. She went home by herself, and the house did look dreary from the outside. It was just as it had always been, for none of the servants were dismissed as yet, nor any external change made; but still a look as if it had fallen asleep—a look as if it too had died somehow, and only pretended to be a house and home—was apparent, in the aspect of the place; and when the servants were gone, and nobody remained except Lucilla and her faithful Nancy, and a young maid—which must be the furthest limit of Miss Marjoribanks's household, and difficult enough to maintain upon two hundred a-year—what would it look like? This thought was more discouraging than any remonstrances; and it was with a heavy heart that Lucilla re-entered her solitary house. She told Thomas to follow her up-stairs; and when she sank, tired, into a chair, and put up her veil before commencing to speak to him, it was all she could do to keep from crying. The depressing influences of this sad week had told so much on her, that she was quite fatigued by her walk to see Mrs. Chiley; and Thomas, too, knew why he had been called, and stood in a formal manner before her with his hands crossed, against the closed door. When she put back her thick black veil, the last climax of painful change came upon Miss Marjoribanks. She did not feel as if she were Lucilla; so discouraged and depressed and pale, and tired with her walk as she was, with all sorts of projects and plans so quenched out of her; almost if she had been charged with being somebody else, the imputation was one which she could not have denied.

"Thomas," she said, faintly, "I think I ought to talk to you myself about all that has happened—we are such old friends, and you have been such a good kind servant. You know I shan't be able to keep up——"

"And sorry we all was, Miss, to hear it," said Thomas, when Lucilla's utterance failed. "I am sure there never was a better master, though particular; and for a comfortabler house——"

"If I had been as poor papa expected to leave me," said Miss Marjoribanks, after a little pause, "everything would have gone on as usual; but after your long service here, and so many people as know you, Thomas, you will have no difficulty in getting as good a place; and you know that anything I can say——"

"Thank you, Miss," said Thomas; and then he made a pause. "It was not exactly that as I was thinking of; I've set my heart, this many a day, on a little business. If you would be so kind as to speak a word for me to the gentlemen as has the licensing. There ain't nobody as knows better how——"

"What kind of a business, Thomas?" said Lucilla, who cheered up a little in ready interest, and would have been very glad if she could have taken a little business too.

"Well, Miss, a kind of a quiet—public-house, if I don't make too bold to name it," said Thomas, with a deprecating air—"not one of them drinking-places, Miss, as, I know, ladies can't abide; but many a man, as is a very decent man, wants his pint o' beer now and again, and their little sort of clubs of a night as well as the gentlefolks; and it's my opinion, Miss, as it's a man's dooty to see as that sort of thing don't go too far, and yet as his fellow-creatures has their bit of pleasure," said Thomas, who naturally took the defensive side.

"I am sure you are quite right," said Lucilla, cheering up most

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and more, and instinctively, with her old statesmanlike breadth of view, throwing a rapid glance upon the subject to see what capabilities there might be in it; "and I hope you will try always to exercise a good influence—What is all that noise and shouting out of doors?"

"It's one of the candidates, Miss," said Thomas, "as is addressing of the bargemen at the top o' Prickett's Lane."

"Ah!" said Lucilla; and a deep sigh escaped from her bosom. "But you cannot do anything of that kind, you know, Thomas, without a wife."

"Yes, Miss," said Thomas, with great confusion and embarrassment; "that was just what I was going to say. Me and Betsy——" "Betsy!" said Lucilla, with dismay; for it had been Betsy she had specially fixed upon as the handy, willing, cheerful maid who, when there was no gentleman coming in, and little else to do, might keep even this big house in order. She sighed; but it was not in her power, even if she had desired it, to put any restriction upon Betsy's wishes. And it was not without a momentary envy that she received the intelligence. It was life the housemaid was about to enter on—active life of her own, with an object and meaning—clogged by Thomas, no doubt, who did not appear to Lucilla as the bright spot in the picture—but still independent life; whereas her mistress knew of nothing particularly interesting in her own uncertain future. She was roused from her momentary meditation by the distant shouts which came from the top of Prickett's Lane, and sighed again, without knowing it, as she spoke.

"It's a pity you had not got your—little inn," said Lucilla, for the sake of euphony, "six months or a year ago, for then you might have voted for Mr. Ashburton, Thomas. I had forgotten about the election until now."

"Not as that needn't stand in the way, Miss," said Thomas eagerly; "there's Betsy's brother as has it now, and he ain't made up his mind about his vote; and if he knowed as it would be any comfort to you——"

"Of course it will be a comfort to me!" said Miss Marjoribanks; and she got up from her chair with a sense that she was still not altogether useless in the world. "Go and speak to him directly, Thomas; and here's one of Mr. Ashburton's colours that I made up myself; and tell him that there can be no doubt *he* is the man for Carlingford; and send up Nancy to me. And I hope Betsy and you will be very happy," said Lucilla. She had been dreadfully down, but the rebound was all the more grateful. "I am not done with yet, and, thank heaven! there must always be something to do," she said to herself when she was alone. And she threw off her shawl, and began to make the drawing-room look like itself; not that it was not perfectly in order, and as neat as a room could be; but still the neatness savoured of Betsy, and not of Lucilla. Miss Marjoribanks, in five minutes, made it look like that cosy empire of hospitality and kindness, and talk and wit, and everything pleasant, that it used to be; and then, when she had finished, she sat down and had a good cry, which did not do her any harm.

Then Nancy appeared, disturbed in her preparations for dinner, and with her arms wrapped in her apron, looking glum and defiant. Hers was not the resigned and resourceful preparation for her fate which had appeared in Thomas. She came in, and put the door ajar, and leant her back against the sharp edge. She might be sent off like the rest, if that was Miss Lucilla's meaning—her that had been in the house off and on for more than thirty years; but if it

was so, at least she would not give up without unfolding a bit of her mind.

"Come in," said Lucilla, drying her eyes—"come in and shut the door; you had better come and sit down here, Nancy, for I have a great deal to say, and I want to speak to you as a friend."

Nancy shut the door, but she thought to herself that she knew what all this meant, and made but a very little movement into the room, looking more forbidding than ever. "Thank you all the same, Miss Lucilla, but I ain't too old to stand," she said; and stood firm to meet the shock, with her arms folded under her apron, thinking in her heart that it was about one of the almshouses, her horror and hope, that her young mistress was going to speak.

"Nancy," said Lucilla, "I want to tell you what I am going to do. I have to make up my mind for myself now. They all go against me, and one says I should do this and another says I should do that; but I don't think anybody knows me so well as you do. Don't stand at the door. I want to consult you as a friend. I want to ask you a question, and you must answer as if you were before a judge—I have such confidence in *you*."

Nancy's distrust and defiance gave way a little before this appeal. She came a step nearer, and let the apron drop from her folded arms. "What is it, Miss Lucilla?—though I ain't pretending to be one to advise," she said, building a kind of intrenchment round her with the nearest chairs.

"You know how things are changed," said Lucilla, "and that I can't stay here as I used to do. People think I should go and live with somebody; but *I* think, you know—if I was one of those ladies that have a faithful old servant to stand by them, and never to grumble, nor make a fuss, nor go back on the past, nor go in for expensive dishes—one that wouldn't mind [illegible] or making a [illegible]s all we could [illegible]—why, I think, Nancy——"

[illegible]t Nancy could not hear any [illegible]. She made a little rush for[illegible], with a kind of convulsiv[illegible]kling that was half sobbing [illegible] half laughter. "And me [illegible]!" cried Dr. Marjoribank's fa[illegible]us cook, who had spent a fo[illegible] on her gravy beef alone, and [illegible] one of the most expensive [illegible]poor[illegible]e in Carlingford—"me as has [illegible] for you all your days! me as would—if it was but a roast po[illegible]tato!" cried the devoted woman, [illegible]was in such a state of hysteri[illegible] flutter and excitement that [illegible]la had to take her almost into [illegible] arms and put the old woman [illegible]in a chair and bring her to, which was an occupation quite in Miss M[illegible]oribanks's way.

"But I shall only have two hundred a-year," said Lucilla. "Now don't be rash; there will have to be a maid to keep things tidy, and that is every farthing I shall have. You used to spend as much in gravy beef," said Miss Marjoribanks with a sigh.

"Oh, Miss Lucilla, let bygones be bygones," said Nancy, with tears. "If I did, it wasn't without many a little something for them as was too poor to buy it for themselves—for I never was one as boiled the senses out of a bit of meat; and when a gentleman is well-to-do, and hasn't got no occasion to count every penny—— The Doctor, I will say for him, was never one as asked too many questions. Give him a good dinner on his own table, and he wasn't the gentleman as grudged a bit of broken meat for the poor folks. He did a deal of good as you nor no one never know'd of, Miss Lucilla," said Nancy, with a sob.

And then his daughter and his faithful old servant cried a little in company over Dr. Marjoribanks's vacant place. What could a man have more? Nobody was made altogether desolate by his death,

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nor was any heart broken, but they wept for him honestly, though the old woman felt happy in her sorrow. And Lucilla, on her knees before the fire, told Nancy of that exclamation the Doctor had made in John Brown's office, and how he had put his hand on her shoulder that last night. "All he said was, Poor Lucilla!" sobbed Miss Marjoribanks; "he never thought of himself nor all his money that he had worked so hard for;" and once more that touch of something more exquisite than was usual to her went sharply down into Lucilla's heart and brought up tenderer and deeper tears.

She felt all the better for it after, and was even a little cheerful in the evening, and like herself; and thus it will be seen that one person in Carlingford—not, it is true, a popular oracle, but of powerful influence and first-rate importance in a practical point of view—gave the heartiest approbation to Miss Marjoribanks's scheme for her new life.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Lucilla's calculations were fully justified by the result. Twenty times in a day she recognised the wisdom of her own early decision, which was made while she was still by herself, and before anybody had come in to advise her. If she had left it over until the time when, though much shaken, she was understood to be able to see her friends, it is just possible that the whirlwind of popular opinion which raged about her might have exercised a disturbing influence even upon Miss Marjoribanks's clear head and steady judgment. For even now, though they saw her in her own house, in her mourning, people would not believe that it was true, and that Lucilla actually intended to make "no change;" and all that tide of good advice which had been flowing through Carlingford ever since the Doctor's death in the form of opinion, now rushed in upon her, notwithstanding that all the world knew that she had made up her mind. "Everybody says you are going to stay on, but we do hope it is not true, Lucilla," her friends said, in many voices. "It is dreadful for us to lose you, but you never *could* bear it, dear." And this was repeated so often that if Miss Marjoribanks had been weak-minded, she must have ended by believing not only that it was more than she was equal to, but more than she ought to be equal to—which was a more touching argument still.

"You are excited now," Miss Brown said, who had a great deal of experience in family troubles; "one always is at such a time; but when things have settled down in their ordinary way, then you will find it is more than you can bear. I think it is always best to make a change. If you were to travel a little, you know——"

"But, my dear, I am poor," said Lucilla.

"It doesn't require so much money when you know how to set about it," said her adviser; "and there are so many people who would be glad to have you, Lucilla! And then you might settle a little at Caen or Tours, or some of those nice places, where there is such capital English society, and everything so cheap; or, if you thought your health required it, at Pau or Nice, you know. You are looking quite pale, and I don't think you were ever very strong in the chest, Lucilla; and everything is *so* different on the Continent—one feels it the moment one crosses the Channel; there is something different in the very air."

"It smells different, I know," said Lucilla, meekly; and then the conversation was interrupted by that afternoon cup of tea, which Nancy

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could not be got to think was an extravagance, and around which, to tell the truth, the Grange Lane ladies began to resume their habit of gathering—though Miss Marjoribanks, of course, was still quite unequal to society—as in the old times.

"And unless it is for a very short time, Lucilla," Mrs. Centum said, who had joined them, "you never can keep it up, you know. *I* could not pretend to afford Nancy for my part; and when a cook is extravagant she may promise as faithfully as you please, and make good resolutions, and all that; but when it is in her, Lucilla—I am sure one or two receipts she has given me have been quite ridiculous. You don't like to give in, I know, but you'll be driven to give in; and if she does not get you into debt as well you will be very lucky. I know what it is. With my family, you know, a week of Nancy would make an end of me."

"And the worst of all is," said Lady Richmond, who had driven in expressly to add her mite to the treasure of precious counsel, of which Miss Marjoribanks was making so little use, "that I am sure Lucilla is over-estimating her strength. She will find after that she is not equal to it, you know; all the associations—and the people coming at night to ask for the Doctor—and—and all that. I know it would kill *me*."

"Dear Lady Richmond," said Lucilla, making a desperate stand, and setting, as it were, her back against a rock, "don't you think I can bear it best here where you are all so kind to me; and where everybody was so fond of—of *him*? You can't think what a comfort it is to me," said Lucilla, with a sob, "to see all the hatbands upon the gentlemen's hats."

And then there was a pause, for this was an argument against which nobody could find anything to say.

"For my part, I think the only thing she can do is to take In-

t[illegible]emima. "If I v[illegible]' she would be ry lonely. I have known ladies who were in a very good posi- and it made no difference; people visited them all the same. She could say, 'In consequence of c[illegible]ges in the family,' or 'A lady w[illegible] has a larger house than she [illegible]res;' which I am sure is quite a. It goes to one's heart to think of all these bedrooms and only one lady to sleep in them all—when so many people are so hampered for want of room. Or she might say, 'For the sake of society;' for, I am sure, if I should have to go away——"

"But I hope you are not going away. It would be so sad for Lucilla to be left alone," said Lady [illegible]mond, who took a serious view of everything, "at such a time."

"Oh, no!" aunt Jemima said, faltering a little; and then a pink blush, which seemed strangely uncalled for in such a mild little tea-party, came over her mature countenance; "but then one can never tell what may happen. I might have other duties—my son might make a call upon my time. Not that I know of anything at present," she added, hurriedly, "but I never can bind myself on account of Tom——"

And then she caught Lucilla's eye, and grew more confused than ever. What could she have to be confused about? If Tom did make a call upon her time, whatever that might mean, there was nothing in it to call a blush upon his mother's face. And the fact was, that a letter had come from Tom a day or two before, of which, contrary to all her usual habits, aunt Jemima had taken no notice to Lucilla. These were things which would have roused Miss Marjoribanks's curiosity if she had been able to think about anything, as she said. But her visitors were taking their cup of tea all the time, in a melancholy, half-sym[illegible]thetic, half-disapproving way, [illegible] could not be

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expected to see anything particularly interesting in aunt Jemima's blush.

And then Rose Lake came in from Grove Street, who was rather an unusual visitor, and whose appearance, though they were all very kind and gracious to her, rather put the others to flight; for nobody had ever quite forgotten or forgiven Barbara's brief entrance into society and flirtation with Mr. Cavendish, which might be said to have been the beginning of all that happened to him in Grange Lane. As for Mrs. Centum, she took her leave directly, and pressed Lucilla's hand and could not help saying in her ear that she hoped *the other* was not coming back to Carlingford to throw herself in poor Mr. Cavendish's way. "It would do him so much harm," Mrs. Centum said, anxiously; "but oh! I forgot, Lucilla, you are on the other side."

"I am on no side *now*," said Miss Marjoribanks, with plaintive meaning; "and Barbara was as old as I am, you know, and she must have gone off."

"I have no doubt she has gone off," said Mrs. Centum, with righteous indignation. "As old as you, Lucilla! She must be ten years older at least; and such a shocking style of looks—if men were not so infatuated! And you have not gone off at all, my poor dear," she added, with all the warmth of friendship! And then they were joined at the door by the county lady, who was the next to go away.

"My dear, I hope you will be guided for the best,' Lady Richmond said as she went away; but she gave a deep sigh as she kissed Lucilla, and looked as if she had very little faith in the efficacy of her own wish. Maria Brown had withdrawn to another part of the drawing-room with aunt Jemima, so that Lucilla was, so to speak, left alone with Rose. And Rose, too, had come with the intention of giving advice.

"I hear you are going to stay, Lucilla," she said, "and I did not think I would be doing my duty if I did not tell you what was in my mind. *I* can't do any good to anybody, you know; but you who are so clever, and have so much in your power——"

"I am poor now," said Miss Marjoribanks; "and as for being clever, I don't know about that. I never was clever about drawing or Art like you.

"Oh, like me!" said poor little Rose, whose Career had been sacrificed ten years ago, and who was a little misanthropical now, and did not believe even in Schools of Design; "I am not so sure about the moral influence of Art as I used to be—except High Art, to be sure; but we never have any High Art down here. And oh, Lucilla! the poor people *do* want something done for them. If I was as clever as you, with a great house all to myself like this, and well off, and with plenty of influence, and no ties——" said Rose, with energetic emphasis. She made a pause there, and she was so much in earnest that the tears came into her eyes. "I would make it a House of Mercy, Lucilla! I would show all these poor creatures how to live and how to manage, if I was as clever as you; and teach them and their children, and look after them, and be a mother to them!" said Rose; and here she stopped short, altogether overcome by her own magnificent conception of what her friend could or might do.

Aunt Jemima and Miss Brown, who had drawn near out of curiosity, stared at Rose as if they thought she had gone mad; but Lucilla, who was of a larger mind and more enlightened ideas, neither laughed nor looked horrified. She did not make a very distinct answer, it is true, but she was very kind to her new adviser, and made her a fresh cup of tea, and even consented, though in an ambiguous way, to the principle she had just

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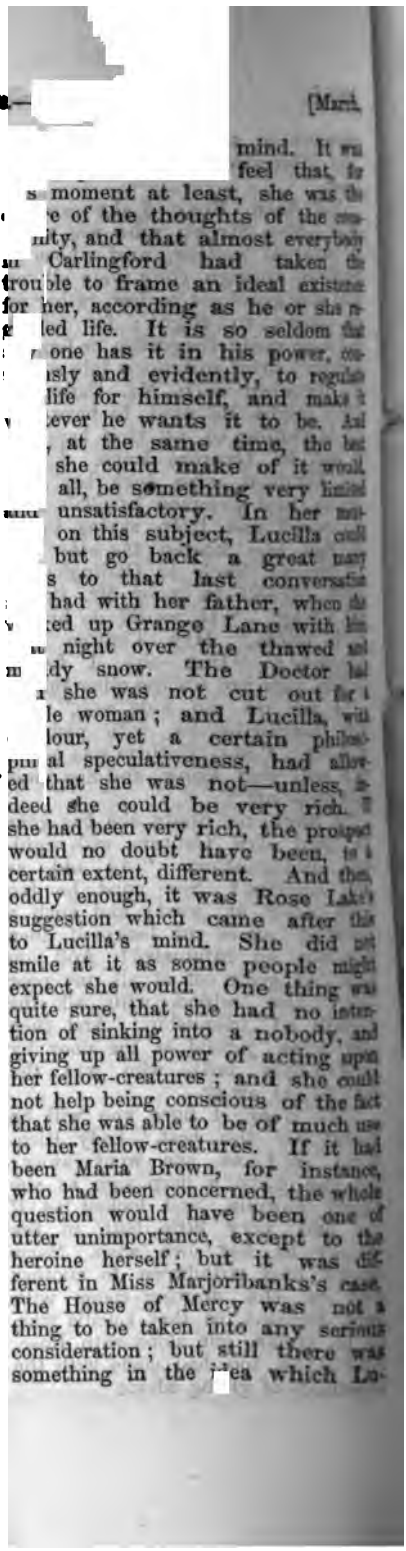
enunciated. "If you won't be affronted, my dear," Lucilla said, "I do not think that Art could do very much in Carlingford; and I am sure any little thing that I may be of use for——" But she did not commit herself any further, and Rose too found the result of her visit unsatisfactory, and went home disappointed in Lucilla. This was how the afternoon passed; and at the end of such a day, it may well be imagined how Miss Marjoribanks congratulated herself on having made up her mind before the public, so to speak, were admitted. For Rose was followed by the Rector, who, though he did not propose in so many words a House of Mercy, made no secret of his conviction that parish-work was the only thing that could be of any service to Lucilla; and that, in short, such was the inevitable and providential destination of a woman who had "no ties." Indeed, to hear Mr. Bury, a stranger would have been disposed to believe that Dr. Marjoribanks had been, as he said, "removed," and his fortune swept away, all in order to indicate to Lucilla the proper sphere for her energies. In the face of all this it will be seen how entirely Miss Marjoribanks's wisdom in making her decision by herself before her advisers broke in upon her, was justified. She could now set her back against her rock, and face her assailants, as Fitz-James did.

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I,"

might have been her utterance; but she was not in a defiant mood. She kissed all her counsellors that day (except, of course, the Rector), and heard them out with the sweetest patience; and then she thought to herself how much better it was that she had made up her mind to take her own way.

Notwithstanding, all this commotion of public opinion about her made a certain impression upon



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cilla could not dismiss carelessly as her friends could. She had no vocation, such as the foundress of such an establishment ought to have, nor did she see her way to the abandonment of all projects for herself, and that utter devotion to the cause of humanity which would be involved in it; but yet, when a woman happens to be full of energy and spirit, and determined that whatever she may be she shall certainly not be a nonentity, her position is one that demands thought. She was very capable of serving her fellow-creatures, and very willing and well disposed to serve them; and yet she was not inclined to give herself up entirely to them, nor to relinquish her personal prospects—vague though these might be. It was a tough problem, and one which might have caused a most unusual disturbance in Lucilla's well-regulated mind, had not she remembered all at once what deep mourning she was in, and that at present no sort of action, either of one kind or another, could be expected of her. There was no need for making a final decision, either about the parish-work, or about taking Inmates, as aunt Jemima proposed, or about any other single suggestion which had been offered to her; no more than there was any necessity for asking what her cousin Tom's last letter had been about, or why his mother looked so guilty and embarrassed when she spoke of him. Grief has its privileges and exemptions, like other great principles of life; and the recollection that she could not at present be expected to be able to think about anything, filled Lucilla's mind with the most soothing sense of consolation and refreshing calm.

And then other events occurred to occupy her friends; the election for one thing began to grow a little exciting, and took away some of the superfluous energy of Grange Lane. Mr. Ashburton had carried all before him at first; but since the Rector had come into the field, the balance had changed a little. Mr. Bury was very Low-Church; and from the moment at which he was persuaded that Mr. Cavendish was a great penitent, the question as to which was the Man for Carlingford had been solved in his mind in the most satisfactory way. A man who intrenched himself in mere respectability, and trusted in his own good character, and considered himself to have a clear conscience, and to have done his duty, had no chance against a repentant sinner. Mr. Cavendish, perhaps, had not done his duty quite so well; but then he was penitent, and everything was expressed in that word. The Rector was by no means contemptible, either as an adversary or a supporter—and the worst of it was that, in embracing Mr. Cavendish's claims, he could scarcely help speaking of Mr. Ashburton as if he was in a very bad way. And feeling began to rise rather high in Carlingford. If anything could have deepened the intensity of Miss Marjoribanks's grief, it would have been to know that all this was going on, and that affairs might go badly with her candidate, while she was shut up, and could give no aid. It was hard upon her, and it was hard upon the candidates themselves—one of whom had thus become generally disapproved of, without, so far as he knew, doing anything to deserve it; while the other occupied the still more painful character of being on his promotion—a repentant man, with a character to keep up. It was no wonder that Mrs. Centum grew pale at the very idea of such a creature as Barbara Lake throwing herself in poor Mr. Cavendish's way. A wrong step one way or other—a relapse into the ways of wickedness—might undo in a moment all that it had cost so much trouble to do. And the advan-

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tage of the Rector's support was thus grievously counterbalanced by what might be called the uncertainty of it—especially as Mr. Cavendish was not, as his committee lamented secretly among themselves, a man of strong will or business habits, in whom implicit confidence could be placed. He might get restive, and throw the Rector over just at the critical moment; or he might relapse into his lazy Continental habits, and give up church-going and other good practices. But still, up to this moment, he had shown very tolerable perseverance; and Mr. Bury's influence thrown into his scale had equalised matters very much, and made the contest very exciting. All this Lucilla heard, not from Mr. Cavendish, but from her own candidate, who had taken to calling in a steady sort of way. He never went into any effusions of sympathy, for he was not that kind of man; but he would shake hands with her, and say that people must submit to the decrees of Providence; and then he would speak of the election and of his chances. Sometimes Mr. Ashburton was despondent, and then Lucilla cheered him up; and sometimes he had very good hopes.

"I am very glad you are to be here," he said on one of these occasions. "It would have been a great loss to me if you had gone away. I shall never forget our talk about it here *that* day, and how you were the first person that found me out."

"It was not any cleverness of mine," said Lucilla. "It came into my mind all in a moment, like spirit-rapping, you know. It seems so strange to talk of that *now*; there have been such changes since then—it looks like years."

"Yes," said Mr. Ashburton, in his steady way. "There is nothing that really makes time look so long; but we must all bow to these dispensations, my dear Miss Marjoribanks. I would not speak of the election, but that I thought it might amuse you. The writs are out now, you know, and it takes place on Monday week."

Upon which Miss Marjoribanks smiled upon Mr. Ashburton, and held out her hands to him with a gesture and look which said more than words. "You know you will have *all* my best wishes," she said; and the candidate was much moved—more moved than at such a moment he had thought it possible to be.

"If I succeed, I know whom I shall thank the most," he said, fervently; and then, as this was a climax, and it would have been a kind of bathos to plunge into ordinary details after it, Mr. Ashburton got up, still holding Lucilla's hand, and clasped it almost tenderly as he said good-bye. She looked very well in her mourning, though she had not expected to do so; for black was not Lucilla's style. And the fact was, that instead of having gone off, as she herself said, Miss Marjoribanks looked better than ever she did, and was even embellished by the natural tears which still shone by times in her eyes. Mr. Ashburton went out in a kind of bewilderment after this interview, and forgot his overcoat in the hall, and had to come back for it, which was a confusing circumstance; and then he went on his way with a gentle excitement which was not unpleasant. "Would she, I wonder?" he said to himself, as he went up Grange Lane. Perhaps he was only asking himself whether Lucilla would or could be present along with Lady Richmond and her family at the window of the Blue Boar on the great day; but if that was it, the idea had a certain brightening and quickening influence upon his face and his movements. The doubt he had on the subject, whatever it was, was not a discouraging, but a piquant, stimulating, exciting doubt. He had all but proposed the question to his committee when he went in among

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them, which would have filled these gentlemen with wonder and dismay. But though he did not do that, he carried it home with him, as he trotted back to the Firs to dinner. Mr. Ashburton took a walk through his own house that evening, and examined all its capabilities—with no particular motive, as he was at pains to explain to his housekeeper; and again he said to himself. "Would she, I wonder?" before he retired for the night; which was no doubt an unusual sort of iteration for so sensible a man, and one so fully occupied with the most important affairs, to make.

As for Lucilla, she was not in the way of asking herself any questions at that moment. She was letting things take their course, and not interfering; and consequently, nothing that happened could be said to be her fault. She carried this principle so far, that even when aunt Jemima was herself led to open the subject, in a hesitating way, Miss Marjoribanks never even asked a single question about Tom's last letter. She was in mourning, and that was enough for her. As for appearing at the window of the Blue Boar with Lady Richmond, if that was what Mr. Ashburton was curious about, he might have saved himself the trouble of any speculations on the subject. For though Miss Marjoribanks would be very anxious about the election, she would indeed have been ashamed of herself could her feelings have permitted her to appear anywhere in public so soon. Thus, while Mr. Ashburton occupied himself much with the question which had taken possession of his mind, Lucilla took a good book, which seemed the best reading for her in her circumstances, and when she had looked after all her straitened affairs in the morning, sat down sweetly in the afternoon quiet of her retirement and seclusion, and let things take their way.

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CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART XXII.

"MAKE THE RING."

I HAVE just now a fortnight at my own disposal — I am perfectly free. If, therefore, while these lines are being read, there are people in the world would like to secure me either as company in a country house, to chaperon th daughters in Paris, to make up the rubber in the evening, or break in "that mare" for side-saddle, let them be early in application. There is no puffery in this announcement. I could throw myself to-morrow on the broad surface of society with the same security that harlequin jumps through a clock, and knows he will be received safely on the other side. But I want, however, the luxury of a wide choice, and I revel in the delight of selection amongst that pyramid of invitations that is certain to rise before me.

Shall I own — I think it is but fair to own — that I am labouring under a slight access of gout, and a threat of a little more? If my hosts should, therefore, detect a flaw in a temper that the world has long pronounced immaculate — if they fancy they should descry one spot in the bright sun of my disposition — let them know to what to attribute it. This attack — I am in a mood for confession — was brought on by disappointment — yes, good reader, Cornelius O'Dowd is a disappointed man. For several weeks back — it is not by any means impossible I may be induced to make the correspondence public — I had been given to believe that I should be appointed arbitrator in this disputed question of Mexico between France and the United States. It is not for me — it would not in any way accord with the modesty that forms my chief feature — to say how or why this choice fell first upon me. It is, however, in my power to state that my selection was at the same moment made at [illegible]hington and at the Tuileries. "If O'Dowd would do it," said [illegible] Seward, at the very instant a still more exalted personexclaimed, "There is only one in Europe could treat this [illegible]. Walewski, do you know O'Dowd?"

I will not dwell on this theme. I wait, however, to see in what way "Le Livre Jaune" will give a version of the correspondence, reserving to myself, as diplomatists say, a full liberty of future action.

There is not, meanwhile, any indiscretion in my declaring that negotiations have terminated, and I am not to act. I make the declaration, at whatever sacrifice of personal feeling, since it enables me at the same time to say that I cannot receive any proposals, nor will I accept of any engagement to arrange the Schleswig-Holstein affair, to patch up the Servian dispute with the Porte, or suggest terms of accommodation between Austria and Italy. If my personal attachment to a certain eminent personage restrains me from withdrawing from the question between the Pope and Victor Emmanuel, I am equally free to declare that this is the one sole issue to which I will contribute my solicitude and my cares; and I say once again, that no letters about Ireland, Jamaica, or Chili, will be replied to. Those which relate to Greece will be burned unread.

What provokes me about Mexico — I cannot help going back to it — is, I had [illegible] ng my espe-

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cial subject. I had got up my Mexico, with my leperos and my half-castes, and the rest of it, just as Locke King gets up his franchise question, and Whalley his Maynooth grant. I was going to come out strong on it, like Colonel Sykes on the Ghoorkas. I had got at—it is not necessary to say how—the whole initial roguery of the expedition, and what led the French Government in the first instance to embark on the scheme, and by what means England and Spain got timely information of the extent to which they had been jockeyed, and what led to their withdrawal. How a stockbroking raid led to the establishment of an empire, the Archduke Maxamilian being placed on "the direction," as City folk say, just as bubble companies secure a lord, would make an amusing story; and there is just enough of feminine influence throughout to give the narrative the true three-volume gusto. How the despatch of troops was graduated to rig the market, and the whole campaign suited to the exigencies of the "shares," would astonish those small speculators whose devices have never soared beyond a false telegram and a lying despatch.

There is, one must own, something grand in the notion of importing the pomp and circumstance of glorious war into the Stock Exchange, and "Bearing" the market with a battalion of infantry. Such was the origin of this Mexican affair. A number of imperial followers had been speculating in that precarious land. They had taken largely to Mexicans—not meaning thereby to the interesting natives of that country, but to the "scrip" so called. They were sufficiently powerful to induce the Government to press their claims, and when ultimately refused satisfaction, to issue what we would in Ireland call a "distress warrant." Off they went with a strong party to enforce this, and enforce it they did, pretty much, too, as if the scene were Ireland!

There was a great row, a number of people hurt, and an amount of property destroyed that would have paid the French claims ten times over; but as this is always the consequence of "taking the law," nobody minded it. It was necessary, however, for the due fulfilment of the demands of France, that measures should be taken with regard to the future; that is, some species of authority—something that looked legal—must be established in the land, to recover accruing liabilities. To this end the Emperor sent over the Austrian Archduke, and settled him there as the MAN IN POSSESSION.

This is exactly and precisely what he represents. He is the "man in possession." He is not in Mexico to enforce any claims of his own. The Mexicans owed him nothing. As to the farce of being chosen by the nation, of all the exploded humbugs of this age of humbugs, the "Plebiscite" is the shabbiest. King George of Greece was the elect of the Greeks! Just as little did the Archduke want Mexico, but this crafty Emperor induced him to go over and try his fortune.

The Yankees just then had their hands full. They had fully as much fighting to do as was good for them, and so all they said was, "Wait awhile. There's a considerable reckoning to be settled when we shall have a little leisure—score that item amongst the rest."

I remember once hearing on the wild hills of Donegal, where the Scotch element is as strong in the people as in Argyleshire, a story of a revenue officer who, strolling carelessly through the mountains, came upon a little shealing with an illicit still at full work. He had barely time to look around through the empty dwelling, where casks of the forbidden spirit were ranged about, and bethink him of the dangerous position he was in, when a tall, gaunt, semi-naked figure,

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with an old cutlass in his hand, presented himself at the door. "Did any one see ye come in?" asked he, calmly. "No," said the gauger, with the eagerness of a man anxious to give a gratifying assurance—"no." "Then nobody shall see ye go out!" was the terrible rejoinder.

This is what the Mexican affair is probably coming to. It would be easy enough for an old dynasty, a time-honoured Government, to retrace its steps, and actually make confession of a mistaken policy. If it suited Austrian policy to relinquish Venetia to-morrow, she could retire without the most minute stain upon her honour. There is not in all Europe probably one who would dare to ascribe the step to unworthy or discreditable motives. If Prussia, or rather M. Bismarck, were to disgorge the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, and express contrition for an unjust act of spoliation, people would begin to think the better of Prussia. The question however is, Can Louis Napoleon afford this? The policy of an adventurer has this hard condition attached to it, it must never be wrong. The adventurer is like the unlicensed practitioner: when his patient dies he can be tried for manslaughter.

"Nulla vestigia retrorsum" is the motto over the Tuileries, so long as the wolf lives there. His hold upon the French people is, that since he has been at their head they have bullied Europe. From the helpless insignificance of the position they occupied under Louis Philippe, they have risen to be the first power of the world. Part of this they have acquired by hard knocks, and a large part by mere menace. Frenchmen will forgive a great deal to him who makes them formidable to every other people. It was only when the prestige of the first Napoleon began to decline in this respect that men fell off in their allegiance to him. You may curtail liberty in France, hamper daily life with restrictive laws, and tie down enterprise by enactments; you may torture trade with petty regulations, and reduce the press to insignificance. All these will be borne so long as Frenchmen feel that they are the terror of Europe, and that there is not a Cabinet on the Continent that does not tremble at their name.

An insult to this sentiment is what they will not bear, and woe to him who would expose them to it! The question then is, Can the Emperor retire from Mexico without incurring this stain? I do not think that in the present case the Americans will employ any unnecessary or unseemly rudeness. They will treat France with a deference they would not accord to us. I make no complaint of that; I even see a certain fairness in it. They will not, in all probability, be very exacting as to the day or the hour, but yet, with Yankee tenacity, I think I hear them saying, "Yes, sir, you've got to go. Yes, sir, that's a fact."

A more insufferable piece of insolent pretension cannot be imagined than what is called the Monroe doctrine. That my next-door neighbour should not live in a certain style lest the servants in my house should become dissatisfied, is too gross an absurdity to be entertained. That whatever rules I prescribe for my family should be adopted by every one who resides in the same street, is somewhat overbearing; and yet, with all this, I declare I am all for the Yankee in this Mexican row. It is not the justice of the case I want to think of. It is not whether France has right on her side, and whether this demand to retire be one of those mandates a high-spirited nation cannot submit to; my whole consideration is limited to the fact—here at last the great bully of Europe has met his match! Here is a young athletic daring fellow ready to go into the ring with that finished pugilist that none of us have courage to fight, and who,

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even with the gloves on, doubles us up in a fashion far from agreeable.

America dares to hold language to France that all Europe combined would not utter. There's no denying it; there's no qualifying it. If we had a Continental coalition to-morrow, we could not venture to say what America has just said. What Minister of Russia, or England, or Austria would say to the French Emperor, "We were thinking of something else when you slipped into Savoy and Nice the other day; now that our hands are free, you'll have to go back again." We are famous for brave words in our Foreign Office, but does any one expect that such a message as this will ever issue from Whitehall?

We would no more provoke the Tuileries by an insolent despatch than we would go into one of Van Amburgh's cages and kick the lion. It has become a sort of European superstition that France can beat every one, and I am downright grateful to the Americans that they don't believe it.

I never knew I liked America so well till I began to speculate on this war. I never suspected that there really was that tie of kindred which journalists disparage by that false adulation they deal in. I hate all the cant of "cousinship," but call them our own bone and blood; speak of them as a people who have the same leading traits as ourselves—sturdy, determined, untiring, unyielding—taking their share of hard knocks to-day with a fixed resolve to repay them to-morrow; in a word, of that stuff that makes right trusty friends and very terrible enemies. Regard them in this light, and say, if a war should break out between them and France, what side you would like to back. I say, America. I'd lay my head on the issue; and if any gentleman is willing to bet an equivalent—say another crown-piece—I cry "Done," and wait the event.

JOBS AND JOBBERY.

I like a job. Yes, I declare the fact in all openness, I like a job; and my liking is all the more remarkable, for I never was a Whig. Without jobs public life would be a cold, heartless, soulless existence, for jobs are the courtesies of official life. I do not mean to assert that the world could not go on without jobs, any more than it could not dispense with all the forms of good-breeding and politeness; but jobs are to the world of affairs what friction-rollers are to machinery. Jobs avert collisions, diminish gratings, and allay jars. The great man relies upon jobs as his trump cards. To the small official mind they only represent acts of indiscipline, and perhaps of indiscretion.

When I say I like jobs, I mean I like them when they are fine large full-grown jobs. I despise small ones. They are contemptible to those who plan and those who partake of them. I am now speaking solely of official jobbery, by which I mainly understand the appointing a man to an office which scores of others could do better, but which he can do quite well enough for the public service, while at the same time his promotion pleases his friends and gratifies his party. When the office is a high one, and when the man who fills it is a mediocrity, then do I exult indeed, because it is then that I feel the admirable working of that constitutional system we are all and so justly proud of. It is then that I see the perfection of the machinery that guides us, and look on the great mill of government as I have many times surveyed some monster piece of mechanism driven by all the force of steam, and yet ministered to by perhaps a child, and said to myself, Yes, this is the triumph of ingenuity—here is every-

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thing but actual vitality. Nothing is so inimical to jobbery as despotism. The despot is relentless on the score of those who serve him. With him the rule is capacity everywhere. Run over the names of the marshals of the First Empire, and you will see how Napoleon gauged and measured the men he wanted. Where he would cajole, he sent the slippery diplomatist; where he would strike terror, he despatched the reckless and unscrupulous soldier. You can perceive at once that his administration had no bowels, had not even a touch of human sentiment.

Now, I know of nothing in all constitutionalism which contrasts so favourably with despotic rule as the fact that jobs are possible and practicable to the one and totally denied to the other. What chiefly led me to the consideration of this subject was reading in some late newspaper a sort of comparative estimate of the two great parties which divide political opinion in England; in which, after some very fair and impartial remarks, the writer accords the palm of superiority to the Whigs on the ground of their great departmental knowledge — their higher aptitude for official detail. If this be the case—and I am not in a position to give it a flat denial—I am disposed to attribute it to their marvellous appreciation of the job. Whiggery itself is indeed little else than jobbery *en grand*. It is the theory of official life on sufferance—the tenure of place, with only the power of promotion—the apparent right to steer the ship, but the practical privilege to live in the bread-room.

I know of nothing in which Conservatives show their inadequacy as a Government compared with their ignorance of the nature, force, and efficiency of the job. It is obvious enough that the men who aid a party to power are not essentially distinguished for the qualities which shine in official life, and yet are these men to be thrown aside when the contested election is over and the candidate returned? Whiggery knows better. With a tact that only long training could confer, Whiggery understands how to mete out small capacities to small offices, and men of good blood to high employment.

The Tories are like men who want to match their wheelers, and get a particular style of horse to run with a certain leader, and who consequently spend their time in hurrying from one stable to the other; while the Whigs, with a scratch team—screws all of them—are bowling along over the road, and making a fine journey of it.

Perhaps the length of time they have sat in the cold shade of Opposition may have disposed the Tories to an undue amount of scruple, and made them timorous of the job. If so, I declare that in this they show a great inaptitude for office. It may not be discreet to say it, but we all know what becomes of the candidate who declares he will not spend a shilling on his election.

The first element of a party is generosity. Now, there is nothing generous, nor magnanimous either, in sending the right man to the right place. You might as well assume to be lauded for the payment of your just debts.

Sending a blundering old General to command in India—a vainglorious, self-opinionated talker as Viceroy to Ireland, or a meddlesome Cretin to be Minister at an important Court,—these are fine and courageous and generous actions! It is a wonderful thing how long the capacity which, if exercised in the narrow limits of a profession, would have been discovered to be third or even fourth rate, may be employed in the great offices of State undetected, if not actually approved of. I know Plenipotentiaries without brains to be apothecaries, and I have seen men in charge of a tariff one would

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not willingly have intrusted with a toll-bridge. Ay, and what's more, the tariff passed into a law, and the maker got his Grand Cross, and dined at Court when he went home.

There never was a public so made to be imposed on by jobbery as our own. First of all there is always going on in England a sort of subsoil hero-worship. We always have some man—"not showy, sir, but sensible—a very sensible man; he did that thing at Tiflis t'other day so admirably." "A very remarkable report that of Mr. ——'s, and a young man—not fifty, I'm told." These are the premonitory symptoms, and when once well developed you may gazette him.

The Tories neglect all this sadly. They have no promising colts, or if they have they won't "back them." The Whigs are their masters in all the rogueries of office, and in nothing is this more conspicuous than in the way in which they manage the Radical party, occasionally using it as an aid, now employing it as a foil. It is at one moment "the expression of national feeling," at another it is exhibited as the exponent of "wild and impracticable notions, which the repressive spirit of Tory rule had driven the people to adopt." I remember my worthy friend Bianconi, whose good fortune is right well deserved, telling me once that, seeing one of his cars always going empty on a road where he felt there ought to be a considerable traffic, he bethought him—as the best mode of stimulating public opinion on the subject—to start an opposition; and this he did with such admirable secrecy that his own drivers never suspected the "ruse," but actually came to give him daily reports of all the damage they were doing to the rival establishment, and what projects they had to kill every "baste" in their stables.

I'm much mistaken if the Whigs are not doing something like this now—putting up John Bright to drive the same road, and making a great show of passenger traffic, all out of nothing. "Take you for sixpence—take you for fourpence, sir." Who wouldn't go, just for the curiosity of the thing, all the more willingly too when the cry comes to be "Manhood suffrage," which means, "Take you for nothing"?

This I take to be the Job *par excellence*—better than all the gifts of office and honours, because it maintains those who give office and honours in the place where they may dispense them to all comers.

BRIGHT UPON BREECHES.

Mr. Bright improved the occasion of the House not being engaged in business to make a suggestion with respect to the dress of those who attend the Speaker's levees. He objects to what he calls the ridiculously antique or preposterously martial costume of those who frequent these assemblies; and he quotes in support of his condemnation of them the fact that a very distinguished man had all his life abstained from presenting himself rather than appear in the objectionable garments. It certainly did not call for either the extent or the logic the honourable gentleman devoted to the task, to demonstrate that the ordinary evening-dress of our own period would be all that decency could require at these gatherings.

The Speaker, as Mr. Bright took repeated occasion to say, was one of us. We made him. Why then present ourselves before him in a character that implies an act of homage? Why indicate by any deviation from our daily costume that we desire to show him an unusual respect?

This is very good Radicalism, and not easy to answer. It would be exceedingly difficult to show that

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all that takes place at a Speaker's levee could not be done by gentlemen in black as well as by heroes in scarlet; but the question arises, Is the reform to stop here? Dress, as Mr. Carlyle informs us, is symbolic. "Society is founded on cloth. Society sails through the infinitude on Cloth, as on a Faust mantle, or rather like the sheet of clean and unclean beasts in the apostle's dream, and without such sheet or mantle would sink to endless depths or mount to inane limboes, and in either case be no more."

"Why scarlet or *corbeau?*" says Mr. Bright; but another may say, "Why black, or why broadcloth?" Is there any earthly reason why a man's intellect should not play freely even though his clothes were homespun? It by no means follows that his thoughts must be fustian because his pantaloons are. The raid therefore must be against all that is distinctive in costume, and is doubtless another of those small wedges that Radicalism is ever inserting, trusting to time and opportunity to drive the point further.

It is not for Cornelius O'Dowd to stand up for ceremonial dress—the only one he has a right to he would not wear for fifty pounds down—but certainly it does seem somewhat strange to my ears to hear this fierce attack upon costume from the member of a sect which claims its especial distinctiveness on the two small pleas of speaking uncouth English and wearing the most hideous garments. "Thee must wear a broadbrim and a collarless coat," might have been a reasonable edict from John Bright; but I never could have imagined his prescribing the suppression of whatever could mark or distinguish apparel.

If he would really reform absurdity in dress, why not look at home? Why not go down amongst the drab-coloured men, and the pearl-tinted women of his sect, and tell them not to be a shame and a stain [illegible] of creation! Why not ask them not to add the atrocities of all that is ugly in costume to everything that is [illegible] and disagreeable in countenance?

I own I at first was ready to believe that it was the reaction from the sentiment so sure to be impressed by this hideous dress [illegible] drove Bright to assail his gorgeous brethren. It was [illegible] dockweed deriding the lily, and in a measure I could make allowance for the feeling that [illegible]pted the onslaught.

A little reflection, however, showed me I was wrong; the cause lay [illegible]r than in a mere sentiment. Bright has lately declared to us that he only asks a small measure of Reform to begin with; he [illegible]inly is not over-guarded in [illegible]aiming what he considers as the abuses that must ultimately be [illegible]ed. The shortest way of [illegible]ing his El Dorado of a government is to point to America, and it will save me and my reader the trouble of enumerating all that is to fall, by saying, Look across the Atlantic. When Westminster is like Congress, and St. James's like the White House, we shall begin to breathe freely.

He knows, however, that Rome was not built in a day; and he knows, besides, that he can coerce a Government very eager to keep office, to accomplish changes by which further changes will become imperative. He is at this moment the mentor of the party—he is, as it were, teaching the Whigs to swim, but he turns their heads out to sea, and—they'll never see land again!

Mr. Bright is a very shrewd crafty man, and he knows that the coming men will be very little like their predecessors in Parliament. A six-pound voter will doubtless be not unlike a ten-pounder, and the new House, if there is to be one, will probably not d[illegible] very [illegible]arkedly from the present; u[illegible] till manhood

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suffrage and the ballot-box — and you'll have them both if you don't look out sharp—come into play, and picture to yourselves then the sort of representatives who will be sent to the House of Commons. We know, for we have seen the sort of men who wield influence in our great manufacturing centres. The world is no stranger to the insolent pretensions they advance, and the class prejudices they believe to be principles. When these men come to dictate the laws to the nation, it requires no vast stretch of imagination to divine where and with what they will begin.

The apostles of strikes and trades-unions will certainly make wild work of what is now so sneeringly derided as the wisdom of our ancestors. But I will not suffer myself to be led a-field by this theme. I come back to what I started from. Mr. Bright, I say, long forecasting a future Parliament and new men, cannot divest himself of the thought that ugly comparisons will now and then strike the popular mind between those who once swayed and those who now sway the destinies of the nation. These comparisons are just as often elicited from some commonplace thing or word, as from a mightier cause; and should Mr. Bright's new legislators be laughed at, very dreadful might be the consequences.

Now, we all very well know that the peasant-girl, whose charm was freshness and colour, would, if costumed like a countess, be at once an exhibition of coarseness and vulgarity. So would these people, were they to figure in a dress unsuited alike to their condition and their ways, become a mark for every sarcasm and insult.

The French Convention was only saved from ridicule by the guillotine. The men who could and did send their thousands to the scaffold were too terrible to be laughed at; but our Reformers will certainly not obtain this claim to immunity.

They will be very terrible to property, title, prescription, and station, but not a bit terrible to life; and were they to figure at a Speaker's levee in the disguise of gentlemen, the nation might burst out into a universal guffaw.

For once, then, Bright is logical. The dress that deters him he knows will deter hundreds. His prayer is, "Let there be nothing imposed that will exhibit a large number of us strangers to the usages and ways of a courtly society." And, certainly, the costume that makes a gentleman look like a courtier exhibits an inferior man like a clown.

It is too cool for the member of a sect whose eccentricities in costume have been explored in the regions of ugliness to approach the question of dress at all, and he might remember that is a small compensation a people enjoys in scarlet and gold lace for the exhibition amongst them of a population of Quakers.

THAT TIGER!

It is an eventful time of the year. Parliament has just opened—town is filling—men are eager about the great contests impending in political life. Abroad there is also much to interest and engage attention. What is to become of Spain? How about Mexico? Is he who has bullied Europe so successfully for the last dozen years about to be outdone in his own line of character by the Yankee? As to the East, Turkey will always be a source of anxiety until the "sick man" has died at last, and his heritage been shared amongst the expectants. At such a time as this, when there would have been abundant matter whereupon to discourse you, is it not hard, kind reader?—I say kind, for I want your kindness—I say, is it not very hard that I should

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be sick and ill—unable to address you—too weak to make even my whispers reach you? Not all my selfishness would have driven me to draw this ch[illegible]e on y[illegible] had my case [illegible] Had mine a[illegible] laid me low, [illegible] anxieties and my [illegible] looking for comfort [illegible] cum, and cheering myself with the reflection that I am not in a land of temptation, for I live where white-bait is known not, nor has any man ever heard of "green fat."

I repeat, therefore, that no small or passing ailment would have led me to parade my sufferings before you. Mine is, however, a case of no everyday affliction. It is one of intense bodily torture and more mental misery than I really like to trust myself to record. I write from a sofa in a half-darkened room. They who minister to me go stealthily about with catlike caution, for in the intense irritability of my nerves, noise is agony, and a hurried gesture costs a paroxysm. A dreary depression prevails over me, too, worse even than pain, for it indisposes me to all that might alleviate the weariness of a sick-bed, and cheat the time out of its melancholy. I feel all the solicitude about me; but I feel it is of no use. "I hear the voice they cannot hear," and I know that my case grows hourly worse.

As regards mere physical suffering—and I say "mere" advisedly—I have not a bone nor a joint that is not racked with pain. My spine feels as if it had been fractured in various places. Dislocations of my larger joints, and lacerated wounds of my flesh, I do not dwell on. I am used to them. I have supported my broken jaw-bone with one hand, and made pressure on my cut femoral artery for hours with the other, and thought nothing of it. "Is Mr. O'Dowd mad? Have his intellects given way?" I think I hear a soft voice say in a cautious whisper. No, madam. I hope to preserve

[illegible] my reason to [illegible]ad a terrible [illegible]er—an awful fate has befallen [illegible] have been torn by a tiger! not exactly sure of the place. It [illegible]y have been up at Rangoon, or [illegible]mnugghur, or Nusserabad, or [illegible] Hills. Yes, I believe it was [illegible]e Hills; for I think we were [illegible]ng in the Hills. I was there wi[illegible]laines, and Harley, and Hobbs of [illegible]s, and my native came to tell [illegible]at the tiger that carried off two [illegible]nen and a child from the village the week before was in the [illegible] quite near, and that the "[illegible]ib," meaning myself, would [illegible] kill him.

I was very ill—just recovering from a jungle fever—and my left arm in a sling from the bite of a grizzly bear up at Damdooda, but out I went.

Don't imagine, bland reader, that I [illegible] going to give you the combat. I'm not going to revive all the [illegible]s that daily beset me for the [illegible] of a bit of description; nor, for the pleasure of harrowing your feelings, am I to tear open my own flesh. Enough that I say we fought—that is, the tiger and I fought—from an early hour of the day till tiffin; that I gouged one of his eyes out, and juggled my knife back and forward in his throat for full twenty minutes; that we rolled over each other a dozen times; and that, as I grew weaker with loss of blood, he dragged me by one arm, and at last he carried me in his teeth towards the jungle. I could hear my native screaming out, "Sahib die! Sahib eat up!" and then I suppose I fainted. When I rallied, the beast was lying on me, not dead, but dying; his red eyeballs glared madly on me, and his hot breath flared in my face. It was a bright starry night, and the air full of fireflies, and, strange as it may seem—I suppose I shall not be believed—but I remember wishing that some artist of the 'Illustrated News' might have been there to sketch us as [illegible]. Of how I

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was rescued—how my native fellow laughed and cried and laughed again—what Haines said, and what Hobbs said, and what Harley thought, but did not say—I stop not to record; nor how I had to beg the palanquin-bearers to go slowly, as I was in such agony; neither do I mention the weight of the tiger, though I beg to remark that his skin is now under my feet.

Do you wonder if, after this—I forget when it happened, one's memory cannot retain everything—but do you wonder, I say, if my bones ache, if my head is racked with pain, and my spine is shaken with spasm? That my hair is white, my brow furrowed, my hand tremulous, are small ills. It is rather of my heavy heart I complain, my sense of overwhelming depression; that feeling of the load being heavier than the strength can bear; that dreary conviction that courage is unavailing and pluck useless, since succumb I must at last; for do what I will, say what I will, that tiger is in pursuit of me every evening; I have not taken my after-dinner cup of coffee till he is upon me. With a spring and yell he is down on me!

That I lie mangled and bleeding before him; that I have lain there any time these last ten or twelve years—for so long at least have I been his victim—allays nothing of his rabid cruelty; he loves to gloat over my sufferings, and to carry me about in his teeth from the piano to the hearthrug, and from the sofa to the window. This I call savage and pitiless cruelty. "It is abusing," as the French would say, "the instincts of his race."

Now, had I been up at Jumnughur or Humdrumderabad; if *I* had not gone out to hunt a tiger, the tiger, in all likelihood, would never have molested *me;* that is to say, I might have taken my daily walks, eat my meals, and played my rubber, and never been even so much as unquieted by these denizens of the jungle. Is it not then hard, I ask, that here, in the midst of old Europe, surrounded with the types of centuries of civilisation, this savage beast is free to range my drawing-room, and wag his tail at my hearth, as familiar as though he were the domestic cat of the family, who purred at the fireside?

Is it not hard that I have no security against him, in time or place? He may, ay he does, spring on me as I read my 'Times' after breakfast, and he nearly strangled me t'other evening over my tea.

Why won't he—I have asked myself the question scores of times—finish me at once? I make no resistance. I used once; but now I make none. I lie down to be mauled, mumbled, and chawed over as helpless as a half-dead mouse to a kitten. Can't he see his cruelty? can't he perceive that the moment I am aware of his approach I succumb with a craven cowardice that might excite pity at least?

If he be the beast of the noble instincts naturalists describe him, how is it that he comes daily back to smash my unresisting bones, and tear my weak flesh? I see numberless people around me whom he never molests.

I remember once—it is a good many years now—having formed a chance acquaintance with a gentleman at a watering-place, whose manners were sufficiently pleasing, and whose conversation, besides being that of a cultivated and accomplished mind, displayed a vein of originality that made him amusing. He was evidently one who formed his own opinion, and took nothing on the score of its general acceptance by others.

It is not impossible that, seeing how I relished his turn for independent observation, he indulged the taste to its full extent; for, certainly, in the few weeks we passed together, there was scarcely a topic on which we talked that he did not express some new and remarkable judgment.

When we parted, he gave me an

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invitation to "his little place in Staffordshire;" but I mislaid the address, and forgot him. Years afterwards, there came a letter from him presenting his friend, Mr. Somebody, who, he said, had been spending some time with him, and whose "tone of mind and temper he thought I would like, resembling so strongly those traits I was once so kind as to be attracted by in himself."

His friend was, however, by no means to my taste, and I was not sorry to say adieu to him. Various others came after this, with letters from the same quarter; they were all "original thinkers," and he only regretted he "could not make one of us in those delightful conversations he knew we were enjoying." It is not enough to say that these people were distasteful — they were positively odious to me. How I had been represented to them by my Staffordshire friend I know not; but they approached me at once on terms of easy intimacy; they made themselves at home, in the most atrocious acceptance of the word, and repaid me by "original thoughts" —that is, by the most extraordinary licence of opinion on every subject, and by excesses of language which I could only regard as outrage. Driven at last to the utmost limit of endurance, I wrote to my friend a very civil but determined note, assuring him that he had not taken a just measure of my tastes or habits in his late letters of presentation, and declaring for the future that I desired to assert my privilege to choose the persons of my acquaintance, and not incur the double disappointment which might, and did often, arise from uncongenial intimacies. I received the following reply:—

"Sir,—I respectfully beg to return the letter which was addressed by you to Mr. Thomas Lethbridge, and which a severe relapse renders him totally unable to appreciate or reply to. As his case is only mania, I hope a[illegible]are and treatment will restore him to comparative calm and intelligence. Meanwhile, sir, I will take measures that you should not be further molested by the patients of this establishment, who very frequently are withdrawn by their friends before the completion of their cure, and while laboring under many of the delusions which formed the ground of their admission.

"I am your respectful servant,

"Geoffrey Whyate,

"*Directing Physician of St. Kitt's,*

"*Staffordshire.*"

This accounted for the "original thinkers" at once.

Of my friend at St. Kitt's I never heard more. Would that I could hope for as happy a release from my tiger; but too well I know nobody will shut him up. The cage that is to hold him has not yet been made.

It is a sad and humiliating confession, but it is the simple truth. The civilisation that makes us wiser and richer and greater does not make us happier. Which of us does not look back with regret to the old days of the post, when, after the morning's delivery, you knew you were free for the day, and at least had twenty-four hours before you could hear what steps Gammon and Gloss were taking against you, or what further evidence was forthcoming in that unpleasant suit in the Arches? The telegraph now may fall on you as you mount your horse. It may drop into your soup-plate at dinner. What security have you against evil tidings any hour of the day or night? Once you could hug yourself over a storm in the Channel, or a snow-drift on the Alps —that's all gone!

So, too, is it with regard to tigers. So long as they had to come round by the Cape, one heard of their approach, and could calculate when they might be looked for. From the sailing of the ship at Calcutta to her being signalled in the Downs, there were three [illegible] to get out

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of the way—to go down to South Wales or the Tyrol, or some other snug and safe retreat. Now, however, there is no security. The creatures come overland, and with one bound they are at Aden and the next at Marseilles. Like the telegram, they come in upon your most unsuspecting moments.

And there are people who want to shorten this transit, and are ready to expend millions to diminish its time by a few hours! O rash speculators! have you never been torn by a tiger? O great capitalists! have you never been carried into that tope of mango-trees where I have been eaten any time these last twenty years, and may be eaten again to-day for anything I see to the contrary?

I have no courage to meet the commonest events of life. I have no pluck to go out for my daily walk, as I know "that tiger" is waiting for me round the corner. I am weary of existence, and yet I do not feel that as an honest man I can insure my life for the benefit of my family, as I know that the tiger destines me for his prey, and will finish me one day.

If you have not courage to fight your tiger, why not fly from him? I hear some one say—why not hide from him? And have I not? Is there a nook or corner of the globe I have not sought to take refuge in? Have I not gone to Mexico—to Jamaica—to the gold-diggings? Have I not sought shelter amongst the Fenians in Ireland, and the Fans in Africa? It was but yesterday my tiger caught me skulking in a six-pound house, and hunted me through a rotten borough. I read of "Protection" in the Insolvent Court, and thought of going there; but my friends tell me the place is infested with tigers, who mangle each other all day long. Forgive, then, O much-compassionating Public, if these O'Dowderies I now give to the world show signs of a broken spirit, a timid heart, and a trembling hand—if I express myself with less than my usual courage—if I take a less hopeful view of what seems bright, and look but gloomier on the gloomy, bethink you how I have been mauled and mangled—how faint I feel from loss of blood, and what a wreck I am from all the suffering I have gone through.

If I come alive out of the jungle, you shall hear from me next month.

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THE POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT AND THEIR PARTY.

Our readers will do us the justice to remember that, adverse as the results of the general election seemed to be to the party to which it is our happiness to belong, we expressed neither alarm nor much regret at the circumstance. We had not been inattentive observers of what passed at the majority of the hustings throughout the country. We saw gentlemen standing there who called themselves Liberals, yet enunciated views as sound, because as constitutional, as our own; and though they were, in many instances, opposed unsuccessfully by other gentlemen whom we considered to be better men than themselves, still the issues of the contest by no means broke our spirit. "All these," we said to ourselves, "will prove, when the pinch comes, a great deal more Conservative than their professions indicate. They belong to that school of Liberalism of which Lord Palmerston is the head. They will certainly not go farther than he invites them in the direction of democracy at home; and abroad, they will help him to make the name of England respected." It is not pretended that such reflections afforded to us ground of absolute self-congratulation. We had wished well to every Tory who came forward to contest a seat, and lamented his defeat when he was defeated. But, after all, the ostensible loss to our own side proved less considerable than many of us anticipated; and we found comfort in the thought that things might have been worse, and that there was far more of a Conservative spirit stirring in the country than a few years ago could have been counted upon, though it preferred for its work the guidance of Lord Palmerston to that of Lord Derby.

That which, during the recess, amounted to little more than a well-grounded hope, has hardened, since Parliament met for the transaction of business, into something like assurance. The death of Lord Palmerston and the first reconstruction of his Cabinet went far to reconcile some members from the extremes into which they had unwisely entered with themselves; and the changes which have since taken place, both in the *personnel* and in the avowed policy of the Government, are working wonders upon others. Not that men are passing over singly or by shoals from the Ministerial to the Opposition side of the lobby. When the House meets, the benches to the right of the Speaker's chair are as well crowded as at the first; and we still see, sitting opposite to them, the 280 gentlemen, and no more, who took service under the banner of Conservatism. But the temper of the Liberal party, if party it now deserves to be called, has undergone a great change. They are falling off from one another, section from section; and all the sections, more or less, look suspiciously at their ostensible leaders. No wonder. Never was a Ministry so little to be counted upon for prudent guidance amid difficulties and dangers; never was there a Ministry which succeeded so entirely in shaking the confidence of its adherents. A good many causes have been at work to bring about this result; and it may more than amuse, it may instruct and enlighten, some at least into whose hands this paper is likely to fall, if, before proceeding further, we briefly but correctly enunciate the most prominent among these causes.

We must begin by stating, what no one will venture to deny, that Lord Russell himself is as little the object of personal devotion and respect to his followers as it is possible for a nobleman in his exalted station to be. This owing partly to constitutional [illegible]ament, and

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partly to the effect of age upon a disposition not naturally genial or affectionate. Lord Russell was, even in early life, a great exclusive. He never mixed freely in society. He had no taste for exchanging ideas, far less jibes and jokes, except with a very minute fraction of the upper ten thousand. Affecting literary tastes, he saw little of literary men, and never, when he did dispense to them his hospitalities, sent them away delighted with their entertainer. He was not a lady's man—poor fellow! how could he be?—and he lost a great deal that is worth acquiring in consequence. In all these respects he presented through life a remarkable contrast to the statesman whose place he holds at the Treasury; and growing years only rendered the contrast more striking. Now, more than ever, he lives with his own small set, and takes counsel only with the few in that set to whom personal ties bind him. It is said, but we can hardly credit the rumour, that his great authority for the state of public feeling at home is his son, Lord Amberley. Who may advise with him on questions of foreign policy we cannot pretend to guess. For the most striking feature in the portrait we are sketching is that, chief as he is of an Administration avowedly Liberal, Lord Russell rarely confers even with the members of his own Government except officially.

Lord Russell is, in consequence of all this, not personally popular with his colleagues. His manners are always cold, and his reticence is sometimes felt to be ungracious. He is accused likewise of concocting his own schemes in his own study in Chesham Place, and insisting upon their adoption with little or no modification when he meets the other members of the Government in Cabinet council. If there has been any flirtation with Mr. Bright, as the world says there was, Lord Russell alone gets credit for it. It is certain that some of the most startling of the recent appointments to office are his exclusively. For Mr. Göschen's first introduction to the Board of Trade Mr. Gladstone is mainly responsible. He wanted some one to help him in fitting in the details of the coming budget with the trade of the country, and believing in Mr. Göschen, he asked for and got him in Mr. Hutt's place. But the subsequent and sudden advancement of the same gentleman to the Duchy, without consultation held as to the temper or wishes of the other Cabinet Ministers, was Lord Russell's act: it outraged all sense of propriety, and gave intense disgust. It was curious to hear the matter criticised, not only by the junior Ministers, who felt themselves to be superseded, and therefore slighted, but by Ministers already in high place, and especially by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We doubt whether Mr. Gladstone will ever heartily forgive the offence, though he was selected to be the medium of communicating the fact, when accomplished, to his astonished and offended colleagues. This is not to be wondered at. Mr. Göschen may be, and we daresay is, all that his patron assumes him to be, both as a politician and a gentleman; but the head of an Administration in a free country, and especially in England, ought to recollect that he is only *primus inter pares*, and that he has no right whatever to bring into close personal contact with the members of that Administration any one man, of whom they are not perfectly satisfied that he is the sort of person with whom they would desire to act under all circumstances.

One word more by way of postscript to this little bit of official gossip, for such we acknowledge it to be. Lord Russell, having determined to bring the descendant of a not very long line of Prussian money-lenders into the Cabinet, did not care to run the risk of opposition, by placing him where his services would be most valuable. His forte is said to be finance,

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and an acquaintance with the principles of commerce. It is obvious that the proper place for such a man was exactly that into which Mr. Gladstone first introduced him, whence, after some experience of his powers, it might have been easy, by proper management, to raise him to the presidency of the Board of Trade. But delays seemed to the Prime Minister to be impolitic; and so, instead of negotiating with Mr. Milner Gibson to take the Duchy, and to make room for Mr. Göschen, he leaves the veteran Radical in a post for which he has never, as far as we know, shown any special qualification, and thrusts Mr. Göschen into the Duchy, where there is no scope whatever for his ability. Does the matter rest there? Oh no. Mr. Göschen must do something, and therefore, rather than leave him to his repose, the young Minister, overflowing with knowledge, and eager to apply it to practical purposes, is *set to revise the salaries of the clerks in the Treasury*, whether with a view to add to or diminish them we cannot pretend to say. Lord Russell is more sharply censured for all this by his own friends than by ours; and the great Liberal party, aware of a growing schism in the Cabinet, begin to count the days when the rotten fabric will fall to pieces—probably of its own accord.

A second ground of distrust among the majority, arises out of the contemplation of the changes which have taken place in the Government since Mr. Göschen's elevation, and the anticipation of others understood to be impending. Personally unpopular as he might be, Sir Charles Wood was admitted, by all who came in contact with him, to be a good man of business and an able administrator. Whether the principle on which he acted in the amalgamation of the two armies was either very wise or entirely just, is a point open, perhaps, to discussion; but nobody can deny that he understood the real wants of India thoroughly, and that the best interests of
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increased distrust at the steady weeding-out of the old Whig and Peelite element from the Administration, because they exceedingly distrust both the tempers and principles of the public men whom Lord Russell brings in to supply the vacancy.

The retirement of Sir Charles Wood carries Earl de Grey to the India Office; and the transfer to the India Office of Earl de Grey promotes the Marquess of Hartington from being Under-Secretary of State to be Secretary of State for War, with a seat in the Cabinet. The same contingency has brought Lord Dufferin, as Under-Secretary of State, to the War Office, and sent Mr. Stansfeld—the ejected from the Admiralty—to the India Office. Now, it is best on all occasions, but especially on such an occasion as this, to ascertain rather what the Liberals themselves think about Ministerial arrangements, than to rely entirely upon our own judgment. The 'Times' and the 'Saturday Review'—both professing to be supporters of what is called a liberal policy—have favoured the world with their sentiments on the changes just alluded to. They differ a little in detail, though, in the gross, they are perfectly in accord. The 'Times,' speaking very lightly of Lord de Grey, appears to consider Lord Hartington's advancement to the Cabinet as a wise step. "He has represented the War Department for three years most effectively in the House of Commons; and, being conversant with the business of the Office, is not likely to get things into confusion, which a stranger suddenly thrust into a situation of so much responsibility and labour might be apt to do." "Besides, Lord Hartington has claims which could not, without injustice as well as impolicy, be set aside. He has served his apprenticeship to high office; and both on that account, and by reason of his aristocratic connections, is in a position which could not be overlooked." Not so the 'Saturday Review.' It is offended by both appointments, and shall speak for itself.

After eulogising Sir Charles Wood in his office at the expense of the same Sir Charles Wood in the House of Commons, our able contemporary observes—

"And now Lord de Grey is to replace him. Lord de Grey's enemies say of him that he is afraid of the Duke of Cambridge; and Lord de Grey's friends say of him that he is amiable and hard-working. There is not one qualification for his office which Lord de Grey possesses except that he is a Whig nobleman—that his antecedents encourage an expectation that he will come down regularly to his office, and that when he gets there he will be pleasant to his subordinates. We can quite understand that they are to be congratulated, and that, after their long acquaintance with Sir Charles Wood, they may find a little civility very acceptable. But England and India are not equally fortunate. In one respect, however, Lord de Grey may really prove useful. There is an opening for a man of his stamp to discharge a function of the Indian Minister that has hitherto been neglected. There has hitherto been no social head of Indian society in England. A distinguished colonist, if he comes to England, is welcomed at the Colonial Office and by the Colonial Minister. But Sir Charles Wood never had any civilities to offer to Indians, however distinguished. This is not as it should be. The chiefs of the Foreign Office, of the army and the navy, all consider it part of their duties to know something of those who are most promising in their respective departments; and this recognition would be both welcome and useful to Indians. In this direction a field is open to Lord de Grey, who is hospitable, sociable, and pleasant, which seems closed to him in other directions."

The writer of this paragraph scarcely does justice to his subject, and has overlooked a fact which, in tracing the rise of a very small man, should never be forgotten. Earl de Grey, when Lord Goderich, and a member of the House of Commons, made himself conspicuous by the advocacy of Radical principles, including manhood suffrage, and, unless we deceive our-

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selves, vote by ballot. Now, Radicalism in a young lord, the heir to two earldoms, and to an income of sixty or seventy thousand a-year, is a recommendation for place which no Liberal Government could overlook. Lord Palmerston made him first Under-Secretary, and then Secretary of State for War, in the well-grounded expectation that office, and the enjoyment of high rank and large possessions, would soon tame down his Radicalism; and they did so. But the ability for which free speaking and freer voting had got him credit, was not forthcoming in the hour of need. He appropriated to himself, no doubt—and his friends believed him—whatever merit was due to the organization of the Volunteer force, and the equipment and prompt despatch of troops to North America on the occasion of the Trent difficulty. But both he and they forgot to add that when the Volunteer movement began, Sidney Herbert was chief of the Department,—failing in health, to be sure, and not what he once had been, but still a first-rate administrator; and that, when the expedition to Nova Scotia and Canada sailed, Sir George Cornewall Lewis had something to say to the arrangement. And, above all, they overlooked the fact, that an expedition worse organised, worse appointed, worse cared for, than that which, in the dead of winter, took its course, by driblets, to Nova Scotia and even to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, never quitted the English shore. There was not one ship of war to guard and convoy the transports, which, singly or by pairs, put to sea. And one, at least, of the transports was sent off, in spite of a strong remonstrance from Sir S. Cunard, absolutely untrustworthy, having been condemned by the company from whom the Government bought her.

Happily for England the Northern States declined to accept our challenge. Their hands were too full in other directions, and they gave back their prisoners without, however, offering the slightest apology to [illegible]ch they had insulted. And so, a broken squadron, which a frigate or two might [illegible]ve captured or sunk in detail, got [illegible] across the Atlantic; and the [illegible]vu statesman who planned and [illegible] the enterprise into execution reaped his meed of praise. He [illegible]s certainly lived upon it, if he [illegible]s lived upon anything, ever [illegible]; for a more wretched state of [illegible]gs than now prevails, and has [illegible]g prevailed, in the Department which he has just quitted, [illegible]y well be conceived. Lord [illegible]ey's scheme for lessening the e[illegible]es of the War Office itself has [illegible]creased them, creating at the same time a large measure of discontent among the *employés*. The army estimates are still enormous, though neither is our infantry supplied with an efficient firelock nor have the costly experiments for testing the power of guns against armour been brought to an issue at Shoeburyness. Meanwhile the mania for building, on a scale of unexampled extravagance, which first showed itself in Lord Herbert's day, and was by him too much encouraged, has gone on till, with our misplaced forts, gorgeous barracks and hospitals, we are making ourselves the laughing-stock of Europe, and exceedingly discomposing, perhaps demoralising, our own soldiers. Why does not some economical member of Parliament who has knowledge of the art of war, and of what soldiers really require to make them comfortable in sickness as well as in health, take the trouble to visit Portsmouth, Plymouth, the Isle of Wight, Netley, Hounslow, the Herbert hospital at Woolwich, and the line of coast which extends from the Bristol Channel to Weston-super-Mare? He would see, first, forts beautifully constructed, which could offer to modern artillery very little resistance; some planted where no enemy can ever be expected to [illegible] them; and all requiring, [illegible] occupancy and defence, a [illegible] which this

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country will never be able to furnish. And from the forts he would pass into hospitals so gorgeously appointed—with their long corridors, their tesselated pavements, and their highly-polished stuccoed walls and gas-lamps, which cost, we are told, about £5 apiece—that the poor fellows who inhabit them scarcely know how to turn lest they should damage public property, to make good which, would place them under stoppages for years to come. Netley was, perhaps, a mistake, so far as position is concerned. It would have been better nearer London on many accounts; but Netley, as a general hospital, was wanted, and we are glad to have it. But what possible use there can be for that pile of building near Shooter's Hill, which, being fitted to accommodate 1000 patients, is occupied by something like 100 or 150, we defy the most ingenious of guessers to divine. The quarter of a million expended upon it seems to us just so much money thrown away. So, also, at Hounslow—the station of a single cavalry regiment, 400 strong—we have hospital accommodation for a division, or at all events for a brigade, with all the appliances which modern folly could suggest, in order to annoy some half-dozen young men, whom the process is supposed to refine and elevate. As to the New Barracks at Chelsea, besides that they are partially under water whenever the tide rises high, so perfect is the ventilation therein established, that in order to keep the men warm in their beds, an extra supply of blankets has been issued to them; and all this while our soldiers are dying by hundreds of neglect at Hong-Kong and Japan; the place chosen for their encampment on the mainland at the former station being an old Chinese burying ground, from beneath which, after every heavy fall of rain, the skulls and thigh-bones of the dead crop up.

Enough, however, of Lord de Grey and his claim to the confidence of the party of which he is disposed to be one of the leaders. Let us see next what the 'Saturday Review' says of the two noblemen whom his lordship's transference to a post—the duties of which he has yet to learn—has benefited or affected:

"That Lord Dufferin should be content to move from the India Office to the War Office must be satisfactory to those who have to devise and carry out Ministerial changes, but makes no difference to any one else. He is more than competent to discharge the duties of either office, and very few persons, except those in the office itself, would know whether he was discharging them or not. But the appointment of Lord Hartington to the post vacated by Lord de Grey, and the appointment of Mr. Stansfeld to the India Office, are events of considerable importance. In a Liberal Ministry the great Whig families claim a certain number of seats, and to one of those seats Lord Hartington has pretensions that cannot be denied. No Duke has exerted himself to serve the Ministry in the elections with more success and even brilliancy than the Duke of Devonshire; and even Lord Hartington himself has shown an aptitude for imbibing and retailing official information that, on this head, leaves little to be desired. The English people would not like a Government composed only of Commoners; and if they want a little decoration stuck here and there over the Ministerial fabric, the Marquis of Hartington adds something of this ornamental character. It is a pity, perhaps, that where the pressure of tradition and royalty is so strong as it is in the management of the army, Parliament should not have a representative at the War Office whose character, experience, and ability would compel respect. It is a pleasure, therefore, to turn from the ornamental to the useful, and to speak of the appointment of Mr Stansfeld."

The 'Saturday Review' is, we think, needlessly severe on Lord Hartington. People say that he dislikes hard work, and they probably say the truth. Everybody knows that he is fond of pleasure; and it would be strange if the heir of one of the richest dukedoms in the empire, being a handsome man too, and full of animal

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spirits, were not fond of pleasure. But his talents are of a higher order than his critic gives him credit for; they will certainly carry him through the brief interval in which it seems likely that he and his friends shall retain office. And, above all, the Whigs are satisfied with the arrangement, and that is something. But Mr. Stansfeld's renewed connection with the Government, as it is another sop to the extreme section of the party, so it is understood to have given little satisfaction to men of soberer views. Lord Clarendon, in particular, cannot but feel that he has not been treated with much respect in the arrangement. And, lastly, who is there out of the circle of the Pope's brass-band but sees, with feelings not far removed from shame, Mr. Monsell's appointment to office? Mr. Monsell is a Roman Catholic. For that we should not find fault with him, did he come of an old Roman Catholic family, where, for the most part, high honour and loyalty are conspicuous. But, a recent convert, he moves heaven and earth to damage the Church from which he has just seceded, and is, strangely enough, rewarded for so doing by the author of the famous letter to the Bishop of Durham, and the wretched piece of legislation which ensued thereon. Now, whatever the Irish members may think of this appointment, we happen to know that a considerable proportion of the English and Scotch supporters of the Government disapprove of it; and such disapproval is certainly not calculated to allay the sense of painful anxiety with which they contemplate the probable issues of the campaign on which they have entered.

A third reason for that half-heartedness which shows itself so remarkably among the Liberal majority is to be found in the very sorry figure which Ministers have already cut in both Houses of Parliament. The Queen's Speech is admitted to be at once the fullest and feeblest document which modern times has been compelled for the use of Royalty. All who heard or read it came at once to the conclusion that it emanated from a body by no means at unity with itself; and that before the terms of the Speech could be settled, there must have been much discussion, perhaps not always very amiable in its tone, among the Ministers. It was impossible on any other grounds to account for the little prominence given by a Reforming Administration to the particular policy, on their power of going through with which they had staked their tenure of office. It seemed, indeed, as if the announcement of a coming Reform Bill, after taking its place in the fore-front of the Royal message, had been shorn of its glory, and thrust back, mutilated and curtailed, behind every other statement, however intrinsically worthless, which the critics of the original piece could agree to make. Imagine the disgust of Mr. Bright and Mr. Baines, after listening open-mouthed for some declaration such as they had been led to expect, and which they had forestalled to their constituencies, while the Lord Chancellor doled out to them expressions of rejoicing at the approaching marriage of the Princess Helena; of lament for the death of good old King Leopold; of satisfaction that there was peace, and the prospect of its continuance in the East and in the West, in Europe, Asia, and America! How these things must have chafed the two distinguished members, relieved a little though they were by an ambiguous reference to the outbreak in Jamaica, and a milk-and-water account of what had been and was intended to be done in the matter of the cattle plague! "Surely," they exclaimed, "we shall hear something about Reform now." Nothing of the sort. There were still the estimates to be attended to, Fenianism to be touched upon, something to be said about capital punishments, about the laws of

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bankruptcy, about the system of public credit, and Parliamentary oaths. And then, and not till then, came the great announcement of the season. It would be a pity to give the Ministerial manifesto in any other words than their own; and so we transfer the precious paragraphs to these pages:—

"I have directed that information should be procured in reference to the rights of voting in the election of members to serve in Parliament for counties, cities, and boroughs.

"When that information is complete, the attention of Parliament will be called to the result thus obtained, with a view to such improvements in the laws which regulate the rights of voting in the election of members of the House of Commons as may tend to strengthen our free institutions, and conduce to the public welfare."

And this is positively all!—two short sentences; one which informs Parliament that her Majesty's Ministers have been seeking information; the other which pronounces that when the information is complete Parliment shall be further communicated with, and further consulted in the matter. No wonder that the Liberals, one and all, moderates and extreme politicians alike, hung their heads, and retired from the House of Lords "sadder, if not wiser and better men."

If the party was downcast by the tenor of the Speech itself, much more poignant was their chagrin and vexation at the turn which the debate took after an Address in reply to the Speech had been proposed and seconded. The very seconder of that Address -- we had almost said both the mover and the seconder — spoke as if they only half believed their own assertions. Lord Morley, in particular, so expressed himself on the subject of the Jamaica insurrection as to leave little doubt regarding the light in which he views both the calamity itself and the measures adopted to retrieve it. But Lord Morley and the Duke of Rutland and Lord Winchelsea, sharp as his rebukes were, did nothing to damage the Government, against which his remarks were directed, in comparison with Lord Derby, and, let us add, Earl Grey. The noble Lord who spoke first attacked and exposed the disgraceful supineness of Ministers in their dealings with the cattle plague. There might have been some excuse for them while as yet the evil was fresh. Wiser heads than theirs had been puzzled by it, and so might they. But that they should have shrunk from the responsibility of doing in England what public opinion compelled them to do in Ireland and in the west of Scotland, after their own Commission had reported, and the evidence of such men as Professor Simonds came into their hands—that was a subject not only of just indignation, but of astonishment, to all who reflected upon it. Therefore from both sides of the House—from their habitual supporters as well as from the Opposition—came complaints and remonstrances which threw poor Lord Granville quite off his balance, and caused him to do what men generally do under similar circumstances — a good deal to commit himself. He protested that till they had received the report of the Commission the Government were in advance of public opinion; and that if, after receiving it, they lagged behind public opinion, the circumstance was little to be wondered at, seeing that public opinion was so much divided against itself. Hence they did one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow; issued Orders in Council which contradicted one another—which were either misunderstood and so disobeyed, or understood perfectly yet evaded with impunity. One thing, however, he made very clear—that, with a well-digested report before them, the Ministers, instead of acting, applied hither and thither for advice; and that up to the meeting of Parliament, or, at the most, a few days before it met, they had absolutely not made up their minds as to the course which they should pursue—whether by legislation or a persistence in measures which, according to their own ac-

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knowledgment, had led to no satisfactory results.

It was bad enough to be badgered and driven to equivocate on one subject—it was a thousand times worse when Lord Derby, taking a wider view of his duty, discussed and dealt with the more prominent clauses in the Speech itself, one by one. His exposure of the base conduct of Government towards Governor Eyre was withering. He took up, we were glad to see, the same line of argument which was applied to the question in our February number; and quoted that remarkable speech of Lord Palmerston to which we were, we believe, the first, at the juncture, to draw public attention. But it was when he passed from that part of his subject, and ceased to scarify Lord Granville, that the great leader of the Conservative party put forth his strength. How telling, because how just, is his exposure of Ministerial feebleness in every stage of its contest, or professed contest, with Fenianism! How well-merited the rebuke that followed! and from which, by the way, Lord Russell, in attempting a reply, was glad to turn aside altogether.

"My noble friend behind me has told your lordships, with great truth, that in 1859 the Government, of which I had then the honour to be the head, succeeded in convicting one prisoner on a charge of treason felony, and in establishing beyond a doubt the existence of a treasonable conspiracy in Ireland, and I may add that that excellent judge, Baron Greene, in passing sentence of ten years' penal servitude on the person who had been convicted, informed him that had not the Crown taken a merciful view of the case his duty would be to pass upon him sentence of death, inasmuch as his offence absolutely amounted to treason itself. There were, too, several other prisoners at the same time against whom indictments had been found, but it was thought expedient by the Crown to postpone the consideration of those indictments until the following assizes. The question was accordingly brought before the Court of Queen's Bench as to whether the prisoner should be admitted to bail. No rule [illegible] how[illegible] the subject, [illegible] is [illegible] equally divided; but [illegible]he judges who were in favour of admitting the prisoners to bail just as strongly condemned the offence with which they were charged, and as fully admitted the clearness of the case against [illegible], as those who took a contrary view upon the point immediately at issue. Well, what afterwards happened? The Government went out of office between the time of which I am speaking and the next assizes, and the first act of the new Government was to discharge every one of those indicted traitors on the simple condition that they should come up for judgment when called upon to do so. Now was this all. The Crown entered into a bargain with the prisoners who pleaded guilty not only that they should not be visited with the consequences of their crime, but that the prisoner who had been actually convicted and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude should be released; and he was released without even application having been made to the judge who tried him to ascertain whether there were any circumstances which in his opinion would justify his pardon. (Hear, hear.) Well, my lords, and who are the persons who were thus dealt with? Why, the very same who were brought up again for the same crime within the last few months, and who were from 1859 to 1865 allowed to mature their traitorous designs both at home and in America. (Hear, hear.) There is, again, the notorious Mr. Stephens, who was associated with Mr. Smith O'Brien in that foolish and paltry attempt at revolt in 1848, and who has ever since been carrying on the game of treason. This gentleman was in 1865 a principal agent; but, acting upon that instinct of self-preservation which seems never to have forsaken him, he left his comrades in the lurch and went abroad. He afterwards, however, returned to Ireland at the peril of being indicted for high treason. Then there is the notorious offender called Donovan, who has remained in Ireland plotting treason from 1863 to 1865, and who, as the registered proprietor of the 'Irish People,' circulated under the nose of the Castle 8000 copies per week of a paper containing articles so detestably treasonable, that Justice Keogh, in sentencing one of the prisoners brought before the late Comm[illegible]quested the re

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porters not to take any notice of the extracts from that paper read in his defence. There were, I believe, no less than 40 copies of the 'Irish People' which were relied upon as overt acts of conspiracy; yet, though its circulation extended from 1863 to 1865, it was not until after the late general election that a single step was taken to prosecute the traitors by whom it was conducted. (Hear, hear.) For the entire space of two years, this man Donovan—who had been conditionally pardoned by the Crown, and who might at any moment have been called up for judgment on a charge of treason felony—was allowed unchecked, and with a full knowledge of the circumstances on the part of the Government—for during the whole time their spy was in his office—to go on disseminating treason, so that the credulous and but too easily deceived people of Ireland were led to believe that they were not sincere in their desire to suppress the conspiracy. (Hear, hear.) I do not say this to throw blame on the Government of that day. The prime offender was the right hon. gentleman who is now Secretary of State for the Colonies, who does not appear to be much more successful in that post than he was as Chief Secretary for Ireland." (A laugh.)

Having thus disposed of the Ministerial reference to Fenianism, Lord Derby proceeded to comment on the sentences in the Queen's Speech which made Reform in Parliament their subject; and, happy as he generally is in skirmishes of the sort, he never, certainly, acquitted himself with greater wit, dexterity, and wisdom than on the present occasion. The extract which we are about to take from the 'Times' report is a long one, but our readers, we suspect, would scarcely thank us if we made any effort to abridge it.

"My lords, in dealing with the single topic of the Speech from the Throne which it now remains for me to notice, I am not about to follow the example set by the noble lord on the cross bench, and to presume to offer any advice to her Majesty's Government as to what course they should pursue. The question of Reform is one on which they will judge for themselves, and will bring forward at the proper moment and on their own responsibility such a measure as they may think it desirable to propose. But, observing that this question of Reform appears in the very last paragraph in the Speech, I must venture to call to the recollection of the noble earl (Russell) what took place seven years ago, on the 3d of February 1859. On that occasion it did so happen that Reform was the subject of the last paragraph in a Queen's Speech of about half the length of the present one, and in reference to that circumstance Lord Palmerston, with good-humoured badinage, held this language:—

"'It is not an unusual practice to reserve the best and most important things for the last, and accordingly her Majesty's Government, after having kept the House and the public on the tenter-hooks of expectation through many long preceding paragraphs, at last come to the topic which is at present most exciting the attention of the public—namely, the subject of Parliamentary Reform. I take the last paragraph in the Speech to mean that her Majesty's Government have a bill prepared upon that subject, and that it is their intention, without the least delay, to lay it on the table of the House, in order that the House and the public may have an opportunity of considering its provisions. I think that is a proper course for them to pursue, and quite consistent with the usual course of procedure.'

"My right hon. friend the then Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Disraeli) had the satisfaction of informing the noble lord and the House that we had that bill in readiness, that we were prepared to lay it on the table at a very early period, and that there was only one subject which pressed for more immediate consideration before it—namely, the large augmentation of the navy which was then in progress. But then the noble earl opposite was not satisfied, and he sought rather to improve upon his leader's liveliness on that occasion. He accordingly delivered himself of the witticism which I am about to submit for your lordships' consideration. (A laugh.) He said:—

"'Sir, there is another subject which the right hon. gentleman touched upon somewhat tenderly, and which appeared just at the end of the Speech from the throne. (This was the gravamen of the charge against us.) It certainly appears to me as if her Majesty's Ministers had gone through all the topics upon which they thought Parliament would expect to be addressed, and that then some member of the Cabinet said, "Is there nothing forgotten? We have not left

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out Mexico, have we? No, there it There is also a passage about China and Japan. I cannot think of anything that is omitted." But at last some ingenious member of the Cabinet said, "There is one subject forgotten—there is the Reform of Parliament; we must put that in."'

"(Laughter.) Now, my lords, all this was founded on the circumstance of Reform being the last paragraph in [illegible] Majesty's Speech, and that occurring on the 3d of February, our bill was laid on the table on the 28th of the same month, and was then ready for discussion, we having gone through the question with regard to the navy. But the noble earl said, with his usual humour:—'The right hon. gentleman Mr. Disraeli,

"Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, but seemed loath to depart."'

(Laughter.) But earlier in his remarks the noble earl said:—'The right hon. gentleman seemed as unwilling to touch on that subject (Reform) here as the Cabinet were in putting it into the Speech. Heaven knows how it has fallen into their charge!' (A laugh.) Well, be that as it may, we know at least how it was taken out of what a member of the other House the other day, with great courtesy of expression, called our 'dirty and unhallowed fingers.' (Laughter.) Our predecessors had on more than four separate occasions pledged the faith of the Crown that such a measure should be submitted to Parliament; and because, in endeavouring to carry that pledge into effect, they had so completely bungled and mismanaged the whole question that they could come to no conclusion at all, that they left everything in confusion, and the whole country in a agitation on the subject of Reform, we sought to put an end to that state of things by a fair, an honest, and a conscientiously-framed measure, proposed with an earnest intention to fulfil the solemn and repeated declarations made from the Throne. (Hear, hear.) How that bill was encountered, defeated, and got rid of, perhaps the noble lord has forgotten. (A laugh.) But in those remarks of his in 1859 which I have been quoting, the noble lord, addressing the House of Commons, went on to say:—

"'I do not see that there is any subject which the Government intend to bring forward that will furnish them with any excuse for delay in this matter. . . . If they have made up their [illegible] Reform Bill, let [illegible] (Laughter and cheers.) I will give no opinion on a measure of that kind until I see what it proposes to do. . . . There is every disposition in this House to wait their time; but they must not be putting off the subject. (Hear, hear, and a laugh.) My hon. friend behind me (Mr. Bright,) I am afraid, will hardly be able to restrain his impatience. (Laughter.) They have given a pledge in this matter, and they are bound to perform it.'

"That was the language of the noble earl in 1859, with reckless haste calling for the introduction of a finished Reform Bill ready for discussion by Parliament. One little month was too much to give after the opening of the session. It was the bounden duty, so he urged, of the Government to have their scheme ready, and, having it ready, to lay it before the Legislature at once. (Hear, hear.) Well, the noble earl is now at the head of the Government, and I do not gather that they have their measure ready. I infer from this Speech that they have not yet made up their minds what their measure should be. If the fact be otherwise, they certainly have done themselves great injustice, because they say that inquiries are now going forward 'with reference to the rights of voting in the election of members to serve in Parliament,' and that, 'when that information is complete, the attention of Parliament will be called to the result thus obtained,' &c. Now, my lords, the Government are proceeding either without information, or with the intention of making the information they may procure square with their foregone conclusions, or, again, they may be gifted with a superhuman prescience which enables them to know infallibly beforehand what will be the precise result of these inquiries; whereas we poor ordinary mortals must be content to wait until all those promised statistics are laid before us which are to prove the wonderful skill and dexterity of the Government in framing a measure in anticipation of the information on which it is to be founded. (Cheers and laughter.) Well, my lords, imitating the wise caution of the noble earl, I will express no opinion upon that measure until I have seen it. (Hear, hear, and a laugh.) I hope it will be such a measure as I shall be able to support—that it will be a reasonable and satisfactory settlement of this grave and important question, which I believe it

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is desirable to settle, and settle once for all. (Cheers.) And I promise the noble earl another thing—that his bill shall have fair play; that it shall not be thrust aside by any underhand methods; that there shall be no factious movement or combinations against it on the part of those who can combine for nothing else (cheers); that it shall be dealt with on its merits; that if we can approve of it we shall give it our cordial support; but that, on the other hand, if we disapprove of it, and think it is imperfect, inadequate, or dangerous, and, above all, if we think it one leading to future agitations within a brief period of a perilous character, then, with whatever means we may possess, we shall do our best to throw it out by fair debate and honourable opposition. (Loud cheers.)"

The debate in the Lords, damaging as it was, could only be read the morning after it occurred by the great bulk of the Liberal supporters of the Government in the House of Commons. They had, however, an opportunity of judging for themselves how it fared with their chiefs in the lower chamber, and it told upon them. Mr. Gladstone, the new leader of the House, crept into his place almost unnoticed. No cheer greeted him as he walked up the lobby, and no one spoke to him after he had taken his seat, except Mr. Hardy, whom, with apparent courtesy, he stepped across the lobby to salute. The debate then began — if debate a discussion deserves to be called, which, passing by every other topic in the Queen's Speech, fastened at once upon the cattle plague. Even on that topic, however, the utmost forbearance was manifested for a while. Scarcely an allusion was made to the supineness of Ministers in days gone by, while speaker after speaker expressed his opinion as to the course which it behoved Parliament to adopt against the future. In an evil hour for himself and for his colleagues, Mr. Thomas Baring rose to defend his chief, and the Home Office over which he presides, from charges of neglect of duty which might be implied but were certainly not expressed. Immediately the tone of the debate became changed. Speaker after speaker censured and condemned, where previously they had been content to insinuate only distrust; and Sir George Grey himself made matters worse, by professing adherence to the general view of the case, on which he had acted from the outset. The results were, that though the bill which he promised was not rejected by an impatient House, he was given to understand, in rather unmistakable terms, that the country would no longer be satisfied with half measures. Nor will it be, nor has the House been satisfied since Sir George brought in his bill—bearing upon the face of it marks of haste in the composition—which, leaving almost as wide a discretion as ever to "local authorities," fixed the measure of compensation to sufferers from the disease at two-thirds of the value of the beast slain. So far as the matter of compensation went, the bill met with a favourable reception. But the proposal to act through local authorities was strongly objected to, as was the sanction given to a continuance of the railway traffic in live stock. The results were, that without absolutely rejecting the Ministerial measure, the House gave leave to a private member to introduce a bill of his own, which bill has gone forward *pari passu* with that of the Home Secretary, through all the preliminary readings, and into Committee. We venture to say that such a state of things was never heard of before in any country, the supreme authority over which is vested in a Parliament. If her Majesty's Ministers be incompetent to devise a scheme of legislation so eminently touching the very essence of government as this undertakes to do, they are unfit to preside over the destinies of the empire. If they be so conscious of their own deficiencies as to make way willingly for proposals emanating from a private source, the sooner the House of Commons gives them a hint to

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retire the better. But will a hint suffice? We suspect not. In the only division which took place in Committee, that of Thursday the 15th of February—when it was proposed to leave railways free to convey beasts to certain great borough markets—Ministers were beaten by a majority of eighty; while clause after clause in their bill has either been dropped or postponed, for the avowed purpose of replacing it by something better, which the country will owe to the sagacity of Mr. Hunt and his adherents.

The display of feebleness throughout the whole of these proceedings was mortifying to the whole Liberal party. It placed the authorities in a very unenviable position, and annoyed more than it surprised their supporters. It remained for Mr. Gladstone to give the *coup-de-grace* to whatever measure of respect still survived for the occupants of the Treasury benches. Sir George Grey himself, it will be remembered, proposed, and his bill affirmed, that compensation should be made for the loss of every beast slaughtered by order of the authorities, at the rate of two-thirds of the estimated value of the animal, subject to the condition that the amount paid should in no case exceed £20. Mr. Bright, supported by Mr. John Mill, objected entirely to the doctrine of compensation. The agriculturist is, according to these great authorities, as much a trader as the cotton-spinner and the shipowner. He must, therefore, be subject, just as they are, to the common incidents of trade, bearing his own losses just as he monopolises his own gains, without seeking to share one or the other with the nation. Of course he must; and for losses sustained in fair traffic, or through the ordinary risks of bad seasons or blight, neither he nor those who now plead for him would think of asking to be compensated. But when Parliament enacts a law, to enable an officer of Government to go into the farmer's yard and slaughter a [illegible] which may appear to him [illegible] eased, or even threatened with disease, surely it is not too much to require that the country which thus, for public purposes, makes away with the farmer's property, shall pay him a fair proportion, at least, of the value of the property thus taken from him. As was well observed by Mr. Lowe and others—the Government, when it requires a site for a fort, and a private company which Parliament authorises to construct a railway in any district, equally pay for the land and houses which the proprietors are compelled to hand over to them. What greater right has Parliament to order the farmer's cattle to be killed, than that Mr. Brown's or Mr. Bailey's house and garden shall be seized, without making good to them the loss which they sustain, not voluntarily, nor accidentally, but by compulsion? That part of the argument would not hold water for a moment; so Mr. Gladstone was constrained, though much against his will, to pronounce in favour of the doctrine of compensation. He took care, however, to qualify his assent to a proposition so little agreeable to members whom he could ill afford to offend, by introducing an important change into the measure already before the house. He proposed that, instead of two-thirds, one-half only of the estimated value of the slaughtered animal should be awarded to the farmer; and amid the undisguised scorn of some, and the avowed regret of others on his own side of the House, he carried his amendment through the generous forbearance of the Opposition.

Weak on this point, the Ministers were even more feeble on another. They could not make up their minds as to the source whence the compensation was to come, except that they were determined, if possible, to keep the Consolidated Fund free from supplying it. Touch that and you compel the C[illegible]ellor of the Exchequer to stay [illegible]oble course

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of financial reform; and so long as he is able to show that taxation is diminished, and "the springs of industry more and more loosened," Mr. Gladstone does not care what great interests, or what classes of the community, shall suffer. It was seriously proposed, therefore, to raise the necessary funds partly from county rates and partly from a poll-tax on cattle; in other words, to make the growers of stock pay for the loss of their own property, and the burthen to fall with the greatest weight on those particular districts which had suffered most from the cattle disease. This was drawing too much on the forbearance of the House of Commons. It might suit, and was intended to suit, the views of the members for Birmingham and the great boroughs in the north; but it revolted that sense of fair-play of which no English gentleman can entirely divest himself. The calamity which has come upon us is a national calamity. The nation, and not a particular section of the nation, is interested in getting rid of it with as little delay as possible; and seeing that all parties are agreed in this, that you cannot hope to get rid of the calamity except by dealing in a liberal spirit with those who are its first victims, nothing seems more just than that the nation at large should supply the means of so doing. For ourselves, we never entertained any other thought than that the expense of stamping out a disease which seems to defy curative measures should be defrayed out of the general taxation of the country. But if the country gentlemen and farmers of England be willing to carry the heavier end of the load, we shall certainly not object. Let county rates be tried, then, as far as they will go, including all towns, large and small — whether they be municipal towns or otherwise —in the assessment. But when the rates fail, or are felt to press too severely upon the payers (which, if the plague continue, they are sure before long to do), then let the Government supply the deficiency by assigning a just portion of the general taxation of the country towards the attainment of an end so entirely and confessedly national. These are our views of the case, and we believe that we entertain them in common with all the more thoughtful and experienced statesmen in both Houses. The country gentlemen and farmers of England are not, however, disposed to press what may be represented as their own case too strongly upon other classes; and a sort of compromise has, in consequence, been arrived at, which leaves, for the present, corporate towns containing a population of 10,000 and upwards to levy their own rates and provide for their own losses.

Of the effect of this hesitation and manifest self-distrust upon the party which the Government is supposed to lead, our readers may judge from the following extracts, which we take at random from newspapers, neither of which desires to see, at this moment, any change in the *personnel* of the Government.

The 'Times' of Feb. 8 says:—

"In the representations of the country gentlemen on Tuesday evening was to be traced scarcely a vestige of party spirit. They felt too much their present difficulty to turn it to any political account. They wish, we doubt not, the continuance of the present Government in office, if for no other or better reason, for the sake of avoiding an interregnum, during which no legislation can take place and no regulations can be made, but during which the Plague will not intermit for a moment its steady and destructive progress. But if they were once persuaded that the only way to really efficient measures lies through a change of Government, we cannot doubt that the excitement and energy which now flow in one stream would speedily be turned into another; and if the Administration will not do all in its power to destroy the Rinderpest, the Rinderpest will be found a very serious obstacle to the stability of the Administration."

This was written before the cattle-plague debate came on—while as yet Ministers adhered, or seemed to adhere, to their original dull cry of indifference. The following is the judg-

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ment of the 'Star' after the Ministerial bill passed the House of Commons, and while it was yet under consideration by the Lords:—

"A Government in a panic is not an edifying spectacle or a beneficent agency. But a Government consenting to act as if in a panic, while all the time in possession of its right senses, is perhaps still less edifying, and is hardly more beneficent. Such is the position in which the Ministers seem at present constrained to place themselves in relation to the cattle plague. They do not appear to have really lost their senses. Mr. Gladstone and Sir George Grey talk coolly and soberly on the subject, and are evidently quite able to view all sides of it deliberately; but when they come to action, they allow themselves to show like the dumb driven cattle whom the poet contrasts with heroes in the strife. They have consented to hurry through the House of Commons a bill which involves principles hitherto unknown to English law and practice, without allowing the great bulk of the community time even to know what it is all about. Last night they allowed Mr. Lowe and his new allies to drive them to imposing the whole burden of the compensation to cattle-owners upon the public rates of the country. On Thursday night some of the Conservative members complained of being taken by surprise, when the Government was, for very shame's sake, compelled to moderate the scale of compensation in deference to the convincing illustrations of Mr. Bright, and the inexorable logic of Mr. Mill. But who, we beg to ask, are the parties really taken by surprise in the whole matter? Surely the entire body of consumers throughout the country. We venture to say that if the consumers were at all homogeneous, to adopt a favourite word of Mr. Disraeli's, in their political composition, it would have been utterly impossible to pass so extraordinary and unjustifiable a compensation clause as that which has just been adopted."

Not less severe, though starting from an opposite point of view, are the strictures of the 'Times'—scarcely so much on the measure which the Government has carried, as on their imbecility in the management of it:—

"The Bill of the Government on cattle disease has had to struggle with more than ordinary [illegible] Among t[illegible] principal of these [illegible] counted t[illegible] conduct of the Government itself. [illegible] a subject so new, so complicated, and [illegible] momentous, the House naturally looks f[illegible] guidance to the Ministers of the Crow[illegible] is disposed to restrict itself as much [illegible] possible to suggestion and remonstranc[illegible] and rather to yield to what it does n[illegible] exactly approve than to substitute i[illegible] own impressions for those of men in o[illegible] fice and authority. Unfortunately, th[illegible] conduct of the Government with rega[illegible] to the whole subject had made this s[illegible] and moderate course impracticable. Th[illegible] opinions which are to guide others ma[illegible] at the least, be expected to guide tho[illegible] [illegible]ntertain them; and it is, unfortu[illegible]nately, impossible to say in this matte[illegible] that Government has been guided by an[illegible] definite set of opinions. Their view[illegible] have been notoriously in a transitio[illegible] state for some weeks, and it is only b[illegible] slow degrees that they have arrived ev[illegible] at the point at which those opinions ar[illegible] so to say, stereotyped by being embodi[illegible] in a Bill. They had come to pretty cle[illegible] views on the subject of slaughter an[illegible] compensation, but they were still unwil[illegible] ing to admit the overwhelming impor[illegible] ance of that prevention of traffic [illegible] which all other measures, how stringe[illegible] soever, are only subordinate and aux[illegible] iary. The importance attached to th[illegible] prevention of traffic is fairly enoug[illegible] measured by the estimate formed of th[illegible] true nature and magnitude of the ev[illegible] to be met; and we doubt if, up to th[illegible] present time, the Home Secretary ca[illegible] be said to have fully realised the deadl[illegible] prowess of the foe with which he has t[illegible] deal. Hence, while calling on the coun[illegible] try for a heavy sacrifice, first in the de[illegible] struction of large numbers of cattle no[illegible] actually struck with sickness, and nex[illegible] in the levying of a rate to pay for thei[illegible] loss, the Government still adhered t[illegible] the plan of leaving the most importan[illegible] matter of all, the prevention of move[illegible] ment, to the varying and often incon[illegible] sistent views of quarter-sessions and[illegible] municipal councils. It never seems to[illegible] have occurred to them that the country[illegible] has a right to demand, in exchange fo[illegible] the heavy losses to which it is required[illegible] to submit, that nothing should be left[illegible] undone which may tend in any degree[illegible] to lessen the amount and eradicate the[illegible] cause of those losses. The multifarious[illegible] system is justified as a sacrifice to local[illegible] convenience—that is, [illegible] measure is[illegible] brought in to remedy a great evil, and

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then frittered away for the purpose of obviating the lesser evils which are incidental to its very principle, and of adapting a rule which hard necessity alone can justify to the convenience of every borough and every district."

Such is the state to which public feeling has been brought by the feebleness and indecision of the Government, both before and after Parliament met, when suddenly, in the very climax of the discussion of the Cattle-plague Bill, and before any reference could be made to the great subject of Parliamentary reform, Lord Russell in one House, and Sir George Grey in the other, came down with a declaration that their Irish policy had entirely broken down, and that the only hope of averting an armed outbreak in that portion of the kingdom was to suspend at once the Habeas Corpus Act. The announcement, though it took most of those who listened to it by surprise, was received with scarcely a sign or mark of disapprobation. The Lords gave to the Government the powers for which they applied, without one dissentient voice; and in the Commons only eight members, all of them Irish members and nominees of the priests, spoke and voted against the measure; which passed its third reading in both Houses on Saturday the 17th ult., and by one o'clock in the morning of Sunday the 18th, became the law of the land. Now, we are not going to say one word against this prompt and decisive line of action. It is the only evidence which the Russell Cabinet has afforded of decision upon any subject, and of courage to do rather than to talk when an emergency shall arise. But the question naturally presents itself to our minds, Why was this stroke, if necessary —and we presume that it is necessary—deferred so long? And how came the Government, possessing the knowledge which it is shown that it did possess, to employ language in the Queen's Speech so entirely at variance with its own settled purposes? Sir George Grey, in laying his case before the House of Commons, stated, that so long ago as the 21st of January the Lord-Lieutenant wrote to say that he had little hope of being able to preserve the peace of the country even by the display of an overwhelming military force. "We see no remedy for this" (such was Lord Wodehouse's language) "but the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act." At this time, too, it was known that "the most dangerous feature in the present movement is the attempt to seduce the troops." Even their own recently-appointed Chief-Secretary for Ireland pressed upon them vigorous proceedings, in terms which, we doubt not, his knowledge of the state of the country fully justified. "It is remarkable," he says, "that our reports show that the Fenian leaders are saying that there is no time to lose, as, if they delay, the Act will be suspended. I trust that the Cabinet will not think me an alarmist. I have watched every symptom here for many months, and it is my deliberate conviction that no time should now be lost in suspending the Act." "I cannot be responsible," adds the Lord-Lieutenant, "for the safety of the country, if power is not forthwith given to the Government to seize the chiefs."

Now, the first of these communications dates so long ago as the 21st of January, and the second and more alarming seems to have been sent off from Dublin Castle on the 4th February. Yet on the 7th the Lord Chancellor, speaking in Her Majesty's name, and in Her Majesty's presence, assured the assembled Lords and Commons of England that "a conspiracy against life and property has been discovered in Ireland, having its ramifications in many quarters; but that the law has proved strong enough to cope with the evil, of which the most alarming symptoms may be said to have passed away."

We do not find that this act of spasmodic vigour has had the small-

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est effect in removing from any section of the great Liberal party their distrust of the Government. Mr. Bright, though he assented to the measure, did so with undisguised reluctance, and charged the English Government, by whomsoever administered, with having brought the painful necessity on themselves. He rang the changes on the old bells which ever since the Union have jangled out of tune, and took care, while admitting that the Home Secretary had not overstated his case, to add, "I believe that if to-morrow the majority of the people of Ireland had their will, they would, had they the power to do so, unmoor that island from its fastenings in the deep, and would move it out at least 2000 miles to the west of its present position."

We abstain from contesting this point, because we are not now going into a critical examination of one of the most elaborately composed and mischievous speeches which a British House of Commons ever suffered to be spoken. From first to last, in its broad assertions not less than in its insinuations, it outraged every canon of good taste, as well as every principle—we will not say of patriotism, but—of humanity. Largely read, as it is sure to be, by a people the most excitable on the face of the earth, it will keep alive in them, and exasperate, all those feelings of hatred towards England which it has been the object of all our recent legislation to smooth down; and in their anxiety to smooth down which, statesmen of every shade of political opinion have gone farther than their own sober judgment warned them it was just to do. But what cares Mr. Bright for that? The end and object of his life seems to be to create discord between class and class. Give him a chance, and he will demonstrate to the working men of England that their worst enemies are the English aristocracy. Afford an opening, be it ever so small, and he will show the Irish that the English aristocracy and the English peop[illegible]eir oppressors. He c[illegible] his peace, even [illegible]n an occasion like the present, when it has been proved to his own conviction that unhappy Ireland stands upon the brink of a d[illegible]erate and bloody rebellion. The Underhills and Gordons never said more irritating things to the negroes of Jamaica than he says to the Fenians of Ireland? And yet Mr. Gladstone calls him his "honourable friend;" and while he pretends to rebut the argument of this manifesto, never once stops to condemn the tone in which it was delivered. Verily he has his reward. The demagogue whom he flatters may flatter him individually in return; but for the Administration of which he is a member this same demagogue harbours no other feeling than contempt. "Within the memory of the oldest members," he said, "the House has previously been addressed in almost the same speech, on that same subject, by the same member." Mr. Bright, correct in substance, is, in so expressing himself, incorrect in detail. When last the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended in Ireland, Lord John Russell brought in and carried the bill. But what of that? Lord John was undoubtedly supported on the occasion by Sir George Grey — the Whig Cabinet, not its chief, being responsible for the measure. But this circumstance, instead of allaying, can but add to the surprise of the Liberals, that within living memory the necessity of breaking in upon the constitution of the country should rise only when a Liberal Administration happens to be in office. Men who reason thus are not ignorant—no reader of history can be — that first when the French Revolution agitated Europe, and again in 1818, the Tories, wielding the powers of the State, suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, and were censured by the Whigs for doing so. But these were times when it [illegible]umed that the principles of [illegible]nment were

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very little understood; when protection to native industry was in commerce the fashionable creed, and navigation laws, and laws against combinations and seditious writing and speaking, were in force. Living under such a system, it was in the ordinary course of events that the King's Government, whenever it was alarmed, should ask for powers to put the people down; and that a haughty House of Lords, and a House of Commons composed chiefly of the nominees of boroughmongers, should give the Government whatever powers they desired. But if all that has been effected since 1818 in the way of free trade and parliamentary reform fail to lift us above the old Tory level, what, we should be glad to know, are the benefits which the country derives from a liberal policy, guided and directed by a Liberal Administration?

Very many gentlemen who take their seats behind the Ministerial benches are beginning to see matters in this light, and to reason, awkwardly enough, about them. They are willing to admit that the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland is as necessary now as it was eighteen years ago. But then comes the question, Whence can such necessity arise? Has Ireland been really well governed for the last thirty-five years—governed, that is to say, for its own sake, and not for the sake of keeping a particular clique of statesmen in office? Or have our chiefs made duty give way to convenience when it suited them, and played for party purposes with very awkward tools? Why did they coalesce years ago with Daniel O'Connell, applaud his wild appeals to an excitable people, and protect him in his own person from the legitimate consequences? Why did they never move hand or foot to repress or even to discourage the seditious teaching of prelates, priests, and laymen whose loyalty to Liberalism seems to be co-extensive with their avowed hostility to the established institutions of the country? It is very well in Sir George Grey to affirm it is politic as well as generous in Mr. Disraeli to assume that this Fenian conspiracy is a thing of foreign growth; that it has no root in the political passions which influence a free country. Directly and ostensibly the movement may not be produced by "agrarian crimes or religious grievances." And the Roman Catholic priesthood undoubtedly oppose and discourage it by all the means in their power. But, in the history of the world, has it ever come to pass that a nation has become ripe for revolt without previous training, or that all at once a scheme so extravagant as this which is to be put down in Ireland, has been devised, unless the people were prepared for it by a long previous course of dissatisfaction with the powers that be? We do not find ourselves very often in accord that Mr. Roebuck, but we confess that in his reply to Mr. Bright there is a good deal to which we give our entire assent. He hit the right nail upon the head when he gave to agitators (clerical not less than lay) the credit of having educated the Irish people up to the point at which the Queen's Ministers inform us they have at length arrived:—

"There is another point also on which I shall, with the permission of the House, say a few words—it relates to the Roman Catholic priesthood. The Roman Catholic clergy have up to a very late period preached sedition in Ireland. They have taught the Irish people to hate English rule. They find, however, that they have carried the thing a little too far, and that they have done a mischief which recoils upon themselves.—(Cheers.) Now, forsooth, they are wonderfully loyal; oh yes, Sir, loyal when danger knocks at their own doors, but for years they have been preaching sedition.—(No, no.) I say 'Yes' (hear, hear); and there is, I think, under all circumstances of the case, not very much difficulty in accounting for the present condition of

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Ireland. It has unfortunately been the fashion among a certain class of politicians to preach up what is called nationality; but no great empire was ever made up of one nationality. That is done by the combination of nationalities, and he who seeks to propagate the contrary doctrine, and thus to dissever a nation, is not [pointing, amid cheers and laughter, to Mr. Bright] a statesman."

Parliament has assented to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and suspended it is in Ireland for six months. It remains for the Government to make the best use that it can of the extraordinary powers which the Legislature has intrusted to it. We are sorry to say that Ministers have not shown themselves at the outset quite so judicious as they might have been. The arrests made in Dublin on Saturday the 17th ultimo, as they occurred before the Act was suspended, are all, we suspect, illegal; and if not covered by a separate act of indemnity, may bring those under whose authority they took place into trouble. But more than this remains to be inquired into. There are minds so sceptical as to distrust the extent of the danger, and to attribute the vigorous Irish policy of Ministers to a cause quite apart from Fenianism and its threats. The Reform Bill will choke the Ministers if they bring it on within the period promised by Lord Russell. If they can but stave it off for a few months, or, better still, tide over the session without it, the chapter of accidents may turn up, after all, in their favour. Now, what so favourable for such a purpose as the diverting of public attention into a different channel; and what channel so well calculated to sweep it beyond the consideration of franchise, and redistribution of seats, and so forth, as the threat of a rebellion in Ireland! Besides, would any Minister in his senses, with the constitution suspended in an important section of the United Kingdom, ever think of proposing a measure of Parliamentary reform in which that section could not by any p[illegible]ipate? And have we not the Jamaica question yet to answer, and the state of Ceylon and of Australia to consider, and the not improbable contingency before us of a strong remonstrance from the Government of the United States against the arrest, and especially the illegal arrest, of colonels, captains, and generals, still or recently in its service? With all this work in hand, would it not be unreasonable to expect that even Lord Russell should hazard so bold a stroke as the introduction into Parliament within a month of his promised Reform Bill? If the choice lay with Ministers, we cannot doubt that such would be their policy; we are not prepared to say that such are not their intentions. They all know (except, perhaps, Lord Russell) that their chances of carrying a measure, prepared upon the model supplied by Mr. Bright and Mr. Baines, are slender indeed; and we have never heard that they have so much as considered, far less resolved upon adopting, any other. But for this, among other reasons, the Liberals distrust them. They say, and say truly, that for the reticence which Lord Russell now affects there can be no just reason. In 1831 Lord Grey exhibited great wisdom in keeping a veil over his intended scheme till he should be able to lay it on the table of the House of Commons. But why Lord Russell should affect secrecy when secrecy can do him no good —why, on the contrary, he should not speak out to the deputations from Birmingham and Lambeth which wait upon him—is a question which we doubt whether even he can answer. At all events, the result of such unnecessary caution is to deepen the distrust which, for other reasons, prevails among his supporters. Take the following manifesto on the subject by the 'Times,' and judge of the temper which is needed to call it forth from a journal so long and deeply pl[illegible]d to Lil[illegible] measures:

"If Lord [illegible] sure about

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his measure, and if he has ascertained by the usual process of inquiry that he is sure of a good majority, there is an end of all argument, and he was perfectly right not to go into the question on the opening night. We only think that in this case Government might have been ready with their Bill, which cannot depend on the exact accuracy of statistical returns. But if there be still a shade of doubt as to the measure to be proposed, and if the horoscope of the session has not yet been cast, we think Lord Russell might have descended into the arena with Lord Grey, and said something to allay the apprehensions of those who derive their ideas of Parliamentary reform from the last great occasion. Lord Grey states very fairly and very clearly the necessity for a complete and final settlement, to last for a generation. It was for the sake of a settlement, and upon that solemn undertaking, that a large section of Parliament agreed to a measure which they believed to be very injurious, and certainly an entire abdication of power for many years to come. They thought it not too great a price to be paid for rest and contentment, for the reconciliation of estranged classes, for the restoration of the people to the common duties of life, and of Parliament to ordinary law-making. Though the Reform Act did indeed, as Lord Grey says, take away the breath of some promoters as well as many supporters, its completeness was its life and success. It evidently, from the first, left nothing more to be done, except a few matters of detail. It was called a revolution by its foes, a new Constitution by many of its friends. So entire was it, that a dozen separate interests which had held their respective sections of the House good for scores of years, proclaimed that henceforth they would have no voice in Parliament—they were ousted, dethroned, and marked out for every possible injury. Every borough, every franchise, every boundary, every grouping, was battled over as if it was to last at least the life of the debaters. There was a great deal of work to be done in the reform of institutions, but reform of Parliament was to be now done once for all. But, says Lord Russell, Mr. Hume expected more; and Mr. Bright may be mistaken, as Mr. Hume was. If there is anything in the parallel—which there certainly is not—then it appears Lord Russell does indeed expect that a large reduction of the town and county franchise will not be a stepping-stone to something more, and that it will be as complete and long-lived a finality as the last Reform Act has proved to be. That is the only inference that can be drawn from his protest against the theory of the 'stepping-stone.' We must conclude that the question which has engaged his mind now for many months is not whether Reform should proceed by instalments, but whether it would be wise, right, and possible to do a little in the redistribution of seats. He has come to the conclusion that the distribution of seats must be let alone—that the franchise is all that can be improved, and that this improvement will not be a stepping-stone to a redistribution of seats, or any other important Parliamentary changes. That conclusion may, of course, be sound, but it must rest upon considerations not yet within our knowledge. Nor is it sufficient that further changes may be postponed beyond Lord Russell's day, and beyond the day of many a younger man. The continued agitation of the subject is as great an evil as a too rapid succession of changes. Even if the threatened seats do hold out for ten or twenty more years, they will hold out against a constant siege. That is a state of things injurious to legislation, for the special interest will always be found inconsistent with the national. Indeed, we hardly think Lord Grey has overstated the effect of impending reform on the legislation of the last seven years. Latterly there has been a sort of armistice of faction—or an interregnum, as many have called it—and a little work has been done. But an Administration pledged to reform, and only enabled to put it off from year to year, has thereby lost some of the efficiency proper to a more fixed and resolute position."

With this long extract from a paper which, if it do nothing else, reflects with great accuracy the feelings of the party which it supports, we may bring our essay to a close. We have not, it will be seen, entered into any controversy with the Government, or the friends of the Government, on the subject of their general policy—we do not pretend to know what the Ministerial policy is to be—but we have shown, on the other hand, that little confidence is reposed in the

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statesmen who make up the present Administration, and have accounted, as it appears to us, with sufficient accuracy for the circumstance. Go where you will, converse with whom you may, the same sentiment greets you—here with exultation, there with regret, "They are so feeble." "They are so entirely without a controlling hand to guide them." "They are evidently so much at a loss what line to take, and how to take it." The Whigs are falling off from them; the Peelites are used up; Mr. Cardwell and the Attorney-General are all that remain of that clever and conceited band, of whom the late Lady Theresa Lewis used to say "that they were always putting themselves up to auction, and always buying themselves in again." And, in the room of these respectabilities, Ministers are allying with themselves young Radicals, whom few persons know and fewer still are disposed to trust. As for Lord Russell, his influence is at an end. He has become a sort of Old Man of the Mountain upon the party which he once pr tended to lead. And even as regards Mr. Gladstone himself, whether it be that he is dissatisfied with his chief, or that, in striving to become courteous, he falls into feebleness, nothing can be much less dignified or encouraging than the attitude which he assumes in the House of Commons. He absolutely fawns upon Mr. Bright. He quits his place in the centre of the Ministerial bench, and sits down beside the member for Birmingham, below the gangway, to consult or conciliate him before he rises to speak; and when he does speak, the compliments which are showered upon the great tribune, disgust his own side of the House quite as much as they offend the good taste of the other. It is only when he has to answer Mr. Disraeli, as he did on the occasion of the Irish debate, that something of [illegible] without much of the [illegible]ss of success, shows itself. He must be in a bad way when of his closing address on the memorable 17th ult. the following estimate was made by one of h... most enthusiastic admirers:—

"Mr. Gladstone wound up the debate in a speech of rather inconvenient length, full of his characteristic merits and defects, interspersing sentences adorned by great felicity of thought and expression with much that was commonplace and obscure. He urged that nothing was good out of its time, and that the business of the day was to take measures for the suppression of the conspiracy rather than to consider the grievances of Ireland. But having laid down this sound position, he travelled back to the Rebellion of '98, and entered into a defence of the Government, the more unnecessary as it was quite evident that there would be no effective opposition to the motion, and the House of Lords had been some time waiting for the Bill."

It appears to us that a Government so feeble, so entirely distrusted by its own friends, cannot long go on. Let us hope that it will not leave behind it, when it relinquishes office, such a legacy of troubles as must render good Government, under the constitution as it now is, impossible in this country.

Since the preceding pages went to press, indications more and more marked of the utter imbecility of her Majesty's Ministers crowd upon us. The 'Times' exultingly tells us that Lord Russell's Reform Bill has been recast. The 'Telegraph,' understood to be favoured by the Cabinet, treats the announcement with disdain. Lord Russell meets a deputation from Glasgow, and fences with them pleasantly; while Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, frankly declares that members may ask what questions they please, but they will get no answer out of him. What the end will be of all this, it needs no great amount of sagacity to foretell.

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SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART XI.

CHAPTER XLI.—THE PRIORY IN ITS DESERTION.

The old Judge was very sad after Lucy's departure from the Priory. While she lived there they had not seen much of each other, it is true. They met at meal times, and now and then Sir William would send up the housekeeper to announce a visit from him; but there is a sense of companionship in the consciousness that under the same roof with you dwells one upon whose affection you can draw—whose sympathy will be with you in your hour of need; and this the old man now felt to be wanting; and he wandered restlessly about the house and the garden, tenacious to see that nothing she liked or loved was threatened with any change, and repeating to all that she must find everything as she left it when she came back again.

Sewell had been recalled to the country by the illness of his child, and they were not expected at the Priory for at least a week or two longer. Haire had gone on circuit, and even Beattie the Judge only saw hurriedly and at long intervals. With Lady Lendrick he had just had a most angry correspondence, ending in one of those estrangements which, had they been nations instead of individuals, would have been marked by the recall of their several envoys, but which they were satisfied to signalise by an order at the Priory gate-lodge not to admit her ladyship's carriage, and an equally determined command at Merrion Square for the porter to take in no letters that came from the Chief Baron.

Lest the world should connect this breach with any interest in my story, I may as well declare at once the incident had no possible bearing upon it. It was a little episode entirely self-contained, and consisted in Lady Lendrick having taken advantage of Sir William's illness and confinement to house to send for and use his carriage-horses—a liberty which he resented by a most furious letter, to which the rejoinder begat another infinitely more sarcastic—the correspondence end-

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ing by a printed notice which her ladyship received in an envelope, that the Chief Baron's horses would be sold on the ensuing Saturday at Dycer's to the highest bidder, his lordship having no further use for them.

Let me own that the old Judge was sincerely sorry when this incident was concluded. So long as the contest lasted, while he was penning his epistle or waiting for the reply, his excitement rallied and sustained him. He used to sit after the despatch of one of his cutting letters calculating with himself the terror and consternation it produced, just as the captain of a frigate might have waited with eager expectancy that the smoke might drift away and show him the shattered spars or the yawning bulwarks of his enemy. But when his last missive was returned unopened, and the messenger reported that the doctor's carriage was at her ladyship's door as he came away, the Judge collapsed at once, and all the dreariness of his deserted condition closed in upon him.

Till Sewell returned to town, Sir William resolved not to proceed farther with respect to the registrarship. His plan, long determined upon, was to induct him into the office, administer the oaths, and leave him to the discharge of the duties. The scandal of displacing an official would, he deemed, be too great a hazard for any Government to risk. At all events, if such a conflict came, it would be a great battle, and with the nation for spectators.

"The country shall ring with it," was the phrase he kept repeating over and over as he strolled through his neglected garden or his leafy shrubberies; but as he plodded along, alone and in silence, the dreary conviction would sometimes shoot across his mind that he had run his race, and that the world had wellnigh forgotten him. "In a few days more," sighed he out, 'it will be over, and I shall be chr[illegible]ast of them." And for a moment it would rally him to recall the glorious names with which he claimed companionship, and compare them—with what disparagement!—with the celebrities of the time.

It was strange how bright the lamp of intellect would shine out as the wick was fast sinking in the socket. His memory would revive some stormy scene in the House, some violent altercation at the Bar, and all the fiery eloquence of passion would recur to him, firing his heart and warming his blood, till he half-forgot his years, and stood forth, with head erect and swelling chest, strong with a sense of power and a whole soulful of ambition.

"Beattie would not let me take my Circuit," would he say. "I wish he saw me to-day. Decaying powers! I would tell them that the Coliseum is grander in its ruin than all the stuccoed plastering in its trim propriety. Had he suffered me to go, the grand jury would have heard a charge such as men's ears have not listened to since Avonmore! Avonmore! what am I saying?—Yelverton had not half my law, nor a tenth part of my eloquence."

In his self-exaltation he began to investigate whether he was greater as an advocate or as prosecutor. How difficult to decide! After all, it was in the balance of the powers thus displayed that he was great as a judge. He recalled the opinions of the press when he was raised to the bench, and triumphantly asked aloud, had he not justified every hope and contradicted every fear that was entertained of him? "Has my learning made me intolerant or my brilliancy led me into impatience? Has the sense of superiority that I possess rendered me less conciliatory? Has my "impetuous genius"—how fond they were of that phrase!—carried me away into boundless indiscretions? and have I, [illegible]ne critic said,

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so concentrated the attention of the jury on myself that the evidence went for nothing and the charge was everything?"

It was strange how these bursts of inordinate vanity and self-esteem appeared to rally and invigorate the old man — redressing, as it were, the balance of the world's injustice—such he felt it—towards him. They were like a miser's hoard, to be counted and recounted in secret with that abiding assurance that he had wealth and riches, however others might deem him poor.

It was out of these promptings of self-love that he drew the energetic powers that sustained him, broken and failing and old as he was.

Carried on by his excited thoughts, he strayed away to a little mound, on which, under a large weeping ash, a small bench was placed, from which a wide view extended over the surrounding country. There was a tradition of a summer-house on the spot in Curran's day, and it was referred to more than once in the diaries and letters of his friends, and the old Chief loved the place, as sacred to great memories.

He had just toiled up the ascent, and gained the top, when a servant came to present him with a card and a letter, saying that the gentleman who gave them was then at the house. The card bore the name —"Captain Trafford, —th Regiment." The letter was of a few lines, and ran thus:—

"My dear Sir William,—I had promised my friend and late patient Captain Trafford to take him over to the Priory this morning and present him to you. A sudden call has, however, frustrated the arrangement; and as his time is very brief, I have given him this as a credential to your acquaintance, and I hope you will permit him to stroll through the garden and the shrubberies, which he will accept as a great favour. I especially beg that you will lay no burthen on your own strength to become his entertainer: he will be amply gratified by a sight of your belongings, of which he desires to carry the memory beyond seas.—Believe me very sincerely yours,

"J. Beattie."

"If the gentleman who brought this will do me the favour to come up here, say I shall be happy to see him."

As the servant went on his message the old man lay back on his seat, and, closing his eyes, muttered some few dropping words, implying his satisfaction at this act of reverential homage. "A young soldier too; it speaks well for the service when the men of action revere the men of thought. I am glad it is a good day with me; he shall carry away other memories than of woods and streams. Ah! here he comes."

Slowly, and somewhat feebly, Trafford ascended the hill, and with a most respectful greeting approached the Judge.

"I thank you for your courtesy in coming here, sir," said the chief, "and when we have rested a little I will be your *Cicerone* back to the house." The conversation flowed on pleasantly between them, Sir William asking where Trafford had served, and what length of time he had been in Ireland—his inquiries evidently indicating that he had not heard of him before, or if he had, had forgotten him.

"And now you are going to Malta?"

"Yes, my lord; we sail on the 12th."

"Well, sir, Valetta has no view to rival that. See what a noble sweep the bay takes here, and mark how well the bold headlands define the limits! Look at that stretch of yellow beach, like a golden fillet round the sea; and then mark the rich woods waving in leafy luxuriance to the shore! Those massive shadows are to landscape what times of silent thought are to

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our moral natures. Do you like your service, sir?"

"Yes, my lord, there is much in it that I like. I would like it all if it were in 'activity.'"

"I have much of the soldier in myself, and the qualities by which I have gained any distinction I have won are such as make generals —quick decision, rapid intelligence, prompt action."

Trafford bowed to this pretentious summary, but did not speak.

The old Judge went on to describe what he called the military mind, reviewing in turn the generals of note from Hannibal down to Marlborough. "What have they left us by way of legacy, sir? The game, lost or won, teaches us as much! Is not a letter of Cicero, is not an ode of Horace, worth it all? And as for battle-fields, it is the painter, not the warrior, has made them celebrated. Wouvermans has done more for war than Turenne!"

"But, my lord, there must be a large number of men like myself, who make very tolerable soldiers, but who would turn out sorry poets or poor advocates."

"Give me your arm now, and I will take you round by the fish-pond, and show you where the 'Monks of the Screw' held their first meeting. You have heard of that convivial club?" Trafford bowed; and the Judge went on to tell of the strange doings of those grave and thoughtful men, who deemed no absurdity too great in their hours of distraction and levity. When they reached the house the old man was so fatigued that he had to sit down in the porch to rest. "You have seen all, sir; all I have of memorable. You say you'd like to see the garden, but there is not a memory connected with it. See it, however, by all means; saunter about till I have rallied a little, and then join me at my early dinner. I'll send to tell you when it is ready. I am sorry it will be such a lonely meal; but she who could have thrown sunshine over [illegible] gone!" And he held [illegible] over his face, and said no more. Trafford moved silently away, and went in search of the garden. He soon found the little wicket, and ere many minutes was deep in the leafy solitude of the [illegible]lected spot. At last he came up [illegible]he small gate in the laurel h[illegible] passing through which he entered the little flower-garden. Yes, yes; there was no doubting it. This was hers! Here were the flowers she tended; here the heavy bells from which she emptied the rain-drops; here the tendrils her own hands had trained! Oh, force of lo[illegible], that makes the very ground holy, and gives to every leaf and bud an abiding value! He threw himself upon the sward and kissed it. There was a little seat under a large ilex—how often had she sat there thinking!—could it be thinking o[illegible]r the days beside the Shannon—[illegible]hat delicious night they came back from Holy Island, the happiest of all his life? Oh, if he could but believe that she loved him! if he could only know that she did not think of him with anger and resentment!—for she might; who could tell what might have been said of his life at the Sewells'? He had made a confidant of one who assumed to misunderstand him, and who overwhelmed him with a confession of her own misery, and declared she loved him; and this while he lay in a burning fever, his head racked with pain, and his mind on the verge of wandering. Was there ever a harder fate than his? That he had forfeited the affection of his family, that he had wrecked his worldly fortunes, seemed little in his eyes to the danger of being thought ill of by her he loved.

His father's last letter to him had been a command to leave the army and return home, to live there as became the expectant head of the house. "I will have your word of honour to abandon this ignoble passion"—so he [illegible]love; "and,

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in addition, your solemn pledge never to marry an Irishwoman." These words were, he well knew, supplied by his mother. It had been the incessant burthen of her harangues to him during the tedious days of his recovery, and even when, on the morning of this very day, she had been suddenly recalled to England by a severe attack of illness of her husband, her last act before departure was to write a brief note to Lionel, declaring that if he should not follow her within a week, she would no longer conceive herself bound to maintain his interests against those of his more obedient and more affectionate brother.

"Won't that help my recovery, Doctor?" said he, showing the kind and generous epistle to Beattie. "Are not these the sort of tonic stimulants your heart envies?"

Beattie shook his head in silence, and, after a long pause, said, "Well, what was your reply to this?"

"Can you doubt it? Don't you know it; or don't you know *me?*"

"Perhaps I guess."

"No, but you're certain of it, Doctor. The regiment is ordered to Malta, and sails on the 12th. I go with them! Holt is a grand old place, and the estate is a fine one; I wish George every luck with both. Will you do me a favour—a great favour?"

"If in my power, you may be certain I will. What is it?"

"Take me over to the Priory; I want to see it. You can find some pretext to present me to the Chief Baron, and obtain his leave to wander through the grounds."

"I perceive—I apprehend," said Beattie, slyly. "There is no difficulty in this. The old Judge cherishes the belief that the spot is little short of sacred; he only wonders why men do not come as pilgrims to visit it. There is a tradition of Addison having lived there, while Secretary in Ireland; Curran certainly did; and a greater than either now illustrates the locality."

It was thus that Trafford came to be there; with what veneration for the haunts of genius let the reader picture to himself!

"His lordship is awaiting dinner, sir," said a servant, abruptly, as he sat there—thinking, thinking—and he arose and followed the man to the house.

The Chief Baron had spent the interval since they parted in preparing for the evening's display. To have for his guest a youth so imbued with reverence for Irish genius and ability, was no common event. Young Englishmen, and soldiers, too, were not usually of this stuff; and the occasion to make a favourable impression was not to be lost.

When he entered the dinner-room, Trafford was struck by seeing that the table was laid for three, though they were but two; and that on the napkin opposite to where he sat a small bouquet of fresh flowers was placed.

"My granddaughter's place, sir," said the old Judge, as he caught his eye. "It is reserved for her return. May it be soon!"

How gentle the old man's voice sounded as he said this, and how kindly his eyes beamed! Trafford thought there was something actually attractive in his features, and wondered he had not remarked it before.

Perhaps on that day, when the old Judge well knew how agreeable he was, what stores of wit and pleasantry he was pouring forth, his convictions assured him that his guest was charmed. It was a very pardonable delusion—he talked with great brilliancy and vigour. He possessed the gift—which would really seem to be the especial gift—of Irishmen of that day, to be a perfect relater. To a story he imparted that slight dash of dramatic situation and dialogue that made it life-like; and yet never retarded the interest nor prolonged the catastrophe. Acute as was his wit, his taste was fully as conspicuous, never

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betraying him for an instant, so long as his personal vanity could be kept out of view.

Trafford's eager and animated attention showed with what pleasure he listened; and the Chief, like all men who love to talk, and know they talk well, talked all the better for the success vouchsafed to him. He even arrived at that stage of triumph in which he felt that his guest was no common man, and wondered if England really turned out many young fellows of this stamp—so well read, so just, so sensible, so keenly alive to nice distinction, and so unerring in matters of taste?

"You were schooled at Rugby, sir, you told me; and Rugby has reason to be proud if she can turn out such young men. I am only sorry Oxford should not have put the fine edge on so keen an intellect."

Trafford blushed at a compliment he felt to be so unmerited, but the old man saw nothing of his confusion—he was once again amongst the great scenes and actors of his early memories.

"I [illegible] are me another day before you leave Ireland. Do you think you could give me Saturday?" said the Chief, as his guest rose to take leave.

"I am afraid not, my lord; we shall be on the march by that day."

"Old men have no claim to use the future tense, or I should ask you to come and see me when you come back again."

"Indeed will I. I cannot [illegible] you enough for having asked me."

"Why are there not more young men of that stamp?" said the old man, as he looked after him as he went. "Why are they not more generally cultivated and endowed as he is? It is long since I have found one more congenial to me in every way. I must tell Beattie I like his friend. I regret not to see more of him."

It was in this strain Sir William ruminated and reflected; pretty much like many of us, who never think our critics so just or so appreciative as when they applaud ourselves.

CHAPTER XLII.—NECESSITIES OF STATE.

It is, as regards views of life and the world, a somewhat narrowing process to live amongst sympathisers, and it may be assumed as an axiom, that no people so much minister to a man's littleness as those who pity him.

Now, when Lady Lendrick separated from Sir William, she carried away with her a large following of sympathisers. The Chief Baron was well known; his haughty overbearing temper at the bar, his assuming attitude in public life, his turn for sarcasm and epigram, had all contributed to raise up for him a crowd of enemies; and these, if not individually well-disposed to Lady Lendrick, could at least look compassionately on one whose conjugal fate had been so unfortunate. All *her* shortcomings were lost sight of in presence of *his* enormities, for the Chief Baron's temper was an Aaron's rod of irascibility, which devoured every other; and when the verdict was once passed, that "no woman could live with him," very few women offered a word in his defence.

It is just possible, that if it had not been for this weight in the opposite scale, Lady Lendrick herself would not have stood so high. Sir William's faults, however, were accounted to her for righteousness, and she traded on a very pretty capital in consequence. Surrounded by a large circle of female friends, she lived in a round of those charitable [illegible] by which some people [illegible]; and just

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as dull children learn their English history through a game, and acquire their geography through a puzzle, these grown-up children take in their Christianity by means of deaf and dumb bazaars, balls for blind institutions, and private theatricals for an orphan asylum. This Devotion made easy to the Lightest Disposition, is not, perhaps, a bad theory—at least it does not come amiss to an age which likes to attack its gravest ills in a playful spirit, to treat consumption with cough lozenges, and even moderate the excesses of insanity by soft music. There is another good feature too in the practice: it furnishes occupation and employment to a large floating class which, for the interests and comforts of society, it is far better should be engaged in some pursuit, than left free to the indulgence of censorious tastes and critical habits. Lady Lendrick lived a sort of monarch amongst these. She was the patroness of this, the secretary of that, and the corresponding member of some other society. Never was an active intelligence more actively occupied; but she liked it all, for she liked power, and, strange as it may seem, there is in a small way an exercise of power even in these petty administrations. Loud, bustling, overbearing, and meddlesome, she went everywhere, and did everything. The only sustaining hope of those she interfered with was, that she was too capricious to persist in any system of annoyance, and was prone to forget today the eternal truths she had propounded for reverence yesterday.

I am not sure that she conciliated—I am not sure that she would have cared for—much personal attachment; but she had what certainly she did like, a large following of very devoted supporters. All her little social triumphs—and occasionally she had such—were blazoned abroad by those people who loved to dwell on the courtly attentions bestowed upon their favourite, what distinguished person had taken her "down" to dinner, and the neat compliment that the Vicoroy paid her on the taste of her "tabinet."

It need scarcely be remarked, that the backwater of all this admiration for Lady Lendrick was a swamping tide of ill-favour for her husband. It would have been hard to deny him ability and talent. But what had he made of his ability and talent? The best lawyer of the bar was not even Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench. The greatest speaker and scholar of his day was unknown, except in the reminiscences of a few men almost as old as himself. Was the fault in himself, or was the disqualifying element of his nature the fact of being an Irishman? For a number of years the former theory satisfied all the phenomena of the case, and the restless, impatient disposition—irritable, uncertain, and almost irresponsible—seemed reason enough to deter the various English officials who came over from either seeking the counsels or following the suggestions of the Bold Baron of the Exchequer. A change, however, had come, in part induced by certain disparaging articles of the English press, as to the comparative ability of the two countries; and now it became the fashion to say, that had Sir William been born on the sunnier side of St. George's Channel, and had his triumphs been displayed at Westminster instead of the Four Courts, there would have been no limit to the praise of his ability as a lawyer, nor any delay in according him the highest honours the Crown could bestow.

Men shook their heads—recalled the memorable "curse" recorded by Swift, and said, "Of course there is no favour for an Irishman." It is not the place nor the time to discuss this matter here. I would only say that a good deal of the misconception which prevails upon it is owing to the fact, that the qualities which win all the suffrages

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of one country are held cheaply enough in the other. Plodding unadorned ability, even of a high order, meets little favour in Ireland, while on the other side of the Channel Irish quickness is accounted as levity, and the rapid appreciation of a question without the detail of long labour and thought, is set down as the lucky hit of a lively but very idle intelligence. I will not let myself wander away further in this digression, but come back to my story. Connected with this theory of Irish depreciation, was the position, that but for the land of his birth Sir William would have been elevated to the peerage.

Of course it was a subject to admit of various modes of telling, according to the tastes, the opportunities, and the prejudices of the tellers. The popular version of the story, however, was this: that Sir William declined to press a claim that could not have been resisted, on account of the peculiarly retiring, unambitious character of him who should be his immediate successor. His very profession—adopted and persisted in, in despite of his father's wish—was a palpable renunciation of all desire for hereditary honour. As the old Judge said, "The *Libro d'Oro* of nobility is not the Pharmacopœia;" and the thought of a doctor in the peerage might have cost "Garter" a fit of apoplexy.

Sir William knew this well—no man better; but the very difficulties gave all the zest and all the flavour to the pursuit. He lived, too, in the hope that some Government official might have bethought him of this objection, that he might spring on him, tiger-like, and tear him in fragments.

"Let them but tell me this," muttered he, "and I will rip up the whole woof, thread by thread, and trace them! The noble Duke whose ancestor was a Dutch pedlar, the illustrious Marquess whose great-grandfather was a smuggler, will have to look to it. Before this cause [illegible] them. [illegible] Crov [illegible] you."

[illegible] these thoughts agitated Sir [illegible] William's mind, the matter of them was giving grave and deep preoc[illegible]upation to the Viceroy. The [illegible] had repeatedly pressed u[illegible]im the necessity of obtaining the [illegible]hief Baron's retirement from the [illegible]nch—a measure the more im[illegible]tive, that while they wanted to pro[illegible]ide for an old adherent, they were equally anxious to replace him in the House by an abler and readier debater; for so is it, when dulness stops the way, dulness must be promoted; just as the most tumble-down old hackney coach must pass on before my Lord's c[illegible]e can draw up.

"[illegible]mberton must go up," said the Viceroy. "He made a horrid mess of that explanation t'other night in the House. His law was laughed at, and his logic was worse; he really must go on the bench. Can't you hit upon something, Balfour? Can you devise nothing respecting the Chief Baron?"

"He'll take nothing but what you won't give him; he insists on the peerage."

"I'd give it, I declare—I'd give it to-morrow. As I told the Premier t'other day, Providence always takes care that these Law Lords have rarely successors. They are life peerages and no more; besides, what does it matter a man more or less in 'the Lords'? The Peer without hereditary rank and fortune is like the officer who has been raised from the ranks—he does not dine at mess oftener than he can help it."

Balfour applauded the illustration, and resolved to use it as his own.

"I say again," continued his Excellency, "I'd give it, but they won't agree with me; they are afraid of the English Bar—they dread what the benchers of Lincoln's Inn would say."

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"They'd only say it for a week or two," mumbled Balfour.

"So I remarked: you'll have discontent, but it will be passing. Some newspaper letters will appear, but Themis and Aristides will soon tire, and if they should not, the world who reads them will tire; and probably the only man who will remember the event three months after will be the silversmith who is cresting the covered dishes of the new creation. You think you can't go and see him, Balfour?"

"Impossible, my lord, after what occurred between us the last time."

"I don't take it in that way. I suspect he'll not bear my malice. Lawyers are not thin-skinned people; they give and take such hard knocks that they lose that nice sense of injury other folks are endowed with. I think you might go."

"I'd rather not, my lord," said he, shaking his head.

"Try his wife, then."

"They don't live together. I don't know if they're on speaking terms."

"So much the better — she'll know every chink of his armour, and perhaps tell us where he is vulnerable. Wait a moment. There has been some talk of a picnic on Dalkey Island. It was to be a mere household affair. What if you were to invite her?—making of course the explanation that it was a family party, that no cards had been sent out; in fact, that it was to be so close a thing the world was never to hear of it."

"I think the bait would be irresistible, particularly when she found out that all her own set and dear friends had been passed over."

"Charge her to secrecy—of course she'll not keep her word."

"May I say we'll come for her? the great mystery will be so perfectly in keeping with one of the household carriages and your Excellency's liveries."

"Won't that be too strong, Balfour?" said the Viceroy, laughing.

"Nothing is too strong, my lord, in this country. They take their blunders neat as they do their sherry, and I'm sure that this part of the arrangement will, in the gossip it will give rise to, be about the best of the whole exploit."

"Take your own way then; only make no such mistake as you made with the husband. No documents, Balfour — no documents, I beg;" and with this warning laughingly given, but by no means so pleasantly taken, his Excellency went off and left him.

CHAPTER XLIII.—MR. BALFOUR'S MISSION.

Lady Lendrick was dictating to her secretary Miss Morse, the Annual Report of the Benevolent Ballad-singers' Aid Society, when her servant announced the arrival of Mr. Cholmondeley Balfour. She stopped abruptly short at a pathetic bit of description—"The aged minstrel, too old for erotic poetry, and yet debarred by the stern rules of a repressive policy from the strains of patriotic song,"—for, be it said parenthetically, Lady Lendrick affected "Irishry" to a large extent —and dismissing Miss Morse to an adjoining room, she desired the servant to introduce Mr. Balfour.

Is it fancy, or am I right in supposing that English officials have a manner especially assumed for Ireland and the Irish—a thing like the fur cloak a man wears in Russia, or the snow-shoes he puts on in Lapland, not intended for other latitudes, but admirably adapted for the locality it is made for? I will not insist that this theory of mine is faultless, but I appeal to a candid public of my own countrymen if they have not in their experience seen what may support it. I do not say it is a bad manner—a presuming manner—a manner of depreciation towards those

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it is used to, or a manner indicative of indifference in him who uses it. I simply say that they who employ it keep it as especially for Ireland as they keep their Mackintosh capes for wet weather, and would no more think of displaying it in England than they would go to her Majesty's levee in a shooting-jacket. Mr. Balfour was not wanting in this manner. Indeed, the Administration of which he formed a humble part were all proficients in it. It was a something between a mock homage and a very jocular familiarity, so that when he arose after a bow, deep and reverential enough for the presence of majesty, he lounged over to a chair, and threw himself down with the ease and unconcern of one perfectly at home.

"And how is my lady? and how are the fourscore and one associations for turnkeys' widows and dog-stealers' orphans doing? What's the last new thing in benevolence? Do tell me, for I've won five shillings at loo, and want to invest it."

"You mean you have drawn you quarter's salary, Mr. Balfour."

"No, by Jove; they don't pay us so liberally. We have the run of our teeth, and no more."

"You forget your tongue, sir; you are unjust."

"Why, my lady, you are quick as Sir William himself; living with that great wit has made you positively dangerous."

"I have not enjoyed overmuch of the opportunity you speak of."

"Yes, I know that; no fault of yours though. The world is agreed on that point. I take it he's about the most impossible man to live with the age has yet produced. Sewell has told me such things of him! things that would be incredible if I had not seen him."

"I beg pardon for interrupting, but of course you have not come to dilate on the Chief Baron's defects of temper to his wife."

"No, only incidentally—paren-

[illegible] say—just as [illegible] knocks over a hare when he's out partridge-shooting."

"Never mind the hare then, sir; [illegible]n to your partridges."

"My partridges! my partridges! which are my partridges? Oh, to be sure! I want to talk to you about Sewell. He has told you perhaps how ill we have behaved to him—grossly, shamefully ill, I call it."

"He has told me that the Government object to his having this appointment, but he has not explained on what ground."

"Neither can I. Official life has its mysteries, and, hate them as one may, they must be respected; but it isn't to have sold out—it was [illegible] folly to sell out. What could have in the world better than a continued succession of young fellows fresh from home, and knowing positively nothing of horse-flesh or billiards?"

"I don't understand you, sir—that is, I hope I misunderstand you," said she, haughtily.

"I mean simply this, that I'd rather be a lieutenant-colonel with such opportunities than I'd be Chairman of the Great Overland."

"Opportunities—and for what?"

"For everything — for everything; for game off the balls, on every race in the kingdom, and as snug a thing every night over a devilled kidney as any man could wish for. Don't look shocked—it's all on the square; that old hag that was here last week would have given her diamond ear-rings to find out something against Sewell, and she couldn't."

"You mean Lady Trafford?"

"I do. She stayed a week here just to blacken his character, and she never could get beyond that story of her son and Mrs. Sewell."

"What story? I never heard of it."

"A lie, of course, from beginning to end; and it's hard to imagine that she [illegible] believed it."

"But what [illegible]

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"Oh, a trumpery tale of young Trafford having made love to Mrs. Sewell, and proposed to run off with her, and Sewell having played a game at *ecarté* on it, and lost—the whole thing being knocked up by Trafford's fall. Sure you must have heard it. The town talked of nothing else for a fortnight."

"The town never had the insolence to talk of it to *me*."

"What a stupid town! If there be anything really that can be said to be established in the code of society, it is that you may say anything to anybody about their relations. But for such a rule how could conversation go on?—who travels about with his friend's family tree in his pocket? And as to Sewell—I suppose I may say it—he has not a truer friend in the world than myself."

She bowed a very stiff acknowledgment of the speech, and he went on. "I'm not going to say he gets on well with his wife—but who does? Did you ever hear of him who did? The fact I take to be this, that every one has a certain capital of good-nature and kindliness to trade on, and he who expends this abroad can't have so much of it for home consumption; that's how your insufferable husbands are such charming fellows for the world! Don't you agree with me!"

A very chilling smile, that might mean anything, was all her reply.

"I was there all the time," continued he, with unabated fluency. "I saw everything that went on. Sewell's policy was what our people call non-intervention; he saw nothing, heard nothing, believed nothing; and I will say there's a great deal of dignity in that line; and when your servant comes to wake you in the morning, with the tidings that your wife has run away, you have established a right before the world to be distracted, injured, overwhelmed, and outraged to any extent you may feel disposed to appear."

"Your thoughts upon morals are, I must say, very edifying, sir."

"They're always practical, so much I will say. This world is a composite sort of thing, with such currents of mixed motives running through it, if a man tries to be logical, he is sure to make an ass of himself, and one learns at last to become as flexible in his opinions and as compliant as the great British constitution."

"I am delighted with your liberality, sir, and charmed with your candour; and as you have expressed your opinion so freely upon my husband and my son, would it appear too great a favour if I were to ask what you would say of myself?"

"That you are charming, Lady Lendrick — positively charming," replied he, rapturously. "That there is not a grace of manner, nor a captivation, of which you are not mistress; that you possess that attraction which excels all others; in its influence you render all who come within the sphere of your fascination so much your slaves, that the cold grow enthusiastic, the distrustful become credulous, and even the cautious reserve of office gives way, and the well-trained private secretary of a Viceroy betrays himself into indiscretions that would half ruin an aide-de-camp."

"I assure you, sir, I never so much as suspected my own powers."

"True as I am here; the simple fact is, I have come to say so."

"You have come to say so! What do you mean?"

With this he proceeded to explain that her Excellency had deputed him to invite Lady Lendrick to join the picnic on the island. "It was so completely a home party, that except himself and a few of the household, none had even heard of it. None but those really intimate will be there," said he; "and for once in our lives we shall be able to discuss our absent friends with that charming candour

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that gives conversation its salt. When we had written down all the names, it was her Excellency said, 'I'd call this perfect if I could add one more to the list.' 'I'll sw I know whom you mean,' said Excellency, and he took his pe and wrote a line on a card. 'Am I right?' asked he. She nodded, and said, 'Balfour, go and ask her to come. Be sure you explain what the whole thing is, how it was got up, and that it must not be talked of.' Of course, do what one will, these things do get about. Servants will talk of them, and tradespeople talk of them, and we must expect a fair share of ill-nature and malice from that outer world which was not included in the civility; but it can't be helped. I believe it's one of the conditions of humanity, that to make one man happy you may always calculate on making ten others miserable."

This time Lady Lendrick had something else to think of besides Mr. Balfour's ethics, and so she only smiled, and said nothing.

"I hope I'm to bring back a favourable answer," said he, rising to take leave. "Won't you let me say that we're to call for you?"

"I really am much flattered. I don't know how to express my grateful sense of their Excellencies' recollection of me. It is for Wednesday, you say?"

"Yes, Wednesday. We mean to leave town by two o'clock, and there will be a carriage here for you by that hour. Will that suit you?"

"Perfectly."

"I am overjoyed at my success. Good-bye till Wednesday, then." He moved towards the door, and then stopped, "What was it? I surely had something else to say. Oh, to be sure, I remember. Tell me, if you can, what are Sir William's views about retirement: he is not quite pleased with us just now, and we can't well approach him; but we really would wish to meet his wishes, if we could man-

" All this he in a sort of careless, easy way, though it were a matter of little ment, or one calling for very t exercise of skill to set right. And do you imagine he has n me into his confidence, Mr. our?" asked she, with a smile.

"Not formally, perhaps—not what we call officially; but he may have done so in that more effective way termed 'officiously.'"

"Not even that. I could probably make as good a guess about your own future intentions as those of the Chief Baron."

"You have heard him talk of t ?"

"Scores of times."

"And in what tone—with what drift?"

"Always as that of one very ill used, hardly treated, undervalued, and the like."

"And the remedy? What was the remedy!"

"To make him a Peer."

"But taking that to be impossible, what next?"

"He becomes 'impossible' also," said she, laughing.

"Are we to imagine that a man of such intelligence as he possesses cannot concede something to circumstances—cannot make allowances for the exigencies of a party—cannot, in fact, take any other view of a difficulty but the one that must respond to his own will?"

"Yes; I think that is exactly what you are called on to imagine. You are to persuade yourself to regard this earth as inhabited by the Chief Baron, and some other people not mentioned specifically in the census."

"He is most unreasonable, then."

"Of course he is; but I wouldn't have you tell him so. You see, Mr. Balfour, the Chief imagines all this while that he is maintaining and upholding the privileges of the Irish Bar. The burden of his song is, There would have been no objection to my [illegible] had I been the Chief Baron of [illegible] English court."

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"Possibly," murmured Balfour; and then, lower again, "Fleas are not——"

"Quite true," said she, for her quick ear caught his words—"quite true. Fleas are not lobsters—bless their souls! But, as I said before, I'd not remind them of that fact. 'The Fleas' are just sore enough upon it already."

Balfour for once felt some confusion. He saw what a slip he had made, and how it had damaged his whole negotiation. Nothing but boldness would avail now, and he resolved to be bold.

"There is a thing has been done in England, and I don't see why we might not attempt it in the present case. A great lawyer there obtained a peerage for his wife——"

She burst out into a fit of laughter at this, at once so hearty and so natural, that at last he could not help joining, and laughing too.

"I must say, Mr. Balfour," said she, as soon as she could speak—"I must say there is ingenuity in your suggestion. The relations that subsist between Sir William and myself are precisely such as to recommend your project."

"I am not so sure that they are obstacles to it. I have always heard that he had a poor opinion of his son, who was a commonplace sort of man that studied medicine. It could be no part of the Chief Baron's plan to make such a person the head of a house. Now, he likes Sewell, and he dotes on that boy—the little fellow I saw at the Priory. These are all elements in the scheme. Don't you think so?"

"Let me ask you one question before I answer yours. Does this thought come from yourself alone, or has it any origin in another quarter?"

"Am I to be candid?"

"You are."

"And are *you* to be confidential?"

"Certainly."

"In that case," said he, drawing a long breath, as though about to remove a perilous weight off his mind, "I will tell you frankly it comes from authority. Now, don't ask me more—not another question. I have already avowed what my instructions most imperatively forbid me to own—what, in fact would be ruin to me if it were known that I revealed. What his Excellency—I mean, what the other person said was, 'Ascertain Lady Lendrick's wishes on this subject; learn, if you can—but, above all, without compromising yourself—whether she really cares for a step in rank; find out, if so, what aid she can or will lend us.' But what am I saying? Here am I entering upon the whole detail? What would become of me if I did not know I might rely upon you?"

"It's worth thinking over," said she, after a pause.

"I should think it is. It is not every day of our lives such a brilliant offer presents itself. All I ask, all I stipulate for, is that you make no confidences, ask no advice from any quarter. Think it well over in your own mind, but impart it to none, least of all to Sewell."

"Of course not to *him*," said she, resolutely, for she knew well to what purposes he would apply the knowledge.

"Remember that we want to have the resignation before Parliament meets—bear that in mind. Time is all-important with us; the rest will follow in due course." With this he said Good-bye, and was gone.

"The rest will follow in due course," said she to herself, repeating his last words as he went. "With your good leave, Mr. Balfour, the 'rest' shall precede the beginning."

Wasn't it Bolingbroke that said constitutional government never could go on without lying?—audacious lying, too. If the old Judge will only consent to go, her ladyship's peerage will admit of a compromise. Such was Mr. Balfour's mediation as he stepped into his cab.

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CHAPTER XLIV.—AFTER-DINNER

Her Majesty's —th had got t istered to them and to officers orders for Malta, and some ny foreign army; and such as mised for India, though it was not k w geography asked triumph- yet known; but all agreed it y whether a Frenchman, who hard, "confoundedly hard," they d be only sent to Africa, or as called it. "Hadn't they had trian, whose most remote im- turn of Indian service?—how many nent was the "Banat," was in years had that grim old major same position as an unfortunate passed in the Deccan—what weary ion, who could be despatched winters had the bronzed bald cap- patrol the North Pole to-day, tain there spent at Rangoon?" to-morrow relieve guard at Ner

How they inveighed against the land? By a unanimous vote national niggardliness that insi was carried that the English on making a small army do the w ny was the worst paid, hardest of a large one. How they s ked, and most ill-treated service the popular idea that r Europe; but the roast-beef were treated alike, and without played just at the moment, and favouritism. *They* knew better. they went in to dinner. They knew that if they had been As the last bars of that pranki the Nine Hundred and Ninth or n ody were dying away, two me Three Thousand and First, there ssed the barrack-yard towards would have been no thought of mess-house. They were in sending them back to cholera and e confabulation, and although jungle fever. Some, with a little ev lently on their way to dinner, sly flattery, ascribed the order to showed by their loitering pace how their efficiency, and declared that much more engrossed they were by they had done their work so well the subject that engaged them than at Gonurshabad, the Government by any desire for the pleasures of selected them at once when fresh the table. They were Colonel Cave troubles were threatening; and a and Sewell. few old grumblers, tired of service, sick of the Horse Guards — not "I can scarcely picture to my over enamoured of even life — mind as great a fool as that," said agreed that it was rank folly to Sewell, angrily. "Can you?" join a regiment where the lieuten- "I don't know," said Cave, slow- ant-colonel was not a man of high ly and doubtingly. "First of all, connections; as they said, "If old I never was heir to a large estate; Cave there had been a Lord George and secondly, I was never, that I or even an Honourable, we'd have remember, in love." had ten years more of home ser- "In love!—in fiddlestick. Why, vice." he has not seen the girl this

With the exception of two or year and half; he scarcely knows three raw subalterns who had never her. I doubt greatly if she cares been out of England, and who a straw for him; and for a caprice wanted the glory of pig-sticking —a mere caprice—to surrender his and the brevet to tell tiger stories, right to a fine fortune and a good there were gloom and depression position is absolute idiocy; but I everywhere. The financially gifted tell you more, Cave, though worse complained that as they had all —far worse." Here his voice grew or nearly all bought their com- harsh and grating, as he continued, missions, there was no compa- "When I and other men like me rison between the treatment ad- played with Trafford, we betted with the man who was to inherit

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Holt. When I asked the fellow to my house, and suffered a certain intimacy—for I never liked him—it was because he represented twelve thousand a-year in broad acres. I'd stand a good deal from a man like that, that I'd soon pull another up for—eh?"

The interrogative here puzzled Cave, who certainly was not a concurring party to the sentiment, and yet did not want to make it matter of discussion.

"We shall be late—we've lost our soup already," said he, moving more briskly forward.

"I'd no more have let that fellow take on him, as he did under my roof, than I'd suffer him to kennel his dogs in my dressing-room. You don't know—you can't know—how he behaved." These words were spoken in passionate warmth, and still there was that in the speaker's manner that showed a want of real earnestness; so it certainly seemed to Cave, who secretly determined to give no encouragement to further disclosures.

"There are things," resumed Sewell, "that a man can't speak on—at least he can only speak of them when they become the talk of the town."

"Come along, I want my dinner. I'm not sure I have not a guest besides, who does not know any of our fellows. I only remembered him this instant. Isn't this Saturday?"

"One thing I'll swear—he shall pay me every shilling he owes me, or he does not sail with the regiment. I'll stand no nonsense of renewals; if he has to sell out for it, he shall book up. You have told him, I hope, he has nothing to expect from my forbearance?"

"We can talk this all over another time. Come along now, we're very late."

"Go on, then, and eat your dinner; leave me to my cigar—I've no appetite. I'll drop in when you have dined."

"No, no; you shall come too—your absence will only make fellows talk; they are talking already."

"Are they? and in what way?" asked he, sternly.

"Nothing seriously, of course," mumbled Cave, for he saw how he had fallen into an indiscretion; "but you must come, and you must be yourself too. It's the only way to meet flying rumours."

"Come along, then," said Sewell, passing his arm within the other's, and they hurried forward without another word being spoken by either.

It was evident that Sewell's appearance caused some surprise. There was a certain awkward significance in the way men looked at him, and at each other, that implied astonishment at his presence.

"I didn't know you were down here," said the old Major, making an involuntary explanation of his look of wonderment.

"Nothing very remarkable, I take it, that a man is stopping at his own house," said Sewell, testily. "No—no fish. Get me some mutton," added he to the mess-waiter.

"You have heard that we've got our orders," said a captain opposite him.

"Yes; Cave told me."

"I rather like it—that is, if it means India," said a very young-looking ensign.

Sewell put up his eyeglass and looked at the speaker, and then, letting it drop, went on with his dinner without a word.

"There's no man can tell you more about Bengal than Colonel Sewell there," said Cave to some one near him. "He served on the Staff there, and knows every corner of it."

"I wish I didn't, with all my heart. It's a sort of knowledge that costs a man pretty dearly."

"I've always been told India was a capital place," said a gay, frank-

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looking young lieutenant, "and that if a man didn't drink, or take to high play, he could get on admirably."

"Nor entangle himself with a pretty woman," added another.

"Nor raise a smashing loan from the Agra Bank," cried a third.

"You are the very wisest you gentlemen it has ever been privilege to sit down with," Sewell, with a grin. "Whence could you have gleaned all these prudent maxims?"

"I got mine," said the lieutenant, "from a cousin. Such a good fellow as he was! he always tipped me when I was at Sandhurst, but he's past tipping any one now."

"Dead?"

"No; I believe it would be better he were; but he was ruined in India—'let in' on a race, and lost everything, even to his commission."

"Was his name Stanley?"

"No, Stapyleton—Frank Stapyleton—he was in the Greys."

"Sewell, what are you drinking?" cried Cave, with a loudness that overbore the talk around him. "I can't see you down there. You've got amongst the youngsters."

"I am in the midst of all that is agreeable and entertaining," said Sewell, with a smile of most malicious meaning. "Talk of youngsters indeed! I'd like to hear where you could match them for knowledge of life and mankind."

There was certainly nothing in his look or manner as he spoke these words that suggested distrust or suspicion to those around him, for they seemed overjoyed at his praise, and delighted to hear themselves called men of the world. The grim old Major at the opposite side of the table shook his head thoughtfully, and muttered some words to himself.

"They're a shady lot, I take it," said a young captain to his neighbour, "those fellows who remain in India, and never come home;

one something
England, or
want to do things in India
they couldn't do here."

"There's great truth in that re
," said Sewell. "Captain
es, let us have a glass of wine
her. I have myself seen a
deal to bear out your obser-
n."

eves coloured with pleasure
is approval, and went on. "I
l of one fellow—I forget his
—I never remember names;
he had a very pretty wife, and
all the fellows used to make up to
and pay her immense attention,
the husband rooked them all
carté, every man of them."

"What a scoundrel!" said Se-
with energy. "You ought to
preserved the name, if only
a warning."

"I think I can get it, Colonel.
I'll try and obtain it for you."

"Was it Moorcroft?" cried one.

"Or Massingbred?" asked another.

"I'll wager a sovereign it was
Dudgeon; wasn't it Dudgeon?"

But no; it was none of the three. Still the suggestions opened a whole chapter of biographical details, in which each of these worthies vied with the other. No man ever listened to the various anecdotes narrated with a more eager interest than Sewell. Now and then, indeed, a slight incredulity—a sort of puzzled astonishment that the world could be so very wicked—that there really were such fellows—would seem to distract him; but he listened on, and even occasionally asked an explanation of this or of that, to show the extreme attention he vouchsafed to the theme.

To be sure, their attempts to describe the way some trick was played with the cards or the dice, how the horse was "nobbled" or the match "squared," were neither very remarkable for accuracy nor clearness. They had not been well "briefed," as lawyers say, or they

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had not mastered their instructions. Sewell, however, was no captious critic; he took what he got, and was thankful.

When they arose from the table, the old Major, dropping behind the line of those who lounged into the adjoining room, caught a young officer by the arm, and whispered some few words in his ear.

"What a scrape I'm in?" cried the young fellow, as he listened.

"I think not, this time; but let it be a caution to you how you talk of rumours in presence of men who are strangers to you."

"I say, Major," asked a young captain, coming up hurriedly, "isn't that Sewell the man of the Agra affair?"

"I don't think I'd ask him about it, that's all," said the Major, slyly, and moved away.

"I got amongst a capital lot of young fellows at my end of the table — second battalion men, I think—who were all new to me; but very agreeable," said Sewell to Cave, as he sipped his coffee.

"You'd like your rubber, Sewell, I know," said Cave; "let us see if we haven't got some good players."

"Not to-night—thanks—I promised my wife to be home early; one of the chicks is poorly."

"I want so much to have a game with Colonel Sewell," said a young fellow. "They told me up at Delhi that you hadn't your equal at whist or billiards."

Sewell's pale face grew flushed; but though he smiled and bowed, it was not difficult to see that his manner evinced more irritation than pleasure.

"I say," said another, who sat shuffling the cards by himself at a table, "who knows that trick about the double ace in picquet? that was the way Beresford was rooked at Madras."

"I must say good-night," said Sewell; "it's a long drive to The Nest. You'll come over to breakfast some morning before you leave —won't you?"

"I'll do my best. At all events I'll pay my respects to Mrs. Sewell;" and with a good deal of hand-shaking and some cordial speeches Sewell took his leave and retired.

Had any one marked the pace at which Sewell drove home that night, black and dark as it was, he would have said, "There goes one on some errand of life or death." There was something of recklessness in the way he pushed his strong-boned thoroughbred, urging him up hill and down without check or relief, nor slackening rein till he drew up at his own door, the panting beast making the buggy tremble with the violent action of his respiration. Low muttering to himself, the groom led the beast to the stable, and Sewell passed up the stairs to the small drawing-room where his wife usually sat.

She was reading as he entered; a little table with a tea-equipage at her side. She did not raise her eyes from her book when he came in; but whether his footstep on the stair had its meaning to her quick ears or not, a slight flush quivered on her cheek, and her mouth trembled faintly.

"Shall I give you some tea?" asked she, as he threw himself into a seat. He made no answer, and she laid down her book, and sat still and silent.

"Was your dinner pleasant?" said she, after a pause.

"How could it be other than pleasant, madam," said he fiercely, "when they talked so much of *you*?"

"Of *me*?—talked of *me*?"

"Just so; there were a set of young fellows who had just joined from another battalion, and who discoursed of you, of your life in India, of your voyage home, and lastly of some incidents that were attributed to your sojourn here. To me it was perfectly delightful.

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I had my [illegible] over again. [illegible] a levity [illegible] and such [illegible] soul of [illegible]? [illegible] madam, I [illegible]yed the very rarely [illegible] to a I fancy, to [illegible] own w[illegible] of her c[illegible]ct.

"Was [illegible]re no one to tell these gentlemen to whom they were speaking?" said she, with a subdued quiet tone.

"No; I came in la[illegible] my place amongst men [illegible] to me. I assure you [illegible] largely by the incident. It is so seldom one gets public opinion in its undiluted form, it's quite refreshing to taste it neat. Of course they were not always correct. I could have set them right on many points. They had got a totally wrong version of what they called the 'Agra row,' though one of the party said he was Bereford's cousin."

She grasped the table convulsively to steady herself, and in so doing threw it down and the whole tea equipage with it.

"Yes," continued he, as though responding to this evidence of emotion on her part—"yes; it pushed one's patience pretty hard to be obliged to sit under such criticism."

"And what obliged you, sir? was it fear?"

"Yes, madam, you have guessed it. I was afraid—terribly afraid to own I was your husband."

A low faint groan was all she uttered, as she covered her face with her hands. "I had next," continued he, "to listen to a dispute as to whether Trafford had ever seriously offered to run away with you or not. It was almost put to the vote. Faith, I believe my casting voice might have carried the thing either way, if I had only known how to give it." She murmured something too low to be heard correctly, but he caught at

[illegible] Well, that was [illegible] much what I suspected. The [illegible] was, however, adjourned; [illegible]s Cave called me by my name [illegible]e moment, the confidences [illegible] to an abrupt conclusion. As [illegible]esaw that these youngsters, [illegible]nt of life and manners as [illegible]were, would be at once for [illegible]g apologetic speeches and [illegible]ke, I stole away and came [illegible] *more domestico*, to ruminate [illegible] my enjoyments at my own [illegible]e."

[illegible] trust, sir, they were strangers to y[illegible]ur own delinquencies. I hope [illegible] had no unpleasant reminders [illegible]e you of yourself."

[illegible]ardon, madam. They related se[illegible]l of what you pleasantly call [illegible]elinquencies, but they only [illegible] in on the by-play of the scene [illegible] you were the great character, [illegible]igured as brigands. It was you [illegible]lways who stunned the victim; I only rifled his pockets—fact, I [illegible] you. I'm sorry that china [illegible]ashed. It was Saxe—wasn't [illegible]

[illegible]e nodded.

"And a present of Trafford's, too! What a pity! I declare I believe we shall not have a single relic of the dear fellow, except it be a protested bill or two." He paused a moment or so, and then said, "Do you know it just strikes me that if they saw how ill—how shamefully you played your cards in this Trafford affair, they'd actually absolve you of all the Circe gifts the world ascribes to you."

She fixed her eyes steadfastly on him, and as her clasped hands dropped on her knees, she leaned forward and said, "What do you mean by it? What do you want by this? If these men, whose insolent taunts you had not courage [illegible] rest or to resent, say truly, w[illegible]se the fault? Ay, sir, whose the [illegible]ault? Answer me, if you [illegible] and say, was not my shame incurred to cover and conceal *yours*?"

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"Your tragedy-queen airs have no effect upon *me*. I've been too long behind the scenes to be frightened by stage thunder. What is past is past. You married a gambler; and if you shared his good-luck, you oughtn't to grumble at partaking his bad fortune. If you had been tired of the yoke, I take it you'd have thrown it behind you many a day ago."

"If I have not done so, you know well why," said she, fiercely.

"The old story, I suppose—the dear darlings up-stairs. Well, I can't discuss what I know nothing about. I can only promise you that such ties would never bind *me*."

"I ask you once again what you mean by this?" cried she, as her lips trembled and her pale cheeks shook with agitation. "What does it point to? What am I to do? What am I to be?"

"That's the puzzle," said he, with an insolent levity; "and I'll be shot if I can solve it! Sometimes I think we'd do better to renounce the partnership, and try what we could do alone; and sometimes I suspect—it sounds odd, doesn't it?—but I suspect that we need each other."

She had by this time buried her face between her hands, and by the convulsive motion of her shoulders showed she was weeping bitterly.

"One thing is certainly clear," said he, rising, and standing with his back to the fire—"if we decide to part company, we haven't the means. If either of us would desert the ship, there's no boat left to do it with."

She arose feebly from her chair, but sank down again, weak and overcome.

"Shall I give you my arm?" asked he.

"No, send Jane to me," said she, in a voice barely above a whisper.

He rang the bell, and said, "Tell Jane her mistress wants her;" and with this he searched for a book on the table, found it, and strolled off to his room, humming an air as he went.

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SHREWSBURY SCHOOL, PAST AND PRESENT.

STANDING on the border-land of England and Wales, few places have been of more account in British history than the "pleasant" town of Shrewsbury—*Mwythig*, as the Welshmen call it to this day. As the modern stranger wanders up and down, admiring those picturesque timbered mansions in which once the knights and [illegible] chants of Powys-land kept state, and reads the quaint written up in modern print upon its thoroughfares — Mardol, and Wyle Cop, and Dogpole, and the like—he feels that every yard of the old town has a story to tell him, if he could catechise it. Quite true—not all the stories, but that there are many to tell. It is not true, for instance, that the present "Shrewsbury clock" is the same by which Sir John Falstaff fought his "long hour," though an enthusiastic Shrewsbury guide will tell you so. It is not so certain that St. Winifred carried her head about here in her hands after it was cut off, as that Richard III.'s Duke of Buckingham lost his head here once for all. The most devout medievalist may be allowed to doubt whether the devil really appeared in St. Mary's Church, ran up the ropes into the bell-tower, thence to the top of the steeple, where he vanished "with a great noise and smell;" though it is certain that an unfortunate exhibitor broke his neck in trying to come down by a flying rope from that perilous elevation into the "Gay" meadow. Yet both exploits are avouched by very credible witnesses.

Shrewsbury, however, was the rallying ground of English civilisation in the Marches of Wales. The advisers of Edward VI. would have been wise in their generation if, when in 1548 they issued in his name their grand commission for public [illegible]ducation, they had fixed at once [illegible]on the capital of the Welsh [illegible] as the natural centre for [illegible] their new foundations. But it [illegible] to the credit of the Shrewsbury [illegible]itizens that the movement came [illegible]rom within. Hugh Edwards, a London mercer, but unquestionably a Shrewsbury man, and then living [illegible] in the town, and Richard [illegible]er, one of the then bailiffs, [illegible]ed to the young King a humble [illegible]tion, in the name not only of the [illegible] burgesses and inhabitants of the town and county of Salop, but of the whole neighbouring country, that a grammar school might be [illegible] established. There were two collegiate churches, they said, which had recently been dissolved—St. [illegible]ry's and St. Chad's—and no better disposition could be made of some part of their revenues. The King granted the prayer, and letters patent (bearing date February 10, 15[illegible]1) conveyed a charter for the school and a grant of certain prebendal tithes — amounting in the whole to £20 per annum—which had belonged to the collegiate bodies aforesaid. It was provided that there should be the usual head-master and usher, to be chosen by the bailiffs and burgesses with the advice of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

The school is called in the charter "*Libera Schola Grammaticalis Regis Edwardi Sexti*" — words which any small Shrewsbury boy would translate off-hand, for non-intelligent readers, as "The Free Grammar School of King Edward the Sixth"—and there, it might have been thought, would be an end of it. Not at all. *Libera* means "free," no doubt; but "free" in what sense?—as implying a "gratuitous" education, or as "exempt from control"? The translation of this single [illegible] word has given occasion to a [illegible]nphlet by

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one of the first scholars of the day, has roused the ire of a very respectable Recorder, and has fairly bothered Her Majesty's Public School Commissioners, who, with a modest reticence which may be variously appreciated, decline to give their own decision. It would be very presumptuous, and perhaps not very entertaining, to give judgment on such a vexed question here. It will be enough to say that all argument from the use of the word in classical and medieval Latin is in favour of the interpretation maintained by Dr. Kennedy—"free from the jurisdiction of a superior corporation." * Public educational foundations had been hitherto more or less dependent upon ecclesiastical bodies — chapters, or colleges, or conventual houses; and from such dependence and control it was a main object with Edward and his Council that their schools should be "free."

The charter was obtained; but there were many obstacles in the way of the school's taking actual shape. The sweating-sickness — a visitation hitherto unknown, "that most terrible of all English diseases"—had just broken out in the town, and the bailiffs must have had enough to do. The corporation could not as yet get possession of the tithes (which were under lease to individuals), but only of the reserved rents, which were but a poor provision. And in the midst of all this King Edward died, and it may be guessed how far his "free" school was likely to be encouraged by Queen Mary. The burgesses did something, however. They had hired a master, and got up a school somewhere. There appears in their accounts about this time a payment of twelve pence "to the master of the free school, Sir Morys." Sir Morys disappears, and then we have an entry of 6s. 8d. paid "on account to John Eyton, hired to keep the free grammar school." Mr. Eyton was even less satisfactory to his employers than Sir Morys might have been; for very soon, under date October ult. 1556, occurs the following:—

"Agreed, that yf Mr. Bayliffs can heare of an honest and able person which will serve the office of head scholemaster of the Free Schole of the towne, and that shall be thought meete—that then Mr. Bayliffs shall avoide the said John Eyton, now scholemaster, giving him one half-year's warning. And the said John Eyton to have for his wages from St. Michs. last past £14 by year and not above." †

Whether John Eyton was "avoided," whether he was content with his wages, or what became of him, no known records inform us. With Elizabeth came the time and the man for Shrewsbury School, when Thomas Ashton, M.A. of St. John's, Cambridge, was appointed headmaster in 1662. He must have possessed remarkable ability, not only as a teacher, but as a man of business. It was agreed by the burgesses that he should have a patent for life of all the tithes which formed the school endowment, on condition of his maintaining a third master. He begins his school register in December of this year, with Thomas Wylton and Richard Atkys as his under-masters; and it would appear that he entered at once 256 boys; but this number probably includes those whom he found already under some instruction. In the seven years of his mastership he admitted no less than 875 scholars. Of these only 238 lived in the town (*oppidani*), the rest were strangers (*aliени*) from the best families in Shropshire and the neighbouring counties. Salusburys, Mackworths, Whitakers, Corbets, Myttons, Egertons, Montgomerys, Devereux, Hoptons, Eytons,

* 'Libera Schola: A Letter to Lord Westbury,' &c. By B. H. Kennedy, D.D. 1862.

† Blakeway's MS. Collections (Bodleian Library).

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Mainwarings, Herbe . . Wr . . leys, Oatleys, Wyche . . is scarcely a family of . . north-west of . . not at least a . . under Ashton . . successors. . . at once into such . . It needs only a glanc . . the names in the original register (which, or rather an early transcript of it, has been happily preserved) to understand the ground upon which Camden calls it "the best filled in all England"—a testimony the . . emphatic, as coming from . had himself been head-m . Westminster. On the mos . . rate computation, there could not have been less than four hundred scholars, on the average, in these earlier years—a number which neither Eton nor Westminster reached until some generations afterwards.

A house and land had been already bought for twenty pounds, of John Proude; a timber building, to which some additions were probably made to provide accommodation for the three masters. Here Ashton taught for seven years, with undiminished reputation; "a right good man," as Camden justly calls him, in favour alike with the courtiers of Elizabeth and with his humbler fellow-townsmen. Among the many scholars of ancient families whom he had under his charge, two who came to school together on the same day, in the third year of his mastership, and continued fast friends through life, are names never surpassed in honour by any gentlemen of England. Sir Henry Sidney of Penshurst (the bosom friend of King Edward, who had died in his arms) was at this time Lord President of the Welsh Marches, and residing officially in the Castle at Ludlow. The near neighbourhood of the school, his connection with the founder, and Mr. Ashton's reputation, were sufficient reason for his placing there his eldest son, Philip, a boy of eight years old, and may explain why

. . . . . e Gryvell (or . . . .), heir of Sir Fulke Gryvell . . . . uchamp's Court in Warwick- . . . . should have come to the same . . . . on the same day. The son . . . . wise and excellent father, Philip Sidney profited well by Ashton's teaching. Two letters . . . . he boy, written in Latin and . . . . nch in his twelfth year, drew . . . . Sir Henry that remarkable . . . . too often reprinted (would . . . . ould hope too well known!) . . . . ertion here, but which, even . . . . day, continues a model for . . . . glish father's advice to his . . . . What public-school boy would . . . . e the better for bearing in . . . . some of his noble words! . . . . is no need to keep the an- . . . . spelling—the thoughts and . . . . ge are not limited to any . . . .

". . . . Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest . . . . rds you speak, with continual . . . . ion and thinking of Him to . . . . you pray. . . . Be humble . . . . edient to your master; for unless you f . . . me yourself to obey others, yes, and fe . . . l in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so . . . . ith so little cost. . . . . Give y . . . f to be merry, but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man. . . . Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech. . . . Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in your own self. . . . Above all things tell no . . . ntruth, no, not in trifles; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. . . . ."

No wonder that his mother, in the fond postscript to her "lyttel Philip," which she wrote "in the skirts of my Lord President's letter," felt she could add nothing to that complete and . . . . ect manual for the English . . . . oy. Philip

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Sidney grew up the worthy son of such a father; ending a short but stainless life by the death which he would perhaps have most desired,—"treading," says one of his many eulogists, "from his cradle to his grave amidst incense and flowers, and dying in a dream of glory." He was the "prince of gentlemen," says Lord Brooke; that same Fulke Greville who had entered with him at Shrewsbury School, had gone with him to Cambridge, had loved him, boy and man, with an unchanging affection, and who, after surviving him forty years, had it recorded on his tomb, as the climax of his honours, that he was—"Friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

Another cousin of the Sidneys was entered in the same year under Ashton — James Harrington, the author of 'Oceana,' son of Sir James Harrington of Exton. The Bishop of Worcester (Sandys, afterwards Archbishop of York) had also a son and a nephew there. Sir John Salusbury of Rûg sent two sons; in fact, the school under Ashton had a more distinctly aristocratic character than under any of his successors.

It is to be regretted that fewer details of its internal life have come down to us. The one great feature in Ashton's school management which seems to have impressed his contemporaries, was his successful exhibition of those sacred and other dramas, which formed at once the exercise and relaxation of nearly every school in England in Elizabeth's days—encouraged, no doubt, by the Queen's well-known taste for such exhibitions—a custom which still survives in all its glory at Westminster. But Ashton's plays at Shrewsbury were on a grander scale than at any other school. They were performed, usually at Whitsuntide, in an open amphitheatre in the picturesque ground known as the "Quarry," and seem to have attracted visitors from all quarters of the kingdom. Elizabeth herself, on one of her progresses in 1565–6, had intended to have been present, and had got as far as Coventry on her way, when she found that she should be too late. Ashton and his scholars presented that year 'Julian the Apostate;' two years later, the piece was the 'Passion of Christ.' The authorities of the town considered the spectacle a matter of public interest, and voted liberally for its support.*

1569. "Agreed that there shall be given out of the treasure of the town the sum of £10 towards the maintenance of the play at Whitsuntide, over and above any moneys which shall be levied by all the occupations of the town, and any other that will give any money toward the

* The place had been used for dramatic performances a century before Ashton's days. When Henry VII. visited the town, a miracle play was acted before him "in the Quarrell." The citizens of Shrewsbury seem to have had a specialty for exhibitions of this kind: the "Shrewsbury Show," a sort of festival and grand procession of the trades of the town, with some peculiar ceremonies, survives to this day, though much shorn of its ancient honours.

The following notice of Mr. Ashton's play in the Quarry occurs in Churchyard's 'Worthiness of Wales.' (He was a Shrewsbury man, but of too early a date to be one of Ashton's scholars.)

"And somewhat more behind the walls as chiefs,
There is a ground new-made theatre-wise,
Both deep and high, in goodlye ancient guise,
Where well may sit ten thousand men at ease,
And yet the one the other not displease.
A space below to bait both bull and beare,
For players too, great room and place at will,
And in the same a cockpit woondrous faire
Besides, where men may wrestle in their fill;
A ground most apt, and they that sit above
At once in view, all this may see for love;
At Aston's play, who had beheld this then,
Might well have seen there twenty thousand men."

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same; and further, that if Mr. Ashton shall declare, by his honesty, that there shall be wanting of any money, rather than the said Mr. A. should thereby be a loser, that the said money wanting shall likewise be discharged by the town."

The Drapers' Company, as one of the "occupations," are recorded as having contributed five pounds.

Notwithstanding all this, the head-mastership of Shrewsbury was not a post of such honour or emolument as to induce a man of Ashton's abilities to retain it long. In 1569, he left it for what we in these days consider a eligible position — to be tutor to the young Robert Devereux, afterwards the unfortunate Earl of Essex. But he always retained the deepest interest in the school which he had in truth created. It would seem that he had been employed by Queen Elizabeth in some business of importance, and had considerable influence at court. In 1571, he obtained from the Queen an increase of the revenues of the school, by the gift of the tithes of Chirbury, contributing at the same time one hundred and twenty pounds from his private resources. No statutes had hitherto been made, though the charter gave powers to do so; but now Ashton, with the consent of the Bishop and of the Corporation, drew up a set of "Ordinances," which have always since borne his name, and continued, until the year 1798, to be virtually the statutes of the school.

By these ordinances, a head-master and three others—the fourth being termed an "Accidence Master," for "young beginners"—were appointed, with yearly salaries of £40, £30, £20, and £10, respectively. "I think," says Ashton in one of his letters, "no school in England hath a salary exceeding this." The election of these masters was transferred from the Corporation to St. John's College, Cambridge—*i. e.*, the Bailiffs were to nominate and appoint, but the College was to "el[ect] able, meet, and [such] ons of burand such as had been old [ma]s, to be preferred; and the were to have a *veto* on the [ap]tment. The terms of this [com]promise (for such it seems to have been) of the old Corporation rights led to abundant disputes and litigation in the future. The second and third masters were to be promoted to the higher places if they proved able to discharge the office. The head-master was to be a Master of Arts, "well able to make a Latin verse, and learned in the Greek tongue;" the second master the same; the third might be a bachelor, and no Greek was required. None of them were to preach, or practise physic, or to keep an alehouse or gaming-house. The hour for beginning school was to be six in summer, and seven in winter: they were to work till dinner-time — eleven o'clock; to come to school again at a quarter before one, and finally dismissed at half-past four in winter, and an hour later in summer. As in the old Winchester statutes, no candle was to be used in the school, "for breeding diseases, and for danger and peril otherwise." Thursday was the half-holiday; on which day the highest form were to "declaim and play one act of a comedy before they went to play." Like John Lyon, the founder of Harrow, Ashton made provision for the scholars' practice in the use of the national weapon; their recreations were to be "shooting in the long bow and chess-play, and no other games, unless it be running, wrestling, or leaping:" they might play for "a penny the game, or fourpence for a match;" but there was to be no betting. No scholar was to be admitted to the higher school until he could "read, and write his name, and know his Latin accidence, and make a concord." The entrance fees were graduated on a scale which showed that the admission of boys [in] ranks was

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contemplated: a lord's son was to pay 10s.; a knight's, 6s. 8d.; a gentleman's eldest son, 3s. 4d.; other sons, 2s. 6.; below that degree, if born within the county, 12d., if without, 2s. A burgess's son was to pay only 4d. Probably no annual payments were demanded from any scholars; but the custom of the times seems to have been for the more wealthy boys to make presents to the master. The books to be used were—for Latin, Cæsar, Cicero, Sallust, Livy, Virgil, Horace, and Terence; for Greek, Demosthenes, Isocrates, and Xenophon's 'Cyropædia.' The holidays were eighteen days at Christmas, ten days at Easter, and a week at Whitsuntide; but each master was allowed, besides, thirty days' absence in the course of the year.

Ashton just lived to see these ordinances come into operation; one of his last acts was to revisit the school, and to preach a farewell sermon in St. Mary's Church, as knowing that his end was approaching. He took his leave of the town amongst tears and blessings, and retired to Cambridge, where he died within a fortnight.

He had been succeeded in his office by his second master, Thomas Laurance, who carried on the school with almost equal success. But the plague, which visited Shrewsbury during his mastership, was a sad interruption. The school seems to have been broken up. After 1574, there occur no admissions in the register during the two years following; for the next entry stands thus:—"30th June 1577. After the plague these scholars whose names follow were admitted." Provision had been made, in the ordinances just quoted, for a sanatorium in the country, where the masters and scholars were to "resort and abide in the time of any common plague or any other infection," and there to continue to teach; but it is not likely that any such place had as yet been built or provided. The house at Grinshill was not obtained until some years afterwards.

Sir Henry Sidney, the Lord President, had visited Shrewsbury, no doubt, during the six years that his son was at school there. In 1573 he came there and brought young Philip, now a lad of nineteen, to see his old school again, when father and son were received with hearty rejoicings. In 1581 he made the grand state visit to keep the feast of St. George, of which some careful chronicler has left a most elaborate account. How he went in solemn procession from St. Chad's Church to the council-house, the bailiffs, aldermen, and different companies of the town escorting him, all "drest in their best liveryes;" and how they feasted him there for a week in a style befitting the representative of her Majesty. On the first of May the school took its turn to be his entertainers. The head-master, Laurance, with his three subordinates, John Baker, Richard Atkys, and Roger Keat, "made a brave and costly banckett after supper before the scoole to the number of forty dyshes, and the masters before them, each scoole presenting ten dishes, with a shewer before every scoole," who introduced the several courses with a very indifferent distich from each master.

"1. These are all of Larrance' lore,
Accompt hys hart above hys store.

2. These ten are all of Baker's bande,
Good wyll, not welthe, now to be scande.

3. These ten are all in Atkys' chardge,
Hys giffts are small, hys good wyll lardge.

4. These ten come last, and are the least,
Yet Keat's good wyll is wyth the beast."

The next day came a show, in which we may see something like a precedent for the Eton Montem:—

"The scholars of the sayd free schoole beinge taught by the foresaid four masters, beinge in number three hundred and sixty, with their masters before every of them, marchynge bravely from

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the sayd schoole in battle order, with generals, captens, drumms, trumpetts, and ensigns [illegible] re them through the town towa[illegible] filde ca[illegible]d the Geye, in [illegible]urbs of [illegible]ewsberie, and [illegible] into four partes. [illegible] President, bei[illegible] upon a [illegible], who turned [illegible] aboute [illegible] them, the generall openinge to his lordship the purpose and assembly of [illegible] and the rest; then he and the other [illegible] tens made theire orations howe valiantly they would feight and defend their country, at whych the sayd lord had [illegible]ate pleasure and mutch rejoiced, g[illegible] greate prayse to the sayde masters the eloquence thereof."

Sir Henry left the town a few days after by water, in his barge, under a salute of "fourteen chamber pieces bravely shot off;" and as he passed an eyot in the river, "certain appointed scholars of the free schoole, apparelled all in greene, and greene wyllows on their heads," addressed him in verse with what the unconscious chronicler describes as "lamentable orations." The nymphs of the island, they said, were disconsolate at the President's departure:—

"Their woe is greate, great moan they make,
With doleful tunes they doe lament;
They howle, they crie, their leave to tacke,
Theire garmeats greene for woe they rent."

And after considerably more of this "doleful tune," they struck into a grand chorus, of which this was the first verse:—

"And wyll your honour now depart?
And must it needs be soe?
Would God we could like fishes swymme,
That we might with thee goe!"

The whole was so "pityfully done," that "truly it made many both in the bardge upon the water, as also the people uppon lande, to weepe;" and it was certainly enough to make, as we are told, "my Lord hymself to change countenance."

The next year the Lord President came again, and seems to

[illegible] days, his wife, [illegible]ady Mary, having arrived the [illegible] before "in her wagon." At [illegible] Henry passed "by the Cu[illegible]ane at the Wyle Cop," orations [illegible]e addressed to him by two of [illegible]rance's scholars, "which he [illegible]sed very well." It was on [illegible] occasion, or at least in this [illegible], that a second son, Thomas [illegible]ey, was entered at the school. [illegible] hear of him again two years [illegible]wards when the Earl of Essex [illegible]ert Devereux), the Earl of [illegible]ester, and Lord North came to [illegible] town, and paid the school a [illegible]. Young Sidney, as Leicester's nephew, was selected with two companions (Richard Hoorde and [illegible]ard Higgons) to welcome the [illegible]y with congratulatory addresses, [illegible]which Leicester, as the reigning [illegible]urite, was profusely complimented on his noble birth and [illegible]ge, his imaginary virtues, and favour with "the Prince," as it was the fashion to call Elizabeth. The Earl, in return, "gratified masters with sundry rewards." [illegible]x passed through the town [illegible]n the following year, and again [illegible] to listen to orations from the scholars—this time at the castle gates, "they standing there in battle array with bows and arrows" [illegible]e only mention to be found of th[illegible] use of the national arm, in wh[illegible]h Ashton had directed that they should be trained.

But meanwhile Laurance, whose health was failing, had resigned the mastership. He wrote a noble letter to the bailiffs, which Mr. Blakeway has copied amongst his MSS., and which is well worthy of preservation, though too long for insertion here. He speaks of himself as "soe wearied with the worke, soe tired with the toil, and soe overwhelmed with the care" of the school, that he "neither can nor will any longer space continue in it." He has an honest pride in leaving it in such flourishing case. "The r[illegible] of [illegible]ngers unto it is nota[illegible] "in the last

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twelve years sent above an hundred scholars to Cambridge and Oxford." His friends, indeed, suggest that he shall continue in office, taking "a master of arts for an helper;" but he says—"I thank God I have ever hitherto had a conscience in my calling, and ever looked rather at the good success of my labours and the profit of my scholars, than the greatness of my stipend or the thankfulness of parents." The Bailiffs, in a letter to St. John's to announce the vacancy, state that they "have earnestly entreated him to continue his charge," but in vain. He retired to Wem, where he lived for many years afterwards—it is to be feared, in something like poverty, for in 1602 the Corporation ordered that "Master Thomas Laurance be allowed £5 [per annum?], and 50s. in hand, out of the Corporation estate, for his great and painful diligence in procuring good order in the Free Grammar School." A strong public testimony to the reputation of the school, the year before his resignation, is found in a petition to Lord Burleigh from the Chapter of Hereford, that a free school may be founded there, "to serve as commodiously for the training of the youth of South Wales as Shrewsbury doth for the youth of North Wales." The succession was offered to John Baker, the second master, who had the modesty to decline it. The College then recommended John Meighen, M.A., who was destined to rule over the fortunes of Shrewsbury for above half a century, successfully on the whole, if not altogether peacefully.

It was the age of pageants, and the Shrewsbury head-masters seem to have delighted in them. Here is an extract from the old chronicler of the same year as Essex's second visit:—

"1585. This yeare, on the 8 day of Octr., being Thursday [their half-holliday], the scollerds of the free schoole in Shrewsberie made a triomphe in warlike manner, in a field called Behind the Walls,* against the Pope's army and other rebells, whom they triumphantly vanquished, to the great joy of the beholders, departing from the field through the town towards the castel there being over the town, when they, with sound of trompet, dromme, and shouting, sounded out their victory, with great fires made, and thankful psalms most joyfully sung to God in the comfortable hearing of all the town with joyful and godly thanksgiving."†

It is plain that the school continued to enjoy a very high repute both at home and abroad, and was very popular with the good citizens of Shrewsbury. One of the last acts of Laurance's mastership had been to secure something like a special school chapel for his boys. They had been used to attend the public services at St. Mary's Church, occupying the chapel on the south side. This was "repaired and beautified" in 1682 by the Bailiffs and St. John's College out of the school revenues, and was ordered to be used, not only for public worship on Sundays and holidays, but also for religious instruction on the half-holidays, a custom which continued until the present school chapel was built. It seems from this time to have been known as the "scholars' chapel," and to have become the ordinary burial-place for masters and scholars. A very few years later, we find in the school register entries of the death and burial of Ashton's original third master, who had continued to occupy the same desk under both his successors.

"1587. In this yeare, on the 7th day of July, Richard Atkys, late third scholemaster of this free schoole, departed this life about 3 o' the clocke in the morning, and was buried in the schollars' chapel in St. Marie's Church on the next day, being Palm Sunday, in the morning, all the children of the whole schoole going before the hearse to church by two and two, and the rest of the scholemasters

* The "Quarry."

† From an old chronicle in the school library, known as "Dr. Taylor's Manuscript."

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then remaining following next after before the magistrates."

And the next year R[illegible] the humbler "Accidence [illegible] was buried in the same place [illegible] the like public honours.

In 1594, one hundred and eighty-one new boys appear to have been admitted—the greatest number in any one year since the first opening of the school under Ashton. The old buildings had long been insufficient; and in the next year, that portion of the present school which comprises the central tower and the range containing the chapel and the library was built—or at le[illegible] begun, for the chapel was not [illegible] secrated until 1617. But [illegible] at this time, nor for many generations subsequently, was any kind of accommodation provided for boarders. There is no doubt but that (with the exception of some few who may have lived with the head-master) those boys who came from a distance were lodged with such of the citizens as might choose to receive them.* This arrangement—which appears to have been common in the earlier days at many public schools—has prevailed more or less at Shrewsbury up to the present time; some few boys still lodging in the town with respectable tradesmen, known or recommended in some way to their parents, and attending the school lessons, just as they might have done in Ashton's and Meighen's day.

Mr. Head-master Meighen still ruled on for half a century, and more than one second master meanwhile died or resigned, hopeless of any vacancy for promotion. Towards the end of his reign he outlived his popularity. He got into disputes with the Bailiffs and Corporation; apparently from having appointed, or procured the appointment as second master of one Mr. Gittens against their wishes.

T[illegible] dispute turned [illegible]stion. Gittens "a dangerous suspected Papist," [illegible] been brought up as such by Archbishop Bancroft, and imprisoned in the gate-house at Westminster; the Protestant feeling [illegible]e Corporation revolted at him. [illegible] there was a counter party, and a very influential one. The women of Shrewsbury were for Mr. Gittens; [illegible] more active among them took forcible possession of the schoolhouse, and held it against all comers "for four days and three nights"—so accurate is the chronicler of the [illegible]paign—and nearly killed one [illegible]he bailiffs who attempted to [illegible] an entrance; Mr. Gittens [illegible] was in actual occupation, [illegible]while encouraging his friends [illegible] an open window, and crying [illegible] to the burgesses that he stood there for their rights,—meaning, it is [illegible] be supposed, as against the [illegible]ination of masters by the Cor[illegible] Altogether it was a very pretty quarrel, and lasted some twenty years. The Bailiffs sent to the Cambridge authorities to complain; and they took the money for their delegates' expenses out of [illegible] school chest. Meighen filed a [illegible] in Chancery against them for [illegible]versation. The Lord Chancellor [illegible]ed a commission to Sir Edward [illegible]mley, one of the Barons of Exchequer, and others, who sat at Shrewsbury to examine witnesses. They reported that they found "the school much decayed" (which seems very questionable) "by the froward and ill carriage of the head-master, being a very contentious person, and of a turbulent and mutinous character and disposition."

The Lord Chancellor dismissed Meighen's bill, and ruled that the under-masters should be elected by St. John's College. Mr. Gittens was ousted, and James Brooke, M.A. of Caius, and David Evans, B.A. of

* A melancholy entry in 'Taylor's MS.' is corrobo[illegible]ve [illegible]is: "1590. A young scholar, who boarded at Master Hamon's hanged [illegible]

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Jesus College, were appointed second and third masters, November 17, 1627. Gittens got in again, however, by some means, four years afterwards, and it was not until 1638 that he was finally got rid of.

In 1630, whatever still remained of the old buildings was taken down, and the present school front, at right angles to the tower and the block containing the chapel and library, was built of Grinshill stone. Over the main entrance, with the date, was placed the following inscription from Isocrates—"*Φιλομαθης εαν ης, εση πολυμαθης*"—"If thou love learning, thou shalt be well learned."* Over the first word, on a stone pillar, stands the figure of a schoolboy, indicating the lover of learning; and over the concluding word, that of a university graduate—both in those "hyperbolical barbarous breeches," as old Fox calls them, which were the fashionable gentlemen's crinoline of the day. The setting up of this inscription gave Mr. Meighen the opportunity of a sly joke against his old opponents the town authorities. The bailiffs of the year wished to have their own names placed over the gateway rather than a Greek inscription—probably as more interesting and intelligible to themselves and their fellow-townsmen. To this Mr. Meighen would by no means consent; but he pointed out to them a small neighbouring edifice attached to the school, newly dedicated, not to the Muses, but to Cloacina, and suggested a stone over the door as admirably adapted for such a record. The story goes that the bailiffs fell into the trap, and that their names were to be read there by admiring schoolboys so late as 1798, when the building was taken down.

If such were Mr. Meighen's little pleasantries, it was perhaps quite as much his unpopularity as his advancing years which made the good people of Shrewsbury so anxious to get rid of him. They now kept pressing him to resign, which, after a head-mastership of fifty years, it was certainly time for him to think of. But he was very unwilling to listen to any such proposal. He certainly had his heart in his work. Through his influence and exertions the school library was gradually filled, chiefly by gifts from old pupils and gentlemen of the county, with so good a collection of books that Dr. Parr, on one of his visits there in after years, declared that with the single exception of Eton, he had "seen in no public school a library equal to that of Shrewsbury." Meighen had a brother a "citizen and stationer of London;" and it was probably through this connection that several London merchants are recorded as having at this time given either presents of books or of money for their purchase. The head-master himself was evidently a lover of books, keeping a careful record of all these donations, and fitting up the presses in the library with iron rods and chains for their better security. That the accusations brought against him of causing the decline of the school by his contentious temper were not altogether true, may fairly be gathered from the note made in one of these books by the donor, Thomas Pritchard, Archdeacon of Llandaff, in 1627 (at the very time when these complaints were most rife), in which he styles his old school as even now "the most numerous in all England."† During Meighen's mastership, Welsh names appear in larger numbers than before; the national

* The idea of the inscription was probably taken from the following passage in Erasmus's Colloquies—a book better known in Meighen's days than ours—"*Dictum Isocratis, aureis literis in frontispicio codicis tua pingendum, φιλομαθης*," &c.

† "Dulcissimæ Nutrici suæ (totius Angliæ numerosissimæ) Scholæ Salopiensi hoc ΟΡΕΙΠΤΙΗΡΙΟΝ d: d: Tho: Prichard Archidiac: Llandaven: et Coll. Jesu Oxon. Vice-princ."

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prefix of Ap—Ap Thomas, Ap Richard, Ap Evan, &c. &c.—occurring continually in the register. But the old Shropshire and Cheshire names are there too, still in good proportion. The eulogy left on record, apparently by a contemporary, cannot have been wholly undeserved—"that famous schoolmaster who to his perpetual memory hath with great industry, since he was the chief schoolmaster, wholly endeavoured the flourishing condition of the same, not seeking to advance himself or his by diminishing anything, having left a good pattern to them that succeed, making it his great care and chief work to perfect that structure and building in a glorious manner." At last, in 1636, he accepted £100 from the school funds as the price of his resignation, and died the following year. It must be remembered, in his defence, that the head-mastership of Shrewsbury in those days was not a lucrative office, and gave little opportunity to make any provision for old age.

Before poor Mr. Meighen was got rid of, there was a partisan war going on about his successor. The Bailiffs and Corporation were strongly in favour of John Harding, who had been the *pro tempore* second master, who had been publicly chosen "in a general and great assembly," and whom they preferred, as "a master of arts of twelve years' standing," to some "young man" whom St. John's College had selected for the appointment. Harding seems really to have had strong claims; the Bishop of Lichfield wrote to the College in his favour, as one who had been highly recommended to him "for learning, judgment, method, government, and honesty;" and urging his election for the benefit of the school, and "to avoid contention." But the Cambridge men stood on their rights, and maintained their own nomination—not, however, of the "young man," whoever he was, whom the burgesses were so unwilling to receive, but of Thomas Chaloner, M.A., of Jesus College, who was at least Mr. Harding's equal in point of standing. The Shrewsbury Corporation must have been a good-humoured body: for though they had spent £300 in law in the attempt to place their own candidate, they laid out an additional pound on a "banquet" to Mr. Chaloner on his admission. Not an extravagant sum, certainly; but it must be remembered that twenty shillings would go further in those days than in our own.

The life and fortunes of this Thomas Chaloner would form one of the most curious of English biographies, if they could be told at length—and there exists a good deal of material for such a history. He entered upon his office in the year when Hampden made his first stand against ship-money—was expelled—stanch Royalist that he was—under Cromwell, and lived a storm-tossed life—the very Ulysses of schoolmasters—till he came to his own again with the second Charles. He was born at Llanfair near Oswestry, and had been himself trained at Shrewsbury, under Meighen. He did his teacher credit. He had the reputation of being "an excellent Greek scholar;" it must be confessed that in his day, a little Greek passed for a good deal, for proficiency in that tongue was a very rare accomplishment; but of his Latin scholarship there can be no question, for he has left us specimens of Latin verses of which even modern Salopians might be proud. He very soon raised the school from the low estate into which it had fallen, owing to Mr. Meighen's failing energies and Mr. Gittens's inefficiency, and the warfare between the school and town authorities. In the second year of his head-mastership (1637) he admitted no less than 128 new boys; and in each of the three following years, the entrances were 121, 107, and 120 respectively. Not even under the

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glorious rule of Ashton had Shrewsbury stood higher in numbers or in reputation. The old Shropshire family names still appear on the school register, mixed with a fair sprinkling, here and there, of others from neighbouring counties. The second master throughout Chaloner's reign, his brother Welshman and most intimate friend, was David Evans — David Ddû (Black David) as he was called—who had been his fellow-collegian at Jesus in Cambridge. The black Welshman was an excellent grammar-teacher, and sent the boys up from the second school well-grounded to receive Chaloner's finishing. More fortunate in one respect than his friend, he retained his office under the Puritan head-master who succeeded; and, as the rules of grammar are of no party, religious or political, he seems to have earned the good opinion of his new chief as well as of his old one. For the epitaph on his monument in St. Mary's, where he was buried after thirty years' service, is of the date of Mr. Head-master Pigot, and if not of his composition, as seems probable, must at least have expressed his estimate of the man:

"Caveto sis puer; prope est David Niger,
Notandus olim literis rubris senex;
Is Priscianus temporis sui inclytus:
Nescis adhuc?—abito! nescis literas."

Excellent and painstaking schoolmaster though he was, Chaloner had a decidedly social turn, and was wont after the labours of the day to refresh himself with a select circle of congenial spirits at a tavern in "the Sextry,"* as it was then called, whither his friend and assistant, Black David, accompanied him. Let no Shrewsbury master of modern days imagine for a moment that there was in this anything derogatory to the dignity of the office or the man. The great officials of the town—the bailiffs, recorder, and the like—were wont to settle public matters of the gravest import at a social congress held at the Gullet, a tavern of popular repute; the gentlemen of the county transacted their business at the same place, and on one occasion, we find the "high sheriff's daughter" honouring a party with her presence, and "drinking there." And this "knot of company-keepers at the Sextry," to whose pleasant companionship Chaloner looked back regretfully in his after days of loneliness and exile, were no ordinary set of tavern boozers. Many of them, no doubt, were not above the rank of honest citizens and burgesses. But among them were Sir Francis Oatley of Pitchford and his brother, Sir William Vaughan, Sir Richard Lee of Lee Hall, Sir Richard Earnly, Sir Thomas Lyster of Rowton, with Irelands and Kynastons, and other aristocracy of the town. A genial and kindly fellowship, no doubt, they were — many of them old scholars of the free school; and Master Richard Chaloner, with his well-stored mind and somewhat satirical humour — patent enough even to us now, as we shall see from his curious personal records— must have been a choice companion with whom to hear the chimes at midnight.

But the flourishing school and the pleasant company at the Sextry were soon to be broken up. The record in the old school register (kept in Mr. Chaloner's hand) which follows next upon the four successful years which have been mentioned, shows a falling-off in the admissions, such as might be expected in those terrible days of anarchy; in 1641 and 1642 they were only 78 and 79 respectively. "Let my successor blame civi

* Now "King's Head Shutt," leading from High Street to Kiln Lane. It formerly communicated with St. Chad's churchyard by a covered passage over the street, and the sacristy ("sextry") of that church probably stood there. The old house still standing in this narrow "shutt" is probably the tavern of Chaloner's day.

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war," is the note made hereupon by the sorrowful head-master; "academies mourne and are desolate, colonyes of the Muses are desolate, and the number of Shrewsbury scholars in these two yeares is small." Yet in the next year, the most troublous of all for Shrewsbury, there was entered on this list (together with his brother William) no less a name than George, son of Sir William Savill, the future Marquess of Halifax; the great Trimmer, as he has been styled, but perhaps the most sagacious and honest politician of his times. In September 1642, King Charles came in person to Shrewsbury, invited by the loyal Corporation in common council assembled, and was welcomed by none more cordially than by the head-master of the Royal School. The King's "Commission for Artillery" held their sittings in the noble library: Lord Capel the Lord-Lieutenant, Henry Bromley the High Sheriff, Sir Francis Oatley (one of the Sextry club, and now governor of the town), met in council there with others, gentlemen of note, almost daily.* Chaloner and his friend David Evans placed their own chambers at the disposal of the King's friends. "When the King kept his court here, successively these lords lodged in the schooles—viz., Lord-Keeper Littleton, Lord Viscount Grandison, Lord Archbishop Williams, Lord Cholmeley, and Sir Richard Dyott, at my house; at Mr. Evans his house, Lord Grey of Ruthin and Lord North his brother.—*Deus pacis pacem indulgeat!*" This pious wish was in vain. Charles, after a second visit, chiefly for the purpose of raising money, finally left the town, (first "borrowing" six hundred pounds out of the school chest); and after a long and gallant resistance (stout Sir Richard Earnley, another of Chaloner's "company-keepers," being slain in its defence), the Parliamentary forces became masters of it by treachery in February, 1644 (5).

So notable a malignant as the head-master was not likely to escape. He was plundered of all his property, and summarily ejected, to find shelter where he could.† Black David seems to have been thought not of sufficient importance to be meddled with; at any rate, he was left in peace to keep the diminished school together, until the appointment to be head-master over him of one Richard Pigot, whom the Parliamentarians brought from a school in Newport—not a bad man or master by any means; but the reader will not object to follow for a while the varying fortunes of poor Mr. Chaloner.

The ejected master carried away with him the school registers, if nothing else; and in their pages he has jotted down in very fair Latin, quaintly interspersed with Greek phrases, all sorts of personal memoranda: notes of his own movements, anathemas against his enemies, school-boys' accounts, heads of sermons, and private confessions which he certainly never intended for our curious eyes; but which, taken altogether, give us a very interesting picture of the writer, a man one would have liked much to have known, none the less for some peculiarities and weaknesses which these memoranda disclose. He met adversity boldly; made no claim—as no doubt he might have done for a while at least—on the bounty of generous friends, but set up at once

* Their followers left some traces of their visits there which were not altogether to the head-master's liking; in the "Register of Benefactions," 'Andrewes' Sermons' has a note in Chaloner's handwriting—"basely torne by the sacrilegious fingers of a Scotch camp chaplin;" and 'Heinsius on the New Testament' is marked as having been "stolen away while the King's Commis: for Artillery sat dayly in the library."

† "Bonis omnibus exutis *απεσκορακισθην*"—"I was stripped of all I had and cast out to the crows," writes the unfortunate master.

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an independent school at Ryton, near Baschurch, in the county. After staying there for a few months, molested probably by the Puritan authorities, he went up to London, paid a sum of sixty pounds as a "composition" for his malignancy, and perhaps (some of his expressions may bear such an interpretation) swallowed the Covenant, as many other loyalists did with such stomach as they might. Fortified with this safeguard, he hired a larger house near Shrewsbury. It either bore most appropriately, or he bestowed upon it, the name of *Birch* Hall, or, as he loved to Latinise it, "*Ædes Betuliana*." The ominous sound was not enough to deter forty-four of his old Ryton pupils from following him; indeed, the strongest testimony to his character lies in the fact that, go where he would, under whatever unfavourable circumstances, a colony of grateful scholars followed his steps, and wherever he pitched his tent, a school with all the prestige of an old establishment sprang up as it were out of the wilderness. The Birch Hall school soon numbered nearly a hundred. And here he seems to have been tolerably contented; comparing himself to Dionysius, who, driven from the sovereignty of Syracuse, was content to wield the rod at Corinth,—"*Syracusis exulans, Corinthi tyrannidem molior.*" But in that same year a Shropshire friend of some influence, and a member of Cromwell's Parliament—John Corbett of Adderley—procured for him the appointment to the grammar school at Market-Drayton, for which how- he had to pay ten pounds as of retiring fee to his prede- Again most of his boys ied him, and again he d success; but he was s from this resting-place

on the old ground of malignancy by the "Committee for Scandalous and Plundered Ministers"—a body whom, in the old school register which received all his confidences, he curses in his queer mixture of Greek and Latin—no doubt in the persuasion that it would be an unknown tongue to them, even if they had the chance to read it." He moved off out of their way to Hawarden in Flintshire, a little band of twelve scholars dragging their weary way after him through those Welsh roads in the month of March—"*per nives, per brumam, longum iter*," as he pathetically words it. The rough Welsh children whom he found there were no doubt, as he complains, a far less satisfactory material to work upon than the well-bred boys of Shropshire. He had to teach them, he says, the very rudiments of English; yet in a few months the name of the great Shrewsbury master had filled the little Welsh school with "above a hundred gentlemen's sons." He writes as if he were happy there. He speaks with delight of their docility in learning, and their personal attachment to himself. He tells us how they represented after the old Shrewsbury fashion [illegible] great wonder and edification [illegible] doubt of the Welsh squires [illegible] comedy of the Captives [illegible] they maintained a [illegible] satirical verses with the [illegible] neighbouring school [illegible] But, in a very [illegible] resting-place was [illegible] this time by a more [illegible] than even a Parliamentary [illegible] sion. The master [illegible] don. One of [illegible] making scholars [illegible] the play." Dr. [illegible] [illegible] the writer [illegible] the greater [illegible]

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tion. Besides tl ul fr so: for have contem- without, he had s[illegible] another move. He was a vexations. His second [illegible] was late for Wrexham school; but one David Pierce, who [illegible] coblers of Wrexham," he says, was a member of his h[illegible] ed him. And he admits that between whom and s. [illegible] enemies called him—not with- there was a perpetual civ[illegible] ome reason—"a rolling stone The head-master sided w[illegible] would gather no moss." His subordinate in his heart [illegible] and convivial tastes still re- the lady; but domestic comfort re- d with him, and no doubt he quired that David should take his n acceptable guest at the ho departure; and Chaloner, with the e boards of the Denbighshire generous unselfishness which was y. Some of his private entries part of his nature, maintained the this date betray that a good young man for some time at Cam- of hard drinking went on a bridge.* But Mr. Pierce's future entertainments, and that the perhaps justified Mrs. Chaloner's n schoolmaster took his fair dislike; for some time afterwards † He was always very penitent he is spoken of as likely to lose the in the morning; but the penitence mastership of a school which had ot insure that the next invita- been obtained for him, "unless would be declined. He found Providence interfered,"—which it nd at last amongst the domi probably did not. Chaloner's re- party. Thomas Gilbert, one treat to Overton with his scholars of Cromwell's chaplains, and from was most likely a mere temporary his influence in such matters known arrangement; at least he does not as "the Bishop of Shropshire," re- remain there many months, and the commended him to William Adams, next three years of his life seem to n and haberdasher of London, have been spent at Emerall, as do- who had just founded his Free mestic tutor in the family of Sir John Grammar School at Newport; and Puleston, where he found his pupils with his son as under-master, more than ordinarily dull—"*pueros* ner once more, with that re- *pessimæ indolis.*" Somewhere about able success which is the wit- this date he obtained the master- of his unparalleled ability as ship of the school at Stone, in Staf- a master, created what might have fordshire, where he collected a hun- been a second Shrewsbury. By dred and twenty-two scholars; and the end of his second year there he next we find him holding the same had two hundred and forty-four office at Ruthin, whence he was once scholars, "many of them the sons more ejected by Cromwell's Major- of the first gentlemen in that and General for North Wales; the ill- the neighbouring counties."

advised rising of the Royalists in the west having irritated the Protector into fresh measures against "delinquents." He was, however, allowed to return through the intercession of some friends. But either he was naturally of a restless turn, or his wandering life had made him

But meanwhile events were preparing his return to the scene of his early triumphs. Mr. Pigot, the intended master, had carried on the work at Shrewsbury with considerable ability and moderation; interrupted only, like Chaloner, by the plague, which

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dum" [here follow a few of the names] "*et circiter* 130. *Væ nobis! Domine miserere nostri!*"—School Register.

* "Quem nimium iniquiter ab uxore meâ tractatum misi Cantabrigiam, ibique pro tempore meis sumptibus alo, sperans amicas *ἀμοιβας*."

† "1653. Jan. 3.—Repetita potatio, renovata [illegible]

" 4.—Plâs y Ward convivabar [illegible] griuscule.

" 5.—Nonnihil legi, oravi, me [illegible]

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caused the school to be closed for some months by an order of the Protector's council.* So well had he satisfied the authorities of St. John's, that at the Restoration they gave him a formal nomination with the view of confirming his title to the head-mastership. The popular reaction, however, was too strong. In July 1662, he was ejected (probably by the operation of the Bartholomew Act) and was committed prisoner to the castle in company with Michael Betton, "canoneer" to the garrison, and Mr. Tallents, the Puritan minister of St. Mary's. They were released in a few days, and Mr. Pigot died in the year following. But though his old place was vacant, Chaloner seems to have been not over-anxious to return. His school at Newport was flourishing, and his Shrewsbury associations had been broken up. For six months the head-mastership remained unfilled; Cotton, the second master, meanwhile discharging the duties. At the end of that time we find the following entry,—rather ungracious, as though the genial temper had been somewhat soured, more by the smaller vexations of a schoolmaster's life than by his heavier trials:—

"I, T. C., after an exile of nineteen years, return to my ancient province. For the under-master of Newport [this surely could not be his own son?] behaved so imperiously and deceitfully to me, that I could not bear to associate with him any more, and so removed hither with my second wife and some young gentlemen whom I placed in their several classes on the 4th of March."

So the wanderer found rest. But Shrewsbury was at least as much changed as he was. Whether he frequented again his old haunt in the Sextry, when afternoon school was over, we do not know; but he would have found there very few of the old familiar faces. Time had untied that social "knot of company-keepers." The schoolmaster had made little mournful notes against the list of his old friends' names during his nineteen years' exile. Black David the grammarian was gone where concords are never broken. Sir Richard Earnley, as we have seen, had died gallantly in the King's cause —"slain at the taking of the town." Sir William Vaughan, too, had met the same fate—"slain at Tredagh." Sir Thomas Lyster was dead also. Lee of Lee Hall had "papisted," which was even worse. How the remaining friends met and welcomed each other after so many years, no one knows now, or will know.

Chaloner lived little more than two years after his restoration. The kindly reader will hope that his second wife did not quarrel with the under-masters like his first, and that the Shrewsbury boys teased him as little as possible in his declining years. He was buried in St. Mary's Church, on the very day twelvemonth after his predecessor and supplanter, Pigot, had been laid in the same place. *Requiescant in pace.*

There were heartburnings again about the election of his successor. Poor Mr. Cotton, the second master, who had quietly admitted Chaloner's superior rights, as merely resuming what was his own, now put in his modest claims for promotion to the chief desk, as by statute provided. But the statute appears to have become virtually obsolete. He was thrust aside without ceremony; and the contest lay between a Mr. Bull, supported by the strong local influence of Lord Newport, and by Bishop Hacket as Visitor, and An-

* "You are also forthwith to dissolve both the schools in your towne, and see that they continue soe till it shall please God the infection shall cease.

"Jo. Bradshawe, *P.*

"White Hall, 9th *Aug.* 1650."

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drew Taylor, Fellow of King's College, who had received his early education in the school before he was elected on the foundation at Eton. The latter was elected, and Shrewsbury for the fi and last time came under an head-master. But the inf the Eton element which, school traditions are false, into new life the country grammar schools of Harrow and Rugby, had no perceptible effect upon the fortunes of Shrewsbury. The school had been created by Ashton, and re-created by Chaloner; and, after his death, it gradually fell almost as rapidly as it had risen. The school registers of these days have unfortunately disappeared, and the causes and progress of this decay can only be guessed at. Taylor held his office for three-and-twenty years—probably too long for the welfare of the school, for it is recorded that during the latter part of the time his health had failed him. King James II. was now steadily pursuing the course, so fatal to himself, of forcing Romanists into the headships of colleges and schools by royal mandamus. He made a progress through Shrewsbury in 1687; and though the conduits at Wyle Cop and Mardol ran with wine on the occasion, the Protestant burgesses were by no means glad to see him. The Papistical party in the town were watching like vultures for Taylor's death, having "one Sebrand, a Jesuit," ready to force at once, by royal order, into the vacant place. Taylor disappointed their object by a secret resignation—not much too soon, for he died that year. It was done so quietly that St. John's College had time to appoint a master, and the burgesses and bailiffs to induct him, before the royal mandamus could issue. There was no time for disputes, and probably the choice was a hurried one. Richard Lloyd, M.A., one of their own fellows, whom they selected, reigned as head-master for

what succes
red from the
hat on his retirement he left
sixteen boys in the school.
ems to have been a man for-
beyond his deserts; for he
talls both at Brecon and a
rd, and a living or two be-
so that at last he was either
d or compelled into a resig-
on the ground of plurality.
n followed a struggle
longer and more determined
ever, between the Cambridge
ities and the burgesses for
ght of election. The College
ated another of their own
s, William Clarke; the Cor-
on put in, and maintained in
possession, a burgess of the
and a Master of Arts of Jesus
e in Oxford, Hugh Owen;
e remained *de facto* head-
for nearly four years. But
de jure, as it was decided; for
College filed a bill against the
ration, and won their cause.
much expenditure on both
Mr. Clarke, their original
ee, had in the meanwhile
more peaceful preferment,
gone off to a living; and they
appointed Dr. Robert Phillips,
ess, who had been an official of
St. ary's Church. Whatever might
have been his qualifications, he
was fifty-seven years old when he
first began work as a schoolmaster
—not a very likely man to retrieve
the fallen fortunes of Shrewsbury.
Nor were these constant disputes
between College and Corporation
likely to conduce to that end. It
is said that "the school decreased"
under both these last masters;
though how it could fall much
lower in numbers than sixteen—
the point at which Lloyd had left
it—is not so clear to an arithmetical
critic. But it certainly did
not rise, as we shall presently see.

Dr. Phillips continued in office
eight years, when he was succeeded
by Leonard Hotchkis, the second
master. He de the more
special notice ause to some

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a woman as Lucilla might be justified in fainting, embarrassing and uncomfortable as that would be.

"I will go and see what it means," he said, with still half the air of a man who had a right to go and see, and was, as it were, almost in his own house. As he turned round, the night-bell pealed wildly below in correction of the mistake. It was evident that somebody wanted admission who had not a moment to lose, and who was in the habit of pulling wildly at whatever came in his way. Mr. Ashburton went out of the room to see who it was, a little amused and a little alarmed, but much annoyed at bottom, as was only natural, at such an interruption. He did not very well know whether he was accepted or rejected; but it was equally his duty in either case to put a stop to the ringing of that ghostly bell. He went away, meaning to return immediately and have it out and know his fate. And Lucilla, whose heart had come back, having fully ascertained who it was, and was now choking her with its beating, was left to await the new event and the new-comer alone.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD UPON MEN AND WOMEN, AND OTHER THINGS IN GENERAL.

PART XXIII.

THE FENIANPEST.

We have two plagues raging amongst us at this moment—Fenianism and the Rinderpest—and with a very considerable resemblance between the two. Each was imported from abroad; each displayed the greatest tendency to be propagated by contact; each was distinguished by the rapidity with which symptoms succeeded, and the virulence of the complaint was developed; and, as though to make the parallel more complete, the progress of each, though seen and regarded, was treated by the Government with such indifference that no measures of precaution were adopted—no securities against the spread of pestilence provided, nor a single remedial act thought of, till the malady had been sown broadcast through the kingdom.

The dread of over-legislation is a very natural dread. Any one who has ever sojourned in France or Prussia need not be told how his life was hampered by legal enactments, and how incessantly the Government thrust itself between each man and his daily occupations, so that nothing could be done or attempted without the consent and cognition of the authorities. This, there is no doubt, is immensely provoking, and suggests besides a condition of bondage that is far from contributing to a man's self-esteem or his sense of freedom.

If, however, they do too much abroad, is it not just possible that we at home may do too little? In our great zeal for liberty we leave everything open to every one at *a price!* We do not, for instance, as in France, give so many warnings to our public journalists, and cry out, "Take care; your words are becoming dangerous. If you do not reform your manners, why———" But we say, "Write away; and if we catch you in a libel you shall pay for it." We are, in fact, far too much enamoured of free action and free thought to adopt anything precautionary, and we have the same dread of repressing the expression of opinion that a doctor has of repelling an eruption. "Let it come out," is the maxim in each case, "and the fever will decline afterwards."

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I own, on the w e. I like our own way best. The s of citizenship are best taught w they are accompanied by a s of responsibility; and the cool and restraint impressed n e Englishman are better a regards life than all the w s prefects, or all the u a police minister. "The cost" of any action may be very mercantile quality, and, if so, all the more appropriate to a nation of shopkeepers; but it unquestionably suits the habits of a free people who would far rather do than be done for, and who are never over-gratified at any one proposing to do for them what, they think at least, they could do very well for themselves. Now, I do like this, and I have little sympathy with the system that prescribes how often a man must sweep his chimney, and how many times he must shave; still, I do think that there are emergencies which, just as they are too great and too momentous to be dealt with by individual effort, demand the care and attention of a Government, and that when these are perils of whose march and progress only those in authority are enabled to form a true appreciation, it is all the more their duty to take measures that they shall not spread, nor that the commonwealth should suffer.

Now, Fenianism is not a thing of yesterday. Irish disaffection is an old chronic complaint, and even from '98 to the present hour has had several acute attacks, "supervening," as the doctors say, "on the old affection." However local we may please to think Rockite insurrection—Terryalt or Whiteboyism—they are all of them neither more nor less than signs of that insubordinate spirit which is the Irish peasant's notion of Patriotism. Paddy knows that he is poor—that he is badly housed, ill-clothed and worse fed, and it is not a very difficult task to persuade him that somebody else is in fault for it all. He is very quick-

ery logical—
hen they are
y; at all events, he is well
ed to believe that he has not
f to blame for the hardships
s under, and there is unques-
ly something elevating to a
pride in thinking that it is
y keeps him down, and
f he had only fair play he
would be—Heaven knows what—
at, glorious, and free. Delu-
ike these are very easy to a
very warm-tempered and highly-
native people. It may be all
ine and very true to say that
ien have no real grievances to
ain of—that an honest equal-
law as extended to them, and that
re denied none of the privi-
nor securities which are in-
d by Englishmen; but do you
ie that this is the language
s addressed to Paddy by his
rs? Do you fancy the Priest
, "The law is as fairly admin-
d in Cork as in Yorkshire.
children have a better educa-
ffered them here in Tipperary
any county in England can
ply. If the Established Church
were to be abolished to-morrow, not
one sixpence of its revenues would
find itself in your breeches-pocket.
Three-fifths of the judges of the
land are of your own persuasion;
and so strong is the feeling that an
arrear of place and office is due to
Catholics, that inferior men are advanced over the heads of Protestants, as a sort of conscience-money paid by the State for bygone injustice"? Can you fancy, in addition to this, the Reverend Father telling him some unpalatable truths about the climate of Ireland?—how ill-suited it was to wheat crops, and how imperatively the landlord was driven to become a grazier instead of a husbandman? And last of all—can you picture to yourself any man who wishes to be popular in Ireland preaching contentment?

For a long series of years Paddy has been taught only one lesson—"that he v ' It is not

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very clear who wronged him, or how; but as it was plain enough that he never prospered in Ireland, and that he got on very well when he quitted it, it was surely not difficult to make it appear that there was something grievous or unfair in that home-legislation which cramped his industry and fettered his faculties, else how could it be that the man who rose to comfort and independence in Ohio was only a ragged pauper while he toiled in Galway? Now, America was not simply a land of dollars, but it was a land in which, for the first time in his life, Pat was emancipated from the evil teachings of an inimical priesthood, who made the grievances of the poor man the plea for some concession to the Church. Pat heard plenty of abuse of England in America, it is true; but it was a very different indictment was drawn against her there from what he had listened to in Ireland. Nor was there one single item in the plea that could offer him an excuse to be idle, or suggest the idea to take a shot at his landlord.

There is, besides, a wonderful contagion in idleness. The Irishman at home worked little, and worked unwillingly. No example showed him that industry could lead to comfort, or that labour could redound to him in future ease and enjoyment. He was in that precise condition in which, out of very hopelessness, a man is a prey to any who would incite him to acts of lawlessness and outrage. In America all these conditions were reversed; and whatever consideration he expected to enjoy there, he soon came to feel would depend upon the position he was to occupy, and the social rank he should fill. If the ills of which Irishmen complain had been real *bonâ fide* tangible grievances, it is by no means impossible that, once they had thrown them behind them by expatriation, they would have learned to think of them with less acuteness and less bitterness. It was, in fact, because these were sentimental wrongs—the misty memories of old persecutions, mistaken notions of rights that appertained to imaginary ancestors, confiscations of lands that they could trace no claim to, and suchlike. These could no more be forgotten and forgiven than a man could take an oath against castle-building. Pat's dislike to England is all the greater, because he cannot define what it is he hates, and the agitators who have traded on this ignorance well know how to invest it with a character of political discontent. To what bribes of imaginary wealth and advancement O'Connell was obliged to descend, to interest the people for emancipation! How constantly he was driven to set the object before them as one of especial individual benefit! The region of lies that an Irish peasant lives in is scarcely to be imagined.

Expecting the Irish people, the great mass of the nation, to gather from the debates in the House that they have few if any grievances to complain of—that they are treated on terms of equality with the rest of the kingdom—that much of what they regard as hardships lies in the resentful spirit that makes men more ready to risk their lives in an outrage than earn a living by industry,—to expect all this, would be like hoping to allay the pangs of famine by reading out the bill of fare of the Star and Garter.

Pat is brought face to face with troubles, which his father and his grandfather told him were of English growth. The one or two men of any education he has access to, the newspaper he reads at times, tell him the same story, and he likes to think it true. There is the real evil; he hugs his calamities to his heart, and says, "There's not a man in Europe treated as cruelly as I am."

To suppose that you can reach the permanent discontent of Ireland by legislation is absurd. You

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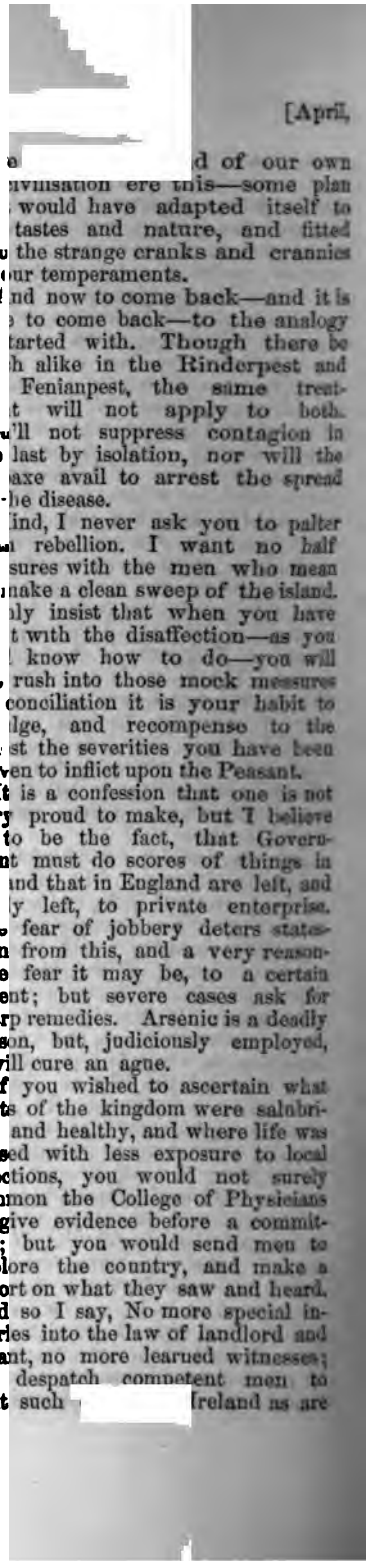
might as well try to cure the small-pox by Act of Parliament. The great evils of Ireland are social, and must be met by such means as affect and influence social relations. Much is to be done by the school-master, but far more by the neighbour. Pat is not very trustful, he is eminently suspicious and slow to believe; but there is a great fund of gratitude in his nature, and he is stanch to him who has befriended him. Try and win his confidence. You have tried a variety of things, and they have failed. Try this. Try, first, by giving him employment, to show him that you mean he should have wherewithal to live; and then, by generous treatment, lead him to believe that he is not the uncared-for outcast his priest would fain persuade him to think himself. Get it out of your head, if you can, that legislation is what he wants. He needs employment—he needs such pay as will support him; and if you really wish to gain his affection, dash his life with some of that rich colour which the advent of great people diffuses over a country. Let him see royalty, and the pageant of royalty. Pat is very Oriental in his tastes; he delights in splendour, and he reverences high station. It is only when he comes back from America over-elated with his dollars, and excited by his own successes, that he has room for any republicanism in his heart.

A Queen sailing over the waters of Killarney with a royal following, a Prince of Wales riding boldly with "the Kildare," would do more to send a thrill through the national heart than if you chartered a Catholic college every day for a month, or voted an episcopal palace to Paul Cullen.

You may shake your heads over it, and for that matter over us; but please to remember we are not Englishmen, and if you had not come to us with your Saxon notions—very good notions for *you*—it is not impossible that we might



d of our own
ivilisation ere this—some plan
would have adapted itself to
tastes and nature, and fitted
the strange cranks and crannies
ur temperaments.
nd now to come back—and it is
to come back—to the analogy
tarted with. Though there be
h alike in the Rinderpest and
Fenianpest, the same treat-
t will not apply to both.
'll not suppress contagion in
last by isolation, nor will the
axe avail to arrest the spread
he disease.
ind, I never ask you to palter
rebellion. I want no half
sures with the men who mean
make a clean sweep of the island.
ly insist that when you have
t with the disaffection—as you
know how to do—you will
rush into those mock measures
conciliation it is your habit to
lge, and recompense to the
st the severities you have been
driven to inflict upon the Peasant.

It is a confession that one is not very proud to make, but I believe it to be the fact, that Government must do scores of things in Ireland that in England are left, and safely left, to private enterprise. The fear of jobbery deters statesmen from this, and a very reasonable fear it may be, to a certain extent; but severe cases ask for sharp remedies. Arsenic is a deadly poison, but, judiciously employed, it will cure an ague.

If you wished to ascertain what parts of the kingdom were salubrious and healthy, and where life was passed with less exposure to local affections, you would not surely summon the College of Physicians to give evidence before a committee; but you would send men to explore the country, and make a report on what they saw and heard. And so I say, No more special inquiries into the law of landlord and tenant, no more learned witnesses; but despatch competent men to visit such parts of Ireland as are

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managed with advantage to the proprietor and satisfaction to the tenant. It is only the reserve of delicacy forbids my stating the names of many such proprietors. See how the tenants are dealt with there, what are the tenures, what the rights secured to each of the contracting parties, how limited, how observed. Do not deem many small, and to all seeming trifling incidents, which contribute to a mutual good feeling, beneath your attention. Learn well what amount of personal intercourse is maintained between the owner and the occupier of land; and once for all ascertain if the Irish peasant would not be a happy, contented, and well-to-do man if he were assured of the same consideration and the same treatment the English labourer is certain of obtaining. I prejudge nothing, I affirm nothing; I only ask that you will look before you legislate, and think a little more about Paddy, and a little less of his Priest.

A GLANCE AT THE NEW "HOUSE."

The characters of political life are distributed pretty much like those of the drama; and just as we see the heavy father and the light-comedy man in the one case, we have the statistical economist and the jocose member in the other; and the resemblance is complete in the deferential forbearance with which other individuals of the "corps" regard these parts as already occupied—a sort of patented office, which none must trespass on. Since Joseph Hume's time there has been, so to say, no heavy-business actor of a high order; for though Mr. Williams of Lambeth occasionally came out in that line, he dashed it too much with low comedy to be really effective.

I own that until I had read that laboured eulogy Mr. Gladstone pronounced a few days ago upon Joe Hume, I had not the faintest idea that his line of character was a high one, or demanded any very remarkable qualities. I had always thought that telling others to cut down the estimates was as easy as slicing a cake. It is by no means impossible that my notions as a financial reformer may have been drawn from domestic experiences and my frequent remonstrances to Mrs. O'Dowd, who, I am forced to say, never shows a surplus in *her* budget. It seemed so easy, too, to say, What do you want with so many soldiers? What can you possibly mean to do with that enormous fleet? Why send that Governor out in a frigate, when his passage-money by a steamer would cost only thirty guineas? How can H.M.'s yacht burn so much coal? How can H.M's minister consume so much sealing-wax?

Of all the devices of patriotism, I know of none so sure to redound to a man's immediate fame as that of financial reform. In most of the services a man renders his state he is drawing his bill on posterity. Here, however, he lives to reap what he has sown, and every session of Parliament is sure to bring round the season when his great gifts become conspicuous, and enable him to display before the nation how thoroughly he has mastered the mysteries of the Dockyard, and knows every chink and flaw of the Woods and Forests.

I must say I like this division of political labour, it looks so practical, so businesslike; and just as you know in turning over the "Times" where to come upon the leading article, where foreign correspondence, and where the City news, you see at a glance as a man rises in the House whether you are going to get Maynooth, Kensington Museum, or the Abyssinian captives; and, as I take it, nine men out of every ten who follow the

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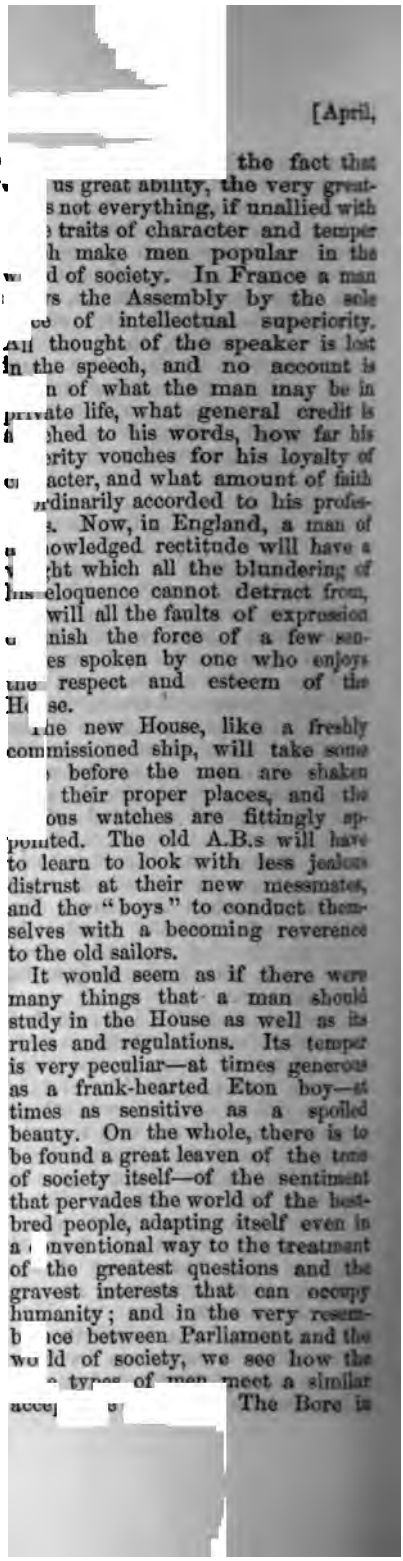
course of events] wl
the speaker will . a
business of life, *quoad* p
smooth and easy. It is unqu a-
ably a great evidence of the in t-
ance we attach to Par a
attention we bestow up a
said there. In the] of a
the subject debated a been a-
ready discussed in] olic
papers with great a
ability, and far more a
arrangement than will be a
in the House. In fact, a is
scarcely a stronger bathos than the "speech" after you have read the "leader;" and yet somehow we do not feel we have got the real article till we have the *ipsissima verba* of the Honourable or Right Honourable Stutterer, and we want the "hear, hear," the "no, no," the cries of deprecation, or that strangest of all concords which in parliamentary language is called "a cheer."

It may be, however, that the Press aids instead of diminishes our interest in all these, and contributes to the debates something like what the Greek chorus supplied to the classic drama—a running commentary on the argument of the piece, and an exposition of motives, sorrows, joys, and triumphs, which the characters could not without detriment to the action have stopped to give us of themselves. It is too early as yet to say whether the principal pieces will be as well "cast" in the present as we saw them in the last Parliament. Some we shall certainly miss, and some of the new men are unquestionably gains. One cannot, however, but feel that Lord Palmerston was a great loss to a new House. A leader of his peculiar character was like an experienced whip to a fresh team, and it would be hard to imagine the box-seat occupied by a coachman more unlike his predecessor.

If there be anything which essentially distinguishes the English House of Commons from all foreign



the fact that
us great ability, the very great-
s not everything, if unallied with
traits of character and temper
h make men popular in the
d of society. In France a man
s the Assembly by the sole
of intellectual superiority.
all thought of the speaker is lost
in the speech, and no account is
n of what the man may be in
private life, what general credit is
shed to his words, how far his
rity vouches for his loyalty of
acter, and what amount of faith
rdinarily accorded to his profes-
. Now, in England, a man of
owledged rectitude will have a
ght which all the blundering of
eloquence cannot detract from,
will all the faults of expression
nish the force of a few sen-
es spoken by one who enjoys
respect and esteem of the
se.

he new House, like a freshly
commissioned ship, will take some
before the men are shaken
their proper places, and the
ous watches are fittingly ap-
pointed. The old A.B.s will have to learn to look with less jealous distrust at their new messmates, and the "boys" to conduct themselves with a becoming reverence to the old sailors.

It would seem as if there were many things that a man should study in the House as well as its rules and regulations. Its temper is very peculiar—at times generous as a frank-hearted Eton boy—at times as sensitive as a spoiled beauty. On the whole, there is to be found a great leaven of the tone of society itself—of the sentiment that pervades the world of the best-bred people, adapting itself even in a conventional way to the treatment of the greatest questions and the gravest interests that can occupy humanity; and in the very resemblance between Parliament and the world of society, we see how the e types of men meet a similar
The Bore is

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the House is treated pretty much like the Bore at a dinner-party. The wit has his passing triumph in each; the tiresome talker is left to the one listener he has "button-holed;" and the bumptious youth is as certainly snubbed and put down in the one place as the other. Excepting in cases of ability of the very highest order, and where success is to be achieved by unquestionable superiority, I am disposed to think that the men who will soonest distinguish themselves in the new House will be those who are distinctively "men of the world"—such, in fact, as mix most in society, and contribute largely by their gifts to the world they live in. The common sense of common life is a very available quality. It is a sort of money that every one accepts. It is a legal tender everywhere.

I suspect, too, there is a greater pleasure in listening to men of this stamp in general than to those who overawe us with a great reputation acquired elsewhere, and not always applicable to the questions of Parliament.

Parliament is like the playground of a great school. No matter how good a boxer a boy may be, there are fellows who will provoke him, even though certain to come worst out of the encounter. There is a thorough conviction that every one gets fair play.

Up to the time at which I am writing, nothing has occurred beyond brisk skirmishing. The large battalion has not moved, and the great battle has not yet opened. The distinguished member for Westminster (perhaps, to prevent mistake, I ought to say I do not mean Captain Grosvenor) propounded the ingenious theory that the possessor of diseased cattle needed no other recompense for his loss by their death than in the increased price the sound ones would be sure to fetch in the market; but he pleasantly ignored the fact that the sound ones might be his neighbour's. To a great philosophic patriotism, perhaps, this circumstance would detract but little from the force of the argument. The greatest-happiness principle is a large blanket, and covers much nakedness. The suggestion, at all events, was so remarkable as to have evoked from Mr. Lowe the perhaps unwilling avowal, "He is too clever for us in this House." Indeed, it would not be exactly fair to expect the House of Commons to follow more refined subtleties than those of Mr. Gladstone; and it would be as well if the collective wisdom were to affirm at once that they could not regard conundrums as a legitimate part of statecraft. It appears to me, however, that on the present occasion the great thinker was plagiarising. I feel all the hazard of such an imputation. I own to myself it is like suspecting Baron Rothschild of passing a "duffer." My strength, however, lies in the fact that I am prepared to adduce the incident from which I am disposed to believe Mr. Mill derived his illustration, and to show that in his theory of compensations he has no claim to originality.

It happened some time back that a stranger to the island—some say an Englishman—was experimenting on the range of his rifle on a very unvisited part of the sea-coast of Sicily. It was a wild, uninhabited region, where in a day's ramble one never met a human being. Thus insured, as he trusted, against all risk of accident, our traveller fired at every rocky peak, every jutting crag, every rugged trunk that presented itself. At last a small dark object, over which the waves seemed to break at times, attracted his eye, at a great distance off. It appeared to be out of range; but, determined to decide the point, he aimed and fired. Imagine his horror, on reaching the spot, to discover that his ball had killed a boy, passing through whose body it also killed an old woman some thirty yards farther off. They

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had both been engaged gathering seaweed at the time.

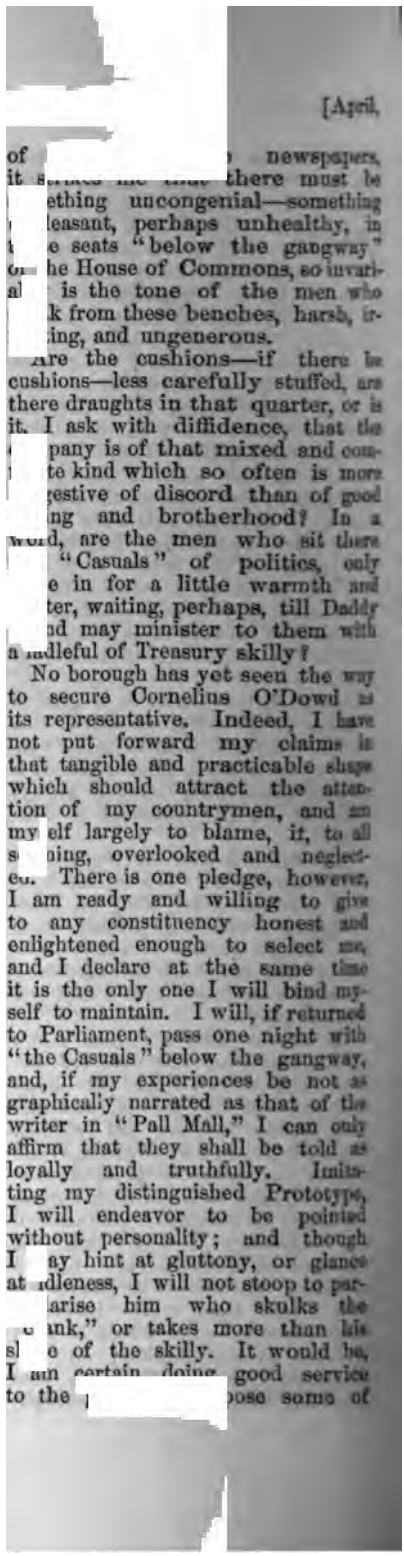
He at once surrendered himself to the authorities, with a full confession as to the way the terrible disaster had occurred. The case was decreed to be one of accidental homicide, and the culprit was accordingly condemned to pay a fine. For the boy, who was an active, industrious lad, and the chief support of his family, it was decreed the recompense should be "four hundred ounces"—the coin of Sicily; but as the old woman had been only a great burden, and a charge for her support, the wise judge took off two hundred, reducing the penalty by one half.

If the Member for W
had heard of this event, an
claim to originality falls at once to the ground; for here we have the grand law of compensation admirably illustrated, and the theory by which good and evil balance each other strikingly exemplified. How to adjust the case of the sick cow to that of the old woman, I leave to an intelligent public.

It has often been remarked that if the great mathematical heads—the Tripos men—ever took to the Turf, they would show a capacity for "book-making" that would make the Ring tremble; and here is the doctrine of hedging fully developed, and one cannot but think that if the genius that dealt with the "external world" had only limited itself to that portion of it to be found at Doncaster, the results would be astounding.

As for Mr. Bright, he has to confess that he thinks worse of Toryism than the Rinderpest. The latter may be treated, perhaps cured; he sees nothing but the poleaxe for the other. Was there ever such an unhappy country—the Cows are as bad as the Conservatives?

Living far away from the scene of these mighty encounters, and only gleaning my little knowledge



of newspapers,
it there must be
ething uncongenial—something
leasant, perhaps unhealthy, in
e seats "below the gangway"
he House of Commons, so invari-
al is the tone of the men who
k from these benches, harsh, ir-
ing, and ungenerous.
Are the cushions—if there be
cushions—less carefully stuffed, are
there draughts in that quarter, or is
it. I ask with diffidence, that the
pany is of that mixed and com-
te kind which so often is more
gestive of discord than of good
ng and brotherhood? In a
rd, are the men who sit there
"Casuals" of politics, only
e in for a little warmth and
ter, waiting, perhaps, till Daddy
d may minister to them with
a ladleful of Treasury skilly?
No borough has yet seen the way
to secure Cornelius O'Dowd as
its representative. Indeed, I have
not put forward my claims in
that tangible and practicable shape
which should attract the atten-
tion of my countrymen, and am
myself largely to blame, it, to all
s ning, overlooked and neglect-
ed. There is one pledge, however,
I am ready and willing to give
to any constituency honest and
enlightened enough to select me,
and I declare at the same time
it is the only one I will bind my-
self to maintain. I will, if returned
to Parliament, pass one night with
"the Casuals" below the gangway,
and, if my experiences be not as
graphically narrated as that of the
writer in "Pall Mall," I can only
affirm that they shall be told as
loyally and truthfully. Imitating my distinguished Prototype,
I will endeavor to be pointed
without personality; and though
I may hint at gluttony, or glance
at idleness, I will not stoop to par-
arise him who skulks the
ank," or takes more than his
s e of the skilly. It would be,
I am certain, doing good service
to the pose some of

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these people. There are men there who share Bright's "blanket" to-night, and to-morrow night are fain to ask for a corner of Lord Stanley's "rug"—who sip out of Gladstone's ladle to-day, and next day will entreat Disraeli to take their turn at the crank. Ay, and when so ragged and tattered as to be a shame to be seen, they will tear up the good clothes they got on the Opposition benches, and insist upon a fresh suit of a new Whig pattern before they leave the House.

SPAIN AND ITALY.

It has often been matter of astonishment to me that conjurors and sleight-of-hand folk have so little reluctance to explain all the mechanism by which they work their miracles, and are ever ready so to display to an admiring and bewildered public the secret threads and springs and hooks by which their skill was aided, and by whose agency they accomplished their marvellous feats. Besides the candour of this proceeding, there is an immense self-confidence in it. M. Houdin empties his tool-box on the table, but he knows well how useless the implements must be in other hands than his own! He tells indeed every step and incident of his performance, he shows you the few and very simple appliances of his address; but is there not in all this frankness a sense of conscious power that is almost boastful? Does he not say as plainly as words could say, "There is my magic—there my mystery; try now what you can do with them"? If he be ready to diminish the prestige of his art, it is that he may glorify himself. It is his pride to say, I have not one sense more than you are endowed with. Nature has given me no especial peculiarity of structure. My eye and my hand are very much like your own, and yet see what I can make of my faculties, and tell me if you can do anything similar?

If there be nothing more perfectly frank and above-board than the way these men show the secrets of their address, once that the trick is done, and the audience has been overwhelmed with amazement, so is there no subtlety too much to employ in the concealment of the secret agency while the miracle is being worked, and while they hold the public on the tenter-hooks of an eager and intense expectancy.

M. Houdin tells us that one of the highest gifts of an accomplished conjuror is the power to distract the attention of his audience from the peculiar miracle in hand, and engage their interest on something totally remote from it. To this end, he says, very considerable conversational powers are occasionally directed, and an ingenious explanation, or an interesting anecdote, will often occupy public attention sufficiently long to enable the performer to perfect his delusion. Occasionally, he adds, all these are not enough, and more material aids are required. A detonating shot, or some explosive powder which causes a dense smoke, will often produce the required mystification, and give ample time besides to effect the trick.

As I laid down the volume of one of these gifted and most celebrated performers, I could not help asking myself, Has this man been really treating of his art, or is the whole exposition only a clever allegory on modern diplomacy? Is, in a word, the prestidigitator a plenipotentiary? and are the bouquets, the seraphic music, and the batter-puddings in one's hat another name for the courtesies, the *chansons*, and the *œufs cassés* of the diplomatic art?

If it be not an allegory, the resemblance is absolutely marvellous. In each case we have the great artist. In each case is he seen work-

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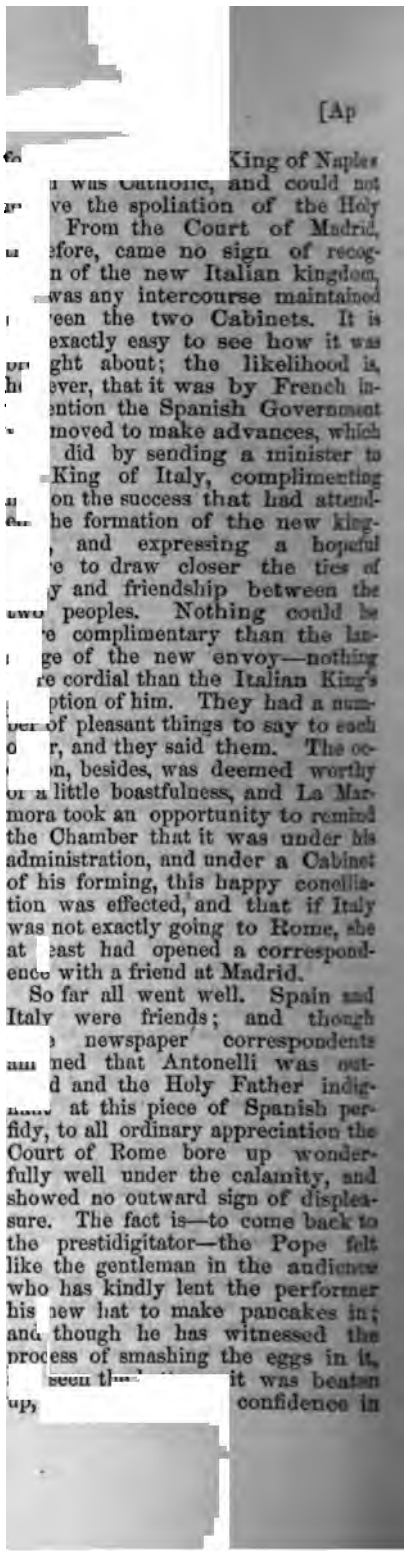
ing with tools the most ordinary and commonplace. If the conjuror only ask for a piece of packthread and a morsel of beeswax, the diplomatist, still more simple, needs but an inkbottle and a Queen's messenger. Secrecy has the same value for each—secrecy and mystification. Each must distract his public; and, by arts wonderfully alike, each has the same necessity to employ powers that engage attention elsewhere than to the matter in hand; and each knows what benefit to derive from a sudden explosion, and all the advantage that can be taken of a little smoke. Again, each well knows that though he is bewildering his public, the veriest tyro in that public does not believe him to be supernatural. He may be as nimble-fingered, as subtle, and as skilful as he may—he may do scores of things that you and I cannot do—but we leave him with the full conviction that it's only conjuring after all, and that there was not a particle of reality in the whole of it. Finally—and here perhaps is the closest resemblance of all—each, having played out his trick, has not the slightest repugnance to coming forward to show how it was done—with what very poor appliances, what humble aids—and, let us add in all humility, what an easily bamboozled audience he had to look on and applaud him.

It is to this last feature of the resemblance between them I wish now to direct my reader's attention.

We are all aware that since the Italian nation has taken her place in the great European family, there have been very varied evidences displayed to her by her neighbours of the feelings, friendly or the reverse, with which they have regarded her presence amongst them. Some have been hearty and cordial; some have limited themselves to a polite courtesy; some have been cold; and some positively inimical. In the latter category was Spain. Spain was Bourbon, and could not



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the operator's skill, that he never so much as gives a thought to the possibility of damage, nor even deigns to examine the lining as it is given back to him.

"No, no," said the Holy Father, "that gentleman knows perfectly well what he is doing; my hat—my tiara I mean—will be nothing the worse for it all."

I will not say that it would occur to every one to reason in this wise. Who knows if infallibility may not have lent its aid to this prescient sense of contentment? At all events, Pious IX. gave himself little trouble on the score of this new move in politics, and offered the pontifical pinch of snuff to the Spanish envoy with an air of as bland benevolence as ever.

If Italy was vainglorious, Rome was not depressed, and time alone could tell which had most reason for their faith. Now time, that venerable old gentleman, of whose pregnancy we are always talking, brings forth amongst other good things the wonderful productions called Blue Books. They are *Livres Jaunes* in France, green books in Italy, red books in Spain. Nor was red an inappropriate tint on this occasion, if blushing could be any atonement for their contents.

The Spanish 'Blue Book'—I call it by the name familiar to English ears, as best indicating its purport—reveals to us the astounding tidings that the recognition of Italy was never intended as an act of friendship, but was simply a measure adopted in the interest and for the benefit of the Court of Rome; in fact that, seeing how by the retirement of the French army the Pope would be left to that precarious comfort, the love and affection of his own people, the Court of Madrid desired to enter into concert with the French Government, how the Holy Father might be most safely cared for, and the interests of the Papacy secured against the attacks of revolution.

The recognition of Italy, therefore, by Spain, was a mere preliminary step to enable the Cabinet of Madrid to treat of the question between the Pope and Victor Emanuel, and all the friendly greetings of her most Catholic Majesty had no other aim nor object than the right to discuss that which, so long as estrangement subsisted between the two Courts, was a forbidden theme!

This is all shown by the correspondence of the Spanish Blue Book—shown, too, with circumstances of date and time that give it a most important significance; for we see that at the very moment when the Spanish Envoy at Florence is accepting the cordial greetings of Victor Emanuel, the Minister of Spain, at the Tuileries, is cross-questioning M. Drouyn de Lhuys as to what precautionary measures are to be adopted at Rome for the safety of the Papacy when the French troops shall have marched out.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys is certainly guarded enough in his explanations, and had mere polite disinclination to express an opinion been sufficient, he would doubtless have escaped from his insistant questioner; but the Spaniard was not to be put off in this wise, and since the French Minister could not look into time and tell him what would happen, he put to him a variety of hypotheses, and said, What if so and so should occur? how will you act if such an eventuality arise?

Never was a greater demand made upon the imaginative faculty of statesmanship, and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, it must be owned, seemed equal to the occasion; for in one of his flights he went so high as to fancy that the Pope might address himself to the task of reforming his Government, and endeavour to redress some of the wrongs of what Lord Palmerston called "the worst administration in Europe!" But what will you do if he shouldn't do this? asks the Spaniard, who is no more to be denied than an Old Bailey lawyer, and poor M. Drouyn

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de Lhuys has nothing for it but to fall back on the well-known maxim that concludes all French diplomatic correspondence, "And in that case we shall act with our usual wisdom." The upshot of all this candour is that no one is pleased. Italy is not pleased, for she has been most treacherously dealt with, and, under the semblance of a friendly greeting, met only deceit and falsehood. France is not over satisfied, for she has been pushed to put a construction upon the September Treaty which she would fain have avoided declaring. Spain is not pleased, for she expected that by recognising Italy she was to have obtained guarantees against Italy. And if the Pope be pleased, he must be the best-natured prince in Europe.

It is not often that Blue Books point a moral; we are lucky, however, in that respect in the case before us, and the lesson we are taught is, that wherever the events discussed in a correspondence are of that sort which slang people call "shady," the sooner the letters are burnt the better. We are none of us in our private lives made much happier by knowing how our friends talk and write about us. I have grave doubts if we be led to reform a single abuse of our lives by such well-intentioned criticism, and so with nations. It can tend to no good object that they should know what is privately circulated as to their wants and ways, still less that they should learn the reasons for which their alliance is sought for and their friendship requested. These are, after all, like the conventional civilities which in private life lubricate the surface of society, but never penetrate into the core of the metal.

If Spain and Italy had exchanged cards without explaining the why to their "mutual friend," it would have been all the better for both of them. If Spain, seeing the new kingdom of Italy to be a fact, had limited herself to admitting the fact, and not gone on to ask a third party what is to come of this fact, who is to be the better and who the worse for it, the intercourse between the two nations might have been amicable enough; but, to open relations as a means of exploring the resources of a State—sending an envoy as a police magistrate might send a detective in plain clothes—this is something new, even in the annals of diplomatic fraud; and as Spain has had the honour of the invention, let us hope she will preserve the patent. Many people, some of them very acute people, think that the Pope's tenure of power is as pure a question of time as the number of minutes or seconds a man can remain under water and come up again alive. They say that, left to himself and unsustained by foreign bayonets, his power must collapse and his Government fall. The French Emperor, however, either is not of this opinion, or, if he be, he will not own to it. At all events, like a hopeful physician, he prescribes as if his patient had years to live, and he gives him a regimen that indicates what a length of time he may have to follow it. With all this he will not bear being questioned as to what is to be done if the sick man should have a fit, and this is exactly what that Spanish practitioner keeps boring at. How if there be a crisis? how if debility supervene? It was perfectly open to Spain to have made these inquiries and pushed them to the farthest while she held herself aloof, and in estrangement from Italy. There was nothing to prevent her expressing her heartfelt distrust of Victor Emanuel and all his advisers. The perfidy lay in instituting them exactly as she had opened relations of friendship with Italy. This was a degree of dishonesty that seems much more in harmony with the practice of the pettifogger than with the precepts of diplomacy.

There, however, it is all written

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and published in a blue book. There are all the conversations recorded, and the notes reported. If Spain was but a sorry conjuror, we at least know the trick she wanted to do, and we see the means by which she hoped to do it.

There are people in this world whose friendship and intimacy would be a far heavier infliction than their dislike and estrangement. May it not be the same with nations? If so, is it not possible that, after reading these late passages of Spanish diplomacy, one would rise from the perusal with the conviction that this is a country which inspires no large measure of confidence, and that if the choice should be made, one would infinitely rather, as regards Spanish friendship, be Peru than Italy; far rather see her blockading squadron on the coast than one of her envoys and ministers extraordinary in the Court.

La Marmora has replied to the Spanish Minister's insinuations; his note is not deficient in spirit. But what can Italy do? what tone can she take? what language can she hold in the vassalage she lives under? The spendthrift thinks his tradesman a hard-hearted creditor, and longs for the day when he will not dread his knock; but he never knew the thorough misery of his insolvency till he fell into the hands of the money-lender, and raised loans at ruinous interest. Such is the case now with Italy. That grim usurer of the Tuileries has got her acceptances, and no man knows the day or the hour when he may protest the bill.

A COMPARISON.

The seaman stands, nor feels the least emotion,
With just one plank between him and the ocean;
And so stands Gladstone (if there's no hypocrisy),
With just one pound between him and democracy:
Regardless each of what may come some day,
When plank or pound shall happen to give way.
But the poor seaman needs must outward roam;
His trade is danger, and the sea his home:
While Gladstone might a stouter craft have found,
Or lived in ease and safety on dry ground.
We ask the man thus foolishly afloat,
"What earthly business had he in that boat?"

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DEMONOLOGY AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE are few amongst us who do not find attraction, especially in these days, in the study of the habits and customs of a remote people, and the farther removed from us that people may be, whether by distance or by race, the greater is the interest which we feel in them. But in a study of the customs and ideas of the ancient inhabitants of Europe, those of Eastern and Western nations with respect to which we institute the comparison. The interest increases, and "still the wonder grows," as we trace out points of resemblance between people who, at first sight, appear to have nothing in common—as we stumble on a link here and a link there of what almost seems to have been one great chain, an unsuspected bond of union, connecting together nations far from each other in geographical position, farther still in habits of thought, in religion, colour, race—apparently unlike in every particular. We are attracted onward and onward, till suddenly we are positively startled by some unlooked-for instance of identity, and pause to wonder how such things can be.

Of course ethnologists and anthropologists have stronger nerves, and are not so easily startled by such discoveries as ordinary and unscientific mortals are. Yet facts are often brought to light by such unscientific studies, which, though they may be of little or no ethnological value, and may be, in the nature of things, properly found exactly where we find them, are yet very curious, and worth recording. Perhaps the most fertile field for such curiosities is the wide one of superstition. We have no right to be surprised if we find in the East superstitions nearly akin to those of the West—for more things may be traced as having travelled west-

than many of us imagine; yet
entific people at least may be
d if they are surprised at
practices and ceremonies
are historically familiar to
as having been prevalent all
he West many centuries ago,
only in use in remote parts of
st, but, in all their elaborate
identical with those old and
superstitions. It is a curi-
illustration of the progress of
West and the stagnation of the
East. Centuries have passed—they
have rolled over one part of the
globe, and in their course have
swept away many, perhaps too
many, superstitions which were
once matters of faith. They have
glided gently over another part of
the same globe without disturbing
or scattering one single grain of
credulity. We have at this moment in many parts of our Eastern
dominions, scenes enacted precisely
as they were enacted centuries ago in
Europe.

It is astonishing how much may be written of a country, and how little may yet be made known of the superstitions of its people. A man may live all his life in it, learn its history, descant upon its laws, paint its scenery, describe its fauna, study its flora, but yet he may have a very superficial knowledge of the folk-lore of its people—of those little things of which their whole life is made up. The men who in Eastern countries have the best means of studying these last are the missionaries and the public servants. In their endeavours to extend Christianity, the former must master the minutest details of the superstitions which they desire to subvert. The latter, if they look upon their duties in the true light, must endeavour to enter, to some extent, into the feelings and the prejudices of those among whom they live; and in no way can this be done more than by

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acquiring a certain knowledge of their habits, customs, and superstitions, all of which enter so largely into the daily life and motives of action of an Oriental people.

The following sketch, the imperfections of which no one can be so sensible of as the writer, is intended to give a tolerably correct and connected description of the superstition most prevalent in Ceylon, and the one which exercises the greatest influences over the imaginations of the people—their demonology; and to show wherein it resembles the demonology once a universal matter of belief in civilised countries, and existing even yet.

Its value, if it have any, consists in its being the fruit of personal investigation in the island during many years, corroborated by the independent testimony which missionary labours so largely afford. It will, at least, add to that daily accumulating mass of knowledge of men and manners for which this age is so remarkable.

All recent researches prove that the religion of the aborigines of Hindostan and the adjoining Eastern countries consisted in a reverence, or, more properly, an awful dread, of invisible spirits, with which they peopled hill and dale, rock and tree, mountain, plain, and stream—spirits who were believed to influence the destinies of the human race, whose aid was sought, and whose malice deprecated, by offerings and invocations.

We find this faith, if faith it can be called, more or less marked among all the wild tribes from the Himalayas to Point Calamere in Ceylon,* in Burmah and Pegu, and in the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. Whether the people be Hindoos or Budhists, vestiges of their primitive religion are to be found lingering among them.

The questionable and nameless evil influence, which the savage believes to haunt a particular rock or tree, is personified, as races advance in civilisation, and therefore become more imaginative, into a demon of hideous form and horrible malignity, difficult to conciliate, and often supposed to delight in debasing ceremonies. Such demonology is, in fact, but an amplification of the Nât or spirit-worship of the wild tribes, which seems to have constituted the ancient religion of India, and which has left its traces in both Hindoo and Budhist religious books.

And was not this vague spirit-worship the ancient religion of the bulk of mankind? It is curious to glance over its earliest history, and hastily to trace it down to comparatively modern times. We find it among the ancient Egyptians, and many passages in Scripture prove that the religion of the nations among whom the Israelites wandered was of a similar character. The gods and genii of all heathen people, indeed, were but the personifications of the nameless spirits which they supposed to animate the features of nature, and which, in the form of heat and air, and water, enriched and fertilised the earth. In process of time this array of divinities increased, till all the virtues and passions, failings and vices, incident to human nature found their representatives in it, till "facilius possis deum, quam hominem invenire." Then, as new countries were subdued, the native *daimonia* were incorporated with the religion of the conquerors; and as new forms of religion sprang up, the local superstitions were blended with the new doctrines that were inculcated. This seems the history of all the different systems of mythology, whether Teutonic, Celtic, or Eastern.

And this demonology may be said to have been imported into Christianity in its early days. It was the universal belief of the Pagan world, and not so easy to be

* 'Trans. Ethn. Soc., 1863;' Bailey's 'Veddahs of Ceylon.'

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eradicated. So the early Church accepted things pretty much as it found them, and turned them to account, teaching that these objects of heathen awe and reverence were fallen angels, whose power for evil had been permitted to exist uncontrolled till the advent of our Saviour. This spirit-worship was ra increased and extended, after establishment of Christianity, diminished; for the early Ro Church elaborately imitated, if not exceed, the Greeks and Romans in their demonology. Every class of men had their guardians, who practically represented the *Dii minores* or *minorum gentium;* the hills and dales and woods had their patrons, the successors of the Oreades, the Napææ, and the Dryades; every kind of disease, from the toothache to the gout had its special healer, and even birds and beasts their spiritual protectors. No one who has paid the most passing attention to the folk-lore of this country can have failed to note among us, even yet, the remnants of these curious superstitions.*

And yet, when we go into strange countries, especially Eastern ones, we are all apt to feel something approaching to surprise at the superstitions we see around us; and those of us whose tastes lead to the study tured with wonder and even pity, upon the examination of them. This is not an unnatural feeling for an edu cated person, fresh from the civi d life of an English home; but it behoves us, before we express shment at the credulity of races less favoured than our es, to turn to our own country and see how far we, who have had so many advantages of Christianity and civilisation, are in a p ion to cast stones at others.

ern nations are stationary so as their customs go, the "petri- influences" of which make now pretty much what they were 00 or 3000 years ago. Let us see what our credulity was 300 ye go, and what it is now.

In 1531 certain "learned clerkes" whose names are worth preserving —John Consell of Cambridge and John Clarke of Oxford—applied for and obtained from Henry VIII. a formal licence to practise sorcery *and to build churches*, — a quaint combination of evil and antidote.†

James I., as is well known, wrote a special treatise on demonology, and passed statutes against "invoking, entertaining, feeding, and rewarding evil spirits."

Bishop Jewell, preaching before Queen Anne on the marvellous in-

* See 'Demonologia, or Natural Knowledge Revealed,' by J. S. F., 1827, *passim*; and 'Brand's Popular Antiquities,' Bohn's ed. 1840, vol. i. p. 356 *et seq.* "They have saints," wrote Barnaby Rich, 1619, "that be good for any poultry, for chickens when they have the pip, for geese when they do sit to have a happy successe in goslings; and, to be short, there is no disease, no sicknesse, no greefe, amongst man or beasts, that hath not his physician among the saints."

> "With blessynges of Saynt Germayne,
> I will me so determyne,
> That neither fox nor vermyne
> Shall do my chyckens harme;
> For your gese seke Saynt Legearde,
> And for your duckes Saynt Leonard—
> There is no better charme."
> —Bab's *Interlude concerning the Lawe of Nature*, 1562.

Even mice found a protector in St. Gertrude.

† A copy of this wonderful document is given in Hone's 'Year-Book for 1832,' and purports to be extracted from the original in the Record Office, and to have been never before published. It begins, "My sufferynt lord and prynce most gracyus, and of Crystiants the hedde," and the applicants express themselves as "wyllinge to shewe syche cunnynge and knowledge as God of his hyness hath sent and geyven" to them; "the wyche shall (wythe his infinite) pleyse your dygnyte so hey, and be for the comfort and solace of all your real ryall." They profess power to summon the "sprytes of the ayre," and to n of them gene-

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crease of witches and sorcerers, after describing how their victims pined away, "even unto death," loyally concluded his sermon thus, "I pray God they never practise *further than upon the subject.*"* The black art, by the way, appears to have had great attractions for divines, to judge from the numerous books and tracts written by them on the subject.

The following charm against St. Vitus's dance was, and very likely is still, in use in Devonshire. It was written on parchment and carried about by an old woman so afflicted:—

"Shake her good devil,
Shake her once well,
Then shake her no more
Till you shake her in ——"

And the writer himself remembers, in the same country in 1836, a young girl who had a white swelling being carried to her lover's grave before the earth was filled in, in order that she might drop a white handkerchief into it, in the firm belief that a perfect cure would be the result.

Some of our laws against sorcery remained unrepealed a little more than forty years ago;† and not three years ago an unfortunate man was "swum for a wizard," and died of his maltreatment, in Christian England.§

We know how deeply rooted are all national superstitions, and how prevalent to this moment is the belief in "spirits" among our own peasantry, to say nothing of that wild credulity which induces educated people to put faith in the extravagant and recently revived "spiritualism." We need not wonder, then, that demonology in all its forms has still a sturdy growth among the natives of Ceylon. "And, indeed," wrote truthful Robert Knox, in the spirit of the age in which he lived, "it is sad to consider how this poor people are subjected to the devil, and they themselves acknowledge it their misery, saying that their country is so full of devils and evil spirits that unless . . . they should adore them they would be destroyed by them." And when he adds that he can "for certain affirm that oftentimes the devil doth cry with an audible voice in the night," which he had often heard himself, he states nothing that in those days would be deemed incredible in England.‖

We propose to give an outline of this Demonology, on which old Knox is so eloquent, as it was practised in his time, and as it is practised now; for though nearly two hundred years have passed since he

rally, and particularly in the discovery of treasure and stolen property. Their seventh petition, "ys to bylde chyrches, bryges, and walls, and to have cognycon of all seyences."

"It appears," writes the contributor to the 'Year-Book,' "that the licence desired was fully granted by the first Defender of the Faith, who indeed well deserved that title if he believed in the pretensions of his suppliants. One of their petitions referred to 'a certeyn noyntment to see the sprytes and to speke with them dayly.' Sorcerers in Ceylon profess to be able to make this mystic ointment still. If this be a genuine document, it is strange that Henry VIII. should have granted the licence applied for, seeing a statute was passed in his reign making 'witchcraft and sorcery' felony, without benefit of clergy—33 Henry VIII. c. viii."

* This is on the authority of Strype. See Hone's 'Year-Book, 1832.'

† Brand's 'Pop. Ant.,' Bohn's ed., vol. i. p. 298.

‡ The Irish laws against sorcery were only repealed in 1831.

§ This occurred in August 1863. An old man of 80 years of age was flung into a mill stream in the parish of Sible Hedingham.—See the 'Times.'

‖ See 'An Historical Relation of the Island of Ceylon in the East Indies, &c. By Robert Knox, a captive there near 20 years,' folio, 1681, pp. 77, 78—and 'Demonologie and Theologie,' by Dr. Nathaniel Homes, 1650—for an account of the devil's "voyce," which, he tells us, was "much hearkened after, and heeded and regarded in those evil times of spirituall doteage."

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referred to it, it is scarcely less prevalent now than it was then, and all the ceremonies connected with it are precisely the same. It is very curious, too, to remark that many of the superstitions and the ceremonies still in use among the Singhalese at this moment, are identical with those of the Jews and early Christians, for the points of similarity resemble each other too closely to be accidental.

These demons, which are so universally dreaded in Ceylon, are known by the name of "Y[illegible]"—a term given by ancien[illegible]re writers to the aborigines [illegible] island, indicating their be[illegible]au least in the antiquity of the [illegible] worship. "The Yakas," says [illegible] Hardy, "are not to be classed w[illegible] devils, though that is their [illegible] designation. Many of their [illegible] he adds, "might be attributed to [illegible] Dewas, or the beings who in [illegible] the six Dewa Lokas, or worlds [illegible] which there is enjoyment of happiness, but do not possess the attributes of divinity." But practically, the Singhalese regard them as evil spirits, and in times of distress, especially of sickness, seek to propitiate their malignity.*

If we [illegible]ylon such an "[illegible]re of devils" as [illegible]ellus† was, we might know if [illegible] exists any such classification [illegible]kas as he gives us of devils: [illegible]hose which he calls "lucifugi w[illegible]nter into the bowels of men [illegible]orment them whom they possess with frenzy," must be near [illegible] to the evil spirits so dreaded [illegible]e Singhalese. At any rate, [illegible] numbers seem, so to speak, [illegible]erable. We might use quaint [illegible]rton's words and say that "no [illegible]e is void, but all full of spirits, not so much as an hairs-breadth is empty, that the earth is not so full of fl[illegible]s in summer as it is at all [illegible]s with invisible devils," and [illegible] "the air is as full of them as snow falling from the skies." It [illegible] puzzle Reginald Scot himself to make "an inventarie" of [illegible]‡

[illegible] Budhist priesthood, having [illegible] to eradicate this ancient demon-worship, now tolerate, though [illegible] do not formally sanction it; [illegible]rhaps the Indian invaders of [illegible]n, like the Roman conquerors of [illegible]itain, found it good policy to favo[illegible]r the religion of the country.§

In remote districts, which Euro-

* See 'A Manual of Budhism,' by the Rev. R. Spence Hardy, 1853, a work which quite comes up to its author's aim—viz., to answer the question, "What is Budhism as it is now professed by its myriads of votaries?" Referring to the Yakas, he goes on to say, "The Singhalese have a great dread of their power, and in times of distress the Yakadura, or devil-dancer, is almost invariably called upon to overcome their malignity by his chants and charms."

† "Psellus—a Christian, and some time tutor (saith Crispinian) to Michael Parsipinatius, Emperor of Greece, a great observer of the nature of devils."—See Burton's 'Anat. of Melancholy,' ed. 1845, p. 117.

‡ See Reginald Scot's 'Discovery of Witchcraft,' 1651, for "an inventarie of the names, shapes, powers, government, and effects of devils and spirits of the several segniories or degrees—a strange discourse worth the reading." He enumerates by name 68 great "divels," each of which is served by 19 to 85 legions of inferior "divels," each legion numbering 6666. Reginald Scot suggests that the reader should amuse himself by calculating the total number!

§ See Hardy's 'Manual of Budhism.' "These practices receive no sanction from Gotama, and in some instances are condemned, especially when the life of any animal is offered in sacrifice." Yet the [illegible] book [illegible]ells us that Gotama Budha, among his many transmigrations, once ann[illegible] as a devil-dancer.

‖ Demon-worship certainly e[illegible]a[illegible]ng [illegible] Tamulian races of Southern India, and there can be little doubt that the south of India and Ceylon were originally peopled by the same stock; but it is believed that Ceylon was colonised from Bengal at some recent period of its history, and that the present inhabitants of the southern half of the island at least, are descended [illegible]s or colonists. Whether demonology such as exists in Ceylon is pr[illegible] the writer has had no opportunity of ascertaining.

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peans have barely penetrated, it has naturally retained a firmer hold on the imaginations of the people than in such parts of the island as have benefited by the labours of the Christian missionaries and the presence of the civilised races of the West. But the familiar tom-tom-beat at dead of night still tells us that it is rife, even in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital and the missionary institutions. There are comparatively few who have not some faith in the dreaded Yaka.

The Singhalese, like the Druids of old, and the people in some parts of Great Britain still, attribute all sickness which does not readily give way to medical treatment to supernatural agency, and to supernatural agency they resort for a cure. So deep-rooted is the belief that sickness is caused by Yakas, that in some parts of the country children before their birth are dedicated to them, "to save them from the diseases incident to childhood;"* and children born with hair or teeth are themselves regarded as Yakas, and were invariably, not very long ago, put to death by their parents immediately after their birth—a superstition not unlike our own as regards "changelings." Insanity is always ascribed to demoniacal possession. The Yaka has entered the body of the victim and driven him to frenzy: but Christians are believed by the natives to be beyond the power of evil spirits—a belief which existed in Knox's time.

The usual symptoms of such possession have been thus described to the writer. The afflicted person is subject to all kinds of delusions, sees apparitions, hears voices, at times becomes violent and unmanageable, at other times insensible, fancies he is being attacked by phantoms by which he is constantly haunted—that stones are being cast at him, that trees are crashing round him. "I have many times," writes Knox, "seen men and women of this people strangely possest, insomuch that I could judge it nothing else but the effect of the devil's power upon them: and they themselves do acknowledge as much. In like condition to which I never saw any that profess to be a worshipper of the holy name of Jesus. They that are thus possest, some of them will run mad into the woods, screeching and roaring, but do mischief to none; some will be taken so as to be speechless, shaking and quaking and dancing, and will tread upon the fire and not be hurt; they will also talk idle like distracted folk."†

We find similar descriptions among the early writers. "The symptoms of these demoniacal distresses were very different from the symptoms of other diseases; and even included wild raving, irregular convulsions of the body, unnatural contortions of the limbs, or dismal melancholy of the mind: and came upon the unhappy patients by terrible fits or paroxisms, to the amazement of the spectators and the horrible affliction of the possessed, and included the sorest lunacy and madness in the world."‡

We have the same symptoms revived in the extraordinary epidemic—to which the term "hystero-demonopathy," was given—which visited Morzine in Savoy in 1857–64. The persons afflicted were strangely and unnaturally convulsed—spoke incoherently—now rushed frantically about into the woods or to the rivers—now were subject to fits of coma—were insensible to pain—believed themselves haunted by evil spirits—were violent, but in

* See 'Jubilee Memorials of the Wesleyan Mission, South Ceylon, 1814–1864,' p. 53. Edited by the Rev. R. Spence Hardy.

† Knox's 'Historical Relation,' &c., p. 77.

‡ See 'An Account of the Demoniacks, and the power of casting out demons, both in the New Testament and the four first centuries.' Will. Whiston, M.A. 1737.

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their violence injured no one — and exhibited generally symptoms not observed in any known disorder.*

Such an affliction as is here described is in Ceylon attributed to demoniacal possession; and the people ascribe such possession to a variety of causes. It may be that the sufferer is tormented by the spirit of some wicked or injured man, who during his life had vowed vengeance against him.

A common threat of an angry man is, "When I die I will become a Yaka, and break your neck, suck your blood,† and eat your lungs." A man, on receiving sentence of death for murder some years ago, threatened the Chief-Justice, the late Sir Antony Oliphant, in some such terms, as he was being removed from the dock.

This belief, that the souls of evil men become evil spirits, is very common throughout Ceylon. Knox refers to it, and the writer has himself known villages in which propitiatory offerings were made to avert the malignity of some deceased person who was a notorious evil liver; and the family of the departed sinner (he can especially recall one case to his mind, in which his descendants were people of the highest consideration) do not appear to resent the estimation in which their ancestor is held.

But this is an old widespread belief. That the Jews considered the heathen gods dead persons many passages of Scripture prove. Among others, it is implied in the declar- [illegible] required each [illegible] the offering of first-fruits of every year,—"I [illegible] not given aught thereof for [illegible] dead" (Deut. xxvi.) Isis is [illegible] osed to be here referred to, and [illegible] was a deified human spirit;‡ [illegible] the allusions to these gods of [illegible] heathen as devils show the be- [illegible] in the evil principle of them. [illegible] iredly the human personages [illegible] ed by the ancients were not selected for their virtues, but rather for their power, and that chiefly the power to injure.

[illegible] t the Jews also held that de- [illegible] s were the souls of evil men— [illegible] t the souls of the damned are for some time changed into devils, in order to be employed in tormenting mankind."§ And Josephus [illegible] us,—Τα γαρ καλουμενα δαιμονια, ταυτα δε πονηρων εστιν ανθρωπων ενθ[illegible]ν.‖

[illegible] e Greeks and Romans held the [illegible] belief; and that ghosts could [illegible] t and torment mankind, especially the ghosts of those who died [illegible] nt deaths, was the universal [illegible] f of the heathen world.

[illegible] he boy whom the sorceress in Horace's Epodes intended to mur- [illegible] was not less truculent in his [illegible] atened revenge than the Singhalese convict:—

> "Quin ubi perire jussus exspirarero,
> Nocturnus occurram furor,
> Petamque vultus umbra curvis unguibus.
> Quævis Deorum est manium
> Et inquietis adsidens præcordiis,
> Pavore somnos auferam."¶

though his revenge was the more

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* See "The Devils of Morzine," in the 'Cornhill Magazine' of April last—a most curious description of this epidemic.

† Our familiar term "bloodthirsty" seems to have had its origin in the belief in magic. Throughout India the idea of evil spirits sucking the blood of their victims is universal, and is constantly represented in their mythological pictures. See page 513 *post*, where a draught of blood is part of the ceremony of exorcism, the person possessed being supposed to be animated by the evil spirit, who would be soothed by this his favourite drink. In all the evidence in cases of witchcraft, the evil spirit is said to suck blood from the witch; and an Act was passed making it penal to give suck to evil spirits, which is referred to in Dr. Hutchinson's 'Essay concerning Witchcraft,' 1718.

‡ See 'A Dissertation on Miracles,' by Hugh Farmer, 1804, *passim*.

§ See Calmet's Dictionary, title "Dæmons."

‖ Josephus, 'De Bel. Jud.,' l. vii. c. v. 3.

¶ Epod. v. 91–97.

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spiteful, as the weapons with which he announced his intention of executing it were eminently feminine.

Though Dido does not enter into such minute particulars in her threat to Æneas, we may nevertheless trust her to have executed the *pœnas* she promises with her *curvis unguibus*—

"Omnibus umbra locis adero, dabis improbe pœnas."

The people at Morzine believed they were possessed by the spirits of dead persons, a peculiarity which appears to have occurred in many cases during the prevalence of the epidemic.*

Or perhaps the sufferer has eaten the fruit of some tree dedicated to a demon, and is thus punished in consequence.

Fruit-trees, especially cocoanuts, are frequently so dedicated, and in many parts of the island it is held a perfect protection against thieves, who seldom have the hardihood to climb a tree bound with the strip of cocoa-nut leaf, which marks the dedication; for the man who eats of such a tree will infallibly be attacked by the indignant Yaka whom he has pilfered. Indeed so potent is the spell, that in some places people will gravely assure you that the rash thief finds it utterly impossible to detach himself from the tree, to which he remains firmly fixed till caught *flagrante delicto*—or, at any rate, in such a position as will give ample evidence of his *animus furandi*.

Once, overcome with thirst, after a long ride under a broiling sun, in a part of the country where streams are unknown and wells few and far between, the writer of these pages halted at a deserted village, the site of which was marked by one solitary cocoa-nut tree, almost the only vestige left of former human occupation. He desired one of his people to get him a nut, that he might quench his thirst; but not a man would stir. They all silently pointed to the band round the tree, which marked its dedication. Knox refers to this superstition as existing in his time precisely as it exists now.†

In villages where the people are Roman Catholic, trees set apart as a tithe for the Church are marked with a piece of cocoa-nut leaf twisted to represent a cross; and this resemblance to the custom just referred to has an equally efficacious effect in deterring unauthorised people from meddling with the fruit—a curious instance of turning a superstition to practical use.

Here again is a superstition common in Ceylon, and to be met with apparently all over the world in some shape or other. Retribution overtakes the man in Ceylon who dares to eat the fruit consecrated or set apart for the use of the Yaka. So Proserpine was rendered unfitted for life in this world by having tasted the seeds of a pomegranate, in the infernal regions, sacred to Pluto. So Lycurgus, King of Thrace, was stricken with madness by Bacchus for cutting down his sacred vines. And by the same principle Orpheus lost Eurydice for ever, for venturing to cast a *longing* look on her while she yet remained an inhabitant of the realms of Pluto.

We find the same superstition in Christian countries. Burton tells us that "a nun did eat a lettuce without grace or signing it with the sign of the cross, and was instantly possessed;" and that "a wench was possessed in Bononia with two devils, by eating an unhallowed pomegranate—as she did confess when she was cured by the exorcists." While the case of "one David Helde, a young man, who, by eating cakes which a witch gave him, *mox delirare cœpit*, began to dote on a sudden, and was instantly mad,"‡ is still more to the point,

* See article in 'Cornhill Magazine' before referred to.
† Knox, 'Hist. Relat.,' p. 77.
‡ Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy.'

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for here we have the direct influence of the Evil One, which was only inferred in the others. There can be little doubt that the origin of grace before meat may be traced to the fear of evil influence, and the desire to purify it by exorcism.

It is still, in some parts of England, believed to be dangerous to eat the food of the "good people:" and the superstition regardi... sacred or consecrated trees still e... ists in Russia.

The following passage occurs in Mr. Tyler's interesting work recently published: "They hang up charms in the Pacific islands to keep thieves and trespassers out of plantations; a few cocoa-nut leaves plaited in the fork of a shark will cause the thief who disregards it to be eaten by a real one; two sticks, set one across the other, will send a pain right across his body, and the very sight of these tabus will send thieves and trespassers off in terror."* This is almost a counterpart of the Singhalese superstition—a superstition created by the same train of imagination in the minds of men in all ages, and, as it seems, in all lands.

But whatever be the direct cause of the possession—and it is by no means necessary that it should be either of these—we will, without further digression, come to the method of exorcism; for ordinary medicine is inoperative in such a case.

We will assume that our "sick man" has exhibited such symptoms as satisfy his friends that his malady is supernatural—a Yakadura is at once sent for.

The Yakadura is a sorcerer and exorcist,† and is regarded as the minister of the Yakas. He invokes them, drives them out of the person whom they are tormenting, ...hes them, pre... them, and, from ... of early education and con... habit, firmly believes that he ... under their influence. His ...zy at such times is involun..., and the people are equally ...uaded with himself that he is ...essed by the afflatus of the Yaka to whom he ministers. There are no doubt, many tricks of the ...e—where are there not?—num... ...ess deceptions practised by ... Yakadura, generally a shrewd ...er fellow, on the credulity of ... people; but he nevertheless ...ly believes that he possesses, for ...-time, supernatural power.

...he office is generally hereditary, but not necessarily so; yet a man who has succeeded his ancestors in his profession is more esteemed, and his ministrations are believed to be more efficacious, than if he ... the first of his family who had ...raced the calling. His educa... consists in learning by rote numerous charms and invocations—the more the better—from books of great antiquity, though it is by no ...ans essential that he should un... ...stand the meaning of the words he utters. He is content to know ... a particular invocation applies ... particular Yaka. Practically, he does not understand them; and the invocation presently referred to was with great difficulty translated for the writer by a very intelligent Singhalese, who took down the words from the lips of a Yakadura, who was himself profoundly ignorant of their signification, but not the less so on that account a perfectly efficacious exorcist of Yakas. Many of these invocations and charms are perfectly unintelligible to well-educated natives, partly from having been handed down from remote ages to the present generation by persons

* See Tyler's 'Early History of Mankind,' 1865, p. 130. His reference is Turner, p. 294.

† There is a great variety of professors of the black art who have the power of exorcism, and each has his proper title, ...ying according to the nature of the affliction—or, more properly, according to ... ...tors. The term Yakadura is most common, and sufficient for the ... ...ssay.

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who did not understand them, and in many cases, no doubt, owing to a curious system of charm-manufacture, which consists of writing down, at uncertain distances, certain mystic letters, and filling up the intervening spaces without any reference to sense—in fact, what Dr. Nathanael Homes describes as "a sentence of words," which are "but a sound for quality, and a measure of so many syllables for quantity," "usually impertinent and unsuitable to that they intend," —in short, "uncoth and nonsense formes of words." *

The Yakadura's first duty is to discover what Yaka is tormenting his patient, for which purpose he tries the effect of charms, of which there is a great variety. It would be tedious to detail these. We will refer only to two, in consequence of their resemblance to European superstitions.

The first of these is as follows:—The Yakadura takes a bow, and, balancing it on his finger, hangs on the string an areka-nut-cutter—an implement something like a pair of scissors, or what a pair of nutcrackers would be if formed to cut instead of to crush—used for cutting the areka-nut, an essential ingredient in the betel or pawn so common throughout India. He then repeats the names of the Yakas, and when the name of him who caused the sickness is uttered, the areka-nut begins to sway to and fro.

This species of divination has long been in common use in England, and is so in all probability at the present day. Reginald Scott says, "Stick a paire of sheeres in the rind of a sive, and let two persons set the top of each of their forefingers upon the upper part of the sheeres, holding it with the sive up from the ground steddily, and aske Peter and Paul whether A B or C hath stolne the thing lost, and at the nomination of the guilty person the sive will turn round."†

Brand and Hone both give examples of the same charm, in which a key and Bible do duty for the "sheeres" and "sive." The key, which is bound into the Bible at a certain verse, is balanced on the forefingers, and when the name of the thief is mentioned the Bible either turns round or falls to the ground. The instance quoted by Hone occurred in 1831.‡

The other, also, has its parallel in Europe. The Yakadura holds a cup of charmed oil to the sufferer, who, having dipped his finger in it, is desired to touch his body wherever he chooses, and the sorcerer knows by the spot touched what particular Yaka has afflicted him. Now the ancients assigned tutelar gods to each member of the human body, a superstition which was imitated by the Church. Different saints presided over different members, as St. Otilia over the head, St. Bladius over the neck, &c.; and there are in the British Museum two very old engravings from wood, which prove that even every joint of the fingers was thus protected.§

Of all the evil spirits the one most dreaded by the Singhalese is Seeriyaka, or the bloody demon, also called the demon of death and of victims. He is the most wantonly cruel in the Pandemonium. When the Yakadura officiates in his service he must be clothed from head to foot in red. The costume is minutely described, it is said, in the charm-books. The tunic and trousers must be red, and the red and winged cap must be surmounted by crystal, though it can hardly be prescribed in those ancient books, that the upper part of

* See Home's 'Demonologie and Theologie,' 1650; see also Isaiah viii. 19, "wizards that peep and *mutter*."

† Reginald Scott's 'Discovery of Witchcraft,' 1651, p. 189.

‡ Brand's 'Pop. Antiq.,' vol. ii. p. 641, ed. 1813; Hone's 'Year-Book, 1832,' p. 254.

§ Brand's 'Pop Antiq.,' vol. i. p. 366, Bohn's ed. 1840; and Hone's 'Everyday Book,' p. 95.

the dress should consist of a light-infantry shell-jacket with buff facings, or that the sugar-loaf cap should terminate in the stem of an unmistakably English wine-glass, which formed part of the costume of a Yakadura, who was good enough to allow the writer to sketch him in his robes of office.

He had bells attached to his knees, which jingled as he danced; and in some cases of exorcism, when the planets are invoked, the person officiating holds a bell in his hand, which he constantly rings, for the avowed purpose of frightening away the evil spirit.

Here is another instance of resemblance between the practices still obtaining in the East and those once prevalent in Europe.

In Brand's 'Popular Antiquities' there is a very curious chapter on the passing-bell or soul-bell—in which are many illustrations of the widespread belief that evil spirits are afraid of bells. "The passing-bell," says Grose, "was anciently for two purposes: one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing; the other to drive away the evil spirits who stood at the bed's foot and about the house ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage; but by the ringing of that bell (for Durandus informs us that evil spirits are much afraid of bells) they were kept aloof, and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is called by sportsmen 'law.'" In the cuts to those *horæ* which contain the service of the dead, several devils are waiting for this purpose in the chamber of the dying man, to whom the priest is administering extreme unction.

The allusion to this virtue in bells could be multiplied almost without end. Barnabe Googe, in his 'Translation of Naogeorgus,' says for a newly-consecrated bell:—

"By name I Mary called am, with sound I put to flight
The thunder-cracks and hurtfull storm and every wicked spryght."*

And Wynkyn de Worde, in the 'Golden Legend,' tells us that bells are rung during thunderstorms, "to the ende that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee, and cease of the movynge of the tempeste."†

Bells appear to have an inherent power against evil spirits, but this power was held to be increased by their christening. It may be worth inquiring what particular increase of this salutary influence the bell in the Westminster clock-tower acquired on receiving the prænomen of Lord Llanover.

To return to the Yakadura. When he put on his official costume, which he did with evident reluctance, he entreated that the sketch might be made as speedily as possible, for he said he could not wear the dress long. He came into the tent trembling in every limb; the perspiration stood in beads upon his forehead; his eyes seemed starting from his head. The instant the sketch was completed he hurried out to change his clothes, and returned in a few moments perfectly calm. It is impossible to conceive so great a change in so short a time; he was a different being. When questioned as to the cause of his recent excitement, he said that the influence of the demon was upon the dress, which he had never before worn save in the solemn exercise of his functions, and that, though Sceriyaka loved to see his votaries in it, he doubted if he would like him to wear it on any occasion but when he was ministering to him.

Now, there was evidently no affectation in all this. It was impossible for him to counterfeit the emotion which the act of wearing the dress produced. He could not,

* Brand's 'Pop. Antiq.,' see "Soul-Bell."
† Hone's 'Everyday Book,' p. 141.

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at will, cause the sweat to start from his brow, nor could he have exhibited such genuine signs of excitement unless his mind had been powerfully affected. All his life long he had been accustomed to attach something awful and preternaturally solemn to the use of this dress, never worn but when the most dreaded of all the dreaded evil spirits was to be invoked, and the association of ideas affected his nerves quite beyond the power of control.

We will now suppose that the exorcist has satisfied himself that his patient is possessed by this most bloodthirsty fiend. He proceeds at first to tie an amulet, generally a charmed thread, round his arm; and if this fails to drive the demon out, he commences his preparations for the solemn act of exorcism.

First, a red cock must be dedicated to Seeriyaka, which is done in the following manner:—The sick man is laid upon his back on a mat, and the Yakadura, placing an arrow on his face, lies down beside him. Taking the cock, he bids his patient hold it by one of its legs, and repeat after him words to the following effect: "I dedicate this cock and this Yakadura to the Yaka in my place, and I will offer more food to him on such-and-such a day," specifying it. The exorcist then ties a charmed string round the cock's leg, beats it three times with the arrow, and lets it go.

This account, which was taken down from the lips of a Yakadura, is identical with Knox's account of the ceremony as performed two hundred years ago; and doubtless the Yakadura now, as his predecessor did then, often turns the dedicated fowls to his own advantage. "Sometimes he will go round about and fetch a great many cocks together, which have been dedicated, telling the owners that he must make a sacrifice to the god, though it may be, when he hath them, he will go to some other place and convert them into money for his own use, as I myself can witness. We could buy three of them for fourpence-halfpenny."* How he reconciled it to his conscience to sell fowls which, having been dedicated, must, according to the universal belief, produce frenzy in those who should eat them, Knox does not tell us. But the Yakadura's acceptance of the proceeds of such a sale would be quite as justifiable as the evasion of the letter of the Budhist law is considered by Budhist priests, who, being theoretically mendicants, and forbidden to touch money, either employ others to touch it for them, or accept it themselves, having first protected their hands from the contact by covering them with plantain-leaves.

Some time after this ceremony, a feast is prepared and offered to the demon at night. The offering consists of fish and rice made red to resemble blood, seven kinds of vegetables, betel, the red cock, with some of its blood, obtained by wounding its comb, and some flowers. The bird's legs are tied, and it is laid alive on the rest of the offering. But if the Yaka makes the sufferer very frantic, he is directed to break the cock's neck and suck its blood, by way of a soothing draught.†

Offering fowls to evil spirits appears an ancient and widespread practice. Guibert de Nogent describes the sacrifice of a cock to the devil on the occasion of his being invoked.‡ In Abyssinia "a ginger-coloured hen and a red she-goat" form part of the offerings to evil spirits;§ and throughout Southern India, the writer believes

* Knox, 'Hist. Relat.,' p. 75.
† See ante, p. 508, *note*.
‡ 'Dwellers on the Threshold,' vol. i. p. 114.
§ "Report on the Manners, Customs, and Superstitions of the People of Shoa,"

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fowls are often so sacrificed; they certainly are among many of the aboriginal tribes.* And from Burns's "Address to the Deil," it would seem that his partiality for poultry s recognised in Scotland too—

> "When mason's mystic word an' grip
> In storms an' tempests raise you up,
> Some *cock* or cat your rage must stop."

The offerings, prepared as has been described, are spread on a tray, surrounded by lighted torches, and are placed at some appointed spot, where the sick man and his friends are assembled. The Ya dura, arrayed in his scarlet blows on a shrill pipe, and mons Seeriyaka to come and e the food. He dances franti y round the outspread feast, wit a lighted torch in each hand, and in a sing-song tone invokes the evil spirit, tom-toms all the while making a deafening sound.

When the man was asked the object of the pipe and song and drum, he replied that demons were passionately fond of music. Mr. Hardy, in his manual of Budhism above quoted, refers to this.

When witches and their familiar spirits had any grand meetings, music, and dancing too, seem always to have been a great part of the entertainment; and we all know that, while Tam o' Shanter

> "Glowered, amazed and curious,
> The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
> The piper loud and louder blew,
> The dancers quick and quicker flew."

At any rate, music and dancing are always associated in our popular superstitions with witches and evil spirits.

which begins M,† gives a description of the demon, and s the power of Iswara, the me lord, a term applied to ma, Vishnu, or Siva, relating on a certain occasion, he ed the Yaka by means of an tation which the Yakadura s; and it concludes with, "Such r have the gods over you, oh ye akas, and thus do I call upon you in the name of the gods!"

The chanting of this, accompanied by its rude music, is cond for some time, and then the ng is removed to a little dis from the house and spread ou s before. The Yakadura then nes his frantic dance, calling on e demon to leave the sufferer, and forbidding him to return; for, u ble to resist the music and the r of this invocation, he is sup l to have left the sick man, to have followed the Yakadura and the offering.

Knox, who believed that Seeriyaka was the "muckle deil" himself, thus describes the scene:—"When the smaller devils do fail them they re r unto the great one, which they do after this manner: they prepare an offering of victuals ready dressed, one dish whereof is always a red cock. This offering they carry out into a remote place in the woods, and prostrate to the honour and service of the grand devil, before which there are men in an h ible disguise like devils, with l about their legs and doublets o a strange fashion, dancing and ng, to call, if it were possible,

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by Captain Graham, B.A., 'Journ. Asiat. Soc.. engal,' vol. iv. p. 2. The offering of a goat is curious here, since it is the form h it is popularly supposed the devil assumes, and has given rise to the conventiona horns and cloven hoof.

* Among the Mechs of the Turai-Kocks, Bodos, and Dhimals of Assam—the Putuwas of Cuttach—the Meekirs and Nagas of N. Cachar—the Khyoungthas of Arracan, &c. See 'Journ. Asiat. Soc., Bengal,' *passim*.

† "By this triliteral word AUM, which letters coalesce and form OM, the triple divinity, Brahma, Veeshnu, and Seeva, are meant to be expressed—or, in other words, the power of the Almighty to create, to preserve, and to destroy."—Maurice's 'Indian Antiq.,' vol. ii. p. 101, ed. 1800. The occurrence of this word clearly connects this exorcism with India; and the writer much ving had an opportunity of studying the details of the demonology o lia.

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the devil himself to come and eat of the sacrifice they have brought."*

If the afflicted person seems better, the demon has left him; if, however, he is still trembling, the Yakadura concludes he is still in possession, and he proceeds to punish him for his obstinacy.

There are no less than sixty-two punishments for refractory Yakas recorded in the books. When a man is possessed, it is believed that he is himself insensible to pain and all outward feeling—that his own nature is in abeyance, and that his body is animated by the evil spirit alone. He is therefore treated as though he were bodily the offending demon; and it is supposed that whatever punishments may be inflicted on the man possessed, they are felt only by the demon who possesses him. It is to be hoped that the unhappy victim is really insensible to pain, for the inflictions are somewhat severe ones. If one punishment fails in producing the desired effect, the exorcist has recourse to others till his object is gained.

The following are a few of these:

Taking a stick, the Yakadura inserts a nail into one end of it and charms it. This he lays at the feet of the sick man, who is compelled by the force of the spell to follow it as it is drawn away. After he has followed it for some distance, the Yakadura turns, and, addressing him in the name of the demon who has possessed him, orders him to go away, and commences to belabour the unfortunate man with all his might. This is called "flogging the Yaka."

Should this fail, still treating the man as the Yaka, the Yakadura will lay him on a heated iron, or will press nails into his head till the blood comes, or fill his nostrils with a pungent vegetable powder† which makes him, the Yaka be it understood, scream with pain, if the case of possession be not a very bad one.

There are many more such punishments, but one of the sixty-two never fails; this, however, is not resorted to till all others have proved futile. This is called "confining the Yaka in a dungeon of smoke," and is thus performed:—

A small chamber, a few feet square, is constructed of sticks, and covered within and without with mats and white calico. The possessed man is placed within this, seated on a stool, under which is a pan of burning charcoal sprinkled over with a drug, which produces a thick and pungent smoke. Here he remains till the demon consents to leave him. "How do I know that you will go?" asks the Yakadura. "To prove I will go," Seeriyaka replies, "I will break a branch of a tree in a particular spot, or kill a man as I go." And it is believed that if any one goes next day to the place indicated, it will be seen that the Yaka has kept his word.

After this the chamber is broken open, and the man is found insensible. The spirit has come out of him, and his recovery is certain.

Just as day is dawning, and all the ceremonies are over, the Yakadura goes to the "council of the demons." Holding two lighted torches and two garlands of flowers in his teeth, and a torch in each hand, he rushes off to where the offerings were taken. There he resumes his wild dance, calling on all the Yakas to assemble. He then rushes back to where the people are, and falls to the ground insensible. Then the influence of the evil spirit is supposed to have left him, and all is over.

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* Knox, 'Historical Relation,' p. 78.

† There are many herbs and plants in Ceylon which are held to be specifics against evil agency. It would be curious if any of them should prove to be allied to the "vervain and dill" which "hinder witches from their will," or to St. John's-wort, mountain-ash, &c., which in European countries are supposed to be equally efficacious. What Solomon's root, "baras," may be, probably is not known.

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There are other ceremo[illegible] country, whose other Yakas, which differ [illegible] sing people that less from these, but the for[illegible] were dæmoniacal in the presence of Vespasian and his sons, and his captains, and will give a fair idea of a [illegible] the whole multitude of his soldiers. The tion which is universal in Ceylon. manner of the cure was this:—He put a Reference has already been made to [illegible] that had a root of one of those sorts the 'Jubilee Memorial of the Wes- [illegible]tioned by Solomon to the nostrils of leyan Mission' in the colony, pub- the dæmoniack, after which he drew out lished in 1864. This is a very the demon through his nostrils; and valuable compilation, giving the when the man fell down, immediately he experiences of missionaries who adjured the demon to return no more— have paid peculiar attention to the making still mention of Solomon, and re- native superstitions; but its chief citing the incantations which he com- value consists in its having been posed. And when Eleazar would per- edited by the Rev. R. Spence Hardy, [illegible] and demonstrate to the spectators a gentleman of the highest char- [illegible]hat he had such a power, he set a little acter and of deep research in all way off a cup or basin full of water, and matters connected with the religion commanded the demon, as he went out of the people of Ceylon. In this of the man, to overturn it, and thereby work almost every word which has to let the spectators know that he had been stated here is corroborated. [illegible]he man. And when this was done, [illegible]kill and wisdom of Solomon was shown very manifestly."*

When, sixteen years ago, the writer noted down from the lips of a Yakadura the particulars just related, he little knew that, with very slight alteration, his description of exorcism in Ceylon would bear so close a resemblance to the exorcism practised centuries ago by Jews and Christians. It is only lately that he has had the opportunity of referring to books which treat on these subjects; and as he read he was positively startled at the extraordinary similarity. He only regrets not having met with any detailed account of the demonology existing still in other eastern countries.

The following extract from Josephus is almost a repetition of the scene just described:—

"God enabled Solomon to learn that skill which expels demons, which is a science useful and sanative to man. He composed such incantations also by which distempers are alleviated; and he left behind him the manner of using exorcisms, by which they drive away demons, so that they never return again. And this method of cure is of great service until this day. For I have seen a cer-

[illegible]yprian and Origen contribute to [illegible]e coincidence. "By the Spirit of God," says Cyprian, "we are enabled to compel the unclean spirits that wander about and immerse themselves in men, to overcome them, and by *threatenings* and *rebukes to force them to confess what they are*; and by *hard stripes* to press them to be gone; to *augment their punishments* more and more, till they be obliged to *struggle and lament, and to groan; to beat them with stripes and burn them with fire*; the effect of what we do in an occult manner is, however, still a manifest punishment to them;" and he continues, quoting Minutius Felix, "you may see them at our words, *to beg for mercy—nay, even to confess, in the hearing of them that worship them, whence they come and whither they go.*"† "They invoke," says Origen, "no other name over them that stand in need of their help, than the God over all, and the name of Jesus, with a recital of some part of his history."‡

* Jos. Antiq., viii. 2, 5, Whiston's translation.

† Cyprian ad Donat., and de Idolorum Vanitate. Quoted by Whiston in his 'Account of the Dæmoniacks, &c.'

‡ Origen contra Celsum. See also the service for [illegible]urgumens in the 'Constitutions of the Holy Apostles,' by Clement.

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It was held, as Burton tells us on the authority of Psellus, that "*devils possessed corporeal frames capable of sensation* — that they *could feel and be felt*—they could *injure and be hurt* — that they *lamented when they were beaten.*" "Devils are observed," says Grose, "*to have delicate nostrils, abominating and flying some kinds of stinks, — witness the flight of the evil spirit into the remote parts of Egypt, driven by the smell of a fish's liver burnt by Tobit*" — the account of which we find thus recorded:—"And he said unto him, touching the heart and liver, if a devil or an evil spirit trouble any, we must make a smoke thereof before the man, or woman; and the party shall be vexed no more. And as he went he remembered the words of Raphael, and took the ashes of the perfumes, and put the heart and liver of the fish thereupon, and made a smoke therewith. The which smell, when the evil spirit had smelled, he fled into the utmost parts of Egypt, and the angel bound him."*

It is no matter of surprise that we should find a belief in demonology in Ceylon—it would be wonderful if we did not; for it is the most universal of all forms of superstition. And as the Arab conquest of Egypt probably was the means of disseminating magic in all its forms throughout the East, we may naturally expect to be able to trace a resemblance between the science as professed and practised in Ceylon, and that historically familiar to us nearer home; yet that we should find it existing, identical in all its details and ceremonial with that of the Jews and Christians of old, must be admitted to be extraordinary.

The very "nature of the devils" is the same—their love of music and their dread of bells, their sense of pain and their "delicacy" of nostrils; but it is the similarity in the construction and principle on which the prayer of exorcism is framed, which is perhaps the most remarkable.

The Jews invoked the power of God generally, and adjured the evil spirit to depart in the name of Solomon, "reciting the incantations which he had composed." The Christians invoked the name of "the God over all," and exorcised the demon "in the name of Jesus, with a recital of some part of his history." The Singhalese exorcist, by the utterance of the mystic AUM, commences his prayer by a general invocation of "the triple divinity — Brahma, Veeshnu, and Seeva—the power of the Almighty to create, to preserve, and to destroy." He specially calls upon Iswara—a term applied to any one of the three—and, "with a recital of some part of his history," illustrative of his power over evil spirits, he exorcises the Yaka, by quoting "the incantations which he had composed."

Mark, too, the test by which Eleazar and the Yakadura make known the expulsion of the demon; and observe the punishment by blows, by fire, and by the irritation of the nostrils by some vegetable matter,† the flight of the evil spirit caused by the fumigation, and the ultimate insensibility of the man possessed.

The symptoms of possession have been already described, and it has

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* Tobit, c. vi. 7, and viii. 2, 3.

† With respect to this, Whiston has the following quaint remarks:—"And indeed I do not know a more probable passage for such a dæmon from the brain or residence of the human soul than by the nostrils, and am inclined to think it may be the common passage for the human soul itself when it enters the brain at the quickening of the mother, and when it leaves it at death; though the invisibility both of the dæmons and the soul, and our perfect unacquaintedness with such secrets of nature and Providence, make it *unfit for us to be too positive about such matters.*"

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been shown how they resemble those recorded in the writings of the early Christians; and, lastly, their similarity with these strange manifestations in the epidemic at Morzine has been pointed out. All appear identical. We have in all the same convulsions, the same fits of coma, the same delusions, the same insensibility to pain in the person possessed, the same delirium and violence; yet, in Ceylon and Savoy at least, the same harmlessness of that violence with regard to others. In all these exists the same belief in the futility of ordinary and human means of cure, of the necessity for prayer and exorcism.

It is to be regretted that more attention has not been paid to a subject so curious in itself, and so deeply interesting to the unhappy sufferers from such delusions. Thousands upon thousands of our fellow-creatures implicitly believe in the power of supernatural evil influences, and are, in point of fact, subject to seizures of a fearful description, differing, as it seems, from all nervous disorders known to science, which, by universal consent

in c[illegible]hey are prevalent. are [illegible]ribed to demoni[illegible]l possession. The power of [illegible]nation and the fixed belief in [illegible]preternatural character of these [illegible]ions produce upon the minds of [illegible]hese unfortunate people an amount of wretchedness very little known and very little appreciated. "The influence of demonism," writes Mr. Hardy, "is almost universal, and it is impossible to understand the religious position of the Singhalese without placing before the mind the real character of the dread power by which they are led captive. Only those who have held immediate and unreserved communication with them can have any idea of the [illegible]y they endure on account of the belief in the evil influence and power of wicked spirits. It extends to all times, persons, circumstances, and places."

This is said, by an unimpeachable authority, of Ceylon only. What must be the state of the countless numbers throughout the world who believe, and appear to themselves to have too good reason for believing in Demonology?

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THE CONDITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE condition of her Majesty's Ministers is at this moment as pitiable as their worst enemies could desire it to be. They have contrived, in the course of four or five months, to render themselves contemptible in the eyes of the whole nation. No man of any note in parliament, be his political opinions what they may, has the smallest confidence in them. No portion of the public press, with the single exception of the 'Daily Telegraph,' so much as pretends cordially to support them. Their internal divisions, hardly concealed at the outset, are become common topics of conversation at all the Clubs; and the course into which their legislation—or, to speak more correctly, their attempts at legislation — has fallen, points to one issue, and only one, which cannot now be far distant.

This is not a state of things which will give satisfaction to any, except to designing apostles of Republicanism. Being Tories ourselves, we cannot indeed pretend to say that we are sorry for the Administration, constituted as it is, much less that we desire its continuance. But as lovers of the country, and of the institutions on which its greatness depends, we feel that the exhibition which the present Administration is making of itself, strikes at the very root of all good government; and whatever goes to render good government more difficult than it has long been, cannot fail to create in us more of anxiety and of indignation than of triumph.

These are, we allow, strong expressions, which, however, we will endeavour to justify, by taking a rapid survey of the more important of the political events which, in the course of the bygone month, and under Ministerial guidance, have occupied public attention, and created, so to speak, public opinion.

When last we met our readers, her Majesty's Ministers were engaged in attempts to cover their disgraceful shortcomings in the matter of the cattle plague during the recess. Their first attempt went to prove that all which could be done was done, and that anything like legislation on the subject would be at once absurd and mischievous. Failing in this, and discovering that Parliament was against them, they prepared a bill in a hurry, and in a hurry introduced it into the House of Commons. At once, and in the most unceremonious way possible, the measure was taken out of their own hands. It was cut, carved, altered, and improved to suit the views of a member of the Opposition. Another bill, intended to supply what was still manifestly wanting, ran its course, *pari passu*, with this, and both reached the Lords in such a state that not a single peer, either on the Ministerial or Opposition side of the House, would take charge of them. The result is, that the Government has been driven to do at last what it ought to have done at the beginning, and because of its neglect in not doing which, the Legislature found it necessary to interfere. It has assumed, upon compulsion, the responsibility from which it shrank before the screw was applied. And now, at the eleventh hour, Orders in Council are issued, such as the Commissioners appointed to investigate the case long ago recommended, and which, had they appeared in time, might have stayed the plague, or, at all events, restricted its ravages within limits comparatively narrow.

While this was going on that *coup d'état* took place which, not with-

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out a bungle, suspended the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. The act of vigour, for such we admit it to be, was perhaps necessary, but it came with the worst possible grace from a Ministry which, only three days previously, had, in a speech from the throne, assured both Houses of Parliament that the law was strong enough to vindicate itself, and that Irish juries and Irish judges were equally to be depended upon. It was accepted without a remonstrance, except from a small section of the usual supporters of the Ministry sitting below the gangway; but it brought with it no political capital whatever to its authors. On the contrary, public attention was at once drawn to the unbecoming leniency which a previous Whig Government had exercised towards the prime movers in the Fenian conspiracy; and Lord Russell and his colleagues eat, as is fitting that they should, the fruit of the tree which Lord Palmerston and the same colleagues had planted. Meanwhile the policy of Parliamentary Reform—the very keystone of the arch on which their existence as a Government ostentatiously rested — they took good care to cover with a veil of mystery which no profane or vulgar eye was allowed to penetrate. Deputation after deputation waited upon the First Lord of the Treasury, bringing free gifts of advice, and hungering and thirsting for information. The advice was received with that courtesy and grace which marks all the noble Lord's intercourse with strangers; but the deputations were sent away empty. All that they could extract from the head of the Administration amounted to this, that he was, as it were, a bee working in a glass hive; and that, like other bees when they are busy, he preferred plastering over the glass with wax, which it was not his purpose to remove till it should suit his own convenience. So, also, in the House of Commons, as often as a reformer rose — and, one by one, many rose — to ask questions, they received from Mr. Gladstone civil answers, which amounted to this, that they had better mind their own business and leave him to take care of his. What, under such circumstances, could the Liberal press do? The 'Times,' the 'Daily News,' and the 'Star' wrote for a while vaguely yet hopefully. By-and-by the vagueness in their tone became more marked, its hopefulness less decided. The 'Star,' bound by its allegiance to Mr. Bright, and believing, or affecting to believe, in the understanding at which he had arrived with the Government, required that the compact between them, as Mr. Bright had explained it at Rochdale, should be fulfilled to the letter. A six-pound franchise in boroughs, with a ten-pound franchise in counties, would satisfy every wish, for the present, of the great Liberal party, because whatever might be necessary besides would follow in due time — the people, not the Ministers, being thereafter the masters of their own destiny. But anything short of this, as it would show that the Ministers distrusted the people, so it must lead, of necessity, to the prompt and absolute withdrawal of confidence in the Ministers by the people. Not so the 'Times' and the 'Daily News.' The former was no advocate for a mere lowering of the franchise. It did not choose to see all other classes of voters swamped by the lowest. It was indignant that Mr. Bright should dictate, or appear to dictate, to the Government; and went in for some measure which, leaving the franchise in the hands of the middle classes, should so distribute the electoral privilege as to bring the House of Commons more than it is into unison with the feelings of the people. The 'Daily News,' on the other hand, would be satisfied with no arrangement which,

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like a six and ten pound qualification, must still exclude the great body of working men from exercising the rights of free men. Thus pelted on every side with questions, arguments, and remonstrances, the Ministers, though squabbling among themselves, did their best to maintain towards the outer public an attitude of dignified reserve. They could not preserve that attitude long. Their quarrels oozed out. The results of the inquiries which they were known to have instituted came by some mysterious process to light; and there appeared one morning an announcement in the 'Times' that they had wisely abandoned their plan for a mere lowering of the franchise. This was followed the same evening by a paragraph in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' which, considering that it preceded by several days the official announcement of their scheme, must have very much surprised that section of the Cabinet which is not in the habit of letting newspapers or their editors into its confidence.

"It appears," said our contemporary, on the 6th of March, "that as soon as they had decided on the principle and outlines of their reform, they began to collect information about it. As soon as they had fixed their franchise, they called for returns to show how many and what sort of persons that franchise would admit. The result is said to have startled and staggered them not a little, and when published will surprise the public as well as the Ministers. It appeared, we understand, from the statistics furnished to them by the local authorities, that so far from there being scarcely any working men upon the register—so far from the labouring classes being 'serfs,' as Mr. Potter called them, or 'outside the pale of the Constitution,' as Mr. Bright and Mr. Forster phrase it—from 20 to 22 per cent of the electors now upon the list belong to the working class. It is rumoured, indeed, that the first returns received gave the proportion as high as 25 per cent, and that they were sent back for reconsideration and re-inquiry, under the impression that there must have been some strange blunder or misconception in the matter; but further investigation has confirmed the main conclusion—viz., that from one-fifth to one-fourth of the actual Parliamentary constituency of England consists of those very classes who were believed to be virtually excluded from the franchise, and whose admission was the object and plea of the contemplated Reform Bill. Naturally enough, when they came suddenly upon this pregnant and unsuspected fact, Ministers must have felt it incumbent upon them to reconsider the whole question, and materially to modify their course. Perhaps, also, they began to think that they might not have been quite wise in rejecting Lord Elcho's proposal for a commission of inquiry, when even they, who had been talking and planning and promising Reform for the last fifteen years, were in ignorance of so significant a circumstance."

Embarrassing as in this matter the Ministry felt their position to be, it was scarcely more so than the dilemma into which, on other points of no mean importance, pledges rashly given, with a view to purchase support at the general election, had driven them. The questions of National Education and of the establishment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland, had fallen into a groove on which they never counted; and as soon as Parliament met, their perplexity, as well as the causes of it, came to light. The Chief Secretary, whom they had discarded with as little respect for his feelings as for their own credit, blurted out questions which the Chancellor of the Exchequer found it at once inconvenient to answer and impossible to evade. He could not deny what Sir Robert Peel was in a position to prove, yet shrank from avowing a policy which the House of Commons was very little likely to sanction. He therefore fenced with the matter before him, and fenced in vain. It came out, in spite of his best efforts to conceal the fact, that the Cabinet stood committed to all that the Ultramontanists had demanded; and that if these pledges were redeemed, as they ought to be, elementary educa-

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tion in Ireland would cease to be what it now is, and a royal charter would enable a purely Roman Catholic University to grant degrees. This was bad enough; but worse followed. Since pledging itself to this policy, the Government had arrived at the conclusion that Parliament could never be brought to sanction such a direct reversal of the policy of the last thirty years; and finding that they must either violate their pledges or resign their seats, Ministers bravely determined to violate their pledges and keep their seats.

They are still smarting under the pain of this humiliation when another overtakes them, not, perhaps, so palpably manifest to outsiders, but still sufficient to attract the attention and draw down the censure of the more thoughtful portion of their own party. Pursuant to notice, the member for Dumfriesshire called the attention of the House to the connection which subsists between Fenianism in Ireland and Fenianism in America, asking, at the same time, why remonstrances on so grave a subject had not long ago been addressed by the British Government to the Government of the United States.

"There were many ways," says the 'Times,' "of dealing with the facts brought forward by Mr Walker, and the course adopted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if not the worst, was certainly not the best of them. Unlike Mr. Oliphant, he did not affect to make light of the Fenians considered as a political body, nor deprecate interference with them on the ground that it would give them in the eyes of the world a degree of importance to which they were not entitled. On the contrary, he spoke strongly against them; obliquely censured the Government which connived at their vagaries; and then, as if there had been danger to England in the discussion, entreated the House to let the subject drop."

If it be inconvenient to the Government, in its collective capacity, to be called to book on the score of [illegible] with foreign [illegible] especially with Austria much more awkward for the Chancellor of the Exchequer in particular are resolutions affirming the necessity of increased economy in the public expenditure. And if these resolutions [illegible] from his own side of the House, and are strengthened and supported by apposite quotations from his own speeches, though he may prevail upon Parliament to refrain from dealing with them as party questions, he cannot escape from them except with a very perceptible loss of prestige. Of this nature was the attack of the member for Lichfield upon the estimates, as yet unexcussed, and Mr. Gladstone's lame and impotent defence of the same. Mr White is by no means either the most brilliant or the most influential senator in the House of Commons. He is, however, a member of the great Liberal party—a steady supporter of Liberal principles—and, till of late, was understood to be one of the most enthusiastic of Mr Gladstone's admirers. A great change seems suddenly to have come over him. His faith in the reforming and economical Chancellor is shaken, and he assigns his reasons for this falling away from an old creed in terms which are at least sufficiently solid and marvellously explicit:—

"The affirmation of his first resolution—viz., that the national expenditure had been excessive—might be proved from the declarations of the right hon. gentleman, who was then, as now, responsible for the public finances. Speaking at Liverpool on the 18th of July, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said:—

"'Let us see how matters stand; and before I enter into it I will just say that I am not satisfied, as far as I am individually concerned, [that was exactly his own feeling—he was not satisfied—(a laugh)]—I am not satisfied, as far as I am individually concerned, that the expenditure of the country has yet been reduced to the lowest [illegible] consistent with honour and se[illegible]

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"After adducing such evidence as this it was needless to say one word more. He would, nevertheless, quote a portion of the right hon. gentleman's speech containing a hint to the constituencies of the country, which ran thus:—

"'Therefore I will say this, and say it without the smallest doubt, that if the electoral body of this country desire that reduction shall be effected in that expenditure, they have only to send to Parliament men who sympathise with that view, and the result they wish will infallibly be attained.'

"Now, although he had but a small amount of confidence in the present, yet he thought it a great improvement on the last Government. Since he had seen the estimates for the present year, however, it had greatly fallen in his esteem. The sum demanded for the army, the navy, and the civil service, was the same as that required last year, notwithstanding what had been stated as to 'old things passing away, and all things becoming new.' (Hear, hear.) Unless there was an improvement in these matters, the present Ministry ought to give way, and allow other men, capable of conducting the Government of the country in a better manner and at a cheaper rate, to take their places. Whenever he heard the high-sounding phrases concerning retrenchment and national prudence, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was so ready to indulge, he was inclined to remind him of the lines of Pope—

'A very heathen in the carnal part,
'Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.'"

How Mr. Gladstone escaped from the dilemma in which this zealous member of his own party placed him, a Liberal newspaper shall show. Matters are coming to a pretty pass, when of a Minister who rests his claim for public confidence entirely on the skill with which he manages the finance of the country, the following expressions can be used by one of his supporters:—

"The debate on economy, in fact, came to nothing, and we fear it was one of those which will not bear fruit hereafter. Mr. White was laborious and persevering, and at least one part of his speech might easily have been made exceedingly effective. In pointing out the inconsistencies between Mr. Gladstone's private utterances and his official action as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. White carried his audience with him. There was, indeed, reason in the charge. Mr. Baxter on one side, and Sir Stafford Northcote on the other, took it up and enlarged upon it. Mr. Gladstone himself attempted to explain the apparent contradiction between his words and his deeds, but his explanation could only apply to one of the speeches 'which he had presumed to utter.' When he told his constituents at Liverpool that he was not satisfied the expenditure of the country had been reduced to the lowest point consistent with honour and security, it is obvious that he was complaining of the estimates brought in by the Government of which he was a member, and adopted by the House of Commons, and not of some daring attempt of a private member to raise the salaries of the Post-Office letter-carriers. When, again, he charged the late House of Commons with having authorised an expenditure never before reached in a time of peace, he simply echoed Mr. Cobden's epithet of the 'prodigal' Parliament, and managed to protest that he was 'a sad good Christian in his heart,' however much his actions belied his aspirations. In attempting to explain away the natural construction of these sentences last night, Mr. Gladstone seemed in danger of assuming the most terrible of characters, '*un homme incompris.*'"

If we pass from subjects like these, of great and general interest, and observe what goes on as often as some question arises incidentally for discussion, we find the same lack of self-assurance cropping up in the demeanour of the Ministers—the same distrust in their power to lead the House manifested by their own party. Such a question arose in connection with the Jamaica difficulty, when Ministers were asked to make public before the time communications made in confidence by naval and military officers to the authorities under which they acted. Now, our opinion in regard to this Jamaica difficulty has never varied. We said at the first, and we repeat the

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statement now, that Mr. Cardwell erred, not in what he did, but in his manner of doing it. No Government could refuse an inquiry into the causes of the negro insurrection, and into the measures adopted to suppress it. But though there was a right and a wrong way of doing this, and though, in our opinion, Mr. Cardwell chose the wrong way, it does not therefore follow that he is to be hurried, by the faction which carried him beyond the proper line once, into a repetition of that folly. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, since he chose to answer Mr. Bright, ought to have answered boldly: That despatches, written under circumstances so peculiar, were confidential documents; that the Government was not then prepared to lay them on the table of the House, far less to give them up for publication in the newspapers; that when the proper time came everything relating to the outbreak should be made clear; but that till then the Government was determined to respect itself by keeping faith with its subordinates. Did he follow this course? Oh no; he spoke gently to his honourable friend—alluded to the inconvenience which might result were the papers in question produced, and implored mercy. He was answered as he deserved. Mr. Bright at once gave notice that on a future day he would make a formal motion for the production of these despatches—and so the matter ended. And here we may observe, in passing, that the extraordinary change which has of late come over Mr. Gladstone's manner is a subject of remark not very flattering among either the friends or the foes of the Administration. Whether it be from excess of anxiety to avoid giving offence, or a consciousness that he has no control over himself if his temper once get the better of him, or whether any other or perhaps less worthy influence operate upon him, we cannot tell; but all the fire which used to burn within him seems to have gone out: he is the meekest man in the House. To say that he is civil to everybody, would be to understate his case. He is positively obsequious. Mr. Bright, having become his honourable friend, continues to be such just as ostentatiously when threatening a hostile motion as when rendering support. Mr. White is complimented and smoothed down at the very time that he is doing his best to expose the self-contradictions of his flatterer; and even Mr. Darby Griffith is reminded that they once went into the same lobby together. All this, so far from conciliating, only disgusts the lookers-on, whether they sit habitually behind the fawning Minister or confront him. The latter see in it only a wretched attempt to make them forget or overlook old grievances; the former accept it as a token that their leader had ceased to be master of the situation, and that he finds it necessary to look round for other support than is rendered to him in the Cabinet.

Such was the state of public affairs, and of public opinion arising out of it, when a leading article in the 'Times' suddenly announced as a fact that Lord Russell had ceased to be the head of the Administration. The announcement took nobody by surprise. On the contrary, it was read, believed, and assented to in all circles, not only as the most probable, but as perhaps the only possible, issue of an ill-assorted and very feeble Government out of its difficulty. The 'Times' had, however, somewhat overshot the course of events. Lord Russell did not withdraw, on the occasion referred to, from the Administration—he only threatened to withdraw. His Cabinet, furious with the Reform measure which he proposed, refused to accept it; and were told, in reply, that if they rejected his scheme they must go on as well as they

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could without himself. Now, though it is easy enough at the present crisis to break up a Liberal Administration, it would by no means be so easy a matter to reconstruct one were that now in existence once dissolved. The Whigs, therefore, thought better of the case, and Lord Russell's scheme was received, discussed, and settled. Then followed as might be expected, an official contradiction to the statement hazarded by the 'Times,' and things went on, or appeared to go on, as heretofore. And, finally, with a view to remove all doubt on the subject—to reassure their friends as well as to confound their enemies—the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that on the 12th of March, without fail, whether the statistics on which it was grounded were ready or not ready, he, as the mouthpiece of a united Cabinet, would introduce a measure of Parliamentary Reform into the House of Commons. Who, after that, could distrust the future, or be deluded into the idea that the Ministry was in danger? The Ministry would convince the House that, in its own estimation at least, it was safe enough. It had nailed its colours to one particular mast, and should leave them to float there till the great day of battle arrived.

The announcement thus made, followed as it was by a state of perfect quiescence on the Treasury bench, acted as a signal for the commencement of a war of posts, wherein private members, not being Ministers, took the lead. First a bill was introduced for doing away with the the Qualification for Offices Oath, to which the Ministry, disavowing all connection with it, gave their undivided support, and it was carried through the second reading. This may be a Liberal, but it is certainly not a Government, triumph; neither can we regard it as a Conservative defeat, because on the Conservative side of the House there are many who think as we do, that to fight for forms, which have become forms and nothing more, is a mere waste of strength—a political beating of the air. The case is different when proposals are made to repeal unconditionally the laws which impose upon the property of the nation the obligation of keeping the national churches in repair. That is a point which involves a great principle; and the manner in which this battle of principle has been waged, is in a very startling degree characteristic of the combatants on both sides.

The Government, as a Government, affects to stand neutral. It is left to a private member, Mr. Hardcastle, to bring in a bill which the Ministers having seats in the House of Commons might support in their individual capacity—the rest, it must be acknowledged, frankly and honestly—Mr. Gladstone, after a fashion peculiarly his own. Though little or no opposition is made to the first reading, the Chancellor of the Exchequer finds himself constrained to speak; and, after graphically disposing of the few objections which have been offered to the measure, he turns round to the principle, and, denying its justice, declares that he can never consent to unconditional repeal. He may vote for going a step farther in that direction, provided the author of the measure assure him that he will be ready, in committee, to accept some reasonable compromise, but he positively can do no more. The author of the measure declines, in the most decided manner, to enter into any engagement; and Mr. Gladstone forthwith goes out into the gallery with those who desire for the bill a second reading.

It has often been our painful duty to expose the inconsistencies and self-contradictions which disfigure the public career of this remarkable man; but we cannot recall

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an instance in which he so entirely "turned his back upon himself" as on that memorable occasion. The effect produced upon the whole House, and especially upon the younger members of it, will never, we should think, be forgotten. These did not know what to make of it; they were not only astonished, but offended by it. To more than one among them—avowed Liberals, too—it furnished subject of discussion for many days after. "We came down to the House undecided what line to take. We were reluctant to strike a blow at the influence of the Church, much more to rob her of her property; yet, in common with all reasonable men, whether they call themselves Liberals or Tories, we were desirous of effecting a compromise which should be at once just and satisfactory. Mr. Gladstone, in his speech, spoke for us; and after hearing Mr. Hardcastle's reply to the appeal, we took it for granted that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would vote against the bill. We went, therefore, into the gallery, where we expected to find him. Judge, therefore, of our surprise, when it turned out that Mr. Gladstone had voted for the second reading. We were ashamed of him, and ashamed of ourselves that we should be constrained by circumstances to regard him as our leader."

The Liberals who thus expressed themselves are new members. If they keep their seats and adhere to their party we can promise them many returns—happy or otherwise—of the sensation; till in the end, perhaps, they may become case-hardened, as most men do, who, with their eyes open, persist in going wrong. Meanwhile neither they nor we need much distress ourselves about the measure of success which Mr. Hardcastle's scheme has achieved. A majority of only 14 at the second reading holds out slender prospect of success in committee, and will certainly insure in the House of Lords the rejection of so unjust a piece of legislation. And then may be effected that which is neither unjust nor ungenerous. They who decline to contribute of their means to Church purposes, have surely no right to claim a share in Church privileges, or in the distribution of Church funds. The law as it stands is a perfectly fair law, though the penalties incurred by disobeying it may be unsuitable to the age in which we live. But change the penalties, leaving the law as it is, and no human being, whether he be Churchman or dissenter, will have the slightest ground of complaint. There will need no "magistrate, nor summons, nor constable," to insure that they who, for any or for no reason assigned, refuse to pay their portion of the rate which the parish has levied upon itself, shall, *ipso facto*, forfeit all claims to take part in Church meetings, to occupy a seat in the parish church, or to be buried, when the die, in the churchyard which they would do nothing when alive to keep in order. A measure to this effect would, we are confident, meet with no serious opposition, except from the most bitter of political Dissenters, and an end might be put to a controversy which, whatever we may think of the causes which produced it, must be admitted to have been attended with great inconvenience to all parties.

It was thus that, for some time after Parliament met, the Government placed its powers, so to speak, in abeyance. It originated nothing, it resisted nothing, but lent itself, willingly or unwillingly, to whatever was proposed—whether the proposition came from one side of the House or the other. The very estimates for the year—the Navy estimates in particular—were brought forward as probably no other estimates ever were or are ever likely to be brought forward again. The case of Captain Coles

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and of his turret-ships turned up miserably against the Admiralty. They could not escape from the charge of unfair dealing, of bullying, and eating the leek. They tried to represent the navy as in an efficient state, and signally failed. In the course of six years something like £40,000,000 have been spent in ship-building, and we can show, at this moment, only thirty-one ironclads, of which no more than twelve, if so many, appear to be sea-worthy. The escapade in the matter of the Devonport voters damaged them seriously. It was bad enough to have a case of gross oppression brought home to them; but the way in which the Parliamentary Secretary endeavoured to throw the blame on the First Lord, and the First Lord retorted by charging the Secretary with saying what was not true, covered the whole band with disgrace. Of the Army estimates little need be said, except that, amounting to the enormous sum of £14,000,000 or thereabouts, they hold out no prospect to the country of having an effective army at its disposal. So much money is frittered away upon unnecessary buildings, upon costly experiments repeated again and again, without, as it would appear, any results being arrived at, that we cannot afford to raise the pay of our trained soldiers; and all experience goes to prove that, without considerably raising their pay, we need not hope to retain good soldiers after they have completed their ten years' service in the ranks. Then there came up the fatal mismanagement at Hong-Kong, of which the root lies in the penny-wise and pound-foolish economy which refuses to garrison that island with native troops from India, to whom the climate is not ungenial. Lord Hartington did his best to fight a losing battle. He could not deny that there was great confusion in his own office and out of it; but he yielded readily to every suggestion for a committee of inquiry, and disarmed, by so doing, the hostility of his critics. Lord Hartington appears to us to be considerably out of his proper place as a member of Lord Russell's Whig-Radical Administration.

We said a moment ago that, after suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, the Government appeared content, throughout the whole of February and the first week in March, to be laid, as it were, upon the shelf. The Ministers sat still, leaving independent members to originate legislation; and as individuals only, never as representing the Government, they supported or opposed such motions as were brought forward according to the private views of each separate member. One remarkable exception to this rule must, however, be noticed. Encouraged by the attitude taken up by the Opposition in resisting Mr. Monsell's Roman Catholic Oaths Bill, Ministers lost no time, after the new Parliament met, in proposing what they were pleased to describe as a measure kindred to his, only more comprehensive. Now their measure is not kindred to that of Mr. Monsell. It is rather an embodiment, in a bad shape, of what Mr. Disraeli suggested when speaking against Mr. Monsell's scheme—of what every trustworthy organ of the party has since advised, and probably every reasonable man, by whatever name he may be called, desires to see brought about. For reasonable men, equally with Whigs and Radicals, know how very little importance is in these days attached to Parliamentary or any other oaths. Had the case been otherwise, we should have witnessed no such systematic attacks as are made, session after session, upon Church-rates in England, and the very existence of the Protestant Established Church in Ireland. Moreover, reasonable people have long been ready to admit that, in form at least, if not in sub-

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stance, many of the engagements into which, at the tables of the two Houses, members of Parliament of every shade of religious opinion enter, are at this time of day obsolete, and therefore open to objection. On these grounds it is admitted that, if some form of oath can be discovered, such as shall be binding alike upon Roman Catholics and Protestants, and upon Jews, Turks, and infidels into the bargain, it is very desirable that such form of oath should be substituted for that now in use. But the Liberals, as usual, even when taking up a good design, blundered in their manner of effecting it. They narrowed too much the purport of the oath by making it personal to the Queen, and nothing more. Mr. Disraeli saw the blot at once, and hit it. Will he pardon us, however, for venturing to suggest that he did not quite hit it in the right place? Why enter at all into details? What you aim at in a parliamentary oath is some apparent pledge, on the part of such as take it, to maintain inviolate not only the prerogatives of the Crown, but the rights of the people also. And will not this great end be effected by a simple pledge to bear true loyalty to the Queen, and to the constitution of the country as by law established? We humbly recommend this point to the consideration of the House of Lords, when, in some shape or another, the parliamentary Oaths Bill shall come under their consideration. Let the Peers accept the principle of the Bill as the Commons have passed it, exercising their undoubted privilege, however, by rendering it more comprehensive in expression, and we venture to predict that their amendment will be reaccepted by the Commons without a murmur of dissent, and that the measure will become law with the hearty concurrence of the whole nation.

It was thus that, by a course of action as little dignified as it was unsatisfactory to their own friends, her Majesty's Ministers advanced to what their chief had declared should be the crisis of their fate as a Government. Everybody seemed to be aware that there was little or no unity of purpose among them; their general bearing, even when achieving some apparent success, being that of men who entertained very slender hope towards the future. At last came the 12th of March, and with it the necessity of making a clean breast before Parliament and the public on the great subject of Reform. And a very curious as well as instructive revelation of facts Mr. Gladstone's announcement proved to be.

The first fact made evident to the crowded House which hung upon his words was this, — that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had no confidence in himself; that, dissatisfied with the part which he had undertaken to play, yet unable to put it from him, he found it impossible to throw his heart into an appeal against the fitness of which his better judgment protested. Mr. Gladstone cannot be, and never is, a feeble speaker. It was manifest, too, that on the preparation of this address he had bestowed the utmost possible pains. "Nothing," says a newspaper which writes him up on every possible occasion, "could exceed the masterly grouping of his facts, so as to pave the way for his conclusions, unless it were the skill with which he ignored or glided over the facts which were out of harmony with those conclusions, or pointed in a precisely opposite direction." He was in an essentially false position; and Mr. Gladstone is not the man to be in a false position without feeling it, and showing that he feels it. With all his subtle mastery of argument and phraseology, it was impossible for him to conceal from the House that the Bill he introduced was not actually founded on the figures by which he attempted to sustain it.

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This is quite true, but it is not all the truth. Mr. Gladstone's historical introduction to his statistical argument was as fabulous in its facts as his statistics proved to be antagonistic to his argument. He made gratuitous assertions which were not only false, but to which it is difficult to conceive how he himself, when uttering them, could have given any credence. "By not less than five administrations," he said, "or at least five Queen's Speeches, the House of Commons has been acquainted by the Sovereign, advised by her constitutional Ministers, that the time, in their judgment, had come, when the representation of the people ought to undergo a revision." Had he stopped there, he might possibly have escaped the terrible exposure which followed; but there he did not stop.

"Sir," he continued, "it may be said with respect to the origin of this question that it is emphatically the work of Parliament. Let me remind the House, as the period has now long gone by, and as many hon. gentlemen have now taken their seats on these benches for the first time—let me remind the House of what happened in the beginning of the year 1851. And I must say that the event which then occurred was of a nature to saddle the responsibility connected with the introduction of this question, in a high and peculiar sense, not on one or on another Government, but upon the body of the House of Commons. It was an independent member—my hon. friend the member for East Surrey (Mr. Locke King)—who, on the 20th of February 1851, moved for leave to bring in a bill to grant a £10 occupation franchise in counties. The sole opponent of that motion was my noble friend now at the head of the Government. Every other speaker either approved or was silent on that occasion. [Some slight laughter was caused by this accidental "bull" on the part of the right hon. gentleman.] There was no division; and every other authority in the House either approved or was silent on the occasion. The Government were beaten by a majority of 21. The minority consisted of 52 members, and among those 52 there were not, I think, more than 12 or 13 who sat on the benches of the party opposite. So that it cannot, I think, be denied that the first initiation of this subject in the form in which it now comes before us—having begun as a question of the county franchise only, but it being perfectly well known that a change in that must draw a change in the borough franchise along with it—the initiation of this subject, I say, was in a peculiar sense the work of the House of Commons. And, therefore, in inviting you to co-operate with us, the advisers of the Crown, in endeavouring to bring it to a solution, we are inviting you not only to relieve us of difficulties, but to carry out a work of common interest both to us and to Parliament."

The gauntlet thus thrown down was seized as soon as the eloquent speaker resumed his seat, and a voice, coming from the crowded benches near him, thus expressed itself:—

"My right hon. friend began by a reference to the past; but of what does that history remind us? Five times have the lips of royalty been stained by promises which have never been kept, and five times have her Majesty's Ministers been committed to pledges which have never been performed. That is very true. It is very sad, and it is very discreditable (a laugh); but to whom? Not to the House of Commons, for the House of Commons was never a party to those pledges, and is not bound to whitewash the character of Ministers (cheers), whose proceedings, when an opportunity offered itself, it invariably disapproved. (Renewed cheering). But when my right hon. friend told us that five Cabinets had been committed to Reform, my right hon. friend omitted to explain that on four of those five occasions Lord Russell was a prominent member of the Administration; that it was he, and he only, who insisted upon the introduction of these Reform Bills; and that they were notoriously introduced less to meet the exigencies of the nation than to meet the exigencies of a particular Minister (loud cheering); and that every one of those Bills was opposed to the opinion of Parliament and to the sense of the nation. (Continued cheering.) But that makes a very great difference. That is an important fact; because, when the authority of history is invoked to influence and to guide us in this matter, there is a vast difference between one individual Minister four times insisting upon the necessity of a change, and four distinct and separate Ministers approaching the question from opposite points of view and

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concurring in the same necessity. But my right hon. friend said it was not the Ministers who were responsible, but that the responsibility rested upon Parliament for originating and reciprocating the act of the Government. How did he prove that? He said that in 1851 there was a discussion and a division on the Bill of the hon. member for Surrey; that in that division Lord Russell was defeated; and that it was in consequence of that defeat that the House of Commons forced upon the Government the necessity of legislating in this direction. My right hon. friend argued from this that it was the House of Commons, and not the Ministry, who were responsible for everything which has since occurred. (Murmurs of dissent.) At any rate, I shall not be corrected when I say that my right hon. friend attributed the origin of all this legislation on the part of the Ministry to the vote on the motion of the member for Surrey, in which the Government were defeated, Lord Russell being the only member of the Government who opposed the Bill. (Hear, hear.) This, according to my right hon. friend, was the foundation for all the subsequent proceedings of the Government; and if I can show you that the foundation is rotten, all the superstructure which my right hon. friend has built upon it comes crumbling to the ground. (Cheers.) Let me give my right hon. friend one piece of advice, and that is, that when he in future takes any statement of facts as the foundation of a speech or line of policy, he should verify those facts for himself, and not take his information second-hand from any clerk or secretary. That motion has to-night led my right hon. friend into one of the most serious blunders that I have ever seen committed in this House by any prominent man. The original mistake, I am certain, is not his own, and I am equally convinced that he will regret having been led into error by trusting to information supplied to him by another. What are the facts? It was in the debate on the introduction of the Bill by the hon. member for East Surrey that Lord Russell spoke. But in what sense? So far from allowing the House to originate the policy of the Government, he rose and said that it was twenty years since the Reform Act of 1832 was passed; and he offered to give a pledge, if the hon. member for East Surrey would withdraw his motion, that the Government should introduce a Reform Bill in the following year. (Cheers.) But the House and the hon. member for East Surrey were not satisfied with the assurance, and they divided against the Government. The House was a very thin one, consisting of only 156 members, and on the division being taken the Government was defeated, the "ayes" numbering 100, and the "noes" 52. That division took place on the motion for the introduction of the Bill—a motion which is usually assented to as a matter of form. But after the hon. member for East Surrey had defeated the Government, the House of Commons perceived that the question was a serious one; and consequently, on the second reading, in a larger House, there was another division, when the numbers in favour of the second reading were 82, those by whom it was rejected being 229. (Loud cheers.)"

So much for the assumption that the House of Commons stands committed to Reform; and that, in inviting members to co-operate with them in endeavouring to bring the question to a solution, the Ministers are inviting them not only to relieve the Government of its difficulties, but to carry out a work of common interest both to them and to Parliament. Now, observe into what a miserable *fiasco* Mr. Gladstone is hurried by his eagerness to show that not fewer than five Cabinets are pledged to the policy which he advocates:—

"This, then, was the event which, according to my right hon. friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer, showed that the House of Commons was determined to have a Reform Bill (loud cheers), which compelled the Government to introduce a Reform Bill afterwards, and was the foundation of all subsequent legislation. I was not, I must confess, at all surprised that my right hon. friend passed over the Bill of 1852 with nothing more than a cursory allusion, because it does so happen that by a curious accident we are possessed of the secret history of that measure, which was brought in in consequence of the pledge given by Earl Russell. The House may recollect that Earl Grey obtained her Majesty's permission to state what had occurred in the Cabinet with respect to that Bill; and his statement

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brought to light this interesting fact, that in the Reform Cabinet of 1852 there was only one Reformer. (A laugh.) Earl Grey then reflected, and, in order to be safe, said there might be a second or even a third; but although he was certain that three was the *maximum*, he adhered to his belief that the reforming element in the Cabinet was represented by a single member. (Renewed laughter.) He went on to say that Lord Russell, in pledging the Government in the debate to Reform, did so without either the knowledge or the sanction of his colleagues (cheers), who, although they disapproved the pledge, showed a consideration for Lord Russell which he had not shown for them, and determined to render him every assistance in their power. The Bill was accordingly introduced, amid a flourish of Reform trumpets, and was cited as illustrating the conscientiousness and liberality with which a reformed Cabinet fulfilled its pledges. But how was it that the whole Cabinet of dissentients could stoop to a Bill which they disapproved and dreaded? On that subject, also, Earl Grey was painfully communicative. He is only permitted to speak for himself, but the reason he gives is this: He says that when the Bill was introduced the Cabinet was doomed, its days were numbered, it was *in extremis*, and that therefore the introduction of the Bill could do no harm because it could not possibly be passed. (Hear, hear.) I wish the House to bear in mind the history of this Bill of 1852 as given by a most unimpeachable authority, because this was the starting point of the agitation which Lord Russell has kept alive ever since; it gives the key to that discursive and otherwise incredible history of the legislation of the last fourteen years, and it shows that the series of Bills brought in by a succession of Cabinets were in effect the work of one and the same man, tending to one and the same end."

Mr. Horsman was not the only speaker, on the Ministerial side of the House, who dealt heavy blows at the Ministerial project on the first night of its development; Mr. Laing also spoke with telling effect, as we shall take occasion presently to show. But it may be worth while, in the first instance, to make a few extracts from the Liberal newspapers, as these addressed themselves immediately to their work of criticism on the 13th of March, before the debate of the second night began. The 'Pall Mall Gazette' thus expressed itself:—

"He (Mr. Gladstone) told the House that he and his colleagues had begun their consideration of the question of Reform in the very first Cabinet Council that sat after the funeral of Lord Palmerston; and he told it also that till last Friday night even he himself had not been able to procure for his own study any other complete copy of the electoral statistics than the one he then laid on the table of the House. The inference therefore was irresistible, that the scheme of Reform was concocted first, and the figures, which alone could tell them how much was already done, and how much remained to be accomplished, were collected and compiled afterwards. All that they could do in consequence was, at the last moment, to modify the manner in which they filled in their blanks,—probably to put in a 'seven' and a 'fourteen' where a few weeks ago they had written a 'six' and a 'ten.' This fact, and the impossibility of concealing it, necessarily placed Mr. Gladstone at a notable disadvantage, and very likely forced him to modify his speech even more than he had modified his measure. But he met the difficulty with his habitual skill and inexhaustible fertility of resource; and if we knew nothing beyond what he told us, we might have fancied that his case was complete, rounded, and consistent."

Following up this hit, the writer in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' proceeded to make a cruel exposure of the worse than *suppressio veri* which showed so remarkably throughout the whole of Mr. Gladstone's speech. He proved, by tables which we need not quote here, because we shall have occasion by-and-by to refer to them, that the borough franchise of 1832 had exhibited a very great and unexpected self-extending power. As compared with the growth of population, the ten-pound franchise has diffused itself as 102 on to 80 in the aggregate; in some particular instances, as 234 on

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to 89, 153 to 110, 217 to 109, and 162 to 122. We leave him to draw his own moral from this very curious story:—

"Mr. Gladstone was scarcely more complete and candid when he came to deal with the unexpected fact of the large number of working men who proved to be on the electoral list. He admitted that the 26 per cent was 'a larger percentage than he expected to find.' But it was from Mr. Laing that we were left to learn *how* greatly it exceeded his anticipations; and that he had declared in 1860 that he estimated the proportion to be only *one-ninth*, or 11 per cent. He went on to make a statement and to draw an inference which look more uncandid still. He wished the House to believe that the proportion of the working classes on the borough register had diminished since 1832. He stated that the proportion was 32 per cent then, and that it is only 26 per cent now. But he forgot to state that the whole of the 32 per cent was composed of the very lowest, worst, and most venal of the poor, and that four-fifths of the 26 per cent consist of independent and genuine ten-pounders; that the class of working men formerly endowed with votes were what all honest reformers wished to see disfranchised, and that the class now on the register are the *bonâ fide* intelligent artisans whom all honest reformers rejoice to see enfranchised. It was not fair, then, thus to compare disadvantageously the present with the past. Nor was this the only piece of want of candour in reference to this branch of his subject which Mr. Gladstone's false position forced upon him. He argued that, though in the aggregate the working class constituted 26 per cent of the town constituency, and as much as 33 per cent in about 60 of the 200 boroughs, yet that the proportion was most unequal, and that 'in the great towns of the north, where it ought to be largest, it was the least.' Here, again, he found it necessary to lay only a *portion* of the truth before his audience, for he selected out, in illustration of his statement, the *exceptional* cases of Halifax, Stockport, Bradford, Leeds, and Rochdale, where the proportion of working men only average about 12 per cent, and quietly ignored the far more striking instances of Bolton, Ashton, and Birmingham, where it averages 20 per cent; of Newcastle, Wigan, Sheffield, and Wolverhampton, where it averages 24 per cent: of Manchester and Salford, where it averages 30 per cent; of Lancaster and Leicester, where it nearly reaches, and of Southwark and Greenwich, where it exceeds, 50 per cent."

The debate of the 12th, on which the preceding extracts are a commentary, may be said wellnigh to have sealed the fate of the measure; for Mr. Laing's close reasoning on the inevitable results in which the proposed lowering of the franchise must land us, was as telling as Mr. Horsman's exposure of the disingenuous and sophistical declaration of its sponsor, when offering the wild scheme to the House. But if any doubt remained on any mind in reference to that point, the renewed discussion on the 13th sufficed to dispel it. And not the least striking feature in the case is, that if we except Lord Cranbourne, who spoke last and spoke admirably, the bitterest opponents of the measure rose from the benches on the Ministerial side of the House. Mr. Lowe, who opened the ball, carried a crowded and breathless assembly along with him. He seemed at first to be somewhat daunted with the sense of responsibility; but as he went on, and the House listened with a stillness which was positively grand, he warmed to his subject — perfect self-possession returned. We cannot doubt that the speech will be published in a separate form, and circulated and read throughout the length and breadth of the land. Thousands will thus have an opportunity of lingering in detail over the classic wit as well as the sound reasoning which pervades it. We should only mar their enjoyment were we to make long quotations from it here. Could anything be better than his manner of dealing with the insane notion that, if you want integrity and honesty of purpose, you must look for these qualities in the class whom the Government propose to enfranchise?

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"I have had peculiar opportunities of knowing some of the constituencies in this country: and I ask, if you want venality, ignorance, drunkenness, and the means of intimidation; if you want impulsive, unreflecting, violent people, where would you go to look for them—to the top or the bottom? It is ridiculous to blink the fact that since the Reform Act the great corruption has been among the voters between £20 and £10 rental—the £10 lodging-house and beer-house keepers. But it is said, 'only give the franchise to the artisan, and then see the difference.' This puts me in mind of the argument of the ancients, who, having observed that it was very cold in front of the north wind, fancied it must be very warm if they could only get on the other side of it (laughter); and therefore they imagined that the blessed land inhabited by the Hyperboreans was perfectly warm because it was beyond the north wind. (Laughter.) So some hon. gentlemen seemed to think with respect to the £10 franchise, declaring that if they could only get a little below it they would discover a perfectly virtuous standard."

Into the merits or demerits of the Bill itself, it is not our intention in the present article to inquire much at length. The most strenuous of its supporters, not omitting Mr. Bright himself, acknowledge that it can be regarded only as a fragmentary measure. Wiser and better men are convinced that, fragmentary as it is, it would, if passed into law, unsettle everything, settle nothing. The introduction into counties of a new constituency, consisting of £14 occupants, lease-holders from parliamentary boroughs, and savings-bank depositors, would not only swell the number of electors to an extent beyond all possible compass, but it would entirely swamp the voters now in existence, and take all influence out of the hands of the agricultural interests, properly so considered. In the boroughs the admission of £7 householders, and lodgers paying four shilling a-week and upwards for their apartments, would add prodigiously to the lowest class of voters in places where they are already numerous, without extending to any perceptible or satisfactory degree the franchise where some addition to the franchise is really wanted. "The aggregate effect of the measure," says the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' "if it should become law, may be summed up thus; in the towns it will be decidedly democratic, and in the counties as decidedly anti-aristocratic." Now, the policy may or may not be sound which in an old historical monarchy like this aims at throwing all political influence into the hands of the democracy. But if it be, let the promoters of the change come forward like men and avow their intentions, not quibble and palter with a point on which there ought to be no misunderstanding, no double-dealing in argument, no reserve of judgment, no saying one thing and meaning another. Mr. Gladstone is not afraid of the working man! Neither are we. In his own sphere, and employed about his own business, the working man deserves and commands our unqualified respect. Nay, more; we are just as anxious as Mr. Gladstone can be that the working man should possess his own share in the political influence of the country; and we are heartily glad to find that, by their own industry and good conduct, so large a proportion of working men are winning their way to the suffrage both in town and country. But, for their sakes as well as for our own, we object to give them a monopoly of the representation, or, which would amount virtually to the same thing, to enfranchise so many of them as to render them masters of the situation even in a majority of the boroughs. For there are such things as trades' unions, of which the tyranny is irresistible; and there are working men apart from these unions—too many, we regret to say—who seek as yet no higher enjoyment than can be found in excess of eating and drinking, and in sheer idleness. We do not speak, of course,

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of the superior order of mechanics and working men, among whom there is a great deal more of intelligence, and at least as much of thrift, as among the small shopkeeper and beer-house class. But these, as the late returns show, are already in possession of the franchise; and it would be doing them small service, as well as paying them a wretched compliment, were we, on the pretence of doing justice to their order, to place on a level with them, by Act of Parliament, crowds of persons who have never so much as tried to earn for themselves a good name, or to rise to that political status which better men have achieved. Indeed, we may go farther: the moment you lower the franchise, so as to confer it upon men who will not deny themselves a little, and work hard with a view to attain it, you declare the franchise to be not a trust but a right. Mr. Laing put that point admirably in his speech on the first night of the debate:—

"Once admit the franchise to be a right, and limit it as you might, it landed you in universal suffrage (loud cheers), subject only to limitations, such as those of pauperism, crime, and similar distinctions. But hold it to be a trust, and then it followed that it was a trust to be exercised by that portion of the community which had reached a certain standing and acquired a certain stake in the country, and whose ability to act upon solid sense and reflection rather than from inconsiderate impulse might be presumed upon. Now, the £10 franchise drew that line in a general way very clearly and very distinctly. Taking the number of houses inhabited by male occupiers, they would be found to be about 1,300,000 in number. 650,000 persons were entitled to the £10 franchise, so that, taken broadly, it might be said that the upper half of the inhabited houses conferred the franchise, and its owners held it as trustees for the remainder. But once descend materially below the £10 level—go down to £7, as proposed by the Government measure—and on what principle could they rely to meet the demand which would at once be raised that they should go down to £6?"

Again—

"It would be a matter of notoriety to any member of the House, that if in the ordinary run of small boroughs the franchise were lowered, the expense of the election would be increased. (Opposition cheers.) Then the moral aspect of the question must be considered. One great object of lowering the franchise was to hold out to the working classes a motive for good conduct and provident habits. It was evident that the present working-class £10 house-holders were superior men of their class. But if the franchise were lowered, others of not so high a character would be admitted to the privilege. (Hear, hear.) Some of the fancy franchises, if made large enough, would admit a number of the working classes, which would be an unmixed good. What could produce a more excellent moral effect than the savings-bank franchise, if it were low enough? And why should not the franchise be extended to other classes of property? Why should not the man who possessed £30 or £40 of realised property of any sort in a bank or any other form not have a vote? Why should not the man who has bought a house of his own of the value of £6 a-year not have a vote, while his neighbour who only rented a house at £7 was so privileged? If the moral elevation of the working classes were aimed at, the household franchise should not be lowered indiscriminately; it should be kept at a high standard, and the franchise should be otherwise extended by plans based upon intelligence and providence. (Hear, hear.) He had thought it advisable to express the opinions he had, because he believed they were held by many of the moderate Liberal party (hear, hear); and he felt bound to express his deep disappointment at the Government for having resolved to deal with the matter piecemeal (hear), and not by one comprehensive measure. He was of opinion that, in bringing forward a measure of such grave importance as the one under consideration, which proposed to disturb a settlement that had lasted so long and worked so well (hear), more deliberation was needed, and more grounds should have been shown than were shown by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in support of it."

These points are admirably put, and they will tell with fourfold weight upon all who are either

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old enough themselves to remember the tone of the debates in 1831 and 1832, or will take the trouble to turn up their 'Hansards,' and read what was urged by the leading reformers of that day. No statesman worthy of the name hinted thirty years ago at the inherent rights of citizens, or spoke "of the *onus* of proving disqualification as laid upon such as objected to admit every British-born subject of full age to the exercise of the franchise." On the contrary, their language was, that the line drawn by themselves was the right line —that it renewed the constitution, which, through time and abuse, had been decayed—that experience had shown how incompatible with poverty and idle habits was the proper discharge of the electoral trust—and that therefore the old freemen and potwallopers could not be allowed to cumber the electoral roll after the existing generation should have died out. Hear Lord John Russell himself describing in his great Reform speech—the speech which introduced the measure of 1831 to the notice of Parliament—a scene which he declared to be of everyday occurrence. He is the imaginary guide of an imaginary foreigner, who has visited England at the time of a general election; and he says:—"Suppose him, after all—for I will not disguise any part of the case—suppose him to ask for a specimen of popular election, and to be carried for that purpose to Liverpool, his surprise would be turned into disgust at the gross venality and corruption which he would find to pervade that election."

Again, the same Lord John, in the same memorable speech, refers especially to the ten-pound franchise as something more than a mere boon to the individual receiving it:—"I think the measure will produce a further benefit to the people by the great incitement which it will occasion to orderly and good conduct: for when a man finds that, by industrious exertion and by punctuality, he will entitle himself to a place in the list of voters, he will have an additional motive to improve his circumstances, and to preserve his character among his neighbours." Can Lord Russell have forgotten all this, or the chain of thought which led up to so reasonable a conclusion—in the face, too, of the evidence which his recent researches supply, that he had by no means overstated his case when pointing to the future?

Hear next a statesman, an orator, and a historian, of whom the whole liberal party, and especially the Whig section of it, have just reason to be proud. Lord Macaulay, then Mr. Macaulay, was so delighted with the proposed arrangement, that, much to the disgust of orator Hunt, the John Bright of his day, he burst out into the following piece of rhetorical declamation:—

"For the sake of the labouring classes themselves, for the whole of society, I hold it to be clearly expedient that, in a country like this, the right of suffrage should depend on a pecuniary qualification. I support this measure as a measure of Reform, but support it still more as a measure of Conservatism. That we may exclude those whom it is necessary to exclude, we must admit those whom it may be safe to admit. Such, finally, is the struggle which the middle classes of society in England are maintaining against our aristocracy, the principle of which is to invest one hundred drunken potwallopers in one place, or the owner of a ruined tenement in another, with powers which are withheld from cities renowned to the ends of the earth for the marvels of their wealth and of their industry."

Lord Morpeth, afterwards the Earl of Carlisle, spoke in terms equally cogent of the measure: "It placed the elective franchise within the reach, not only of the man of property, but of the man of common industry; and it enabled a man to enter that house without the smile of a patron, or the favour

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of a corporation." More explicit, if possible, was Mr. John Cam Hobhouse, now Lord Broughton, still, we believe, a consistent member of the Liberal party:—

"By the bill of the noble Lord the elective franchise will be thrown into the hands of people of a certain degree of property, and of those who had the greatest hold upon the higher classes, and the most influence over the lower; and if these ought not to possess the franchise, he did not know what class was worthy of it." Then, jeering the Opposition, he went on to say: "they had evinced such ability in support of what was odious, and such courage in defence of what was weak and contemptible, that he could not help thinking they would be found hereafter among those whom a free constituency would choose for the advocacy of their rights. . . . The honourable member for Newark had said that the noble Lord's plan would not satisfy the people; but he begged to say he knew as much of the sentiments of the community on this subject as the honourable member possibly could; and he boldly asserted, speaking from that knowledge, and upon the communications which had already reached him from various quarters, that the people generally would, and, he might add, ought to be satisfied with the measure." As to Lord Palmerston, "the great merit of the Bill, in his opinion, was, that it altered the distribution of political power, and restored the constitution by placing the middle classes in that situation to which they were entitled, and which was most likely to prove advantageous to themselves and to the community."

To the same purport, though even more clearly expressed, was the opinion of Mr. Gaston, a gentleman of considerable repute among the Liberals thirty years ago, though now, we daresay, scarcely remembered, certainly never mentioned, by his party: "The great merit of the plan now proposed was, that it brought the exercise of the elective franchise within the easy reach of every industrious man. It was upon this view of the subject that he solemnly declared that, if the present measure passed without any considerable amendment, should any future measure of Reform be proposed, from whatsoever cause, or whatever was its nature, he for one would be found among its opponents."

After this, it is scarcely worth while to quote the Lord Advocate of that day, nor, perhaps, should we refer to his judgment were it that of a man less distinguished in every respect than the late Lord Jeffrey. He had no misgivings about the matter: "I have no distrust of this £10 qualification, nor, indeed, am I able to imagine by what process of reasoning a contrary conclusion has been formed. Had the Bill done the reverse, and proposed to reduce the qualification, there might have been some reason in the objection. For," he continued after a while, "the discontented in this country are divided into two classes—those who, like the ten-pounders, fret because they are excluded from the constitution; those who, having no such stake in the country, desire the overthrow of all its institutions. I will listen to the prayer of the former; I will never capitulate to the latter."

With all these high Liberal authorities to refer to, the question which naturally suggests itself is, What events have occurred to produce such a marvellous change of opinion in the great Liberal party, and especially in the Whig portion of it? Has the constitution of 1832 disappointed its authors? Are we poorer, feebler, less educated, less contented as a nation, than we were? Has population diminished? Have our constituencies died out? Are members returned to Parliament by

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bribery more systematic and gross than used to be thirty years ago? And if they be, is it by lowering the franchise that we are likely to remedy the evil? Was Mr. Macaulay a mere babbler when, in 1832, he supported Lord John's second bill in terms like these?—"Now, sir, if I am asked my opinion, I do declare that this Reform of ours is final, but that anything which fell short of it would not be final. When I say final, I mean that it will be final for that space of time to which alone we can look forward. In the course of a hundred years we may chance to have docks as extensive as those of Liverpool in the Hebrides, and a manufacturing town as large as Manchester in the county of Galway. For a country so altered and improved in its condition we cannot pretend to legislate. In the only way, therefore, in which a public man ought to use the word final, I use it; and thus I declare the Reform Bill will be final."

We will not do the party or their leaders the injustice to believe that they hold Lord Macaulay, Lord Jeffrey, or the Lord John Russell of 1831, as mere babblers. There must, then, be some cogent reasons which force upon them such an extraordinary change of opinion, and constrain them to regard in 1866 as obsolete, if not positively noxious, an arrangement which, in 1832, they accepted as perfect. What are these reasons? Let us see.

We must begin by pointing out that none of the contingencies have occurred behind which Lord Macaulay sheltered himself when assenting to some possible modification in the future of the measure, which he lauded and supported, being present.

Lord Macaulay looked forward to some remote period when population and industry might change their seats again, as they had changed them before. And in the event of such change occurring, he was prepared to anticipate a transfer of the electoral privileges from boroughs worn out to new boroughs rich and flourishing. In other words, Mr. Macaulay looked forward in 1832 to that possible redistribution of seats which the Government of 1866 has not attempted in its measure of reform, and which it will probably never find an opportunity of attempting, whatever the fate of the present Bill may be. But to a scheme for the mere extension of the suffrage, by abandoning the line which had been deliberately taken thirty years ago—to a scheme for capitulating to the very class to which the Lord Advocate of his day emphatically declared that he would never capitulate—to a device so poor, so dangerous, so entirely unstatesmanlike, as this which Mr. Gladstone has reluctantly proposed,—neither Mr. Macaulay nor any other of the leaders of the party, thirty years ago, looked forward for a moment. They anticipated, on the contrary, a sure though gradual accession to the constituency, through the operation of causes which they clearly defined. And they went to their rest satisfied that they had left no other care to their successors than that of shifting the political influences, not rashly, but deliberately, in proportion as the tide of population and of industry set out of one quarter of the empire into another. Observe how entirely those anticipations have been realised which counted upon a spontaneous growth in the constituency; and how far as yet from making its appearance is the contingency which alone they treated as justifying farther change. Has the constitution of 1832, then, disappointed its authors? Perhaps so. The constitution of 1832 has certainly not given to the noble house of Bedford that continued monopoly of place and power which Lord Russell holds to be its right. On the contrary, it has subjected the pure Whigs to

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numerous defeats, and forced them at last into close alliance with statesmen above all others the most repulsive to aristocratic prejudice. But though it may have disappointed its authors, the nation at large seems to be perfectly satisfied with it. It has given the people, or is supposed to have given them, free-trade, extended commerce, the substitution, to a large extent, of direct for indirect taxation — the abolition of slavery in the colonies — perfect religious equality at home and abroad. So far from having become as a nation poorer, feebler, less educated, less contented, our advances in wealth, strength, intellectuality, and contentment were never so marvellous as within the last fourteen years. When were workingmen in the receipt of such wages as they receive now? When was our power, if the Government only knew how to use it, so capable of resisting aggression from abroad? Was there ever a period in our history at which education was so widely diffused, or when so little was said or done, out of Ireland, to show that the people were dissatisfied with their condition? Not all the pumping which the Government could apply has succeeded in getting up an agitation in favour of their own Bill. And as to trade riots, conspiracies, secret associations, and other evils of the sort, where are they? We admit that combinations of workmen against their employers are more frequent than they once were. So are strikes, so are trades-unions. But these habits, while they prove that our laws are less stringent than they used to be, supply a very strong argument against intrusting with a preponderance of political influence the classes which indulge in them. For it is worthy of note, that the prime movers in strikes, combinations, and trades-unions are not well-to-do mechanics, living in ten-pound houses and exercising the franchise, which by their industry they have acquired, but emphatically unskilled labourers, with such demagogues at their head as Mr. Potter — himself an unskilled labourer, and a very clever, as well as a very mischievous, individual into the bargain. As to population, the latest census shows that it has increased enormously since the Bill of 1832 became law, and is still increasing; while a comparison between the bribery which prevails at elections now with what is alledged to have been of everyday occurrence under the old constitution, would either not justify reformers in the line of action which they are pursuing, or would cover them with disgrace, by showing how entirely their own predictions had been falsified. One reason, therefore, and only one, remains to be alleged for this attempt on the part of Lord Russell and his party to undo their own handiwork. They believed, when the agitation began, that the growth of the constituency had not kept pace with the growth of population. They were persuaded that their measure, excellent as in 1832 it had been, was now defective, and that a large class of persons had arisen since 1832, whom, if they had been in existence when the Bill became law, the law would have undoubtedly included in the constituency. And for fourteen years they have been agitating in favour of a new Reform Bill, ostensibly for the purpose of righting this assumed wrong. But does the wrong exist? Lord Russell has affirmed that it does, and Mr. Gladstone, though for obvious reasons in a less peremptory tone, repeats the assertion. The former in the preface to the latest edition of his work on the 'English Constitution,' rashly made use of the following expressions:—

"For my part, I should be glad to see the sound morals and clear intelligence of the working classes more fully represented. They are kept out of the franchise, which Ministers of the Crown have

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repeatedly asked for them, partly by the jealousy of the present holders of the suffrage, and partly by a vague fear that, by their greater numbers, they will swallow up all other classes. Both those obstacles may be removed by a judicious modification of the proposed suffrage."

The latter, with his own statistics open before him, repeated the same sentiments, though with considerable hesitation of manner:—

"The result is, that of the total constituency, 282,000, the proportion belonging to the working class was 87,000, or 31 per cent. They are now 26 per cent. It is not satisfactory in all points to deal with this question as a matter of pure statistics; but then I must say, if these statistics prove anything, the figures I have quoted prove that the working class, which ought to have been an increasing and growing class, has borne a diminishing proportion, and consequently that the time has arrived when something ought to be done to increase their share in the elective franchise."

Now, we mean nothing disrespectful either to Lord Russell or Mr. Gladstone when we say that both are wrong,—Lord Russell, doubtless, erring through lack of knowledge—Mr. Gladstone wilfully shutting his eyes to facts that stared him in the face. Mr. Laing, happy in every portion of his great speech, was nowhere more happy than in his exposure of this sophism:—

"What did these remarkable returns disclose to them? They showed that in bringing forward the Bill of 1860 the Government based it on a calculation which was erroneous to an extent of very nearly 300 per cent. (Hear, hear.) They based their Bill on the calculation that the total number of the working classes included in the enfranchised class was under 50,000, and that these were almost entirely freemen, old scot and lot voters; but the fact now disclosed was that there were 136,000, of whom no less than 108,000 were £10 householders, of which class the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1860 said only single voters would be found here and there. Was not that a material element in judging of the pledges which public men had given on a question of this sort? (Hear, hear.) Surely the reopening of so great a settlement as that of 1832—one of the very gravest questions, affecting the interests and future history of the country—ought to be made, to say the least, on something approaching to accuracy."

The reopening of the settlement of 1832, on such grounds and in such a fashion, has already covered the authors of the act with deserved odium. Their own newspapers write them down. The 'Times' has deserted them; the 'Morning Post' is unfriendly; the 'Pall Mall Gazette' demonstrates that they are aiming at nothing short of a peaceful revolution; the 'Saturday Review,' less statistical, but as argumentative as it is sarcastic, cuts them to pieces, while it seems to defend.

"Mr. Gladstone's proposal was to add such a number of working men to the borough constituency as would raise their present proportion of 26 per cent to upwards of 47 per cent. It would increase, that is, their influence on elections by more than 21 per cent. Now, how will this operate? Mr. Gladstone's *intention*, as he explained it, was that the working classes should have a very large, but not a preponderating, share in the choice of borough members—that they should not be a majority, but a very powerful minority in the constituencies. The *effect* of his measure will be, as we shall now proceed to show, to give those classes at once an absolute majority—the potential command, that is, of the representation—in a great many boroughs, and the certainty that in a few years they will reach this position in nearly all. For the moment we offer no opinion as to the advisability of such a scheme; that point we will deal with hereafter. We merely wish to show that the scheme will work this change.

"*Twenty-one* per cent is to be added to the present *proportion* of the constituency consisting of working men. Therefore, in all those boroughs where the working men have already *thirty* per cent and upwards, this addition will at

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once place them in a majority. (We are now considering the matter in the aggregate, we will consider special towns and cities afterwards.) Now which, and how many, are in this position? There are *fifty-three*, of which thirty are boroughs with freemen, and twenty-three without.

"The following table shows the facts bearing on the matter in a clear form. The asterisks denote the boroughs where there exist freemen or scot and lot voters:—

TOWNS IN WHICH THE WORKING CLASSES FORM OF THE ENTIRE CONSTITUENCY,

From 20 to 25 per cent.

Banbury	20	*Shaftesbury	23
Bolton	21	Shoreham	23
Horsham	21	South Shields	23
Launceston	21	Stamford	24
Lymington	21	Tower Hamlets	23
*New-Castle-upon-Tyne	23	*Warwick	24
*Peterborough	23	Whitehaven	21
*Pontefract	23	Wigan	23
*Preston	23	Winchester	23
		Wycombe	21

From 25 to 30 per cent.

*Arundel	29	Reading	29
*Derby	28	Sheffield	26
Droitwich	29	Stoke	27
*Gloucester	28	*Tamworth	27
*Grantham	26	*Taunton	28
*Hereford	26	Tavistock	28
*Lewes	27	Tewkesbury	26
Manchester	27	*Wenlock	27
Portsmouth	27	Wolverhampton	25

From 30 to 40 per cent.

*Bristol	35	Marlborough	36
*Canterbury	32	*Monmouth	39
Cheltenham	35	*Morpeth	31
*Colchester	39	*Newark	39
*Cricklade	31	Newport	34
*Dover	36	Northallerton	31
*Durham	39	*Norwich	33
*Grimsby	31	*Nottingham	39
Guildford	34	*Penryn	34
Harwich	32	*Rochester	37
*Hertford	34	Salford	33
*Honiton	37	*Shrewsbury	33
*Hythe	33	Weymouth	39
Lambeth	34	Windsor	33
*Leicester	39	*Worcester	37
*Lichfield	30	*York	33

From 40 to 50 per cent.

Birkenhead	45	*Maidstone	44
Chatham	46	*Northampton	48
*Chester	43	*Oxford	48
Devonport	49	Reigate	42
Hastings	43	Scarborough	41
*Lancaster	45	Southwark	47
*Lincoln	45	Westbury	47

50 per cent and upwards.

*Coventry	69	* Newcastle-under-Lyne	54
Greenwich	52	Southampton	50
*St. Ives	51	*Stafford	57
*Maldon	55		

"But the fifty-three boroughs named by no means exhaust the whole list of

[illegible] place the work [illegible]y. The existing franchise in boroughs has shown a most remarkable and unexpected faculty of extension, partly owing to the rise in value of money consequent upon the [illegible] of gold, partly in consequence of augmentation of wealth, extensive [illegible]ation, advance of wages, and rise of [illegible]. In fact, a £9 house, or perhaps [illegible] house, in 1832, has become a £10 [illegible] in 1866. The *precise* ratio in which the £10 householders have increased since 1832, the volume of statistics does not give us the means of ascertaining. If all [illegible] freemen and potwallopers were ten[illegible]ders, the increase would be 102 per [illegible]. If none of them were, it would be [illegible] per cent. It is certain that the truth lies between these two extremes. We may assume the rate to be 140 per cent. If so, while the borough population has increased at the rate of 80 per cent, the borough constituency of *householders* has increased 140 per cent, or nearly twice as fast—as 7 to 4, in fact. It is also, as Mr. Lowe pointed out, most probable that nearly all this increase has taken place within the last twenty or twenty-five years. It is, moreover, nearly certain that the increase has been faster [illegible]g the lower class of householders, [illegible] that it will be greater in those classes whose rent lies between £7 and £10 than in those of a higher value. All these things considered, we may feel confident that no one will conceive we are making any but a most moderate estimate if we assume that after £7 householders are enfranchised the proportion of working classes on the register will increase at the rate of, say, *one-half* per cent per annum. (It will probably increase much more rapidly.) Now, as our table shows, there are eighteen boroughs—half of them without freemen—where the present proportion is between 25 and 30 per cent and averages 27 per cent. In six years, therefore, all these eighteen boroughs will be added to the fifty-three already mentioned in which the working classes will constitute a majority of the total constituency; that is to say, if this Parliament should be as long-lived as its predecessor, the next general election will find the working classes *potentially* in command of the representation of seventy-one boroughs out of a total of 200—those [illegible]one boroughs returning about [illegible]ers."

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To this calculation, fairly worked out as far as it goes, the 'Times' adds another, from which it appears that the Ministerial Bill, if passed into law, will at once give to the working men a majority of the returns for the English boroughs, and make them masters, in the course of a few years, of two-thirds at least of the borough representation. But this is not all. Mr. Gladstone, it will be recollected, made an attempt to cajole the House by merely hinting at a possible redistribution of seats some sessions hence, before legislating for which, the present Parliament, as he assured them, would be perfectly safe to sit and carry on its duties as if no such avalanche were coming. It is not worth any sane man's while gravely to refute such a statement. Would the newly-created constituencies be content to have laws passed by gentlemen whom they never sent to represent them in Parliament? And if they were, would they tolerate the idea that a moribund Parliament like the present should take it upon itself to say what places shall and what shall not return members to Parliament for the future? The 'Saturday Review' has put this point so very clearly that we cannot refuse ourselves the satisfaction of quoting what it says:—

"It is idle to think that the present Parliament, if it passed Mr. Gladstone's Bill, would have any control over the redistribution of seats. It could not pass a Bill for this purpose before the new voters were on the register; and as the Government could then appeal to the enlarged constituencies, the Opposition would have no alternative but to permit the appeal, or take the redistribution the Government chose to prescribe; and a Parliament, when the Opposition is paralysed in this way, has lost all control over affairs. That a redistribution of seats must follow an extension of the franchise is too obvious to need proof, for enormous constituencies of thousands on thousands will not allow themselves to be perpetually thwarted by what Mr. Bright calls villages in the west of England. Practically, therefore, the proposal of the Government comes to this, that the present Parliament shall extend the franchise and that another Parliament, elected by a different set of voters, shall decide whether the principle on which the present Parliament acts is to be maintained. No Government ever asked a Parliament for a greater concession, and both their party and the country may justly complain of the conduct of the Government in making such a demand on Parliament. The Bill has evidently been brought forward, not because the Government had arrived at a complete and mature conclusion, but in order that the Cabinet might seem to be doing something, and that Lord Russell might appear once more in his well-known character of the Father of Reform. This was a great mistake. Anything would have been better than hurrying on the introduction of an incomplete, one-sided, ill-considered measure which was sure to embitter the discussion of Reform, and could not possibly settle the question."

So much for this wretched Bill, and the miserable influence under which it has been forced upon the Government and the House of Commons. The measure, as it is now before the country, has not one quality of statesmanship, or moderation, or common sense to recommend it. Based upon the merest fallacy that ever gained credence by being often repeated, its sole object is to secure to a Ministry — the weakest within living memory — a little longer lease of power. That it can effect this object, no human being supposes. If Ministers carry it, as they now assert that they are determined to do, to a second reading, it is just possible that, by the help of the pledges last given, they may pass their Bill through that stage by a very small majority. Our own impression is that they will not pass it through that stage: that the Bill will be thrown out, as it deserves to be, and the Government with it. For Lord Grosvenor represents a

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strong body of moderate men, who, a
though they be Whigs, are Whigs
of the old school, and prefer their
country and its great institutions
to any party triumph. But grant-
ing it to reach Committee, what
then? The very first clauses will
be resisted, and the whole form of
the scheme so changed, that they
who proposed will be unable to re-

ntling. Tem-
office, neither
Russell nor Mr. Gladstone
could bear that. The former will
nly take his final leave of the
's service; what the latter
do is scarcely so self-evident.
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MEMOIRS OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, BY HEROS VON BORCKE, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

PART IX.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN OF 1863: CAMP NEAR CULPEPPER—FIGHTS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

On our arrival at Culpepper we found it greatly improved in aspect. True, the roads were still nearly impassable; but the country round, under the influence of frequent rains and the mild air of April, had clothed itself in tender verdure, interspersed here and there with blooming patches by the now blossoming peach orchards. Our headquarters were established not more than a quarter of a mile from Culpepper, on a height thickly covered with pine and cedar trees, skirted by the road leading to Orange Court-house, and commanding a view of the village and the surrounding country, picturesquely bordered in the distance by the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains. Only W. Lee's and Fitz Lee's brigades were with us. The former picketed the fords in the immediate vicinity of Culpepper, and the latter was stationed higher up the river. Hampton's command had been left behind for recruiting, most of its dismounted men having been furloughed to their distant homes in Mississippi and the Carolinas to supply themselves with fresh horses. Our animals were now beginning to get into better condition, forage having become more abundant, and being valuably supplemented by the new grass and clover. Provisions for the men had also grown more plentiful, and our kind friends in the neighbourhood did their best to keep the mess-table of the General and his staff copiously supplied. In the mean time, after the battle of Fredericksburg, the supreme command had been transferred into the hands of General Hooker, an officer who had gained a high reputation by his gallantry—he was nicknamed by his men "Fighting Joe"—and the good management of his division, but who eventually proved himself to be utterly incapable of commanding a large army. Great

credit, however, was due to him for having availed himself of the interval of inaction to improve his cavalry, which was now completely recruited, men and horses, and augmented by fresh brigades; wh new order and discipline had instilled into the entire force. A large part of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, as it was still called, had been concentrated on the Upper Rappahannock, and it was this fact which had caused our rapid departure from Fredericksburg. The restless activity of our neighbours on the other side of the river, their constant marching and countermarching, indicated that some serious enterprise was impending; and the renewal of the picket-firing created the daily expectation, after so long an interval of tranquillity, of a brush with our antagonists. We had already, on the 13th, been brought into the saddle by a sudden alarm, but had found, on hastening to the front, that the gallantry and good firing of our pickets had foiled every effort of the Federals to effect a crossing over the Rappahannock. On the following morning, however, we were abruptly startled by a report that the Yankees had forced a passage at several points of the river, had driven our pickets back, and were advancing in large force upon Culpepper. All was hurry and confusion at headquarters on the receipt of this intelligence; tents were struck, horses saddled, waggons loaded and teams harnessed, for an immediate start—the General and his staff galloping off to throw ourselves, with W. Lee's brigade, across the enemy's path. It was on the plain near Brandy Station — that battle-ground so often mentioned already — that we once more encountered the advancing foe, and before long the acti developed along all our line. The enemy fought with great obstinacy, and at first we had to yield ground to them for some distance; but in the course of the afternoon we suc-

and united
in driving
river. The
was only kept up during the
by an exchange of firing be-
he Yankee guns mounted on
redoubt close to the opposite
nd our batteries on two hills,
mile apart, in the space be-
which Generals Stuart and
th their respective staffs, had
up their position, carelessly
d on the ground, chatting
ughing and watching the
of the shells crossing each
over their heads, as uncon-
d as if there were no enemy
miles. I myself was posted
tle to the right, narrowly ob-
serving, by the aid of the excellent
glass I had captured from General
Pope's baggage, the movements of
the emy, and wondering in my
mi- ow it was a numerous group
of rs so close under the Yankee
ca s had thus long escaped their
at n. Suddenly I saw the officer commanding the Federal battery mount the parapet, and, after scanning the knot of officers through his ss, assist with his own hands in pointing one of the guns upon them. In spite of my warning, which was received with mockery, the joyous assembly continued their seance till, a few seconds after, the shot was heard, and a shell fell plump in their midst, burying in the earth with itself one of General Lee's gauntlets, which lay on the ground only a few feet from the General himself, and bespattering all who were nearest to it with earth and mud. It was now my turn to laugh as I beheld my gallant comrades stampede right and left from the tal spot, chasing their frightened horses, followed by a rapid, tho happily less well-directed, sion of shots from the enemy's guns. With this little incident closed the fight for that day. A heavy shower now descended, lasting many hours, which, in the absence of the shelter of our tents, left un hurry and

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excitement of the events of the day, caused us to spend a night of wretched discomfort.

General Stuart was led to believe that, the river being much swollen by the rain, the Yankees would leave us undisturbed; but at the very earliest gleam of day, this supposition was dispelled by the intelligence that the enemy, strongly reinforced, had succeeded again in forcing a passage to our side; and once more, wet through and shivering, we were summoned to the front. The conflict, as on so many previous occasions, commenced near Brandy Station; but, notwithstanding their vastly superior numbers, our adversaries did not make a very obstinate stand, probably owing to the rapid rising of the Rappahannock, which in a few hours more might be rendered impassable. Stuart, desirous on this very account to draw the enemy into a battle, vigorously pushed his troops forward after the retreating foe, but was unable to prevent the safe crossing of the entire cavalry force of the enemy, with the exception of their rearguard, composed of two squadrons of the 3d Indiana regiment. These we brought to a stand a few hundred yards from a mill-creek which intersects the road at a distance of about half a mile from the river, and generally presents scarcely a foot's depth of water, but which was now swollen to a wide and rapid stream not to be crossed, even at the shallowest points, save with the greatest difficulty. As soon as the head of our column approached this spot, a number of dismounted sharpshooters, posted here to protect the Yankees' rear, opened a severe fire, killing and wounding several of our men. Stuart at once ordered a squadron of our 9th Virginia regiment, who were leading the advance, to charge. Having been refused the General's permission to join in the attack, I galloped, on my own account, about a hundred yards to the right of the road in the direction of the hostile sharpshooters, whose particular attention I at once engaged, a number of bullets flying round my head unpleasantly quick and near. Having got within about forty yards of their position, I shouted out to them to surrender; but in the fancied security offered by the broad foaming stream, which flowed between them and their assailants, they treated my summons with defiance, and answered it only by a brace of bullets, one of which nearly cut off a lock of my hair. Exasperated out of all patience at this, I spurred my horse and dashed with a tremendous leap into the middle of the creek, and for a moment its waters seemed to close over my head; but quickly surmounting the torrent, my brave horse gallantly swam to the opposite shore, and, by a strenuous effort of every sinew, succeeded in scrambling up the steep bank to the high ground above. The boldness and rapidity of this feat seemed to perfectly paralyse the objects of my wrath,—a corporal and a private of the 3d Indiana Cavalry, who, as I pounced upon them with uplifted sword, threw away their arms and begged for mercy on their knees. In the first excitement, I felt but little inclined to heed their prayers, seeing that but a few minutes before they had shot down one of our men, and had spent their last cartridge in the attempt to do the like for me; but the poor wretches were so terror-stricken, and begged so hard for their lives, that I was content to commute the penalty of death to treating them with just such a cold bath as I had had; and so I sent them through the water to the other side, where one of our couriers, who had hastened up to my assistance, took them in charge. In the mean time, the fight had ended in our favour. The enemy, after a short but severe combat, had broken in utter confusion, and had been chased by our men across the creek to the river,

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where a heavy fire from the opposite bank put an end to the pursuit. Some thirty prisoners and horses fell into our hands, and the enemy lost severely besides in killed and wounded—a good number of their men having been unhorsed in the hurried flight of the whelmed in the art, who had with the course of my little exploit, was much amused at the plight in which I returned, soaked through, and beplastered with mud. He had pected to see plunge; and that as I climbed up the I looked like a terrapin g out of the mud. For little time longer the firing kept up by the artillery on ides; but as the enemy soon y disappeared from the op- side of the Rappahannock, We returned to our camping ground, pitched our tents, and established once more, in regular order, our cavalry headquarters.

VISIT OF A PRUSSIAN OFFICER—RIDES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD — HOOKER'S ADVANCE AND FLANK MARCH.

As the continued rains rendered the crossing of the Rappahannock impracticable, an interval of tranquillity succeeded these few days of conflict and excitement. It speeded away, however, rapidly enough, amidst visits in the neighbourhood and pleasant horseback excursions in the company of our lady acquaintances. On the 21st I had an agreeable surprise in a visit from a fellow-countryman, Captain Scheibert, of the Prussian engineers. He had been sent on a mission by his Government to take note as an eyewitness of the operations of the war, and derive what profit he could from its experiences. I had already seen him at General R. E. Lee's headquarters, where he was a guest of the General's, for he had been several weeks with our army, and was now about, at my urgent prayer, to make a further stay with us. My tent and its comforts, sadly curtailed however by the results of the heavy rains, which on several occasions had completely deluged it, were gladly shared with my visitor. Just as at our old headquarters, near Fredericksburg, we had been annoyed by the aggressions of straying sheep, we now suffered from the daily irruptions upon our camp of pigs exploring and devouring everything that fell under their snouts. Not seldom, in , these intruders had the impudence to break into my tent in the middle of the night, having set their fancy on a pair of large cavalry boots of mine, which once or twice they succeeded in dragging off far into the woods, giving my negro Henry and myself infinite trouble before we could recover these precious parts of my accoutrement. Our evenings were mostly passed in the village, in the company of our lady acquaintances, whom Scheibert delighted by his excellent pianoforte-playing, to say nothing of the amusement they derived from his original practice with the idiom and pronunciation of the English language. On the 28th, Stuart and the members of his staff, including our visitor, dined by invitation under the roof of an old widow lady, a very particular friend of mine, who resided on a pretty little plantation close to Culpepper. Mrs. S. was a poetess, and had exercised her talents to the glorification of Lee and Jackson, so that when, after dinner, she asked permission to read a new poem, we all naturally expected that it was now Stuart's turn. What was my astonishment, however, and embarrassment to find myself the theme of her eloquent and touching verses, wherein my most flat-

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teringly sounded! Blushing, and transfixed to my chair with stupefaction, as I heard the loud applause which greeted the conclusion of the piece, for a moment I was at a loss how to behave; then suddenly rousing myself, I advanced towards Mrs. S., and in the fashion of the knights of old, I knelt on one knee, and with a kiss mutely impressed my thanks on the hand from which I received my poetical diploma of merit. "That won't do, Von," cried out Stuart, and, stepping forward, he printed a hearty kiss on the old lady's cheek — a liberty which she received with a very good grace, saying, "General, I have always known you to be a very gallant soldier, but from this moment I believe you to be the bravest of the brave." Music, dance, and merriment chased away the remaining hours of the day, and it was late in the night ere we reached our headquarters, and retired to rest, little divining how soon we should be roused up again.

It was about three in the morning when I was awakened by the General himself, who informed me he had just received intelligence that the enemy were approaching the river at several points with a strong force composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and that we must hasten to the front without delay. The words were no sooner spoken than the bugle sounded to horse, and a few minutes after we galloped away from the camp, where all were busy with preparations for moving at a moment's notice. We reached the famous plateau near Brandy Station a little after daybreak, and found there W. Lee's brigade in line of battle, and two batteries of artillery in position. Fitz Lee's command arrived soon afterwards; and on this spot, so favourable for defence, Stuart decided to await the enemy's advance, making all preparations for a desperate resistance. A dense fog, which clung to the plain, precluded all observation of the hostile movements; but our pickets, which by this time had been forced back from the river and were receding towards us before vastly superior numbers, reported that a large body of troops of all arms had passed over to our side of the Rappahannock, and, to judge from the sounds which reached them, still more were crossing on several pontoon bridges. In the midst of the anxious suspense in which the morning passed away a prisoner was brought in, who, misled by the fog, had ridden straight into our lines, and as he was led up to us by two of our men, he was vainly trying to make himself understood. Addressing this excited gentleman in French, I found that he was a Belgian artillery officer who, anxious to have the best opportunity possible of witnessing the operations in the field, had attached himself to the staff of some Yankee General, temporarily adopting the Federal uniform. My new acquaintance very naturally declined to afford us any information as to the enemy's strength and their intentions; but, observing how small comparatively were our numbers, he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Gentlemen, I can only give you one piece of advice — that is, to try and make your escape as quickly as possible; if not, your capture by the large army in front of you is a certainty." I replied, laughing, "That we preferred to wait a little while yet, and that it was our habit always to fight before retreating." Our *brave Belge*, with great earnestness, claimed his neutral privileges, and exhibited a profound disinclination to be sent as a captive to Richmond; but, being taken in full Yankee uniform, no exception could be made in his case, and accordingly he was eventually sent, with other prisoners, to that objectionable locality, there to await his regular exchange.

Hour after hour passed away in this trying state of uncertainty, until at last, towards mid-day, the

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fog cleared away, and we were enabled to discover that our antagonists had for once completely deceived us. The advance in front had only been made by some cavalry to occupy our attention while the main body had marched in the direction of the Rapidan river. With his accustomed quickness, Stuart divined at once the intentions of the Federal commander, and, leaving one regiment behind to watch the movements of the hostile cavalry, we directed our march with all rapidity towards Stevensburg and Germana Ford on the Rapidan, trusting to be able to throw ourselves in the way of the enemy before he could reach the latter important point, where our engineers had just been completing a bridge. Unfortunately we were too late; and on reaching the intersection of the road, near the free negro Madden's house, previously mentioned, we found the greater part of the Federal troops had passed already, and could see, at a distance of not more than three hundred yards, the dense masses of their rearguard marching steadily along. To give the Yankees an idea how close we were on their track, Stuart ordered the attack at once, and our dismounted sharpshooters, advancing through the undergrowth, opened fire simultaneously with our artillery, advantage being taken by the latter of several openings in the forest to throw a shower of shell and canister into their closely serried ranks. The confusion and consternation caused amongst them by this unexpected attack passes all description. In utter helpless stampede they pressed forward in double-quick, completely heedless of the efforts of their officers to make them stand and fight, and animated by the one sole object of escaping from the deadly fire, which again and again plunged into the hostile columns until the last man had disappeared. The road was covered [illegible]d and wounded, and [illegible] straggled off into the woods were taken prisoners. We learned from these prisoners that the force consisted of three corps d'armée — the 5th, 11th, and 12th; that their destination was Germana Ford and Chancellorsville; and that their cavalry, under General Stoneman's command, was to march to-[illegible] Culpepper Court-house. In accordance with this information General Stuart resolved to leave [illegible]mm Lee's brigade behind to impede as much as possible Stoneman's advance, and with Fitz Lee's command to fall again upon the enemy's flank. By the time we reached Racoon's Ford it was already dark, and after crossing the river we dismounted here for an hour to feed our horses. The night was wet and chilly, a fine sleet coming down incessantly; and we were cold, hungry, and uncomfortable, when, after a short rest, we rode on again through the darkness. We were marching along the [illegible]-road, which, coming from [illegible]e Court-house, strikes across that leading from Germana to Chancellorsville, at a small village called the Wilderness, when at that point the Federal army, already in motion, came in sight. The day being just breaking we attacked without delay; but found this time the Federals better prepared, several of their infantry regiments forming at once into line of battle, and their artillery most effectively answering the fire of our battery. After a short but severe contest we had to retire; but, striking into a road parallel with the enemy's line of march, we renewed the conflict, whenever a favourable opportunity seemed to present itself, until late in the evening, when General Stuart gave the order to turn off in the direction of Spotsylvania Court-house and go into bivouac about eight miles hence, at a place called Tod's Tavern.

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NIGHT-FIGHT NEAR TOD'S TAVERN.

We reached this point about nightfall, and here General Stuart decided to leave the regiment behind, and, accompanied only by myself, some members of the staff, whom Captain Scheibert volunteered to join, and a few couriers, to ride across through the woods to General R. E. Lee's headquarters, which, as the crow flies, were about twelve miles distant. Knowing we should have to pass quite close to the enemy's lines, I endeavoured to persuade the General to take one of our squadrons along with him as an escort, but the General refused, believing the road to be quite clear; so, by way of precaution, I sent a courier on ahead to serve as a kind of advanced guard. We had been riding for some time silently through the forest, whose darkness was only relieved by occasional glimpses of the new moon, when suddenly a pistol-shot was heard a few hundred yards ahead of us, and presently the courier hurried back to us, reporting, in the most excited manner, that he had been fired at by a Yankee cavalry picket stationed only a short distance from us in the road. Stuart, perfectly convinced that the courier was deceived, and had taken some of our own men for the enemy, requested me to ride ahead and investigate the matter. Accompanied by Major Terril of our staff, I pricked forward and soon discovered a body of thirty horsemen before us, who in their light blue overcoats, just discernible by the feeble light of the moon, looked most decidedly like Federals. To make quite sure, however, we approached to within about fifty yards, and I then called out and asked them to what regiment they belonged. "You shall see that soon enough, you d—d rebels," was the answer, and at the same moment the whole party came full gallop towards us. Firing our revolvers at the charging foe, we quickly turned our horses' heads and rode as fast as our steeds would carry us to the rear, followed by our pursuers shouting and firing after us to their hearts' content. Resistance when so completely outnumbered would have been folly; and accordingly I had the pleasure of seeing our General, who had now lost all doubts as to the real character of these cavalrymen, for once run from the enemy. The Yankees soon slackened their pace, however, and at last gave up the chase altogether, when we halted, and General Stuart despatched Captain White of our staff to Fitz Lee, with the order to send on one of his regiments as quickly as possible, and to follow slowly himself with the remainder of his brigade. After an anxious half-hour the regiment came up, and we had the satisfaction of turning the tables on our pursuers and driving them before us as rapidly as we had fled before them. The feeble light of the moon was now nearly extinguished by the clouds scudding rapidly across the sky. General Stuart and his staff were trotting along at the head of the column, when, at the moment of emerging out of the dark forest, we suddenly discovered in the open field before us, and at a distance of not more than 160 yards, the long lines of several regiments of hostile cavalry, who received us with a severe fire, which, concentrated on the narrow road, in a few moments killed and wounded a large number of our men and horses, causing considerable confusion in our ranks, and speedily checking our onward movement. Fully conscious of our critical position, Stuart drew his sword, and, raising his clear ringing voice, gave the order to attack, taking the lead himself. For once our horsemen refused to follow their gallant commander; they wavered under the thick storm of

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bullets; soon all discipline ceased, and in a few minutes the greater part of this splendid regiment, which had distinguished itself in so many battle-fields, broke to the rear in utter confusion. In vain did the General, myself, and other members of the staff, do our utmost to restore order; we only succeeded in rallying about thirty men round us. At this moment the enemy's bugle sounded the charge; and a few seconds after we brunted the shock of the attack, which broke upon us like a thunder-cloud, and bore our little band along with its vehement rush as driven by a mighty wave, sweeping us along with it into the darkness of the forest. And now ensued a wild, exciting chase, in which friend and foe, unable to recognise each other, mingled helter-skelter in one furious ride. I cannot describe the sensation that came over me, as, feeling assured that everything was now lost, I tightly grasped the hilt of my sword, resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible. Relying merely on the instinct of their horses, most of the men followed the straight road by which we had come, but I and a number of others turned off into a small by-road to the left. Here I discovered by the gleams of the moonlight, which now broke out more brightly, that those immediately round me were friends, but every effort to stop and rally them was in vain. "The Yankees are close behind; we must run for our lives," was all the answer I received to my appeals; and on went the hopeless stampede more furiously than before. A tremendous fence standing across our path, too high for a leap, and only to be pulled down at the risk of dismounting, seemed likely to bring our wild retreat to a stop; but by dint of rider pressing on rider, and horse plunging against horse, it at last yielded to the accumulated weight of the impetuous horsemen, and broke down with a loud crash,

to the dis-
flight. Just as, at the end
rapid ride of more than an
hour through dense forest, I reached an
open field, a rider, who had
been close at my side for some time,
me with the exclamation,
is that you?" in tones which,
intense delight and relief, I
ised to be Stuart's, who had
ed the same route as myself.
ere soon joined by some other
ers of our staff, all of whom
had wonderful escapes; and by
nited efforts we at last succeeded in rallying some sixty of our
whom we put in charge of one
ir officers, with orders to wait
ther instructions. Meanwhile
off with the project of rejoining
e rest of the brigade, which,
lark night and through an unn and forest-covered country,
a task of some difficulty. On
oad we fell in with several of
rmer pursuers, who, being be-
ed in the vast forest, now
dered to us with little hesi-
; two of these were captured
by Stuart himself. At the end of
an hour's tedious ride we came upon Fitz Lee's column trotting onward to the field of action, whither the 2d Virginia had already preceded them. On reaching the scene of our recent defeat, we found that our brave fellows of the 2d, led by their gallant colonel, Mumford, had come up just in time to protect their flying comrades, and had thrown themselves with such ardour on the Federals as to break their lines and scatter them in every direction, many killed and wounded being left on the field, and some eighty prisoners and horses falling into our hands. As all seemed now over, Stuart ordered the troops to march on to Spotsylvania Court-house, and there encamp, the 2d Virginia taking the lead, and the prisoners and remaining regiments following. We were
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g over the
when sev-

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eral shots suddenly sounded on our left, followed by brisk firing in our rear. Immediately cries of "The Yankees are on us!" "The Yankees are charging!" broke out from our column; sabres flew out of their scabbards, revolvers from their holsters, and everybody seemed on fire to oppose the enemy, without exactly knowing in what direction to look for him. The scene of confusion which ensued is not to be described; firearms exploded in all directions, bullets traversed the air from all quarters, and, for want of a visible foe, friend seemed likely to come into collision with friend. General Stuart and several others, including myself, did our utmost to quell the disorder, but our voices were drowned in the general hubbub. Suddenly a fresh cry of "Here are the Yankees; here they come," broke out from the men around me as they fired off their revolvers into the bushes to the right. Calling on them to follow, I spurred my horse forward in the same direction, when, at the same moment, I was met by a rider galloping towards me, who levelled a shot at me so close, the bullet passing through my hat, that I was completely blinded. Before I had quite recovered and could deliver my thrust, my adversary lost no time in firing his second shot, which entered the head of my brave bay, and stretched us both on the ground, myself under the horse. Luckily, however, I was able to disengage myself from the superincumbent weight of the dying animal; and, jumping up to look after my assailant, found that, fortunately for me, he had disappeared, without waiting to take advantage of my prostrate condition. Nevertheless my position was a ticklish one still; the firing continued in all directions round me, and our men were galloping about in wild excitement, some calling on me to save myself, as the woods were full of Federals. As I did not much fancy leaving my saddle and bridle a spoil to the enemy, I had managed to detach the precious articles from my dead steed, when one of our couriers rode up to me, leading a Yankee horse which he had caught for me as it was running about riderless. It was an odd-looking, stumpy-legged little pony; and when mounted on it, my legs dangling nearly to the ground, my large English hunting-saddle covering the pony's neck, and leaving his ears only sticking out, I must have presented a remarkable figure, especially as the little beast was in such a state of excitement, plunging and snorting wildly, that I had some trouble in keeping my seat. At last, with no little difficulty, I succeeded in finding Stuart again, who, in the midst of his ill-humour and dissatisfaction at the behaviour of his men, was unable to resist the ludicrous effect of my appearance. He now told me that discipline and order had at last been re-established, and that the whole rout had been caused by less than a hundred of the enemy's cavalry dispersed in the woods by the charge of the 2d Virginia, and who, in the darkness, had been taken for a much larger force. He added that our men had mistaken each other for enemies; and that two of our regiments, the 1st and 3d Virginia, under this mutual delusion, had charged through each other in a splendid attack before they discovered their error, which was fortunately attended with no worse consequences than a few sabre-cuts. All this was a lesson how dangerous night-attacks always are, and taught me that, whenever possible, they should be avoided. Our regiments having been collected, and our prisoners brought together again, we continued our march to Spotsylvania, which we reached without further interruption at about two in the morning, and our brigade went into bivouac. I here exchanged my pony for another of the captured horses, and rode on, with the untiring Stuart, eight miles further in the direction

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of Fredericksburg, to General R. E. Lee's headquarters, where we arrived just at daybreak, and I was enabled to snatch an hour's rest and tranquillity after all the excitement and fatigue of the night. Our accidental encounter with the enemy turned out of the utmost importance in its consequences, as the cavalry force with which we came into collision, was, in fact, the advanced-guard of a much larger force sent by the Federals to destroy our railway communications—an enterprise which, after this partial defeat, they abandoned altogether. The main body of the Federal army, numbering about 100,000 men, had in the [illegible] the neighbourhood [illegible]ville, the [illegible] coming from the Rapidan [illegible]ng united with those which [illegible] crossed the Rappahannock at [illegible]ed States and Banks Ford. A strong force still remained opposite Fredericksburg, watched on [illegible] side by Early's division. The bulk of our army confronted the enemy in line of battle, almost perpendicularly to the Rappahannock—Anderson's and M'Laws's divisions of Longstreet's corps forming the right, Jackson's corps the left [illegible], our whole numbers amounting [illegible]bout 50,000 men.*

FIGHT NEAR THE FURNACE—NARROW ESCAPE OF JACKSON AND STUART.

After doing a large amount of sleep in a very short time, we started again, considerably refreshed, for Spotsylvania Court-house to join our cavalry there, and take up our position on Jackson's left. Towards eight o'clock, our entire army commenced a forward movement on the enemy, who had only a few isolated detachments posted in our immediate front. With these a few lively skirmishes occurred, as we encountered them in succession, and drove them gradually before us upon the main body of their troops. For many miles round the country was covered with dense forest, with only occasional patches of open space, so that we made but slow progress, and in many places our cavalry and artillery had to surmount considerable difficulties in their advance. At about four o'clock we reached a place called "The Furnace," from some productive iron-works formerly established there; and having received an intimation from our advanced-guard that a strong body of the enemy's infantry were occupying a [illegible]osition about half a mile further [illegible] immediately across our road, [illegible]wn up in line of battle to op[illegible] our advance, Stuart at once [illegible]red the 1st regiment of cavalry to [illegible]harge. So heavy a fire met our brave fellows, however, and they were so impeded by the nature of the ground, utterly unfit for cavalry operations, that they returned about as quickly as they had started, and we had to remain stationary, awaiting reinforcements from Jackson's [illegible]ntry. A Georgia brigade soon [illegible]e up, and, after a short but severe contest, we succeeded in driving the enemy back some distance, till they came under the protection of numerous batteries of their artillery, posted on a ridge of hills, and whose fire thundered down with such fearful effect as to check all further progress. Just at this moment Jackson galloped up, and b[illegible]ged Stuart to ride forward with him in order to reconnoitre the enemy's lines, and find out a point from which the enemy's artillery might be enfiladed. A small bridle path branching forth from the main

* General Longstreet himself, with Picket's and Hood's di[illegible], had some time since been detailed to North Carolina, where he [illegible]gainst a Federal army in the neighbourhood of Suffolk.

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road to the right, conducted to a height about half a mile distant; and as this seemed a favourable point for their object, both Generals, accompanied by their staffs, made for it, followed by six pieces of our horse-artillery. On reaching the spot, so dense was the undergrowth, it was found impossible to find enough clear space to bring more than one gun at a time into position; the others closed up immediately behind, and the whole body of us completely blocked up the narrow road. Scarcely had the smoke of our first shot cleared away when a couple of masked batteries suddenly opened upon us at short range, and enveloped us in a complete storm of shell and canister, which, concentrated on so narrow a space, did fearful execution among our party, men and horses falling right and left, the animals kicking and plunging wildly, and everybody eager to disentangle himself from the confusion and get out of harm's way. Jackson, as soon as he had found out his mistake, ordered the guns to retire; but the confined space so protracted the operation of turning, that the enemy's cannon had full time to continue its havoc to a most fearful extent, covering the road with dead and wounded. That Jackson and Stuart with their officers escaped, was nothing short of miraculous, the only exception being Major Channing Price of our staff, who was struck a few paces from me by a piece of shell. Poor fellow! imagining that, as no bone was broken, the wound was not dangerous, he remained at his post till he fainted in his saddle from the loss of blood, and had to be carried to a plantation about a mile in our rear. The firing now gradually slackened, and soon ceased altogether as darkness came on. As there was nothing more to be done for the present on our side, and the enemy showed no intention of continuing the fight, Jackson gave orders for the troops to fall back a short distance and go into bivouac. The position of our encampment being quite close to the house whither our wounded comrade had been conveyed, General Stuart accompanied us thither to look after his comforts and nurse him during the night. Sad was the intelligence that awaited us; poor Price was dying. The fragment of shell had severed a principal artery, and, the bleeding not having been stopped in time, he was rapidly and hopelessly sinking. It was a cruel spectacle to see the gallant young fellow stretched on his death-bed surrounded by his sorrowing friends, just able to recognise them and answer the pressure of their hands as a last farewell. His own brother, who had joined us but a few months before, leant over him to the last, watching in silent agony the pitiless progress of death. About midnight our dear friend breathed his last, and General Stuart advised us to seek some rest against the work of the ensuing day, but no sleep could I find. My heart full of grief, and my thoughts busy with memories of the departed and of his family at Richmond, who had become dear friends of mine, I wandered about all through that mild night of May, until the sounding bugle and the rolling drums roused me from my reveries, to summon me to new scenes of death and destruction.

JACKSON'S FLANK MARCH—FIRST BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, 2D MAY 1863.

All was bustle and activity as I galloped along the lines, on the morning of the 2d, to obtain, according to Stuart's orders, the latest instructions for our cavalry from General Lee, who was located at a distance of some miles to our right. Anderson's and M'Laws's sharpshooters were advancing, and already exchanging shots with the enemy's

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skirmishers—the line of battle of these two divisions having been partially extended over the space previously occupied by Jackson's corps, that they might cover its movements. This splendid cor . meanwhile, was marching in c columns in a direction which all wondering what could be the intentions of old Stonewall; but as we beheld him riding along, heading the troops himself, we should as soon have thought of questioning the sagacity of our admired chief, as of hesitating to follow him blindly wherever he should lead. The orders to the cavalry were to report to Jackson, and to form his advanced-guard; and in that capacity we marched silently along through the forest, taking a small by-road, which brought us several times so near the enemy's lines that the stroke of axes, mingled with the hum of voices from their camps, was distinctly audible. Thus commenced the famous flank march which, more than any other operation of the war, proved the brilliant strategical talents of General Lee, and the consummate ability of his lieutenant. About two o'clock a body of Federal cavalry came in sight, making, however, but slight show of resistance, and falling back slowly before us. By about four o'clock we had completed our movement without encountering any material obstacle, and reached a patch of wood in rear of the enemy's right wing, formed by the 11th corps, Howards, which was encamped in a large open field not more than half a mile distant. Halting here, the cavalry threw forward a body of skirmishers to occupy the enemy's attention, while the divisions of Jackson's corps, A. P. Hill's, Colston's, and Rodes's, numbering in all about 28,000 men, moved into line of battle as fast as they arrived. Ordered to reconnoitre the position of the Federals, I rode cautiously forward through the forest, and reached a point whence I obtained a capital view of the greater part of

attitude bein
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ear at hand. It was evident
the whole movement we had
so successfully executed wa
rded as merely an unimportant
lry raid, for only a few squad
were drawn up in line to op
us, and a battery of four gun
placed in a position to com
d the plank-road from Ger
a, over which we had been
hing for the last two hours.
main body of the troops were
ssly reposing, while some
nents were looking on, drawn
on dress parade; artillery horses
were quietly grazing at some dis
tance from their guns, and the
le scene presented a picture of
most perfect heedlessness and
halance, compatible only with
unconsciousness of impending
ger. While complacently gaz
on this extraordinary spectacle,
ewhat touched myself appar
with the spell of listless in
ion in which our antagonists
locked, I was startled by the
d of closely approaching foot
steps, and turning in their direction
beheld a patrol of six or eight of
the enemy's infantry just breaking
through the bushes, and gazing at
me with most unmistakable aston
ent. I had no time to lose
here, that was quite certain; so,
quickly tugging my horse's head
round in the direction of my line of
retreat, and digging my spurs into
his sides, I dashed off from before
the bewildered Yankees, and was
out of sight ere they had time to
take steady aim, the bullets that
came whizzing after me flying far
wide of the mark. On my return
to the spot where I had left Stuart,
I found him, with Jackson and the
officers of their respective staffs,
stretched out along the grass be
neath a gigantic oak, and tranquilly
discussing their plans for the im
pending battle, which both seemed
confident [illegible] as likely to
end in a [illegible] important vic-

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tory for our arms. Towards five o'clock Jackson's adjutant, Major Pendleton, galloped up to us and reported that the line of battle was formed, and all was in readiness for immediate attack. Accordingly the order was at once given for the whole corps to advance. All hastened forthwith to their appointed posts General Stuart and his staff joining the cavalry, which was to operate on the left of our infantry. Scarcely had we got up to our men when the Confederate yell, which always preceded a charge, burst forth along our lines, and Jackson's veterans, who had been with difficulty held back till that moment, bounded forward towards the astounded and perfectly paralysed enemy, while the thunder of our horse-artillery, on whom devolved the honour of opening the ball, reached us from the other extremity of the line. The more hotly we sought to hasten to the front, the more obstinately did we get entangled in the undergrowth, while our infantry moved on so rapidly that the Federals were already completely routed by the time we had got thoroughly quit of the forest. It was a strange spectacle that now greeted us. The whole of the 11th corps had broken at the first shock of the attack; entire regiments had thrown down their arms, which were lying in regular lines on the ground, as if for inspection; suppers just prepared had been abandoned; tents, baggage, waggons, cannons, half-slaughtered oxen, covered the foreground in chaotic confusion, while in the background a host of many thousand Yankees were discerned scampering for their lives as fast as their limbs could carry them, closely followed by our men, who were taking prisoners by the hundreds, and scarcely firing a shot. The broken nature of the ground was against all cavalry operations, and though we pushed forward with all our will, it was with difficulty we could keep up with Jackson's "Foot-cavalry," as this famous infantry was often called. Meanwhile a large part of the Federal army, roused by the firing and the alarming reports from the rear, hastened to the field of action, and exerted themselves in vain to arrest the disgraceful rout of their comrades of the 11th corps. Numerous batteries having now joined the conflict, a terrific cannonade roared along the lines, and the fury of the battle was soon at its full height. Towards dark a sudden pause ensued in the conflict, occasioned by Jackson giving orders for his lines to re-form for the continuation of the combat, the rapid and prolonged pursuit of the enemy having thrown them into considerable disorder. Old Stonewall being thoroughly impressed with the conviction that in a few hours the enemy's whole forces would be defeated, and that their principal line of retreat would be in the direction of Ely's Ford, Stuart was ordered to proceed at once towards that point with a portion of his cavalry, in order to barricade the road, and as much as possible impede the retrograde movement of the enemy. In this operation we were to be joined by a North Carolina infantry regiment, which was already on its way towards the river. Leaving the greater part of the brigade behind us under Fitz Lee's command, we took only the 1st Virginia Cavalry with us, and, trotting rapidly along a small by-path, overtook the infantry about two miles from the ford. Riding with Stuart a little ahead of our men, I suddenly discovered, on reaching the summit of a slight rise in the road, a large encampment in the valley to our left, not more than a quarter of a mile from where we stood, and further still, on the opposite side of the river, more camp-fires were visible, indicating the presence of a large body of troops. Calling a halt, the General and I rode cautiously forward to reconnoitre the enemy a little more closely, and we managed

to approach near enough to hear distinctly the voices and distinguish the figures of the men sitting round their fires, or strolling through the camp. The unexpected presence of so large a body of the enemy immediately in our path entirely disconcerted our previous arrangements. Nevertheless Stuart determined on giving them a slight surprise and disturbing their comfort by a few volleys from our infantry. Just as the regiment, mustering about a thousand, had formed into line according to orders, and was prepared to advance on the enemy, two officers of General A. P. Hill's staff rode up in great h and excitement, and commu something in a low tone to eral Stuart, by which he se greatly startled and affected. " command of that regiment, and act on your own responsibility," were his whispered injunctions to me, as he immediately rode off, followed by the other officers and the cavalry at their topmost speed.

The thunder of the cannon, which for the last hour had increased in loudness, announced that Jackson had recommenced the battle, but as to the course or actual position of affairs I had not an iota of information; and my anxiety being moreover increased by the suddenness of Stuart's departure on some unknown emergency, I felt rather awkwardly situated. Here was I in the darkness of the night, in an unknown and thickly-wooded country, some six miles from our main army, and opposite to a far superior force, whom I was expected to attack with troops whom I had never before commanded, and to whom I was scarcely known. I felt, however, that there was no alternative to blind obedience, so I advanced with the regiment to within about fifty yards of the enemy's encampment, and gave the command to fire. A hail of bullets rattled through the forest, and as volley after volley was fired, the confusion and dismay occasioned in the camp

Soldiers and
inly seen by the
of the fires rushing helplessly
it, horses were galloping wildly
ll directions, and the sound of
es and drums mingled with
cries of the wounded and flying.
sought in the distant woods a
ter against the murderous fire
heir unseen enemy. The troops
m we thus dispersed and put to
t consisted, as I was afterwards
rmed, of the greater part of
ril's cavalry division; and a
great number of the men of this
mand were so panic-stricken
they did not consider them-
es safe until they had reached
opposite shore of the Rapidan,
n they straggled off for miles
hrough Culpepper County. Our
g had been kept up for about
an hour, and had by this time
ed up alarm in the camps on
other side of the river, the
ps of which were marching on
from various directions. Accordingly, I gave orders to my
North Carolinians to retire, leaving
task of bringing his command
to the colonel, while, anxious
to rejoin Stuart as soon as possible,
I galloped on ahead through the
dark forest, whose solemn silence
was only broken by the melancholy
cry of hosts of whip-poor-wills.
The firing had now ceased altogether, and all fighting seemed to
have been entirely given up, which
greatly increased my misgivings.
After a tedious ride for nearly an
hour over the field of battle, still
covered with hundreds of wounded,
groaning in their agony, I at last
discovered Stuart seated under a
solitary plum-tree, busily writing
despatches by the dim light of a
lantern. From General Stuart I
now received the first information
of the heavy calamity which had
befallen us by the wounding of Jackson. After having instructed his
men to fire at everything approaching from the direction of the enemy, in his eagerness to reconnoitre
the p Federals, and

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entirely forgetting his own orders, he had been riding with his staff-officers outside our pickets, when on their return, being mistaken for the enemy, the little party were received by a South Carolina regiment with a volley which killed or wounded nearly every man of them, and laid low our beloved Stonewall himself. The Federals advancing at the same time, a severe skirmish ensued, in the course of which one of the bearers of the litter on which the General was being carried was killed, and Jackson fell heavily to the ground, receiving soon afterwards a second wound. For a few minutes, in fact, the General was in the hands of the enemy; but his men, becoming aware of his perilous position, rushed forward, and speedily driving back the advancing foe, carried their wounded commander to the rear. A. P. Hill, the next in rank, having, soon after this, been likewise disabled, Stuart had been sent for to take the command of Jackson's corps; but meantime the golden opportunity had slipped by, the enemy had been strongly reinforced, and the renewal of the battle was necessarily postponed until the following morning. Stuart's position was one of undoubted difficulty, his knowledge of the position of the troops being, from the suddenness with which he was called to assume the chief command, naturally imperfect, and most of Jackson's staff were disabled, or were in attendance on their wounded chief. Of his own staff, only myself and one or two others happened to be present, but we pledged ourselves to exert all our energies, and strain every nerve in aid of our General, and in the discharge of our duty. General Stuart informed me that the attack was to be renewed at the earliest dawn of day, and as that hour was now rapidly approaching, I discarded all idea of sleep, and sat up the rest of the night with poor Lieutenant Hullingham of our staff, who had been wounded in the shoulder late in the evening, and was suffering intense pain.

THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE AND CONSEQUENT EVENTS, MAY 3 TO 6.

The dawn of this memorable Sunday—destined, as by a strange series of coincidences had been so many others, to be a day of fighting instead of rest and prayer—was just streaking the sky, when I was sent by Stuart to order the skirmishers to advance; our three divisions, numbering still about 28,000 men, having in the mean time formed in line of battle *en échelon* across the Germana plank-road—A. P. Hill's in the first line, Colston's in the second, and Rodes's in the third. The bulk of the artillery and cavalry were placed in the reserve, the nature of the ground at the commencement of the engagement not admitting the employment of more than a certain number of light batteries acting in concert with the infantry. General's Lee, with Anderson's and M'Laws's divisions, pressed on the enemy from the Fredericksburg side, and was engaged in quite a distinct battle until towards the end of the conflict, when his extreme left joined our right, and the whole of our army operated in one united movement. The enemy, fully three times our number, occupied a piece of wood extending about two miles from our immediate front towards the plateau and open fields round Chancellorsville, a village consisting of only a few houses. The Federals had made good use of their time, having thrown up in the wood during the night three successive lines of breastworks, constructed of strong timber, and on the plateau itself, occupied by their reserves, had erected a regular line of redoubts, mounted by their numerous artillery, forty pieces of which were

playing on the narrow plank-road. This plateau of Chancellorsville rises abruptly about three hundred yards from the skirts of the forest, and is bordered by a creek with swampy borders, forming a strong natural work of defence. Notwithstanding the fearful odds arrayed against us, the many disadvantages under which we were labouring, and the fatigues of the last few days, during which scarcely any rations had been given out, our men were in excellent spirits, and confident of success. The sharpshooters advanced rapidly through the dense undergrowth, and were soon engaged in a lively skirmish with the tirailleurs of the enemy, whom they speedily drove to the first line of their intrenchments, where a well-directed fire checked the pursuers. All our divisions now moving forward, the battle soon became general, and the musketry sounded in one continued roll along the lines. Nearly a hundred hostile guns opening fire at the same time, the forest seemed alive with shot, shell, and bullets, and the plank-road, upon which, as was before mentioned, the fire of forty pieces was concentrated, was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke from the bursting of shells and the explosion of caissons. This road being our principal line of communication, and crowded therefore with ambulances, ammunition-trains, and artillery, the loss of life soon became fearful, and dead and dying men and animals were strewing every part of it. How General Stuart, and those few staff-officers with him who had to gallop to and fro so frequently through this *feu infernal*, escaped unhurt, seems to me quite miraculous. Several of our couriers were wounded; one had a leg torn from his body by a cannon-ball while I was in the act of giving him some directions, and died soon afterwards. General Stuart had a horse killed under him in the first half-hour of the fight, and my own was twice wounded, first in the back by a

xt in the chest
from the effects
following morn-
though it was fortunately slight
arry me through the day. Stuart
all activity, and wherever the
ger was greatest there was he
be found, urging the men for-
d, and animating them by the
e of his example. The shower
missiles that hissed through
air passed round him un-
led; and in the midst of the
est fire I heard him, to an old
ody, hum the words, "Old John
ker get out of the Wilderness."
r a raging conflict, protracted
several hours, during which the
of battle ebbed and flowed to
er side, we succeeded in taking
advanced works, and driving
the enemy upon their third line of
intrenchments, of a still stronger
racter than those before it. This
ial success was only gained
a sad sacrifice of life, while
ntless numbers were seen limp-
ing and crawling to the rear. The
woods had caught fire in several
places from the explosion of
shells—the flames spreading principally, however, over a space of
several acres in extent where the
ground was thickly covered with
dry leaves; and here the conflagration progressed with the rapidity
of a prairie-fire, and a large number of Confederate and Federal
wounded thickly scattered in the
vicinity, and too badly hurt to
crawl out of the way, met a terrible
death. The heartrending cries of
the poor victims, as the flames advanced, entreating to be rescued
from their impending fate—entreaties which it was impossible to
heed in the crisis of the battle, and
amidst duties on which the lives of
many others depended—seem still
in my ears. Among the heart-
ening scenes of this terrible con-
flict which are still vivid in my
memory, is one no lapse of time
can ever efface, and in contemplating which I scarcely could check
the tears from starting to my eyes.

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Riding to the front, I was hailed by a young soldier, whose boyish looks and merry songs on the march had frequently attracted my attention and excited my interest, and who was now leaning against a tree, the life-blood streaming down his side from a mortal wound, and his face white with the pallor of approaching death. "Major," said the poor lad, "I am dying, and I shall never see my regiment again; but I ask you to tell my comrades that the Yankees have killed but not conquered me." When I passed the place again half an hour afterwards I found him a corpse. Such was the universal spirit of our men, and in this lay the secret of many of our wonderful achievements.

The enemy had in the meanwhile been strongly reinforced, and now poured forth from their third line of intrenchments a fire so terrible upon our advancing troops that the first two divisions staggered, and, after several unsuccessful efforts to press onward, fell back in considerable confusion. In vain was it that our officers used every effort to bring them forward, once more; in vain even was it that Stuart, snatching the battle-flag of one of our brigades from the hands of the colour-bearer and waving it over his head, called on them as he rode forward to follow him. Nothing could induce them again to face that tempest of bullets, and that devastating hurricane of grape and canister vomited at close range from more than sixty pieces of artillery, and the advantages so dearly gained seemed about to be lost. At this critical moment, we suddenly heard the yell of Rodes's division behind us, and saw these gallant troops, led by their heroic general, charge over the front lines, and fall upon the enemy with such impetus that in a few minutes their works were taken, and they were driven in rapid flight from the woods to their redoubts on the hills of Chancellorsville.

A slight pause now intervened in the conflict, both sides, after the terrible work of the last few hours, being equally willing to draw breath awhile; and this gave us an opportunity to reform our lines and close up our decimated ranks. The contest, meanwhile, was sustained by the artillery alone, which kept up a heavy cannonade; and the nature of the ground being now more favourable, most of our batteries had been brought into action, while from a hill on our extreme right, which had only been abandoned by the enemy after the charge of Rodes's division, twenty 12-pounder Napoleons played with a well-directed flank-fire upon the enemy's works, producing a terrible effect upon their dense masses. About half-past ten we had news from General Lee, informing us that, having been pressing steadily forward the entire morning, he had now, with Anderson's and M'Laws's divisions, reached our right wing. I was at once despatched by Stuart to the Commander-in-Chief to report the state of affairs, and obtain his orders for further proceedings. I found him with our twenty-gun battery, looking as calm and dignified as ever, and perfectly regardless of the shells bursting round him, and the solid shot ploughing up the ground in all directions. General Lee expressed himself much satisfied with our operations, and intrusted me with orders for Stuart, directing a general attack with his whole force, which was to be supported by a charge of Anderson's division on the left flank of the enemy. With renewed courage and confidence our three divisions now moved forward upon the enemy's strong position on the hills, encountering, as we emerged from the forest into the open opposite the plateau of Chancellorsville, such a storm of canister and bullets, that for a while it seemed an impossibility to take the heights in the face of it. Suddenly we heard to our right, piercing the roar and

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tumult of the battle, the yell of Anderson's men, whom we presently beheld hurled forward in a brilliant charge, sweeping everything before them. Short work was now made of the Federals, who, in a few minutes, were driven from their redoubts, which they abandoned in disorderly flight, leaving behind them cannons, small-arms, tents, and baggage in large quantities, besides a host of prisoners, of whom we took 360 in one redoubt. A more magnificent spectacle can hardly be imagined than that which greeted me when I reached the crest of the plateau, and beheld on this side the long lines of our swiftly advancing troops stretching as far as the eye could reach, their red flags fluttering in the breeze, and their arms glittering in the morning sun; and farther on, dense and huddled masses of the Federals flying in utter route towards the United States Ford, whilst high over our heads flew the shells which our artillery were dropping amidst the crowd of the retreating foe. The Chancellorsville House had caught fire, and was now enveloped in flames, so that it was with difficulty that we could save some portion of the Federal wounded lying there, to the number of several hundreds, the majority of whom perished. In this building General Hooker had fixed his headquarters, and hence he had directed the battle, until a shell, striking the roof of the porch within which he stood, brought down such an overwhelming heap of plaster and stones upon his head, that he was taken up from the ground insensible, and for more than an hour was unable to attend to his duties. The flight and pursuit took the direction of United States Ford, as far as about a mile beyond Chancellorsville, where another strong line of intrenchments offered their protection to the fugitives, and heavy reserves of fresh troops opposed our further advance.

Eight hours of severe fighting had now considerably exhausted

eral Lee, having
me off at about 11 o'clock, A.M.
recall the advanced divisions,
red the whole army to halt and
for the present. The next few
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by cannonading, or the more
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le would not be renewed that
Our men had in the mean
occupied themselves throwing
line of intrenchments along the
k-road, as a protection against
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now some of them engaged in
ling the wounded and burying
dead, while others were busying
nselves cooking the rations left
ind them in abundance by the
erals. I was myself suffering
rely from hunger, having eaten
or nothing for several days,
coming upon an apparently
-stored haversack fastened on
back of one of the disfigured
corpses on the field, I was held
back by no morbid loathings from
helping myself to its contents, and
enjoyed a hearty meal off the
dead Yankees provisions—a thing
which not many months before
would have seemed to me impos-
sible. Even my negro Henry was
affected with more squeamishness,
for I soon afterwards met him, after
he had been collecting a heap of
plunder, which so loaded my poor
mule Kitt as to leave only her legs
visible, standing wistfully beside a
fine pair of boots upon a dead Yan-
kee's feet, and eyeing them, with
his finger in his mouth, and a most
melancholy expression of regret and
longing on his black visage. Know-
ing how much the fellow was really
in want of such articles, I advised
him to possess himself of them
before some one else was before-
hand with him, when he whined
out, "Oh! I like so much to have
dem boots, but I can't; I'se afraid
de ghost of dis 'ere Yankee come in
de them dar boots
by nothing could

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persuade this generally enterprising darkey from despoiling the dead, although he would have had little hesitation in cutting a living man's throat for the sake of the same alluring prize.

In the course of the afternoon a heavy cannonade came booming over to us from Fredericksburg, and early in the evening it was reported to General Lee that, after a sanguinary conflict, our troops, yielding to far superior numbers, had been driven from the heights opposite that town, and the hostile forces were pressing forward in the direction of Chancellorsville. This startling intelligence, rendering our position now a very precarious one, was received by our Commander-in Chief with a quietude, and an absence of all emotion, which I could not but intensely admire. Referring, with the utmost calmness, to Sedgwick's advance, he quietly made his dispositions, ordering M'Laws's division to march to the support of Early, who had been retreating to Salem Church—a place about five miles from Fredericksburg. By this firm and tranquil demeanour did General Lee inspire confidence and sanguine hope of success in all around him. Notwithstanding our extreme fatigue, the whole of the latter part of the evening we were busy carrying water to the wounded, hundreds of whom still lay in the field, it being impossible to convey so large a number to the hospitals before night. Nor did we cease our merciful task till after darkness had set in, when we returned to the centre of the plateau, where in the mean time Stuart had temporarily established his headquarters. Here we found General Lee and Stuart seated by a small bivouac-fire discussing the day's events, and speculating on the chances of a continuation of the battle; and here, too, I found my Prussian friend, Captain Scheibert, greatly elated over an adventure he had met with in the early part of the day, his original way of recounting which greatly amused us all. He had been riding my black horse, for which he had a particular affection; and in the hope of procuring provender for it, which it much needed — perhaps, too, actuated by like intentions on his own account— he determined, after the actual fighting was over, to make an excursion to some of the neighbouring houses. Neither knowing anything of the adjacent country, nor of the relative positions of the armies, he started off straight in the direction of the enemy; and coming up to a small plantation, where he made sure he should find all he wanted, he encountered six Yankees, armed with muskets, coming out of the house towards him. Scheibert, well aware that the worst thing he could do would be to turn tail, with admirable presence of mind drew his sword; and, flourishing it wildly over his head, rode up to the astonished Yankees, crying out, in broken English, "Surrender, you scoundrels! all my cavalry is right behind me." The bewildered soldiers at once dropped their arms, and the gallant Prussian marched the whole six triumphantly back to General Lee, by whom he was highly complimented for his coolness and pluck. A rapid succession of despatches and reports reached our Commander-in-Chief during the night, which he had considerable difficulty in deciphering by the flickering light of the bivouac-fire. Like Longfellow's Ajax, his prayer was for light "throughout that long and dreary night." It so chanced that, during our advance on Chancellorsville, I had discovered, among other luxuries, a box of excellent candles, which now lay a little outside our lines, and quite close to the enemy's skirmishers. To attempt the adventure with the hope of bringing the much-desired relief to the eyes of our beloved commander, was more than I could resist, so I set forward on foot towards the spot, crawling cautiously through the bushes, and, favoured by the

darkness, succeeded in [illegible] box, and providing m[illegible] a sufficient provision without attracting the a[illegible] the enemy's videttes. [illegible] ing the temporary headq[illegible], presenting my prize to Gen[illegible], he eyed me with his calm [illegible] ing glance, and said, "Maj[illegible] much obliged to you; but [illegible] where you got these [illegible] you acted wrongly in exp[illegible] life for a simple act of cour[illegible]." willingly submitted to the rebuke, only too happy to have been able personally to oblige one whom we all so much admired, and for w[illegible] not one of us but would gladly [illegible] risked his life.

During the night we were allowed but little sleep, frequent alarms calling us into the saddle; moreover, the place which Stuart had selected for our repose, because it was close to the centre of our lines, being also exactly in range of the hostile artillery, which opened whenever the skirmishing grew louder, we were several times roused from our slumbers by shells plunging all round us, one of which actually burst in the top of a cherry-tree under which I reposed, covering me with a litter of torn and scattered branches. Not more than 150 yards from us, in and around a large barn, were collected more than 800 Federal wounded, and the tenement which sheltered them being ever and anon struck by the cannon-balls, the pitiful cries of the poor fellows, many of whom were finally despatched, while others received fresh wounds, added to the horrors and confusion of this dreadful night. The morning of the 4th was fraught, in like manner, with excitement and disquiet; at times the skirmishing and the cannonade which followed it grew so warm as to lead, until about 10 o'clock, to the expectation of an advance of the Federal army. About noon, however, everything sank into tranquillity again, and we were enabled to continue our ministrations towards the wounded, and [illegible] All the Federal [illegible] ell as the in- [illegible] able carcasses of animals, [illegible] encumbered the ground, and [illegible] fluvium was already growing [illegible] asant. But I will not attempt [illegible] into the horrors of this battle- [illegible] they surpassed all that I had [illegible] seen before, the fearful effect [illegible] artillery firing going beyond [illegible] at had occurred on any pre- [illegible] occasion. In the course of [illegible] fternoon we received cheerful [illegible] of the proceedings of M'Laws [illegible] arly, who, attacking the enemy [illegible] taneously, had succeeded in [illegible] g them back upon Fredericks- [illegible] retaking the heights, and [illegible], by a spirited attack, driving [illegible] hole of Sedgwick's corps to [illegible] her side of the river. Several [illegible] nition and provision trains, [illegible] s prisoners, had fallen into [illegible] nds, and, but for the extreme [illegible] n of our generals, the whole [illegible] s portion of the hostile forces [illegible] have been annihilated.

[illegible] night of this day passed over [illegible] in the same way as its prede- [illegible], and was followed by a misty, [illegible] morning; and this kind of [illegible] ier promoting the process of [illegible] faction, the air was poisoned [illegible] emanations from the dead to [illegible] an extent as to be almost in- [illegible] portable. There being, more- [illegible] danger of the men's health [illegible] affected, all that could be [illegible] d from the front were employ- [illegible] rrying the hundreds of dis- [illegible] d corpses. The enemy being [illegible] quiet all the morning, Stuart, [illegible] specting a retrograde movement [illegible] ir army, ordered our skirmish- [illegible] to advance, who discovered soon [illegible] h, however, that the Federals [illegible] still in large force in our front, [illegible] posted behind works of a formi- [illegible] able character. Accordingly, after a severe skirmish, accompanied by a heavy cannonade, lasting more than an hour, our men were withdrawn to their original position. The afternoon brought a sudden change in the weather; the tempera- [illegible] r the season

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of the year, and heavy rain, with violent winds, continued all the evening and a great part of the night. Meanwhile General Lee had determined to assault the enemy in their strong position. M'Laws's and Anderson's divisions had already approached United States Ford on the 5th, by a circuitous march, thus menacing the left flank and line of retreat of the Federal army; and at earliest dawn on the 6th Jackson's corps received orders to advance, Rodes's division taking the lead. My own instructions from General Stuart having been to move forward with the skirmishers and reconnoitre the enemy's position as closely as possible, I cautiously made my way through the woods, expecting at every instant to hear the skirmishers open fire, followed by the thunder of the artillery; but finding all quiet, I continued to advance until I reached the formidable intrenchments thrown up by the Federals, extending several miles, which I found they had entirely abandoned, leaving behind in them a large quantity of ammunition and stores of provisions, which they had not taken time to destroy. Just as I was entering the fortifications, General Rodes rode up, saying, "I am sure the enemy is in full retreat, and is probably by this time on the other side of the river." Both of us being equally eager to discover what had really become of the great Federal army, we galloped off entirely by ourselves along the muddy road, leaving everybody behind. General Hooker had done wonders amidst the difficulties of this wild entangled forest. Works of great strength and extent had been constructed at nearly every quarter of a mile's distance; roads had been cut and cleared through the dense undergrowth, along which telegraph wires were laid to the principal headquarters of the army; and wherever branch-roads turned off to the different corps, divisions, and brigades, large signs were conspicuously erected to guard against mistakes or confusion. Notwithstanding these wise precautions, however, considerable numbers of the Yankee soldiers became mazed amidst these extensive woods, and we continually encountered them along our route, sometimes in squads of six or eight. These poor devils, all bespattered with mud, and soaked to their skins by the drenching rain, not recognising us as enemies, our grey uniforms being concealed beneath large india-rubber cloaks, innocently accosted us to inquire the way towards their regiments, and on discovering our real character, surrendered with alacrity, laying down their arms, and marching off rapidly to the rear at our request, as submissively as though they had been our own men. General Rodes and I in this way captured, merely our two selves, more than sixty of these stragglers, who, had they been tempted to act at all pluckily, might easily either have killed or made prisoners of us both. We had not far to ride in order to discover that the hostile army had entirely disappeared from our side of the Rappahannock; and as we approached the river, we could just catch sight of their rearguard climbing the hills on the opposite shore, where several batteries of artillery were placed in position, while a number of riflemen were posted along the banks of the stream. With these our sharpshooters, on coming up, became engaged in a slight skirmish, and we were favoured with several shots from the hostile batteries; but soon even these parting tokens of farewell from Hooker's great army were discontinued, and, vanishing entirely, it ceased to give forth any sign.

Seeing his army greatly demoralised by a succession of defeats, and all his plans and combinations frustrated, General Hooker had already on the previous day determined to withdraw his troops to the other side of the Rappahannock, the wa-

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ters of which were rapidly rising, and threatened to carry away the pontoon bridges, and render retreat impossible. The retrograde movement was commenced at about dusk on the 5th, and was conducted with considerable order; the bridges had been covered with layers of twigs and small branches, in order to deaden the rumbling sound of the artillery and trains passing over them, while the heavy fall of rain during the evening, followed up by bursts of thunder-storm in the night, completely masked the sounds of the retreating hosts, whose movements, exactly as at Fredericksburg under similar circumstances, entirely escaped the vigilance of our pickets. As Hooker was retracing his course back towards his old position near Falmouth, so did our troops commence at about noon their march towards their old camping-ground near Fredericksburg. A. P. Hill having now entirely recovered from his slight wound, assumed the command of Jackson's corps; and as his men marched past us they spontaneously raised an enthusiastic cheer for General Stuart, thus testifying their admiration of the gallant chief who had led them so splendidly against the enemy, and directed them to the achievement of a brilliant victory, and one for which, in my opinion, Stuart never gained sufficient credit from his superiors. Thus ended the battle of Chancellorsville, and the short but decisive spring campaign. The losses of the Federal army amounted to at least 20,000 men, of whom nearly 5000 were made prisoners. There were captured, besides, thirty pieces of artillery, large quantities of ammunition, and more than 30,000 stand of small-arms. The loss on our side was severe, amounting to nearly 10,000 men in prisoners, killed, and wounded—our beloved and ever-famous Stonewall being among the latter, a fact which filled every soldier's heart with grief. It was not at that time at all anticipated that Jackson's wounds would end fatally; and several days after the unfortunate incident, I heard from the mouth of the surgeon who attended him, that the General was doing very well, and that from the state of his health at that time there was every prospect of his speedy recovery.

General Hooker, after all his disasters, had the audacity to speak of his operations as successful, and, in order to blind the eyes of the North to the true state of affairs, he ended the campaign by issuing to his soldiers an order congratulating them on their achievements and success.

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GIPSIES.

We live in an age of investigation and discovery. We have made out the North-West Passage, have all but settled the sources of the Nile, and shall have "put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes," as soon as wind and weather will permit us to relay the Atlantic Cable. There are cunning men who will pick up a pebble from a hillside, and will tell you where it came from, how it got there, and how old it is—at least within a million of years, which is (they say) a fraction of time really not worth thinking of. But there are puzzles still, in the very midst of us, towards the solving of which we have not made a step for the last hundred years. Who are the Gipsies? Everybody has seen them; most of us, in our younger days, have stopped and looked at the wayside tent and the circle round the fire with a kind of longing curiosity; and we have been more prematurely wise than most of our generation if, at some time or other, we have not crossed the palm of some importunate sibyl with a silver piece. If the beautiful lady with the pockets full of gold, who, we were assured, was sighing for us, has not fallen to our lot, it may have been our own fault as much as the Gipsy's.

But who are the Gipsies? What is the real history of these waifs and strays who contrast so remarkably with our settled English habits and advancing civilisation? How comes it that, while everything is changing, and all the old barriers of rank and blood and caste are fast disappearing among us, we find a race of wanderers, with very marked peculiarities, not yet absorbed in the general population of the country, but retaining, so far as we know them, very much the same personal appearance, the same habits and customs, and, as we are told, the same language which their forefathers used four hundred years ago? It is at least a question of some interest, in these days of ethnological societies and social science; and one which has never, apparently, been examined except by a few well-meaning but not very competent enthusiasts, who have been more busy with theories than facts.

No doubt the investigation has its difficulties. Attractive as the Gipsy camp may be to adventurous childhood, it is not a field which presents much temptation to grown-up explorers. If an enterprising traveller gets starved to death in Australia, or frozen-up at the North Pole, or eaten by the natives in Central Africa, at least he reaps the glory of the venture. But to penetrate into Gipsydom, if it involves less formidable dangers, implies going through a great many disagreeable things, and offers no sort of honour or credit by way of reward. And you cannot catch your Gipsy, and bring him home and study him quietly, as you would a new species of mollusc or an old manuscript. You must note him in his proper *habitat*—you must go and see him *in situ*—if you want to understand him at all. Like all vagabonds, he is a very shy animal; on this point all the accounts, both of his friends and his enemies, agree; and it is no more than might reasonably be expected. He is not accustomed to the advances of respectable acquaintances, and would be quite at a loss to comprehend the interest which the ethnologist or philologer is pleased to express in his antecedents. Without necessarily believing, with Mr. Borrow and his other admirers, that he has high

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'A History of the Gipsies, by Walter Simson: edited, with Preface, &c., by James Simson.' London: Sampson Low. 1865.

and mysterious notions of his e, his history, and his language, which he would hold it sacrilege to communicate to the "*gorgio*" and the stranger, it is quite easy to understand that he may have a conscientious objection to answer questions. The love of knowledge in the abstract is a motive not entirely comprehensible to people who are accustomed to exercise such wits as they have in quite a different line. When ucation Commissioner was his statistical inquiries of the poorer districts of the school-owners did all d to baffle him—they made up minds he was the "Taxes" in a new shape. Even the bribe of a hot supper failed the other day in London to collect half the ragged street-boys whose mouths watered for it; they thought it must be a "trap of the police." So, no d if you take your pencil and pa and try to extract from your Gi friend, by the offer of ha crown, a vocabulary of such stra words as he may retain of ous *argot*, he will fancy you either going to interfere in way with his rights and privileg or want to master his secret for some cunning purpose of your own. You will have to lull his suspicions and to win his confidence—things not easily done; and the more anxious you show yourself, the more reticent your subject is likely to prove. An authority once well known in these pages—the lamented Sir Morgan O'Doherty—gave it as one of his "maxims to marry by," that it was impossible to learn the real dispositions of the young ladies of a household, unless you could get hired into the family as a lady's-maid; and this, as he observed, was difficult, involving "much tact and close shaving." The difficulties of acquiring anything like an intimate knowledge of the Gipsy customs and language we should apprehend to be scarcely less. It must be, from all accounts, a society into which it is not easy

ée, and whose and behaviour stranger com-

ably. Mr. George Borrow aged it all in the most me- l manner; but then Mr. Bo- from his own account, was remarkable man. If he wa a veritable Gipsy born (which, ve shall see presently, he may e been without knowing it), the that can be said of him is he deserved to have been persons can combine all the ral gifts which win their way he heart of the Gipsy. It is cult, of course, to separate Mr. ow from his fictitious hero in cases; but we certainly gather , in order to admittance into *penetralia* of the society, it is rable that the neophyte should ble to finish off a set of horses in a workmanlike manner. o a little in the way of smak- ming, to break a horse to per- on, and to thrash such an ugly omer as the "Flaming Tinman." ew men, in these degenerate days, ld choose to engage that splen- Amazon, Miss Isopel Berner, er with the fists or otherwise. and the daily life of a visitor ng the tribe, under the most urable circumstances, is not able, if it entails the risk of g poisoned with "the drows" by the jealousy of some conservative beldame like Mrs. Hearne, and the certainty of having to sup off pork that has died a natural death. The celebrated *Potage à la Mey Merrilees de Derncleugh* is admitted, even by our critical French neighbours, to be unexceptionable: but Mr. Petulengro's stew would prove a choker to any ordinary curiosity. Yet, until some adventurous philosopher can be found, who shall unite Mr. Borrow's varied accomaments with Professor Max ller's knowledge of languages, and is besides in nowise particular as to his eating, we shall despair of any trustworthy researches being de and the lan- urious people.

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Their popular appellation of Gipsies — meaning Egyptians — is evidently a misnomer. It seems to have been a title of their own assuming—for what reason, or from what ground of association, it is perhaps impossible now to discover. It was about A.D. 1400 when these wandering bands first attracted notice in Hungary and Germany, travelling in something like Eastern fashion, in separate tribes, and carrying with them their household wealth, under leaders who affected the titles of counts, dukes, or lords of "Lower Egypt." Whence they came no man knew. Sometimes they professed to be pilgrims in performance of a vow of penance: they produced real or pretended rescripts from the Pope, and passes from the Emperor Sigismund, with which they imposed upon the ready credulity of the other princes of Christendom.

The remarkable account given by Pasquier of their appearance in Paris, in the year 1427, has been more than once quoted by their modern chroniclers: how "a duke, an earl, and ten men all on horseback," calling themselves "Penanciers," presented themselves at the gates of the city; professing to have been driven out of their own country of "Lower Egypt" by Saracen invaders, who had forced them to renounce Christianity; for which sin the Pope had enjoined them seven years of wandering "without lying in a bed."* These were followed by the main horde, to the number of 1000 or 1200. The French called them "Bohemians," as having arrived there from that country. The name by which they were known in Hungary was Ziegeuners or Tziganies (*i. e.*, Wanderers), a term which has passed into other languages as Zingani or Zingari. They soon overran nearly the whole of Europe. Come from where they might, or go where they would, all such accounts as have come down to us of these strange visitants agree in representing them as identical in personal appearance and habits of life with the Gipsies of our own day. The swart complexion,

"The vellum of the pedigree they claim,"

the long raven locks, the bright black eyes, the ear-rings (worn by men as well as women), the union of a tawdry finery with utter disregard of cleanliness, all marked the tribe in the fifteenth century, as now, in all countries where they were known. As now, they professed horse-dealing, the lighter kinds of smith-work, basket-weaving, fortune-telling, juggling, and, it may be added, pilfering. Some of these latter accomplishments got them into trouble very early in history. King Ferdinand of Spain, the Emperor Charles V., Francis I. of France,—all fulminated edicts of extermination against them, as persons of evil repute and dangerous to the public welfare—and all in vain. The Empress Maria Theresa, in later years, with greater humanity but quite as little success, tried to reform and civilise them. They were not to live in tents; not to traffic in horses; not to eat pork that had died a natural death; not even to bear any longer the ill-sounding name of Tzigani, but to be called *Uj Magyar* (New Boors), and to settle down quietly to farming or some other respectable occupation; nay, their children were actually "carried off in waggons" to distant settlements to be brought up out of the reach of the evil communications of their parents. It need hardly be said that these well-meant regulations had about the same effect as Canute's injunctions to the sea. The Tzigani in Hungary and Transylvania is a Tzigani still, and carries on his old trades of horse-jockey, smith, and fortune-teller, as briskly as ever; wearing,

* A friend who was recently travelling in the Holy Land met with a horde of these ubiquitous vagrants among the hills. His Syro-Italian guide pointed to them, and said, "*Ecco—'scommunicati!*"

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too, as modern travellers tell us, the bright scarlet waistcoat and round shining buttons of coloured glass or metal (not seldom of silver), with which they may be seen attracting the eyes of envious rustics at any country fair in our own midland counties, and which is in fact the old national costume of a well-to-do Hungarian peasant. The style of waistcoat worn by Mr. Borrow's friend, Jasper Petulengro, whose every button was a good old spade guinea, of which he cut off one when he wanted it, is an improvement upon the pattern which we should imagine to be rather exceptional.

There is no reasonable doubt that, whatever may be the history of their wanderings, the tribe came originally from Hindostan. This was the opinion of Grellman, who brought by far the most learning to bear upon the investigation; and some earlier writers, quoted in a volume now before us, say that such was the account given by some of the tribe of themselves, on their first arrival in Europe. Their personal appearance is strongly characteristic of the Hindoo. It is said that when General Baird's troops landed in Egypt from India, and some of the Sepoys brought their wives with them, our officers and men immediately remarked their strong resemblance to Gipsy women. Such fragments of their language as have been collected serve to corroborate this supposition; although of course, in their many wanderings, words of all nations have found their way into it, and it is considerably leavened with what is known as "Thieves' Greek," or "St. Giles's Latin;" while these vulgar tongues, in their turn, have here and there what seems a Hindostani word borrowed from the Gipsy. Such comparisons as have been made (necessarily very imperfect) go rather to show that it has most in common with the low-caste Hindoo dialects. Some of the Gipsy customs also correspond with the superstitions of Hindooism; especially their fondness (which seems an established fact) for the flesh of animals which have died a natural death. The Gipsy proverb, that "what God kills is better than what man kills," is said to be known also in Hindostan. The practice of light smith-work, basket-making, and, above all, of palmistry, are also common to the natives of India. Sir William Jones thought that he recognised their parentage in an aboriginal tribe known as the *Nuts*, Nuts, or Bazegurs.

The wanderers do not appear to have attracted notice in England before the beginning of the sixteenth century. In the reign of Henry VIII., "Egyptians" had become sufficiently numerous and troublesome to have special Acts of Parliament levelled at them. It would appear from one of these statutes that some persons were actually in the habit of importing them, as is now the case with Savoyard boys and monkeys, for the purpose of making a gain of their accomplishments in juggling and fortune-telling. An "Egyptian" supplied the demand for excitement on the part of credulous Englishmen, just as the last importation from America of "rappers" and "mediums" does now. Legislation attacked these popular charlatans with a vigour not to be looked for in our modern easy-going days, but which, as far as some of their successors are concerned, one would not be sorry to see exercised. They were warned to "avoid the realm" under pain of imprisonment and forfeiture; and any "importer" of such characters was made liable to the penalty (a considerable one in those days) of forty pounds. It was provided that Egyptians should not be entitled to claim, like other foreigners, a mixed jury—*de mediatate linguæ*—which would indeed have been hard to get together, seeing that the whole tribe were criminals in the eye of the law, and that it was not likely that any one besides themselves could under-

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stand their jargon. There is record of many of them having been re-shipped to France and other parts of the Continent at the public expense. On some of those who remained the law was put in force with all the merciless severity of the times. Subsequent Acts had made the mere fact of being "a reputed Egyptian" felony without benefit of clergy; and numbers of them were actually hung upon no other charge. Five suffered together at Durham in 1592. Sir Matthew Hale records that, only a few years before the Restoration, no less than thirteen were executed at one Suffolk assize; and he himself, in 1664, left one of the tribe for execution at Bury, who had been convicted of fortune-telling. Under an Act of Elizabeth, it would even have gone hard with amateurs like Mr. Borrow; for it extended the same terrible penalty to any person, being fourteen years old, "which hath been seen or found in the fellowship of such Egyptians, or which hath disguised him or herself like them, and shall remain in the same one month."*

The tribe was known in Scotland somewhat earlier than in England. They seem to have at first imposed upon the canny Northerners in a way which we should not have expected. Antonius Gawino, "Count of Little Egypt," as he styled himself, had induced the King, James IV., to believe the old tale of the pilgrimage, and actually got from him a letter of recommendation to the King of Denmark. James V. is said to have been taken prisoner by a gang of them in the county of Fife, and to have been compelled for some days to act as donkey-driver; in return for which he had two of the party hanged. Whatever truth there may be in this story, there is no doubt that he issued an order in council banishing all the fraternity from his realm on pain of death. Yet he had previously set his hand and seal to a very singular document in favour of a person whom he styles "our lovit Johnne Faw, Lord and Erle of Litill Egipt," charging all his Majesty's lieges to assist him against certain of his Egyptian followers who had rebelled against his authority, so that justice might be executed upon them "conforme to the laws of Egypt," and not to molest the said John Faa and his company in "doing their lawful business," whatever that might have been.† This singular writ was renewed thirteen years afterwards, during the minority of Mary. But in the first year of her son's reign, an Act of a very stringent character was passed "for the stanching of all masterful and idle beggars," especially "the idle people calling themselves Egyptians," who were to be apprehended and "put into the king's ward," so long as they had any goods of their own to live on; and, when such resources failed, to have their ears nailed "to the *tron* or other tree," and then cut off; and after that to be banished the kingdom, and if found there again to be hanged. But as the penalties were made by the Act to extend to all "*sic as make themselves fules*," it is possible that it was felt to have too wide an application; it is certain that it was not often carried out.

The family of Faa appear to have been for many generations the chiefs of the tribe. Andro Faa, "Captain of the Egyptians," gets a pardon for manslaughter in 1554; John Faa, "an Ethiopian," with his servants and followers, occurs in 1615; "Captain" John Faa (perhaps the same person) with four others of his name, were executed a few years later; and "Faw's gang" became, both in English and Scotch criminal law language, a synonym for the most notorious and daring

* Blackstone's 'Comm.,' iv. ch. 13.

† Copies in full of both the curious documents referred to will be found in the "Antiquarian Repository" of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' vol. i. pp. 65, 167.

bands of those proscribed ... ers. A spice of romance ... ally lights up a family ... which, if it had but found a ... icler, might have proved as ... stirring incident as the ... of more illustrious houses. A ... of Cassilis is said to have ... from her liege lord in the seven...h century with one of the name. ... escapade gave rise to the song of "Gipsy Laddie"—

"The Gipsies came to Lord Cassilis' yett,
And O! but they sang bonnie;
They sang see sweet and see ...plete,
That doun came our fair la..."

From the concluding ve... ditty it seems very probable ... was for this adventure that ... tain John Faa and his men, ... mentioned, paid forfeit with ... lives:—

"They were fifteen valiant men,
Black, but very bonnie,
And they all lost their lives for ane—
The Earl of Cassilis' ladie."

The lady is said to have been imprisoned for life in a tower built for that purpose by her injured husband. The ford of the Doon, which the fugitives crossed near Cassilis House, is still known as the "Gipsy steps."

It is asserted, in the volume to which we now refer, that the well-known mercantile house of the Falls of Dunbar, connected by marriage with many families of high position in Scotland, are lineal descendants of these gipsy chiefs. Old Will Faa of Yetholm, who assumed the style and title of "King of the Gipsies," boasting a lineal descent from the original "Lord of Little Egypt," and who lived in really something like patriarchal state, always claimed kindred with this Dunbar family. He died in 1784, and was honoured with a right royal funeral. His corpse was escorted from Coldingham (where he died) to his home at Yetholm by a train of three hundred asses; and the funeral ceremonies, chiefly in the way of eating and drinking, lasted three days and three nights.

... the tribe was ... Scottish Gip... ...or some generations, by the ... of Baillie, between whom ...he Faas there was deadly feud, ...g on more than one occasion ... loss of life. In England the ...al sovereignty seems to have ...d into the houses of Boswell, ..., and Lee. A curious entry ...e burial register of Camber... in Surry, records a puzzling ...y in the royal family, in ...:—

"... June, Robert Hern and Elizabeth ...ll, King and Queen of the Gip...

...arly a century afterwards, ... Hernes, or Herons, still bore ...itle, though the clan continued ...ne called by the name of their ...al chief. In the register of ...epool occurs the following ...:—

"Francis Heron, King of the *Faas*, buried Jan. 13, 1756."

We cannot say whether, now that monarchical principles are rather out of favour, any such titles are recognised by the tribe in England at present. They seem to have adapted themselves in this respect to the country in which they are domiciled—if such a term can be used of those who have ...m any domicile at all. The ...nts," no doubt, assumed their titles from Germany; in Hungary and Transylvania, the chiefs style themselves "Vaivodes;" and in America, as we are assured, "they drop the title of 'King,' and assume that of 'President.'"

We have said that the Gipsies have not been fortunate in their historians. With the exception of the learned researches of Grellman, to whom all subsequent writers are mainly indebted for their facts, there is no very satisfactory book upon the subject; and Grellman, of course, does not reach to the modern fortunes and habits of the race. T... ...glish writers

* Burn's 'Parish Registers,' p. 123.

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who have dealt with them—Hoyland and Crabb—took up the subject with philanthropic views as to their possible civilisation and religious instruction; most praiseworthy motives, but by no means conducive to accurate or impartial investigations. Mr. Borrow professes to know, and very probably does know, more about Gipsies, English and foreign, than any other man living; but in the strange volumes which he has given to the public, it is as utterly impossible to separate the romance from the reality, as it is to trace any connection in the disjointed farrago with which he has filled his pages. We have now a 'History of the Gipsies' by a Mr. Simson—or rather by two Mr. Simsons: a volume which makes large professions, by no means satisfactorily fulfilled. The book has a sort of wandering history of its own not inappropriate to its subject. It has been a waif and stray upon the literary world for some twenty years. The MS. from which it is now printed has been "twice lost, and once stolen;" and the original copy was stolen and never recovered at all. Even now it has met with a fate as hard as that of the Gipsies in days gone by: it has been banished the realm, and shipped off to America, and there at last it has found its way into print—Messrs Low being only sponsors for it in the English market. The 'History' itself is the work of Mr. Walter Simson, now deceased, edited by (as we suppose) his son, with an "Introduction" and a "Disquisition." The editor's own estimate of the family labours is expressed rather in the Transatlantic style:—

"In the present work the race has been treated of so fully and elaborately, in all its aspects, as in a great measure to fill and satisfy the mind, instead of being, as heretofore, little better than a myth to the understanding of the most intelligent person. The history of the Gipsies, when thus comprehensively treated, forms a study for the most advanced and cultivated mind, as well as for the youth whose intellectual and literary character is still to be formed; and furnishes, among other things, a system of science not too abstract in its nature, and having for its object the strongest of human feelings and sympathies. The work also seeks to raise the name of Gipsy out of the dust, where now it lies; while it has a very important bearing on the conversion of the Jews, the advancement of Christianity generally, and the development of historical and moral science."

As was observed before, it is unlucky that all our modern writers who have taken up the Gipsy as a subject, have persuaded themselves that they have a mission. They are not content to examine him as an interesting vagabond (which he is) whose derivation and character are worth inquiring into, but they must try to polish him up and fit him into some pet system of regeneration of their own. Many of the facts and anecdotes collected in this "History" are interesting enough, and probably trustworthy, and with a little more skill and pains in their arrangement would have made a pleasant volume; but they have unfortunately been mixed up, on the editor's part, with so much wild speculation and so many unsupported assertions, which are made to pass for arguments, that the book in its present shape becomes somewhat tiresome reading.

It is a very difficult book, too, to get into at all, even when you have it in your hand. First, there is an Advertisement, from which we have quoted; next comes the "Editor's Preface;" then the "Editor's Introduction;" then the "Author's Introduction;" then the history, followed by a long Disquisition on the Gipsies, which again is by the editor. These accessories take up nearly half the volume, which would be much more readable in every way if they had been omitted. Mr. Walter Simson, in his History, had adopted the probable theory of the original Indian origin of the Gipsies; whereas his editor in his "Introduction" and "Disquisition," starts a contradictory

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idea of his own, that the term Egyptian, which they apply to themselves, is literally correct, and that they are the descendants of that "mixed multitude" who are said in the Book of Exodus to have gone up with the Jews out of Egypt—"a mixture, perhaps, of the shepherd kings and the native Egyptians." That this mixed multitude "travelled into India, acquired the language of that part of Asia, and perhaps modified its appearance there, and became the origin of the Gipsy race," the writer thinks, "we may very safely assume." It is possible, he says, that "some people may oppose the idea from some such motive as that which induces others not merely to disbelieve, but revile, and even rave at, some of the clear points of revelation." We fear we must be content to be reckoned among the profane in this matter, until Mr. Simson can bring forward some facts or arguments in support of his revelation; but we trust he will not accuse us of "reviling" him when we say that, throughout the whole of his additions to his relative's collections, he seems to consider that a defiant tone of assertion is an unanswerable argument. Probably he may have acquired his style by writing sensation leaders for a New York newspaper. It is hardly worth while to give examples: but here is one specimen. He is anxious to prove —he promises, in his first page, to "show conclusively"—that the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was a Gipsy. We daresay he was —he was certainly a tinker—and there are one or two expressions in his account of himself which are quite consistent with such a fact. Sir Walter Scott thought that he might be "a Gipsy reclaimed." On the other hand, John Bunyan was so exceedingly plain spoken, that he would most likely have called himself a Gipsy if he were really one, and would have gloried in it as an additional instance of the divine call being without respect of persons. But our editor's idea of "conclusive" proof is a defiance and anathema to any who shall dare to assert the contrary—especially to an unfortunate writer in the 'Dublin University Magazine':—

"I do not ask for an argument in favour of Bunyan not being a Gipsy; for an argument of that kind, beyond such remarks as I have commented on, is impracticable: but what I ask for is, an exposition of the *animus* of the man who does not wish that he should have been a Gipsy; assuming that a man can be met with who will so far forget what is due to the dignity of human nature as to consult himself in any such way. That Bunyan was a Gipsy is beyond a doubt—that he is a Gipsy now in Abraham's bosom the Christian may readily believe. To the genius of a Gipsy and the grace of God combined, the world is indebted for the noblest production that ever proceeded from an uninspired man. Impugn it whose list."

There are several pages more of this style of "conclusive proof" on the same point. Mr. James Simson was desirous of having what he had written on the question "inserted in a respectable American religious journal" but the editor, with great presence of mind, said at once that "it would take up too much room;" and the author was compelled "to express his sentiments in one of the 'ungodly weeklies.'" We have seen one or two of these "ungodly weeklies"—and dailies also; and we should think the style, at any rate, if not the subject, would suit their pages very well. An American religious journal we never happened to read; but it is a satisfaction to know that they are conducted with common sense, and that their editors have so much patience and command of temper.

In speaking of Mr. Walter Simson's share of the book, we used the term "collections" advisedly. It is rather too much to call it a history; but it contains some curious details of the habits of this wandering race in Scotland, and personal anecdotes of their chiefs, which are well worth putting together and preserving. Many of these—more especially relating to the Gipsies in Fife—made their appearance in some articles contributed by the

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author to the earlier numbers of this Magazine, and appear to have attracted the favourable notice of Sir Walter Scott, who himself supplied to the same pages a very interesting article on the Gipsies of Hesse-Darmstadt, consisting chiefly of translated extracts from a curious old German publication of the date 1727.* Some of the best stories, too, which Mr. Simson has quoted in his collected volume, were contributed by Sir Walter and the Ettrick Shepherd to some "Notices of the Scottish Gipsies" by another hand, which appeared in the three first numbers of the Magazine, and which seem to have led Mr. Simson to take up the subject himself. It had been his intention, he says, to have expanded his articles into a connected history at the time; and in this project he was encouraged both by Sir Walter and by the then editor of Maga. The reason why he did not put it into execution seems a most extraordinary one; it was, as his present editor assures us, "the dread of personal danger." We might imagine that this had been the mere chimera of a nervous man (which it is confessed that he was) but for the following singular passage in a note to 'Quentin Durward,' which, we are now told, refers to Mr. Walter Simson, and his intended publication:—

"The author has personal occasion to know, that an individual, out of mere curiosity, and availing himself with patience and assiduity of such opportunities as offered, has made himself capable of conversing with any Gipsy whom he meets, or can, like the royal Hal, drink with any tinker in his own language. The astonishment excited among these vagrants on finding a stranger participant of their mystery occasions very ludicrous scenes. It is to be hoped this gentleman will publish the knowledge he possesses on so singular a topic. There are prudential reasons for postponing this disclosure at present; for although much more reconciled to society since they have been less the objects of legal persecution, the Gipsies are still a ferocious and vindictive people."—(Note to 'Quentin Durward,' chap. vi.)

The author of 'Waverley' ought certainly to know more of the temper of the tribe in Scotland in his day, and the risks of anything like Lynch law which might be incurred by a rash profaner of Egyptian mysteries, than we can pretend to do: but there would have been one reason which, we venture to think, would have led Sir Walter to consider such precaution superfluous, if he could have looked through the MS. of the proposed publication. There are simply no mysteries to divulge, as far as Mr. Simson's knowledge goes. We hear a good deal about the "wonderful story," and every now and then we seem to be upon the threshold of some startling revelation; but really, after all, the result is much like the knife-grinder's reply—

"Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!"

and we must confess that to ourselves — retaining as we do somewhat of our childish appetite for the marvellous—the effect is disappointing. There are, as we have said, many anecdotes of adventure, and some characteristic traits of a very peculiar people, gathered from personal and, no doubt, trustworthy observation; but as for any promulgation of the arcana of gipsydom, the book is as innocent as we are. For it is not to be supposed that the mere publication of a few scattered words of "Romany" — of which a much more extensive vocabulary had been printed years before

* 'Blackwood's Magazine,' vol. ii. p. 409. Mr. Simson thinks that Sir Walter had some intention of writing a history of the Gipsies himself, founding this idea upon a few words of his in a letter to Murray, December 1816; but it is clear from the context that it was only an article for the 'Quarterly Review' that he had in contemplation. We give the whole passage: "My love to Gifford. I have been over head and ears in work this summer, or I would have sent the Gipsies; indeed I was partly stopped by finding it impossible to procure a few words of their language."—Life, by Lockhart, v. 172.

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by Bryant and others*— draw down special wrath u author. Indeed, we had that the Gipsies *au courant* with the day as Mr. them to be. I author and double rather seem to take it for granted that the Gipsies secure early copies of any work that touches upon "the tribe." This strikes us as one of not the least mysterious circumstances attaching to them. They have read Mr. Borrow, and they do not like him; an opinion in which they are certainly not singular. Mr. Simson, junior, has "met with Gipsies — respectable yo men — who complained bitterly Mr. Borrow's account of their race." And Mr. Simson, senior, asks with some anxiety — "What will they think of me, after the publication of this present work?" to which his editor, in a note, subjoins this comfortable answer:—

"All things considered, my impression is that the out-door Gipsies, at the present day, will feel extremely proud of the present work; and that the same may be said of all classes of them, if one subject had been excluded from the volume, over which they will be very apt to growl a little in secret."

What the one subject is which is supposed to be especially unpalatable, we are not sufficiently initiated to discover.

The author (who, to do him justice, seems to have been a most kind-hearted and amiable man) enjoyed some special facilities for making himself welcome among the people whose habits and language he was led to study. He had an introduction which served him in as good stead as, and was even more creditable than, "Lavengro's" knack of forging a horse-shoe, or his readiness with his fists. His grandfather, occupying extensive farms in Tweeddale and Mid-Lothian, had always allowed these wanderers (sometimes as many as

h horses and
in proportion to camp on his
l, and to occupy his empty
ises, frequently even provid
em with a warm meal, and
allowing them to be molested.
leasant to be assured that this
rchal hospitality was never
l.

cepting sometimes allowing their
o go under night into the barn
s if it were by accident, to draw
cks of corn, it is but fair and just
that I am not aware of a single
ever having injured the property
of my relatives in Tweeddale, al
their opportunities were many
mpting. My ancestor's extensive
s required him, almost daily, to
on horseback over the greater part
south of Scotland; and he was
nder the necessity of exposing
by riding at night, yet he never
d the slightest molestation, to his
dge, from the Gipsies. They were
fensive and harmless as lambs to
d to every one connected with his
. Whenever they beheld him,
head was uncovered, while they
exclaim, 'There is Mr. Simson;
ess him, honest man!' And woe
would have been to that man who would
dare to treat him badly, had these de
termined wanderers been present."

Their honesty, however, was strictly discriminating. A farmer's wife, in giving a party leave to take up their quarters in one of her out-hou s for the night, added by way of ition—"But ye must not steal any ing from me, then." "We'll no play ony tricks on you, mistress, but thers will pay for that," was the ply.

It as always been a difficult point to a certain whether this curious p brought with them from their original country any peculiar rel us creed. If they did it appears to have worn out in the course of their long wanderings. It is on record that they professed Christianity when they first attracted the attention of Europe; but that may have been a mere matter of policy, o in the indul-

* See 'Annual Register,' 1784-5, p

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gence which might be extended to them as professed pilgrims. On the same principle they have, in more modern days, professed themselves stout Catholics in France and Spain. So also Mr. Borrow was told by some Gipsy women who sang in the choir at Moscow, that they had joined the Greek Church "to please the Russians." They have very commonly in all ages brought their children to be baptised, and their dead to be buried with the rites of the Church; but this conformance to custom is, unfortunately, no certain test of any religious belief. It seems most probable that the Gipsies as a body have no religion at all. In such fragments of their language as have been got together, there is more than one synonym for the devil, but it is doubtful whether they have any word for God. The most intelligent with whom Mr. Simson conversed confessed that they had no religious belief whatever. There is a proverb among them that "the Gipsy's Church was made of bacon, and the dogs ate it." But they have some curious customs, the relics of a heathen superstition, which are retained by the tribe alike in Europe and in the East. The most singular of these attaches to the horse. The marriage tie is held very sacred among the Gipsies; indeed, all accounts agree that the general morality of their females may bear very favourable comparison with that of our more civilised lower orders. If a divorce takes place between husband and wife, it is performed in a very solemn fashion. A horse (which ought in strictness to be without blemish) is sacrificed—for no other term seems to express it—if practicable, at the time of high noon; and over its body, standing one on each side, husband and wife repeat in their own language certain forms of words, holding each other by the hand. They walk three times round, halting at the head and tail; at last they shake hands, and so part for ever; the man giving to the woman at the same time a small iron token, with a mark upon it like a Roman T. The heart of the animal is then taken out and roasted and eaten by the husband and his friends.* The ceremony is described at considerable length in Mr. Simson's volume, from an account which he obtained from one of the tribe on whose veracity he thought he could depend, and is certainly highly curious. It receives sufficient corroboration, in the main, from the following statement as to the separation of Sandy M'Donald and his wife. M'Donald was the "Captain" of the Linlithgow Gipsies, and his name, like that of his father, had been a terror to the whole country. He was in his day the Robin Hood of Scotland, and his daring adventures and hairbreadth escapes, before his final exit on the Linlithgow gallows in 1770, would form a romance in themselves.

"My informant, Mr. Alexander Ramsay, late an officer of the excise, a very respectable man, stated to me that he saw M'Donald and his wife separated over the body of a dead horse, on a moor at Shield Hill, near Falkirk, either in the year 1758 or 1760, he was uncertain which. The horse was lying stretched out on the heath. The parties took hold of each other by the hand, and, commencing at the head of the dead animal, walked—the husband on one side and the wife on the other—till they came to the tail, when, without speaking a word to each other, they parted in opposite directions as if proceeding on a journey. Mr. Ramsay said he never could forget the violent swing which M'Donald gave his wife at parting. My informant at the time was going with others to Shield Hill for coals, and happened to be passing over a piece of rising ground, when they came close upon the Gipsies in a hollow, quite unexpectedly to both parties."

The author was also told of an instance in which a Gipsy, having

* It is remarkable that, while the Gipsies will cook and eat almost any other carrion, it is said they will not touch a dead horse.

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had a violent quarrel with his wife. in the heat of his passion "sl his horse dead on the spot with pistol, and forthwith performed ceremony of divorce over t mal," much to the horror of country people who saw and who, not comprehending the significance of the act, thought it a mere mad outbreak on the part of the husband. He was also told that, in some very scandalous cases, the woman has been killed as well as the horse; and that never in any case is the wife who has been thus divorced allowed to marry again, and that if she breaks this law of the tribe, by attempting to pass herself off in some distant locality as an unmarried woman, the penalty is death by beating.

"If she is to suffer death, her sentence must be confirmed by the king, or principal leader. The culprit is then tied to a stake with an iron chain, and there cudgelled to death. The executioners do not extinguish life at one beating, but leave the unhappy woman for a little while, and return to her, and at last complete their work."

This apparent veneration for the horse has led to the supposition that the Gipsies might be of the same origin as the Tartars, with whom some such sacrifice is said to be practised. But it seems to be an additional proof of their connection with Hindostan. The horse still figures largely in the native superstitions of the Hindoos, probably having some mystic reference to the sun (of which we have also a hint in the Gipsy divorce taking place at high noon); and there is a remarkable ceremony among the Gentoos, called *Awamedha*, in which a horse, which ought strictly to be of a pure white and without blemish, becomes a vicarious recipient, like the Jewish scapegoat, of the sins of the offerer. Mr. Simson gives an account of these superstitions at some length, gathered from various writers upon Indian mythology.

Their marriage ceremonies are very peculiar, and are distinctly Eastern in their character, resem-

one particular
in use among the Jews; but
his subject, for many reasons,
must refer the reader to the bo-
itself. The editor states, in a
that it was at one time cu-
ry with the English Gipsies to
their dead, but he gives no
nces, and we confess we should
to see some distinct authority
this statement. They certainly
commonly in the habit of
ging them to the church for re-
burial during the last three ce-
s, as many parish registers will
t.

here is another form of cookery
tised by the tribe, besides the
Merrilies stew, which those
have tasted it assure us would
be an equally valuable addition to
our household economy. Here is
the receipt. First catch your fowl
(or rather, a Gipsy cook will tell
you, anybody else's fowl), kill it,
wrap a strong twisted rope of straw
round it, feathers and all (with the
trail in), cover it with hot peat
s, and make a slow fire round it
sufficiently done. When taken
straw, feathers, and all, come
off like a husk. It has this advan-
tage, moreover, that in case of a
sudden visit from the owner of the
fowl while the cooking is going on,
the *corpus delicti* is quite invisible.
Meat is also said to be cooked by
these people in a somewhat similar
way, in a shell of linen rags and clay,
which preserves the juices.

The author (and still more the
or) of this volume has at least
qualification of the historian—
a thorough enthusiasm for his sub-
ject. The common estimate of this
race of wanderers he believes to be
wholly unjust. The Gipsy is, and
considers himself to be, a true
aristocrat—even to the length of a
genuine contempt for most kinds of
manual labour. "There is nothing
really vulgar about him;" and the
popular prejudice which ranks him
with "low life" shows, we are as-
sured, an of discrimina-
n. He olite and well-
y which is to

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a certain extent confirmed by many who have had opportunities of intercourse with them: certainly, when compared with the rustic population in many parts of England, the result on these points is likely to be in their favour.

But what rouses the editor's indignation more than anything is the unwarrantable assertion, put forward by those who ought to know better, and adopted by weak minds, that the Gipsies are dying out. Sir Walter Scott—more shame for him—gave the weight of his authority to this libellous imputation. He thought that "the increase of the means of life, the power of the laws, and the change of habits," were gradually conducing to this result, and that in his own time, instead of the hundred thousand calculated as their numbers by Fletcher of Saltoun, "it would be impossible to collect five hundred throughout all Scotland." Certainly, an ordinary observer would be inclined to think that in these days of enclosure of wastes, and rural police, and legal restrictions of all kinds, when even a respectable cow cannot travel a hundred yards along a public road without a licence, and when there is an increasing prejudice both in Scotland and England in favour of people earning an honest living, the circumstances were not altogether favourable for the multiplication of vagabonds, whatever their natural fecundity. But Mr. Simson remarks that "Sir Walter Scott, in common with many others, never realised the idea in all its bearings of what a Gipsy was." Very few persons indeed can have realised it as set forth in this book. First of all, the Gipsy is exceptionally prolific. The Jews in Egypt were nothing to him. There is given in one of the notes a "Gipsy multiplication table," which is really alarming. It reminds us of nothing so much as certain painful calculations, with which unwary children are caught, about the possible price of a twenty-fourth horse-shoe nail, or the family tree of a pair of sparrows. If the Gipsy marries at twenty, he has the prospect, by the time he is fifty-four, of a following of seventy-eight souls. Not only this, but there is some remarkable virtue in the Romany blood, which is not exactly explained, which entirely overpowers, or assimilates, or something of the kind, all foreign admixtures. If your great-great-grandfather had the eccentric taste to marry a Hottentot, you have at least the comfort of thinking that by this time the "cross" must have pretty nearly disappeared, and that there is little risk of your daughters displaying any abnormal development. But if, at any time since the Conquest, the black eyes of a Romany *chi* have captivated any roving gentleman of the family, Gipsies you are all, male and female, by virtue of that mysterious ancestress, and Gipsies you will be to the end of the family tree. How this comes to pass is more than we can explain, but Mr. Simson can—though we confess not very lucidly—in his printed pages. "The children," he says, "all go with the mother, for they inherit the blood through her." She "initiates them in all the mysteries of Gipsydom;" and "what with the blood, the education, the words, and the signs, they are simply Gipsies, and will be such." It is a very frightful consideration, but it is really very difficult to say which of us are not Gipsies. "There cannot be less than 250,000 Gipsies of all castes, colours, characters, occupations, culture, and position in life, in the British Isles alone, and possibly double that number." (!) Black eyes, according to Baron Hume, are in themselves proof presumptive; and the worst of it all is, as Mr. Simson says, "the ignorance of mankind generally in regard to it." "The world outside of Gipsydom has to be initiated in the subject as in the first principles of a science, or as a child is instructed in its alphabet." If you are not a Gipsy yourself, your friends, your relations,

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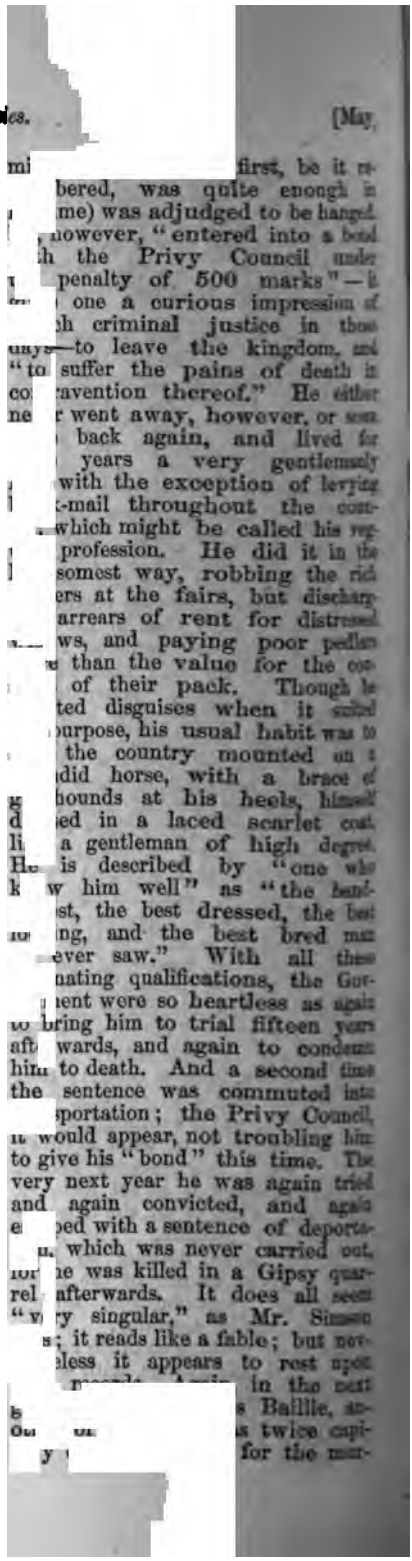
the wife of your bosom may be. As our author pathetically puts it—"one's uncle, in seeking for a wife, might have stumbled over an Egyptian woman, and, either known or unknown to himself, had his children brought up bitter Gipsies; so that one's cousins may be Gipsies, for anything one knows."

"Let the name of Gipsy," he says again, "be as much respected in Scotland as it is now despised, and the community would stare to see the civilised Gipsies make their appearance; they would come buzzing out like bees, emerging even from places where a person, not in the secret, never would have dreamt of."

Even Mr. Simson himself, skilled as he is in this great mystery, confesses that he is sometimes at fault.

"In seeking for Gipsies, I know where to begin, but it puzzles me where to leave off. I would pay no regard to colour of hair or eyes, character, employment, position, or indeed any outward thing. The reader may say—'It must be a difficult matter to detect such mixed and educated Gipsies as those spoken of.' It is not only difficult, but outwardly impossible. Such Gipsies cannot even tell each other from their personal appearance; but they have signs which they can use, if the others choose to respond to them."

But Mr. Simson knows a good many Gipsies—legal, medical, and clerical,—if he only chose to tell. He is acquainted with families in Scotland, "occupying some of the highest positions in life, who are Gipsies; not indeed Gipsies in point of purity of blood, but who have Gipsy blood in their veins, and who hold themselves to be Gipsies." But they are naturally loath, as the writer observes in elegant American, "to *own up* to it;" though "a late pillar of the Scottish Church" bravely did so in his own case. The names of Baillie and Gordon are not unknown in Scotland. Now in 1700, or thereabouts, there was a William Baillie—we beg his pardon, "Captain" Baillie, for he enjoyed that title by courtesy and general consent—who, "for being an Egyptian" and other


mi first, be it re-
bered, was quite enough in
me) was adjudged to be hanged
however, "entered into a bond
h the Privy Council under
penalty of 500 marks"—it
one a curious impression of
h criminal justice in those
ays—to leave the kingdom, and
"to suffer the pains of death in
co ravention thereof." He either
ne r went away, however, or soon
back again, and lived for
years a very gentlemanly
with the exception of levying
-mail throughout the coun-
which might be called his reg-
profession. He did it in the
somest way, robbing the rich
ers at the fairs, but discharg-
arrears of rent for distressed
ws, and paying poor pedlars
than the value for the con-
of their pack. Though he
ted disguises when it suited
urpose, his usual habit was to
the country mounted on a
did horse, with a brace of
hounds at his heels, himself
ed in a laced scarlet coat,
li a gentleman of high degree.
He is described by "one who
k w him well" as "the hand-
st, the best dressed, the best
ng, and the best bred man
ever saw." With all these
nating qualifications, the Gov-
ent were so heartless as again
bring him to trial fifteen years
aft wards, and again to condemn
him to death. And a second time
the sentence was commuted into
portation; the Privy Council,
it would appear, not troubling him
to give his "bond" this time. The
very next year he was again tried
and again convicted, and again
ed with a sentence of deporta-
n, which was never carried out,
for he was killed in a Gipsy quar-
rel afterwards. It does all seem
"very singular," as Mr. Simson
s; it reads like a fable; but nev-
eless it appears to rest upon
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der of his wife—and twice escaped his sentence. Tradition says that "the then Mistress Baillie of Lamington and her family used all their interest in obtaining these pardons for James Baillie." No doubt of it, says Mr. Simson; "I am very much inclined to think Mrs. Baillie was a Gipsy." So, about the same date, one Tam Gordon—or "Captain" Gordon—a gentleman of very similar character to the other "Captain," and almost equally respected—was convicted, with his son-in-law, Ananias Faa, for sheep-stealing, and condemned to death. Both escaped by the intercession of the Duchess of Gordon, the somewhat eccentric patroness of Burns. "What guarantee have we," says Mr. Simson again, "that the Duchess was not a Gipsy?" There, no doubt, lies the explanation of the whole matter. The mysterious brotherhood has its roots everywhere. Professor Wilson, in his youth, took to roving for a while with a party of these fascinating vagabonds. Innocent people thought it merely one of the whims of restless genius. But in fact there was probably a deeper cause. "Who shall guarantee that he was not *taking a look at the old thing?*" By which dark phrase we are to understand, here and elsewhere, that magnetic attraction towards the habits and customs of the people which exists in the very nature of every one who has the true Egyptian blood in his veins.

Without committing ourselves rashly to the whole extent of this theory, we confess it offers a solution of an unexplained phenomenon in civilised life. It must have puzzled a good many philosophical inquirers besides ourselves to account for the curious propensity of all classes of English people to rush out into the fields and woods at certain seasons to eat their meals and then come home again. Nothing in the habits or tastes of the native Englishman helps in any degree to account for it. That the town-bred mechanic, condemned to long exclusion from all country sights and sounds, should gladly rush out, by excursion trains or otherwise, to breathe the fresh air, and hear the birds sing, and eat his dinner under a green hedge, is very natural and intelligible. But that people who live in the country—who can step out into green fields and wander by running brooks whenever they will—should every now and then be seized with a desire to pack up hampers of eatables and carry them with great pains and some damage into the most inaccessible spot in their neighbourhoods, and there devour them in solemn discomfort, and then pack up and go home again, having all the while a comfortable dining-room and a decent cook at home,—this has never, so far as we are aware, been satisfactorily accounted for. It has been supposed by some to be (like many of our old national customs) the perpetuation of a religious ceremony whose meaning had died out. Those who were strong upon "Caucasian" influences thought it might be a form of the "dwelling in booths" or the feast of tabernacles. But it seems far more likely that it is the Egyptian blood—the habits of "the tribe"—strong enough to break through even the stringent formalities of English life, and going back, as Mr. Simson touchingly expresses it, to "the old thing." What but some overmastering impulse could urge the careful English mother forth with her daughters on these migrations, careless of sunburnt complexions or damp grass, or make an orthodox Briton act in the matter of dinner on no higher principles than a heathen Hottentot? "The days when we went gipsying" were indeed "a long time ago;" not so long, however, but that we remember them. "We too have been in Arcadia;" have borne unmitigated sunshine, that melted the butter and boiled the sherry, on the top of some hill selected as commanding "a lovely view," and come down with a blistering face that took a month to peel

into proximity: here sate "coughing in a shady grove," with Juliana or others, when the sun steadily refused to show, and the wind was dead in the east, and every soul of the party (except some pair of enthusiastic beings who carried a warming apparatus in their hearts, warranted to retain its virtue in all climates) was secretly shivering, and thinking of a fire when they got home; and when the only gleam of cheerfulness was when the damp sticks at last blazed up, and the kettle was boiled for tea. For the boiling of a kettle, be it remarked, is apparently the crowning ceremony of these Egyptian mysteries. It is permissible to do it (and it is so performed by careless celebrants —the latitudinarians of the superstition) in some cottage that stands near; but the correct usage, insisted upon by the orthodox, is that the whole process should take place in the open air. It is unnecessary to add of English out-door sticks that they should be damp, or of amateur bonfire-makers that the position should be so chosen that the wind may blow the smoke full in the faces of the expectant tea-drinkers.

One incidental advantage would accrue to any of us who would have the courage to "own up" honestly to our Gipsy blood, and take the pains to learn a little of the sacred ancestral language:—

"Should they ever be set upon—garotted, for example—all that they will have to do will be to cry out some such expression as "*Bienê raté, calo chabo*" (Good-night, Gipsy, or black fellow), when, if there is a Gipsy near them [and where, we should like to know, is there *not* a Gipsy at hand?] he will protect them."

This is a secret worth knowing; not to mention the strong probability, which the author has omitted to dwell upon, that in all likelihood the garotter himself will turn out to be one of the tribe, and in that case will forthwith beg your pardon, return your purse (putting in a few sovereigns additional), and see you safe to your own door. We strongly recommend any timid gentleman who has to go home late on these dark nights to lose no time in rubbing up his Egyptian. At the same time, we feel bound to warn the too curious amateur who may proceed to study in the Gipsy camp the manners and customs of his probable ancestors, to remember the fate of Mr. Hoyland, who, Quaker and philanthropist as he was, was taken in bondage by a young Egyptian whom he sought to convert. As Sir Roger de Coverley remarks—"The sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Our friend the editor, however, is very anxious that we should all do our best to regenerate these outcasts by forming ourselves—we quote his own words—into "a *British Anti-Gipsy-Prejudice Association.*" He has not drawn up any body of rules for his proposed society; but he has thrown out two suggestions, which we willingly lay before our readers. The first is, that we shall always, in writing or printing, begin the word Gipsy with a capital G: this "is of no little importance:" most people having written of them hitherto "as if they were describing rats and mice." The second is so original that we give it in full:—

"I could propose no better plan to be adopted with some of these people, than to give them a copy of the present work, along with the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' containing a short account of the Gipsies, and a Gipsy's encampment for a frontispiece. The world may well believe that the Gipsies would read both of them, and be greatly benefited by the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

And here the editor's modesty stops short. It is certainly a most ingenious idea for getting off an edition. But we cannot undertake, personally, to go about the highways and hedges with Mr. Simson in one hand and John Bunyan in the other. We have taken the other hint, however—we have requested our printers to be very particular with their G's; and as we cannot doubt, from what Mr. Simson says, that Maga is regularly taken in every respectable encampment, we trust this mark of attention will be appreciated by the tribe.

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THE NEGRO AND THE NEGROPHILISTS.

The two foremost nations in the world are suffering at this moment from a moral malady, which the Americans, with more force than elegance, call "nigger on the brain." This disease, it may be remarked, does not attack either nations or individuals that are not of Anglo-Saxon stock, or who profess the Roman Catholic religion, but prevails almost exclusively among English-speaking people and Protestants. It scarcely affects Frenchmen, and leaves Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, and Roman Catholic Irishmen wholly untouched. In England the imperfectly educated and untravelled crowds who delight in the peculiar Christianity of the Rev. Messrs. Stiggins and Chadband, aided by the politicians of the conventicle and of the ultra-radical school, who, if not at heart republicans, would Americanise the institutions of Great Britain to the utmost extent compatible with the existence of the monarchy, are up in arms to defend the Jamaica negro, not alone as "a man and a brother," but as something more sacred than a European, and as standing in even a tenderer relation than brotherhood to men of white skins. Knowing little or nothing of the character and capabilities of the negro race, except by hearsay —living in a country where a full-blooded Ethiopian is as rare as a black swan, where from January to December even a mulatto is seldom seen, and where, in consequence of this unfamiliarity, no antipathy of race is excited, as in the West Indies and the United States—these philanthropists, who have been well named malignant in the results, though probably not in the motives, of their teaching, have for the last three months been beside themselves with an excess of what they may themselves consider to be Christian charity, but which to other eyes looks marvellously like unchristian malevolence and theological rancour. Weekly or daily they invoke the vengeance of the law against Governor Eyre, who, in a moment of extreme peril to the small European and white community of which, as well as of the blacks and mulattoes, he was the chief magistrate, presumed to think that the means adequate to suppress a political rebellion of white malcontents, unexasperated by antipathies of race and colour, were not altogether sufficient to stamp out a "Jacquerie" of black peasants, thirsting for the blood of their social superiors, and indulging in such eccentric atrocities as the chopping-up of white magistrates and landowners into little bits, and the commission of other horrors which the tongue refuses to name and the pen to write. In America the same class of persons—whose love for the negro is theological rather than humanitarian, and who promulgate the theory without understanding the truths of ethnology which point to a different conclusion, that "God made of one blood all the nations of the earth"—a class comprising preachers, professional lecturers, salaried philanthropists, and weak-minded women, who are equally at home under the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Treacle, or of the Rev. Mr. Brimstone, together with the philosophers and the strong-minded women, who are too strong-minded to attend either church or chapel, and all the multitude of theorists who would abolish slavery even at the cost of abolishing the negro—have for the last four years been hounding on their countrymen to mutual slaughter. They have not only thought, but said, with Mr. Zachariah Chandler, Senator for Michigan, that the Union "was not worth a *cuss* without blood-letting," and with Mr. Wen-

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dell Phillips that it would be h
to exterminate the whole S
people, and colonise the land
rather than suffer such a wr
negro slavery to be tenderly
or gradually abolished. The
name of human liberty has been in
their mouths, while in their h
there has been little but an u
peasable desire for the
ment of their politi
creation of a
Washington,
to make the
Great Britain and France, deposed
and relegated to the second rank—
the arbiter of peace and war, and
controller of the destinies of Chris-
tendom. At this hour the malady
rages as virulently as ever. Peace
has been nominally restored over
the unhappy South, but the moral
pest of negrophilism prevents the
reconstruction—in fact as well as
in theory, in heart as well as in
law—of the great union of free
white people, which it was the
main and only legitimate object
of the war to accomplish. The
money cost of the war, even if
diminished by two-thirds, would
have been enough to purchase the
peaceable, gradual, and safe manu-
mission of every slave in the United
States; but the sword, in setting
them free by violence, has not only
cost the conquerors and the con-
quered half a million of white
lives, but diminished the number
of the negroes to little more than
half of what they were before the
outbreak of hostilities—diminished
them by neglect, hunger, fever,
smallpox, and misery, as well as
by the multitudinous casualties of
the camp and the battle-field. The
sword also, that never in the long-
run settles any great moral or social
question, has accompanied the gift
of freedom to the sad remnant of
the blacks, with the calamitous ad-
dendum of ruin to their late mas-
ters and employers, and present
starvation to themselves, with the
prospect, but too clearly and pal-
pably defined, of worse evils yet in
store
race
has been said that no
gained, after long and persis
struggles, the thing which he
estly desired, without making
melancholy discovery that Fate
Providence had attached some
ition to the triumph which de
d it of some portion of its value
assened its charm and glory.
snatch the golden bowl, filled
the intoxicating liquor of sor
and they find a drop of gall,
t of poison, in the draught, and
it from their lips, if not ma
d, unenjoyed. The victorious
h is at present in this condi
A vast majority of its people
not care a cent for the abol
of slavery on the day when the
inaugurated the war by the
k on Fort Sumter: many de
y wished that a "nigger" had
been introduced into the
try; and as many more, with
Lincoln at their head, would
rejoiced exceedingly if the
le race could have been retran
d to their native Africa, or
lled into Central America, to
or die as chance might deter
mine. These people, aiding the
tionists in their unnatural
against their white brother,
not for the sake of the negro, but
for the sake of the Union—the great
and only object of American rever-
ence and idolatry—have had their
triumph. And with the triumph has
come the Nemesis, the black shadow
of whose avenging hand creeps
over the morning sky, and threatens
ere noon to darken the whole hemi-
sphere. In liberating the negroes
by the sword, the North has itself
become a slave. It is bound, like
a Siamese twin, to the side of the
"irrepressible nigger." Like the
unhappy fisherman in the Arabian
tale, it has liberated the dusky
genie from the vase in which he
was enclosed with the seal of Solo-
mon upon the lid; and the dark
vapour and smoke is assuming a
form t
alike of the

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power and the inclination to do mischief. Contrary to the prediction of the South, the war proved that cotton was *not* king. The peace, if peace that state of things can be called which prevails over the cotton States, proves but too conclusively the advent to power of another and less agreeable monarch. The negro, notwithstanding his misery and degradation, is the master of the situation and ruler of the hour; and Messrs. Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, and Wendell Phillips, are the ministers who do his high behests, and retard, by their acerb agitation, the real pacification of men's minds, and the much-needed reorganisation of the industry of their country. The "nigger" stops the way to peace, improvement, and occupation, and bids fair to stop it until the periodical election of a new Congress may enable the representatives of the South to take that share in the legislation of the Union, from which they are now excluded by a tyrannical faction that usurps the functions of a majority. By a defect in an unelastic constitution that snapped asunder at the first strain, the President, unlike the constitutional monarch of Great Britain, or the governors of the British Colonies, has no power to dismiss a legislature that has ceased to represent the opinions of the country, or that thwarts systematically the whole policy of the executive. In consequence of this defect, the President and the Congress are at open war. Neither can coerce or get rid of the other until the ordinary term of their service expires. Thus there is a dead-lock, with the negro in the key-hole, and two years must at least elapse before he can be got out of it. In these two years no one can say what evils may not arise to convulse the country, and rekindle the smouldering embers of civil and servile strife.

But is the negro worth all the trouble, anxiety, bloodshed, and misery which his wrongs or his rights have produced, and are producing? Is it possible for the European races, Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, or Celtic, to live in peace and amity with the African, in any country where the whites and blacks are equal, or nearly equal, in point of numbers, and especially, as in Jamaica and South Carolina, where the blacks are in the majority, unless the whites control and govern? These are questions which indirectly concern England, which painfully and directly concern America, and upon which the course of events in the United States, during the last four years, has thrown a lurid light; questions which the writer has studied both in the Northern and the Southern States, and on which he may claim to speak from large personal experience. Perhaps during the next four years events may be still more startling to the preconceived notions of English and American philanthropists. White pauperism is a difficult problem to deal with, as most Englishmen know, if Americans do not. Black pauperism, if such be the result of the American war, may perhaps be far less easy of solution, and prove even more deplorable a business than the war from which it emanated.

About three years ago, when the late Abraham Lincoln had no desire to abolish slavery, and no greater belief in his power to accomplish that object than he had in the ability of the excellent Pio Nono to warn away a comet from the skies, a public discussion was held at the Academy of Music in New York, before an audience of about four thousand people, of whom the majority were women. One of the disputants was General Cassius M. Clay, an ex-ambassador, better known for his hatred to the land of his forefathers than for his tact as a diplomatist, or his wisdom as a statesman. The other was Mr. George Francis Train, a model Yankee, voluble, clever, unscrupu-

lous, and not to be put down by force or clamour from with[illegible] any sense of diffidence from [illegible], and as regards his opinions on England, whence his forefathers emigrated, as rabid as a Fenian. The ex-ambassador was a native of the border State of Kentucky, where slavery was at that time both legal and popular, and undertook to prove, by abstract reasoning and the result of his own experience of the working of the institution, that slavery was a crime against God and man, and a wrong to the white as well as to the black race. His opponent, a native of Boston, [illegible]sachusetts, of old Puritan [illegible], undertook to prove not only that slavery was sanctioned in the Old Testament, and not prohibited in the New, but that whatever might be its effects upon the white man, it was a clear gain and unmistakable blessing to the negro. The anti-slavery advocate was to commence the discussion, and to expound his principles and enforce his arguments for half an hour. At the end of that time the pro-slavery counsel was for the same period to be allowed to state his case. Each was to be allowed to take two turns at the rhetorical mill, and the apologist of slavery was to close the discussion. The Southern orator, amid the fluttering of white handkerchiefs and the murmured applause of the ladies (without whose powerful aid, it may be remarked *en passant*, there would never have been much anti-slavery agitation in America beyond the limits of Maine and Massachusetts), took the English-radical and pulpit view of the subject; maintained that the negro was the equal of the white man in rational capacity if his faculties were not systematically repressed and stunted by slavery; and that he was entitled to every right and privilege, legal, social, or political, that was enjoyed by the whites. He derided the notion of any natural antipathy of races, and maintained that that

[illegible] negro, if any [illegible]ns, and mainly [illegible]uced by the pernicious institu[illegible] of slavery—a system as de[illegible]ng to the slave-owner as to [illegible]slave. The Northern and pro[illegible]ry advocate denied the natural [illegible]lity so urgently insisted upon, [illegible] boldly maintained that the [illegible], under the best of circum[illegible]es, could only be educated up [illegible] certain low point; that all the [illegible]ners and training in the world [illegible] not develop the blackthorn [illegible] the oak; that the highest [illegible]lopment to which the black [illegible] could attain was the white [illegible]s lowest; that the negro race [illegible] as purely imitative as the [illegible]keys, and never originated any[illegible]g; that above all things it re[illegible]ed governance and the strong [illegible]kindly hand of a paternal des[illegible]m to keep it right; and that [illegible]out such governance it had a [illegible]tant tendency to relapse into [illegible]arism. Lastly, he maintained [illegible] even in the theological and pulpit view, it was much better for the negro to be a Christian slave in America than to be a free and [illegible]n savage in his native Africa. [illegible]nty years of well-fed toil in [illegible] cotton-fields of America, even though embittered by the cup of slavery, were, he thought, but a slight price to pay in this world for the hope, if not the certainty, of salvation in the next. The ladies did not wave their handkerchiefs in approval of these sentiments. No murmurs of applause came fr[illegible] their lips, and some of the str[illegible]ng-minded so far forgot their d[illegible]ity as to imitate the well-k[illegible]wn sibilations of the sterner sex, when displeased or irritated, and to hiss vehemently. But the speaker was as much accustomed to opposition as to applause, and was not to be daunted, especially as the storm of hisses was very promptly followed by a louder storm of applause. Folding his arms, and confronting the assembly with [illegible]re, and with

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a smile that seemed to hint that he rather enjoyed the excitement than otherwise, he awaited the return of silence. It took at least five minutes out of his prescribed thirty before his opponents would allow him to proceed. "Ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "let me, as Mr. Lincoln would say, tell you a story. In his native Africa, the negro is a savage—brutal, bloody, and miserable. The King of Dahomey (you have all heard, no doubt, of that amiable monarch), when he ascended the throne—or the three-legged stool, whichever it may have been—of his ancestors, resolved to inaugurate his auspicious reign by the usual sacrifices and ceremonies. Unless he were to be considered a weaker and more worthless king than those who preceded him, it was necessary that he should catch seven thousand of his male subjects, cut off their heads, and let their blood drain into an empty tank in front of the royal palace, until the liquid was deep enough to float the royal canoe with the king inside of it. But the king, luckily for his subjects, was 'hard up.' Being one of the principal slave-dealers of the world, and knowing full well the market value of a black labourer, he resolved, instead of cutting off the heads of seven thousand such articles of traffic, to sell four thousand of them all alive and with their heads on their shoulders to the Cubans and Brazilians, and to sacrifice only three thousand for the floating of his canoe. Though the ceremony was thus shorn of much of its grace, beauty, and solemnity, in the eyes of the faithful people of Dahomey, and his Majesty incurred the risk of loss of *prestige* and power, he had the satisfaction of getting about ten dollars a-head for his live savages; and the four thousand savages sold into slavery had the satisfaction of being allowed to live, and of being taught that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of sinners. Now, ladies and gentlemen, let me ask you a question. Was it better as a negro to be one of the three thousand who were slain, or one of the four thousand who were enslaved? Was it better to go to the grave without ever having heard of the blessed truths of the Gospel, but with the satisfaction of perishing in the cause of royalty and the native superstition, or to go to Cuba and Brazil to be taught to work, to become a useful member of society, to be well fed and cared for, and, best of all, to be instructed in Christian doctrine and made the heir of salvation? All you who think the king of Dahomey ought not, under the circumstances, to have sold his subjects into slavery, hold up your hands." About half the assembly responded to the call, amid loud cheers. "All who are of the contrary opinion, hold up yours." The other half held up theirs; and a titter b gan to run through the assembly, like a breeze over a cornfield. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the imperturbable Train, with the most provoking coolness, "I cannot make you out—you puzzle me exceedingly. It seems to me that one half of you are murderers, and the other half Christians." The *non-sequitur* was so delicious that it totally upset the gravity of the meeting, and elicited a perfect hurricane of laughter, in the midst of which the illogical friend of slavery and the negro was able to snatch a seeming victory, and retire from the platform in a blaze of triumph.

The incident may help to confirm what every traveller in America reports, that however unanimous the British and European public, who only know of the negro by hearsay, may be in its detestation of slavery, no such unanimity exists in America, where the negro is but known too well. The great city of New York, the real and only metropolis of America, was before and up to the close of the war intensely pro-slavery, and ninety-nine hun-

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dredths of its working and trading classes would rejoice if not a negro were left among them. Mr. Fernando Wood, late Mayor of New York, has repeatedly declared that he could at any time call a public meeting, to which admission should be free and without tickets, in which resolutions in favour of slavery could be carried by an overwhelming majority. Even the late Mr. Cobden, than whom no sincerer opponent of slavery ever existed, confessed that his views upon the question of the sudden emancipation of the slaves, and the real condition of the negroes, had been greatly modified by a visit to the South. At an early period of the civil war, Mr. Lincoln, aware that there was a negro question as well as a slavery question, emphatically declared that he had neither the wish nor the right to abolish slavery; and as emphatically told the free negroes, through a deputation which sought his advice, that Africa or Central America was better suited for them than any portion of the United States, North or South. Mr. Seward, the author of the famous prediction that the contest between North and South on the slavery question was "irrepressible," was no sooner involved in the heavy as well as intricate responsibilities of office than he too became prudent, and would have been glad to compromise with the South for the perpetuation of slavery within its then existing limits, provided the South would have agreed to its non-extension into any new territories. And before English abolitionists and humanitarians condemn the Americans for their past willingness to tolerate slavery within certain limits, and their present unwillingness, in spite of laws and acts of Congress, to elevate the negroes to political and social equality with the white race, it might be as well if they would ask themselves whether, if, unhappily for Great Britain and Ireland, there were four millions of negroes within

the [illegible] heir isles, they to[illegible] less willing to [illegible]ess than they are now that the [illegible]o is a full brother, fit to take a [illegible] in Parliament or on the bench of [illegible]ustice, to be made a bishop, a [illegible]eer, or an ambassador, or to [illegible]rmarry with the fair daughters of [illegible]ur landed or commercial aristocracy.

[illegible]he introduction of the African race into America seems to [illegible]e been a great calamity to all [illegible]erned — to white as well as to black. America profited for a while by the importation; but the penalty she paid during the late civil war, and which she will yet have to pay before the account, either in blood or money, is settled, is far more than enough to overbalance all the gains by the [illegible] cotton, and sugar trade which [illegible]o labour develops, were they [illegible]led or quadrupled. The war [illegible]pposed to have freed the negroes. Will peace, when restored, in fact as well as in name, enable the freedmen to live in happiness, to increase and multiply, and perform those proper functions of the good citizen which are expected of the whites — the functions of steady labour, of thrift, of prudent forethought — all of which are necessary, not alone for the advancement in civilisation of any race of men, but for the prevention of its lapse into partial or complete barbarism? This is the question which weighs heavily upon the minds of all the true statesmen in America at this moment, though it may be lightly estimated by women and preachers, and have no terrors for rabid theorists who act and speak as if they would rather that the heavens should crack, and chaos come again, than that their private notions of abstract justice should not become the law both of man and nature.

In answering this and other dependent questions, we have to consider what the negro is in his native Africa; [illegible]s in bondage

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prior to his enforced emancipation in the Southern States of the Union; what he is in freedom when left to himself, as in Hayti; what he is in freedom shared with the whites, as in Jamaica; and what he is in the Northern States of America and in Canada, where he suffers under social ban and political exclusion. Fair, impartial, and unprejudiced answers to these questions may have no weight with the theorists, either of the press, the debating club, or the pulpit; but they cannot but have an influence upon the minds of statesmen and men of sense and business, who are content to live under natural conditions, and make the best of them, without grieving that neither Great Britain nor America is Utopia or Barataria; or imagining, in their insolent and blasphemous conceit, that they are wiser than the Almighty, and able to eradicate evils and contradictions from a world in which He has permitted them to exist.

It will be admitted, that in his native Africa the negro has never emerged out of primitive barbarism. He is not, it is true, of the fiercest order of savages who delight in bloodshed and the chase, but a pastoral and agricultural savage of a milder type, though addicted to wild and gloomy superstitions, and having no idea of a God, though strong ideas of a devil. He worships a Fetish or Mumbo Jumbo, offers human sacrifices, sells his own race into slavery, and makes the females of his family, who are very superior to the males, do all the drudgery of the little agriculture he understands or desires, while he delivers himself up to sloth and such base animal indulgences as his nature prompts. Civilisation has never been promoted or understood by him in the slightest degree. There have been various forms of high civilisation in China, Japan, India, Persia, and Arabia. There have been Phenician, Assyrian, and Egyptian states and monarchies, in which art, science, and literature have been cultivated, and in which philosophy—not to be shamed by that of modern times—has shed its beneficent light upon the darkness of the ages. Greece, Carthage, Rome, have shown what civilising energy and intellect they possessed; and that if they originated in barbarism, they grew rapidly out of it by the innate virtue of their blood. The great Caucasian stock, spreading from Asia westwards and southwards, has peopled Europe, America, and Australia with bold enterprising and progressive men, and founded states and empires that, by their superior brilliancy, cast into shadow the most splendid achievements of the monarchies and people of old. But during this time the negro has done nothing. In all the record of history, from Moses downwards, the negro has been the same. He has remained in Africa, fastened like a limpet to his rock, and given no sign of improvement in the long interval, or shown the least capacity for self-advancement. He is as unchanged as the beaver, the bee, and the monkey. As he was four thousand years ago, so he is now. Had he not been discovered by the European races, and forcibly removed from his own *habitat*, like the horse, to be made available as a labourer in a country which knew him not, he never of his own accord would have sought his fortune, or been impressed with the remotest desire of seeking it elsewhere than in his own tropical fields and jungles.

But when transplanted into the New World, and subjected to the control of white men, and to the influences of their civilisation, the negro race develops many useful qualities. If a native of Africa, and taken violently from his home to be sold into slavery, the negro reconciles himself to his fate, because slavery is an African institution, and his own chiefs and kings are slave-dealers and slave-owners,

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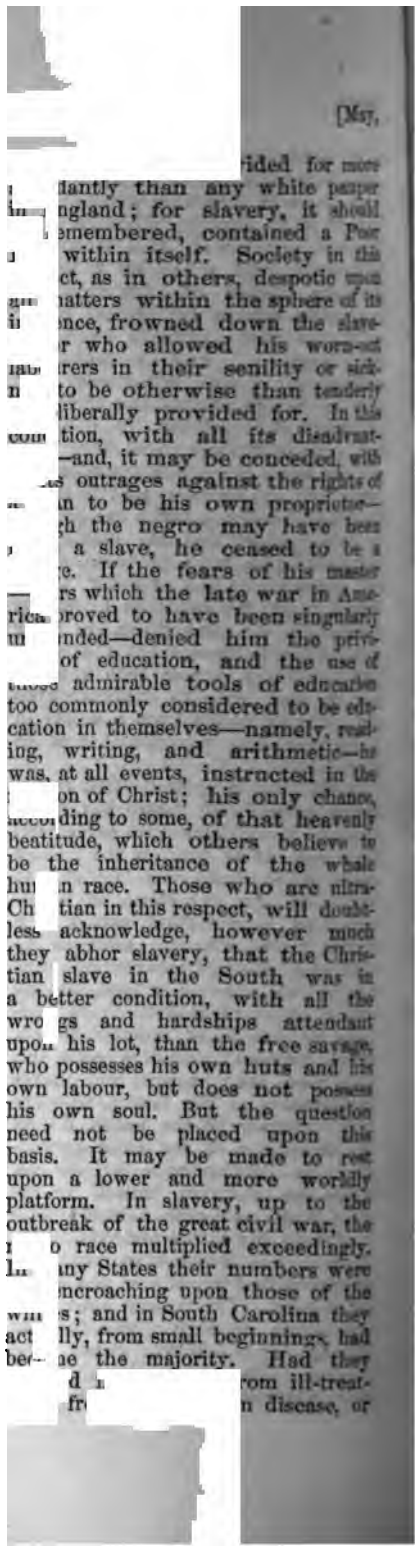
and treat their human chattels with far greater barbarity than the whites were ever known to be guilty of. When born in America, and scarcely knowing anything of Africa, he takes his condition as a matter of course; and in the second or third generation at farthest, becomes not only a valuable but a contented member of society. The experience of the Southern States showed for two hundred years, under British rule, and afterwards under the Republican Government, that, so far from being miserable, morose, and dangerous in slavery, the negro enjoyed all the pleasures that his easy and docile nature placed within his reach. If he received kind treatment, which he generally did, he loved his master, and would have done anything in his power to serve him. As regards his physical condition, he was far better provided for than the agricultural labourer of Russia, Poland, Germany, and some parts of the south of England. He lived in a good hut or cottage, received medical treatment in infancy, old age, and ill health, at the expense of his master; saw his children provided for, without an extra tax on his own exertions, or any diminution of his usual comforts, and was enabled to provide for the supply of the luxuries which negroes as well as white men crave, by many little indulgences and perquisites which are not placed in the way of his free white compeer in Europe. He was allowed to keep poultry, to feed them on his master's corn, and sell the eggs and the chickens for his own advantage. With the money he purchased tobacco for himself and ribbons for his wife. He was permitted to hunt in the drains, gulleys, and shallow waters for terrapin and the other varieties of land turtle and tortoise, which he himself would not eat on any condition, but which were a great luxury and dainty to his master, to whom he sold them at an established price. The whole of this was gain to the negro. In



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from uncongenial circumstances—had the iron of oppression, to use a current phrase, "entered into their souls"—had the keen competition for existence, and the cares and sorrows attendant upon it, among more responsible and in some respects more unhappy human beings, weighed heavily upon their minds and bodies,—it is not probable that their numbers would have increased so steadily and so rapidly, but highly probable that they would have as steadily diminished.

If we turn from the condition of the negro in slavery to his condition in freedom, and estimate his physical, his moral, his social, and religious advantages, a very different picture presents itself. The state of Hayti, in which he as jealously excludes the white man from political power as the white man excluded him in South Carolina, is well known. From being one of the richest, it has become one of the poorest islands of that teeming climate. Production has decreased; the lands are relapsing into aboriginal wilderness; the negro, content with little, basks in the sun, as careless and about as nude as the hog; and what little Christianity he once understood is replaced by the frightful superstition of Obeah, which the race brought with them from their native Africa, and which no Christian teaching suffices to eradicate. He is not quite so bad in Jamaica, where a leaven of white men purifies the black mass, and keeps it from total putrefaction. But even in this lovely island, where he lives side by side with a white minority, able to deny him social privilege and companionship, but unable to deprive him of political rights and legal equality, we find that, although his numbers increase, his usefulness to himself and to society diminishes. His wants are few, the climate suits him, and he dislikes labour. The land either goes untilled, or is so partially cultivated as to give him only the pumpkin, which is the prime necessity of his life. The ruin of Jamaica as a colony that added largely to the wealth of the world, is too old and familiar a story to need repetition. The facts are known, and so distasteful to the great bulk of the thinking people of England, that if the United States desired to buy the island outright, it is likely that most of us would think a hundred pounds a liberal offer for so barren an acquisition. And although there is much religion (so called) among the negroes in Jamaica—though they believe the Saviour of the world to have been a black man, and though they sing Christian hymns with a fervour that springs more from musical imitativeness and love of melody than from piety or comprehension of the sentiments inculcated—their religion has so little root in their nature, that "Obeahism" lives in their hearts, while Christianity only dwells on their lips. This frightful superstition of their African ancestors, with its cruel, disgusting, and obscene rites, defies all the vigilance of the magistracy and all the efforts of the clergy to root it out. It would be easy to expatiate upon this subject, and to pile proof upon proof of the degeneracy of the negro when left to his own governance, or, as in Jamaica, when his numbers are such, compared with the whites, as to give him the preponderance. The world has rung with the fearful story of his doings in St. Domingo, and might have rung once more, with a story even more hideous, four months ago, in this very island of Jamaica, had it not been for the severity and promptitude—technically illegal perhaps in the case of Gordon, but in its general results highly beneficial to blacks and whites—which were displayed by Governor Eyre in the suppression of a war of races, and the condign and speedy punishment of the aggressors. And here it may be observed, *en passant*, that our English philanthropists of the malig-

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nant type were grossly deceived by the "sensation" headings of the 'New York Herald,' which was one of the first journals in America to record the circumstances. "THE GROUND CUMBERED WITH THE SLAIN," "EIGHT MILES OF DEAD BODIES," were captions designed for American, not for European purposes—prepense exaggerations after the true American manner, and intended by the pro-slavery and anti-negro party to alarm the abolitionists and black republicans, lest the gift of too much freedom to a semi-barbarous race in the South should cause a black Jacquerie in the cotton districts, and perhaps extend its ravages to the border and northern States. "Behold," it was said, "the baleful effects of abolition! England, that first set the pernicious example of setting the negro free, and that sent its emissaries to stir up civil war in our own happy land on behalf of the 'nigger,' begins to see the error of her ways, and makes short, sharp, and decisive work of her black *protégé* as soon as he becomes troublesome. We too perhaps may have to imitate her example at no distant day, if we are stupid enough to pamper the 'nigger' and give him a vote." But our English black republicans, unaware either of the exaggeration or its motives, were deluded, as they usually are when a negro is concerned, and made ample use of the fabulous "eight miles of dead bodies" in their denunciations of Mr. Eyre. Even to this day the phrase does good service in their cowardly cause, and gives force to the invective which they never weary in directing against a man who, in the service of any other government than that of England, would have received the thanks and the encouragement of his superiors, if not reward and promotion.

Philosophy may talk as it will of the natural equality of the whole human race; but there is an instinct in man as well as in animals —an instinct which, if it cannot

n the long-run
proves itself stronger than the
faultless reasoning. There
antipathy of race, against
all argument is power-
Even in our own little isles,
e we are all white, there is a
nance between the Irish and
Anglo-Saxon, and *vice versâ*,
h defies analysis and logic,
which prevails among the same
when transplanted to Amer-
The antipathy of the Anglo-
against people of a different
r from his own springs, in the
lace, from a desire to rule and to
ss. The savage aborigines of
continent and island which he
vaded in order to colonise and
the land, have been invariably
cuted with relentless ferocity.
Red man has all but disap-
d from the United States. At
census of 1860 it was found
no more than 300,000 of the
that once possessed the con-
t, remained on Federal terri-
between the Atlantic and the
ic—about as large a popula-
if all collected together in
spot, as would about equal
of the city of Baltimore. The
was too proud, too wild, too
endent, too lazy, and in all
cts too worthless, to be enslav-
As the Red man could not be
to work, the Anglo-Saxons
red to exterminate him, and
have all but accomplished
purpose. Similar results have
n out of similar causes in South
a, Australia, and New Zealand.
sophy, humanity, Christianity,
re alike impotent to stay the
itable catastrophe. The infe-
race provokes aggression, even
the superior would gladly do
ore than banish it beyond the
daries of civilisation; and at
provocation the aggressors
infinitely more than the supe-
ace which repels and punishes
The Anglo-Saxon farmer
the Anglo-Saxon missionary
on the sub-
ject; but deas of the

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farmer and not of the missionary which ultimately prevail; and the rifle of the one settles a question, which all the piety and all the logic of the other is unable to take out of the Court of Brute Force into the higher Court of Reason. In the Northern States of America, in which slavery was unprofitable, and in many of which, Massachusetts among the number, care was taken to sell the slaves to Southern planters before the formal abolition of slavery within their territories, the antagonism and antipathy to the negro has never been so strong as against the Red man. At all events, the free negro in the cold North, where he could find no unoccupied land on which he could squat and grow pumpkins, was compelled either to work, to die, or to go South, with the certainty of slavery if he took the last alternative. A few chose to turn their faces southwards and take all the risks of slavery. The great bulk of them, however, remained in the North; and while population was scanty, and was not continually reinforced by such swarms of Irishmen and Germans as have poured into the country from European ports for the last sixteen years, found occupations as coachmen, barbers, and waiters. Twenty years ago the negroes all but monopolised these avocations in the Northern and Middle States. But the copious immigration of Irish and Germans has wrought a change in these respects. Five millions of white labourers having come into the country, the weaker and less intelligent race, unable to compete with them, has as usual gone to the wall. The Irish have all but driven the negroes out of the position of waiters and coachmen; and the Germans have rapidly superseded them as barbers. Year by year the negroes have been squeezed out of their former place; and all avocations have been closed against them, except those of the porter, the night-man, the whitewasher, and the chimney-sweep. In the first business—where nothing is wanted but strong arms and a strong back—the Irishman, in all the great cities and ports of the Atlantic, is fast taking the lead; and the poor negro has no resource but the lowest paid and most offensive avocations, like those of the sweep and the dustman. And even from these he bids fair to be driven by white competition, when there will be nothing left for him but pauperism, the grave, or emigration. Black pauperism neither the Yankees nor the men of the South will tolerate, so that the choice left for the poor negro is but a dreary one. In the meanwhile death is coming to the relief of his unhappy race. In 1860, prior to the civil war, it was proved by the decennial returns of the census that, notwithstanding all the accessions to the free negro population of the North derived from the influx of runaway slaves, and the operation of what it was then the fashion to call the Underground Railway, the births did not equal the deaths, nor the influx of Southern negroes keep up the numbers of the race. The cold of the climate, poverty, disease, dejection —all combined to thin their numbers, and point to the day, distant perhaps, but certain to come, when the negro would be as rare in the Northern States of America as he is in Europe.

It is constantly urged by those who have much zeal and little knowledge that, low as may be the mental condition of the negro in his natural state, it may be greatly improved by education. There is no doubt that negroes can be educated, if by education be meant that they can be taught to read, to write, and to master the fundamental rules of arithmetic. There is no doubt also that they are highly imitative, and after going to church or chapel learn to preach after a fashion, delightful to black men and women, but to no one else. But if by education be meant the use of reading, writing, and arithmetic as tools of

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knowledge, as instruments of progress, and the development of truth; and that by any amount of education a Plato, a Socrates, a Bacon, a Newton, a Shakespeare, a Mendelssohn, a Rubens, a Watt, a Humboldt, or a Canova, can arise among the black race,—it is incumbent upon those who make such a claim on the negro's behalf to give some little proof of the faith that is in them. Did anybody ever hear of a negro mathematician, of a negro engineer, of a negro architect, of a negro painter, of a negro political economist, of a negro poet, or even of a negro musician—using the word in the sense of a creator of melody and harmony? It is no more possible, by means of education, to confer upon the negro the mental vigor of the white man, than it is, by means of education, to elevate the white man into angelic perfection. Nature, which fixed the limits of the white man's mind, fixed those also of the black; and no training, no example, can cultivate the lower animal into the higher. It is true that to a certain extent the negro can be improved by admixture of blood with the white race. The mulatto is generally more intelligent than the full-blooded negro, and the quadroon and octoroon make still further advances in the scale of humanity; but even this intermixture of blood can only be carried to a definable limit. Nature is inexorable in punishing infractions of her laws. The white and the black may intermarry, but the decree of ultimate barrenness is the penalty pronounced upon the hybrid race—a penalty that is certain to be exacted in the fourth generation. After that time the unnatural plant dies out, and nature vindicates her own intention to suffer no permanent amalgamation. As a pure black the negro may live and multiply, but not otherwise. And as a pure black his history is the same in all ages. Left to himself, and without white control and guidance, he forgets

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e faction in the North that,
political purpose, and the re-
n of power in its own hands,
to neutralise or swamp the
of the Southern whites by
rring the fullest political fran-
upon the ignorant blacks, has
al love for the race it professes
sire to elevate. Its policy is
ed not by affection for the
, but by democratic hatred for
former master of slaves, whom
siders—and perhaps not alto-
r erroneously—to be of neces-
an aristocrat. But the great
of the American people, even
assachusetts, treat the negro
aversion. Ultra-democratic in
cal theory, they become social
crats whenever it becomes a
ion of race and colour. The
man in New England, *quoad*
black man, is as much of an
crat in heart and feeling as
Duke of Broadacres is in Eng-
quoad his footman or his shoe-
. The negro is in no State of the
nion a full citizen, in right of
manhood, as the white man is.
me States he is absolutely ex-
d from all political right and
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black. In others he is allowed
e if he have a certain money
ication not necessary in the
man's case. In most, if not
all, of what were once called the
"free States," he is excluded from
the jury-box. In none of the States
has a black man ever been elected
to a judgeship, a governorship, or a
orship, or been chosen a rep-
ntative of the people in Con-
or the local legislature. There
ever a black clerk in the Cus-
louse or the Post-Office, or
a black keeper of a lighthouse,
which appointments the Gov-
ent of the day possess the
nage. Black men in New Eng-
land, New York, the Middle States,
the Far West must not show
the theatres,

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and in some cities they must not ride in the omnibuses. It has been found impossible to prohibit them from travelling on the rail, but on many lines there is a negro-car, reserved exclusively for the use of these coloured pariahs. A recent case—that of a very respectable and worthy negro, who keeps a restaurant and ice-cream saloon at New Brighton, in Staten Island—shows a still more unworthy mode of oppression against the race. This "coloured gentleman," one of the aristocracy of his people, was travelling, during the heats of last summer, in a car on one of the New York railways, when he had occasion, as his white companions had, to go to the ice-pitcher for a drink of water. The conductor in charge of the train forbade his drinking. The water was for white people, not for blacks. It was thought apparently that the touch of a negro's lips would be pollution to the tin can from which others drank, and that the stain could not be washed out, any more than that on Lady Macbeth's hand, by all the water of the ocean. This negro, though unable to read or write, had influence enough with some one who could, to procure the publication of a statement of the case in some of the newspapers: but all the satisfaction he got from the railway officials whose conduct he impugned was the assertion, that he he had been generously treated in being allowed a seat in the car; and that the next time he attempted to travel on that line, he would either be excluded altogether, put into the cattle-truck, or locked up by himself. In some of the Western States, Indiana among the number, a negro is not allowed to settle, or even to enter without satisfactory proof to the proper authorities at the frontier, or the nearest town to it, that he only intends to pass through, and that he has money enough to pay his way while he remains in the prohibited territory. In all menial offices, the negro is not only tolerated but approved of; but if he presume to step out of his sphere and claim either social or political fellowship with the dominant race, he speedily finds to his sorrow that he has made a mistake. The 'Tribune,' edited very ably, zealously, and honestly by Mr. Horace Greeley, and the 'Independent,' a religious paper lately edited by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and now by the Rev. Theodore Tilton, may each, to the full scope of their will, knowledge, and earnestness, advocate the cause of the negro—assert his complete social and political, as well as legal equality with the white man—and maintain, as the latter once did, that the blood of the white race would be greatly improved by the admixture with that of the black; but if either of these influential editors ventured to carry his preaching into practice so far as to employ a black compositor in his composing-rooms, or a black pressman at his printing-presses, the whole of his white workmen would immediately strike work and leave the premises, even though the ruin of their employers might be the result. The same principles that lead workmen in England and Scotland to establish trades-unions, lead the working classes in America to combine against the negro. They not only despise and look down upon him as an inferior, on account of his colour, but they dread his competition in the labour-market; for they know that his necessities—and, it may be added, the smaller number of his wants—render him willing to work for smaller wages than the whites. The newly-arrived Irish—as well as those of older standing, who have no means of living but by the comparatively unskilled labour of their hands, and with whom, in consequence, the negroes come into more intimate competition than with any other class—are for this reason particularly hostile to the "niggers," or, as they mostly pronounce the word, the "naygurs." During the anti-conscription riots

in New York in the summer of 1863, this animosity of the Iri against the negro was frigh exhibited. Poor inoffensive u men, unaware of the com and quietly passing along the in the exercise of their ordinary business, were bruised and beaten to death, stoned to death, shot, stabbed, and hung to lamp-posts, amid the exultations of a fiendish multitude, nine-tenths of whom were Irishmen and Irishwomen. If the rioters had had a leader—which they fortunately had not—or had such leader possessed the art of directing and organising the populace, there is much reason to believe that the antagonism of race—of which cool philosophers in their closets, and hot preachers in their pulpits, sometimes deny the existence—would have received another proof of its vitality as horrible as that of St. Domingo, and with the added shame, that the aggressors were the stronger, and not the weaker race. So ineradicable is the feeling, that many eminent native-born Americans, who hate the Irish politically as much as they dislike the negroes socially, were sorry that the riots did not extend all over the country, in order, as they said, that every Irishman in America might have killed a nigger, and be hung for it.

There have been slave-owners in the South as conscientiously convinced as any abolitionist or black-republican in the North that slavery was a crime; and who proved their faith by their works, and emancipated their slaves, either during their own lives, or by express testamentary order after their death. Among others, the celebrated Virginian, John Randolph of Roanoke, by his will freed his four hundred slaves, and left sufficient money to purchase a tract of sixteen thousand acres of fine arable land in Ohio, to be divided among the four hundred in farms of forty acres each. The well-meant experi-

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ding whites, and partly on
of the natural incapacity of
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A more recent instance that occurred within a year in Philadelphia—the City of Brotherly Love, the home and hotbed of American humanitarianism, and of many other "isms" that have charms for people who think they are immeasurably wiser and better than all the rest of the human race—will show how deeply rooted are the prejudices entertained against the black race by those who would on no account enslave, or suffer others to enslave, a n o. A respectable mulatto, poss ng some of the virtues of thrift, prudence, and industry, inherited along with his white blood, was ov ner of a lot of two acres in the close vicinity of the city. He turned his ground into a market-garden, and, from the produce of potatoes, cabbages, tomatoes, and other vegetables, managed to support himself and family. By degrees the city grew his garden,

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and in process of time the municipality found it necessary to cut a street directly through the property. Houses sprang up on every side; his garden was destroyed, and he was no longer able to make the produce of the severed portions pay for his time and labour. Under the circumstances, he was advised, as the ground was valuable for building purposes, to borrow money upon it, and erect houses. In an evil hour he acted upon the suggestion, and borrowed money at the current rate of 7 per cent. But when his houses were completed, he found that no one would tenant them. It was too degrading for any respectable white man to have a black man for his landlord. As a last resource, to find means to pay the interest on his loan, he reduced the rents below the usual average, and succeeded in letting a few of them to the lowest order of Irish emigrants. These very speedily gave the place a disreputable character; and, what perhaps was quite as bad, they obstinately refused to pay any rent. The result was, after a short time, that the mortgagees entered into possession, cleared out the bad Irish tenants, and handed over to the poor mulatto the value of the property, after settlement of the mortgage bonds, to begin the world afresh.

Were it necessary, scores, if not hundreds, of instances as strong as these could be cited to show the social ban and excommunication under which the free negro labours whenever he attempts to enter into competition or close companionship with the whites, but from which the negro did not suffer when in bondage to his master. "I am very much attached to my horse," said an ex-slave-owner, "but if the animal could speak, and insisted upon sleeping in my parlour or library, instead of in the stable, I am very certain that my attachment would speedily change into aversion. So it is with the negro. Europeans do not understand him: we of the South do. In his place, and under control, we respect, and often have a sincere regard for him. He is useful, faithful, and affectionate. He lies and steals, it is true, and would be lazy if he durst; but a kindly despotism corrects some of his evil, and brings out all his good, qualities. But in freedom he is, with rare exceptions, as useless to himself as to society, and will end by becoming a public nuisance."

These opinions may be due to prejudice, but American statesmen and British philanthropists — the one interested practically, and the other theoretically, in the subject — will do well to study the facts of daily occurrence in the United States which bear on the condition of the freed negroes. Will these men, so lately slaves, and still so ignorant of the responsibilities and the duties of freedom, consent, as white men do, to work for wages? and will they conscientiously and faithfully earn the wages for which they work? Upon the answer which Time shall give to these questions depends not alone the status, but the fate of the negro in America. If Time reply in the affirmative, the political rights which spiteful abolitionists would bestow upon him in the South, and withhold from him in the North, will follow in due course. The honest, hard-working man will enjoy the privilege of a vote, irrespective of his colour; though whether the black man will ever achieve his social equality with the white, which bitter Northern clergymen and philosophers, and silly spinsters, talk so much about, but never vindicate by their practice or example, is a matter of much less importance, and on which it is scarcely worth while even to speculate. At present the aspect of the negro labour question is not favourable. The freed slaves look, for the most part, upon field-labour with distaste, and associate it with the task-master from whose clutches they have been delivered. They flock into

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the great cities, which they seem greatly to prefer to the rice-swamp, the cotton-field, and the sugar-press, by their labour in which they added to the wealth of the world, and seek employment as coach-drivers, lockmen and waiters—all very useful avocations, no doubt, but the exercise of which adds nothing to the national resources. Washington swarms with them, Baltimore is encumbered with them, Richmond brims over with them, Charleston and New Orleans are at their wit's end to know what to do with them. Were it only the young and able-bodied of both sexes who pressed upon the resources of these cities, the evil, though flagrant, might admit of alleviation, if not of thorough remedy; but when the aged and infirm, and the helpless children of this unhappy race, deprived by the course of war of the protection on which they relied, and in the absence of which they have nothing to depend upon but the charity of white people, who know them not, and who, themselves ruined by the sword and the torch of an unholy conflict, have too little left for their own support to have anything to bestow upon the race whose status was the pretext of strife, the case becomes one of all but hopeless difficulty, perplexity, and misery. To these people liberty and the grave speedily become one and the same blessing. Typhus and small-pox, aggravated by filth and famine, make short work of the black man, and relieve overburdened charity of a task, which charity may have the will, but has not the means or the power, to perform. It has been calculated that at least five hundred thousand white men lost their lives in the late war for the preservation of a Union, that is not worth a straw if it be not a union of heart, interest and mutual respect; and that at least twice, if not three times, that number of black men, women, and children, have been sacrificed, not

in the ... and the treaches
... but in the swamp, the
...e, the hospital, and the bar
... of crowded cities, where they
... miserably perished—in fre-
... it is true, but in the freedom
... ndly death and the hospitable
...

...e thing is clear, slavery is
...—gone at one great blow, gone
...ver, not to be revived, either in
... or in spirit, banished from
... minds of all English-speaking
...—and restricted to Spain and
..., among Christian nations,
...e it exists with diminished vi-
... and is sentenced, there can be
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...hen the hour is ripe for the
...mmation. But if the fact of
...leath of slavery in the South
...ear, it is equally clear, in view
...e necessities both of the South-
... and the Northern people, and
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... world, that the free negro
... conform himself to the great
... paramount law of civilisation
... the white man, he must work
...e. He cannot be allowed to
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...rs to prey on the industry of
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...o form hotbeds of filth and
fever in the great cities, nor to be-
come either a moral or a physical
burden upon the community. Those
who know most of the negro, who
understand his character best, and
who have the greatest liking for him,
as the only agricultural labourer
who can thrive amid the malaria
of the rice-fields, or the heats of
the cotton plantations, declare that
his wants are so few that he will
... work systematically for wages,
... that he will cultivate a little
... for bare subsistence, squatting
upon other men's lands. It is not
probable that the Southern land-

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owners will consent to be thus overrun and dispossessed by a prolific race of black paupers, or that if the negroes, not being purchasers of land, shall take forcible possession of it, a new war between white and black in the South will not be the result. If a system of apprenticeship to labour, or some modified form of serfdom, such as that recommended by General Banks for Louisiana, be not established, there will only be two modes left to settle the stupendous difficulty. The first is that which has been adopted with regard to the aborigines of America—EXTERMINATION, gradual, but sure. The second is the establishment of a POOR-LAW that shall act upon the fundamental and essential axiom, that no strong able-bodied man is entitled to live upon the charity of the community, that he who would eat must work, that labour is a sacred duty; and that any man, whatever his race or colour, unable or unwilling to support himself except by beggary and vagrancy, or by breach of the eighth commandment, shall be held to labour, whether he like it or not; and that if the nature of the negro is such that many thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of them be found throughout the South in this condition, unable to appreciate or turn to account the freedom too suddenly thrown upon them, such thousands, or hundreds of thousands, or millions, whatever their number may be, shall in their several parishes and townships, and by the strong arm of the recognised authorities—civil, if the refractory paupers be few; military, if they are many—be organised into labour companies, and compelled to earn their subsistence. The question under any aspect is one that threatens to try men's souls before it receives a final and satisfactory solution. In the meanwhile the indications are but too palpable, that the sudden abolition of slavery is no boon to the slave, but a disruption of old ties, fraught with evil consequences to all concerned, and most of all to the unhappy negroes.

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SIR BROOK FOSB ROOKE.

PART XII.

CHAPTER XLV.—THE ESS SHORES.

THEY who only know the sho w all is dim and silent and
of the Mediterranean in the winter bless, as suddenly as though
months, and have but enjoyed the an enchanter's wand had waved and
contrast—and what a contrast!— wor ed the miracle.
between our inky skies and rain- In a little bay—rather a cleft in
charged atmosphere with that glori- the shore than a bay—bounded by
ous expanse of blue heaven and t r and backed by a steep moun-
air of exciting el – . I overgrown with stunted olives,
say, can still have no a small cottage—so very small
the real ecstasy of life in a southern t looked rather like a toy house
climate till they have experienced a a human dwelling, a resem-
summer beside the tideless sea. e added to now as the win-
Nothing is more striking in these s lay wide open, and all the in-
regions than the completeness of the was a blaze of light from two
change from day to night. It . All was still and silent with-
not alone the rapidity with which in; o human being was to be seen,
darkness succeeds—and in this our nor ns there a sign of life about
delicious twilight is ever to be re- the lace: for it was the only
gretted; what I speak of is the mar- d ing on the eastern shore of
vellous transition from the world t land, and that island was Mal-
of sights and sounds to the world a off Sardinia.
of unbroken silence and dimness. In a little nook among the rocks
In the day the whole air rings with close to the sea, sat Tom and Lucy
life. The flowers flaunt out their Lendrick. They held hands, but
gorgeous petals, not timidly or re- were silent; for they had come
luctantly, but with the bold confi- down into the darkness to muse
dence of admitted beauty. The and ponder, and drink in the deli-
buds unfold beneath your very cious tranquillity of that calm hour.
eyes, the rivulets sing in the clear Lucy had now been above a week
air, and myriads of insects chirp on the island, and every day Tom
till the atmosphere seems to be made progress towards recovery.
charged with vitality. This in- She knew exactly, and as none
tense vitality is the striking char- other knew, what amount of care
acteristic of the scene; and it is to and nursing he would accept of
this that night succeeds, grand, sol- without resistance—where compan-
emn, and silent, at first to all seem- ionship would gratify and where
ing in unrelieved blackness, but oppress him; she knew, besides,
soon to be displayed in a glorious ex- when to leave him to the full swing
panse of darkest, deepest blue, with of his own wild discursive talk, and
stars of surpassing size. To make never to break in upon his moods of
this change more effective, too, it is silent reflection.
instantaneous. It was but a mo- For upwards of half an hour they
ment back, and you were gazing on had at thus without a word, when
the mountain peaks bathed in an T suddenly turning round, and lo g towards the cottage, said,
opal lustre, the cicala making the air "Lu this the very sort of thing we
vibrate with his song; a soft sea- used to i and wish for long
breeze was blowing, and stirring the ago, Lucy?
oranges amongst the leaves: and

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"It was just what was passing through my mind. I was thinking how often we longed to have one of the islands on Lough Dergh, and to go and live there all by ourselves."

"We never dreamed of anything so luxurious as this, though. We knew nothing of limes and oranges, Lucy. We never fancied such a starry sky, or an air so loaded with perfume. I declare," cried he, with more energy, "it repays one for all the disappointment, to come and taste the luxury of such a night as this."

"And what is the disappointment you speak of, Tom?"

"I mean about our project—that blessed mine, by which we were to have amassed a fortune, and which has only yielded lead enough to shoot ourselves with."

"I never suspected that," said she, with a sigh.

"Of course you never did; nor am I in a great hurry to tell it even now. I'd not whisper it if Sir Brook were on the same island with us. Do you know, girl, that he resents a word against the mine as if it was a stain upon his own honour. For a while I used to catch up his enthusiasm, and think if we only go on steadily, if we simply persist, we are sure to succeed in the end. But when week after week rolled over, and not a trace of a mineral appeared—when the very workmen said we were toiling in vain—when I felt half ashamed to meet the jeering questions of the neighbours, and used to skulk up to the shaft by a backway,—he remarked it, and said to me one morning, 'I am afraid, Tom, it is your sense of loyalty to me that keeps you here, and not your hope of success. Be frank, and tell me if this be so.' I blundered out something about my determination to share his fate, whatever it might be, and would have been lucky if I had stopped there; but I went on to say that I thought the mine was an arrant delusion, and that the sooner we turned our backs on it, and addressed our energies to another quarter, the better. 'You think so?' said he, looking almost fiercely at me. 'I am certain of it,' said I, decisively; for I thought the moment had come when a word of truth could do him good service. He went out without speaking, and instead of going to Lavanna, where the mine is, he went over to Cagliari, and only came home late at night. The next morning, while we were taking our coffee before setting out, he said to me, 'Don't strap on your knapsack to-day. I don't mean you should come down into the shaft again.' 'How so?' asked I; 'what have I said or done that could offend you? 'Nothing, my dear boy,' said he, laying his hand on my shoulder; 'but I cannot bear you should meet this dreary life of toil without the one thing that can lighten its gloom—Hope. I have managed, therefore, to raise a small sum on the mine; for,' said he, with a sly laugh, 'there are men in Cagliari who don't take the despondent view you have taken of it; and I have written to my old friend at the Horse Guards to give you a commission, and you shall go and be a soldier.' 'And leave you here, sir, all alone?' 'Far from alone, lad. I have that companion which you tell me never joined *you*. I have Hope with *me*.' 'Then I'll stay too, sir, and try if he'll not give me his company yet. At all events, I shall have *yours;* and there is nothing I know that could recompense me for the loss of it.' It was not very easy to turn him from his plan, but I insisted so heartily—for I'd have stayed on now, if it were to have entailed a whole life of poverty—that he gave in at last; and from that hour to this, not a word of other than agreement has passed between us. For my own part, I began to work with a will, and a determination that I never felt before; and perhaps I overtaxed my

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strength, for I caught this fever by remaining till the heavy dews began to fall, and in this climate it is always a danger."

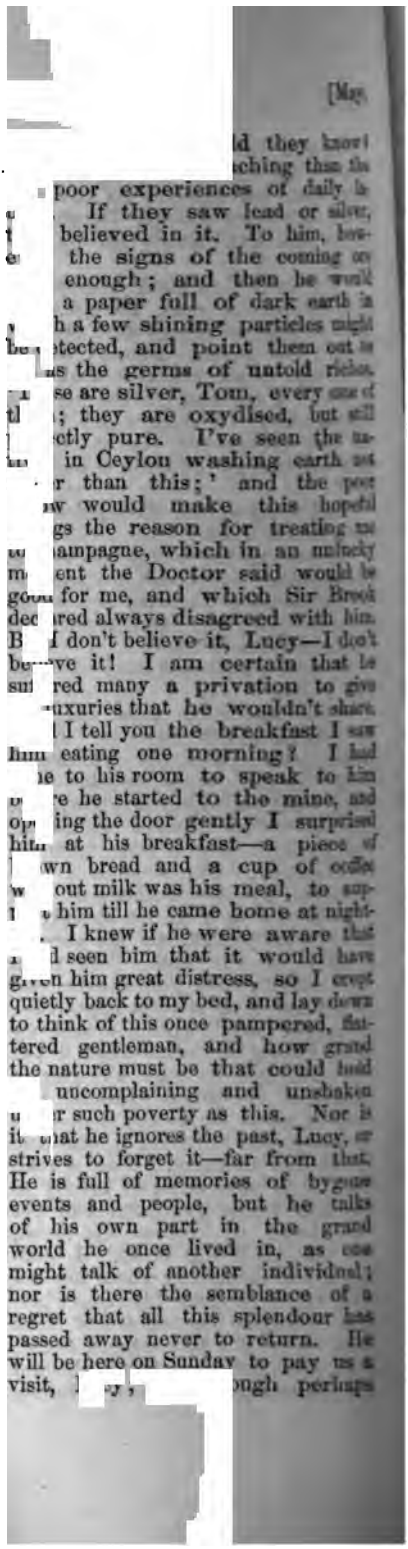
"And the mine, Tom—did it grow better?"

"Not a bit. I verily believe we never saw ore from that day. We got upon yellow clay, and lower down upon limestone rock, and th upon water; and we are pumping away yet, and old Sir Brook is just as much interested by the decrease of the water as if he saw a silver flood beneath it. 'We've got eight inches less this morning, Tom; we are doing famously now.' I declare to you, Lucy, when I saw his fine cheery look and bright honest eye, I thought how far better this man's fancies are than the hard facts of other people; and I'd rather have his great nature than all the wealth success could bring us."

"My own dear brother!" was all she could say, as she grasped h hand, and held it with both her ow u.

"The worst of all is, that in the infatuation he feels about this mining project he forgets everything else. Letters come to him from agents and men of business asking for speedy answers; some occasionally come to tell that funds upon which he had reckoned to meet certain payments have been withdrawn from his banker long since. When he reads these, he ponders a moment, and mutters, 'The old story, I suppose. It is so easy to write Brook Fossbrooke;' and then the whole seems to pass out of his mind, and he'll say, 'Come along, Tom, we must push matters a little; I'll want some coin by the end of the month.'

"When I grew so weak that I couldn't go to the mine, the accounts he used to give me daily made me think we must be prospering. He would come back every night so cheery and so hopeful, and his eyes would sparkle as he'd tell of a bright vein that they'd just 'struck.' He owned that the men were less san-



d they knew
iching that th
poor experiences of daily l
If they saw lead or silver,
believed in it. To him, hov
the signs of the coming or
enough; and then he would
a paper full of dark earth i
h a few shining particles might
tected, and point them out a
s the germs of untold riche
se are silver, Tom, every one of
; they are oxydised, but still
ctly pure. I've seen the na
in Ceylon washing earth no
r than this;' and the poo
w would make this hopeful
gs the reason for treating m
ampagne, which in an unlucky
ent the Doctor said would be
for me, and which Sir Brook
red always disagreed with him.
I don't believe it, Lucy—I don't
ve it! I am certain that he
red many a privation to give
uxuries that he wouldn't share.
I tell you the breakfast I saw
eating one morning? I had
e to his room to speak to him
e he started to the mine, and
ing the door gently I surprised
at his breakfast—a piece of
wn bread and a cup of coffee
out milk was his meal, to sup
him till he came home at night.
I knew if he were aware that
seen him that it would have
given him great distress, so I crept
quietly back to my bed, and lay down
to think of this once pampered, flattered gentleman, and how grand
the nature must be that could bear
uncomplaining and unshaken
r such poverty as this. Nor is
it that he ignores the past, Lucy, or
strives to forget it—far from that.
He is full of memories of bygone
events and people, but he talks
of his own part in the grand
world he once lived in, as one
might talk of another individual;
nor is there the semblance of a
regret that all this splendour has
passed away never to return. He
will be here on Sunday to pay us a
visit, I
ough perhaps

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you'll find him sadly changed in appearance, you'll see that his fine nature is the same as ever."

"And will he persist in this project, Tom, in spite of all failure, and in defiance of hope?"

"That's the very point I'm puzzled about. If he decide to go on, so must I. I'll not leave him, whatever come of it."

"No, no, Tom; that I know you will not do."

"His confidence of success is unshaken. It was only t'other night, as we sat at a very frugal supper, he said, 'You'll remember all this, Tom, one of these days; and as you sip your burgundy, you'll tell your friends how jolly we thought ourselves over our little acid wine and an onion.' I did not dare to say what was uppermost in my thoughts, that I disbelieved in the burgundy era."

"It would have been cruel to have done it."

"He had the habit, he tells me, in his days of palmiest prosperity, of going off by himself on foot, and wandering about for weeks, roughing it amongst all sorts of people—gipsies, miners, charcoal-burners in the German forests, and suchlike. He said, without something of this sort, he would have grown to believe that all the luxuries he lived amongst were *bona fide* necessities of life. He was afraid, too, he said, they would become part of him; for his theory is, never let your belongings master your own nature."

"There is great romance in such a man."

"Ah! there you have it, Lucy; that's the key to his whole temperament; and I'd not be surprised if he had been crossed in some early love."

"Would that account for all his capricious ways?" said she, smiling.

"My own experiences can tell me nothing; but I have a sister who could perhaps help me to an explanation. Eh, Lucy? What think you?"

She tried to laugh off the theme, but the attempt only half succeeded, and she turned away her head to hide her confusion.

Tom took her hand between his own, and patted it affectionately.

"I want no confessions, my own dear Lucy," said he, gently; "but if there is anything which, for your own happiness or for my honour, I ought to know, you will tell me of it, I am certain."

"There is nothing," said she, with a faint gasp.

"And you would tell me if there had been?"

She nodded her head, but did not trust herself to speak.

"And grandpapa, Lucy?" said he, trying to divert her thoughts from what he saw was oppressing her; "has he forgiven me yet? or does he still harp on about my presumption and self-sufficiency?"

"He is more forgiving than you think, Tom," said she, smiling.

"I am not so sure of that. He wrote me a long letter some time back—a sort of lecture on the faults and shortcomings of my disposition, in which he clearly showed, that if I had all the gifts which my own self-confidence ascribed to me, and a score more that I never dreamed of, they would go for nothing—absolutely nothing, so long as they were allied with my unparalleled—no, he didn't call it impudence, but something very near it. He told me that men of my stamp were like the people who traded on credit, and always cut a sorry figure when their accounts came to be audited, and, perhaps to stave off the hour of my bankruptcy, he enclosed me fifty pounds."

"So like him!" said she, proudly.

"I suppose it was. Indeed, as I read his note, I thought I heard him talking it. There was an acrid flippancy about it that smacked of his very voice."

"Oh Tom, I will not let you say that."

"I'll think it all the same, Lucy. His letter brought him back to my

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mind so palpably, that I thought I stood there before him on that morning when he delivered that memorable discourse on my character after luncheon."

"Did you reply to him?"

"Yes, I replied," said he, with a dry sententiousness that ended as though he wished the drop.

"Do tell me what you said. I hope you took it in good part. I am sure you could not have shown any resentment at his remarks."

"No; I rather think I showed great forbearance. I simply said, 'My dear Lord Chief Baron, I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, of which I accept everything but the enclosure.—I am, faithfully yours.'"

"And refused his gift?"

"Of course I did. The good counsel without the money, or the last without the counsel, would have been all very well; but coming together, in what a false position the offer placed me! I remember that same day we happened to have an unusually meagre dinner, but I drank the old man's health after it in some precious bad wine; and Sir Brook, who knew nothing about the letter, joined in the toast, and pronounced a very pretty little eulogium on his vigour and energy; and thus ended the whole incident."

"If you only knew him better, Tom! if you knew him as I know him!"

Tom shrugged his shoulders, and merely said, "It was nicely done, though, not to tell *you* about this. There was delicacy in *that*."

Lucy went on now to relate all his kind intentions towards Tom when the news of his illness arrived—how he had conferred with Beattie about sending out a doctor, and how, at such a sacrifice to his own daily habits, he had agreed that she should come out to Cagliari. "And you don't know how much this cost him, Master Tom," said she, laughing; "for however little

store by my company
he prizes it highly,
I promise you; and there
was another reason which
hed against his letting me
out here—he has got some
d prejudice against Sir Brook.
ll it absurd, because I have
to find out to what to trace
nd could not; but a chance
ession or two that fell from
Sewell leads me to suppose
impression was derived from
."
don't believe he knows the
lls. I never heard him speak of
. I'll ask when he comes over.
By the way, how do you like
yourself?"
scarcely know. I liked her at
that is, I thought I should like
and I fancied, too, it was for
that I might—but——"
But what? What does this 'but'
?"
t means that she has puzzled me,
and my hope of liking her depends
on my discovering that I have mis-
rstood her."
That's a riddle, if ever there was
one! but I suppose it comes to this,
that if you have read her aright you
do not like her."
"I wish I could show you a letter
she wrote me."
"And why can't you?"
"I don't think I can tell you even
that, Tom."
"What a mysterious damsel you
have grown! Does this come of
your living with that great law lord,
Lucy? If so, tell him from me he
has spoiled you sadly. How frank
you were long ago!"
"That is true," said she, sighing.
"How I wish we could go back
to that time, with all its dreaminess and all its castle-building.
Do you remember, Lu, when we
used to set off of a morning in the
boat on a voyage of discovery as
we called it, and find out new
islands and new creeks, and give
them names?"
"Do I not! om, were we

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not a thousand times happier then than we knew we were?"

"That's a bit of a bull, Lucy, but it's true all the same. I know all you mean, and I agree with you."

"If we had troubles, what light ones they were!"

"Ay, that's true. We were not grubbing for lead in those days, and finding only quartz; and our poor hearts, Lucy, were whole enough then." He gave a half malicious laugh as he said this; but, correcting himself quickly, he drew her towards him and said, "Don't be angry with me, dear Lu; you know of old what a reckless tongue I've got."

"Was that thunder, Tom? There it is again. What is it?"

"That's a storm getting up. It's coming from the south'ard. See how the drift is flying overhead, and all the while the sea beneath is like a mill-pond! Watch the stars now, and you'll see how, one by one, they will drop out, as if extinguished; and mark the little plash—it is barely audible—that begins upon the beach. There! did you hear that—that rushing sound like wind through the trees? That's the sea getting up. How I wish I was strong enough to stay out here. I'd like to show you a 'Levanter,' girl—a regular bit of Southern passion, not increasing slowly, like our Northern wrath, but bursting out in its full fury in an instant. Here it comes!" and as he spoke, two claps of thunder shook the air, followed by a long clattering roll like musketry, and the sea, upheaving, surged heavily hither and thither, while the air was still and calm; and then, as though let loose from their caverns, the winds swept past with a wild shrill whistle that swelled into a perfect roar. The whole surface of the sea became at once white, and the wind, sweeping across the crests of the waves, carried away a blinding drift that added to the darkness. The thunder, too, rolled on unceasingly, and great flashes of lightning broke through the blackness, and displayed tall masts and spars of ships far out to sea, rocking fearfully, and in the next instant lost to sight in the dense darkness.

"Here comes the rain, and we must run for it," said Tom, as a few heavy drops fell. A solemn pause in the storm ensued, and then, as though the very sky was rent, the water poured down in cataracts. Laughing merrily, they made for the cottage, and though but a few yards off, were drenched thoroughly ere they reached it.

"It's going to be a terrific night," said Tom, as he passed from window to window, looking to the bars and fastenings. "The great heat always brings one of the Levant storms, and the fishermen here know it so well, that on seeing certain signs at sunset they draw up all their boats on shore, and even secure the roofs of their cabins with strong spars and stones.

"I hope poor old Nicholas is safe by this time. Could he have reached Cagliari by this?" said Lucy.

"Yes, he is snug enough. The old rogue is sitting at his supper this minute, cursing the climate, and the wine, and the place, and the day he came to it."

"Come, Tom! I think he bears everything better than I expected."

"Bears everything better! Why, child, what has he to bear that you and I have not to bear? Is there one privation here that falls to his share without coming to us?"

"And what would be the value of that good blood you are so proud of, Tom, if it would not make us as proof against petty annoyances as against big dangers?"

"I declare time and place make no change on you. You are the same disputatious damsel here that you used to be beside the Shannon. Have I not told you scores of times

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you must never quote what one has once said, when it comes in opposition to a present opinion?"

"But if I cease to quote you, Tom, whence am I to derive those maxims of wisdom I rely upon so implicitly?"

"Take care, young lady—take care," said he, shaking his finger at her. "Every fort has its weak side. If you assail me by the brain, I may attack you at the

be then, eh!"
face and neck
crimson, she tried to laugh;
though her lips parted, no
came forth, and after a
d or two of struggle, she
"Good-night!" and rushed
away.

"Good-night, Lu," cried he after
"Look well to your window-
hings, or you'll be blown away
e morning."

CHAPTER XLVI.—A LEVANTER.

The storm raged fearfully during the night, and the sea rose to a height that made many believe some earthquake had occurred in one of the islands near. Old trees that resisted the gales of former hurricanes were uprooted, and the swollen streams tore down amongst the fallen timber, adding to the clamour of the elements and increasing the signs of desolation and ruin that abounded.

It was, as Tom called it, a "regular Levanter," one of those storms which in a brief twenty-four hours can do the work of years in destruction and change.

Amongst the group of fishermen who crouched under a rock on the shore, sad predictions were uttered as to the fate of such as were at sea that night, and the disasters of bygone years were recalled, and the story of a Russian liner that was lost off Spartivento, and the Spanish admiral who was wrecked on the rocks of Melissa, were told with all the details eyewitnesses could impart to them.

"Those fellows have driven me half distracted, Lucy," said Tom, as he came in wet and dripping, "with their tales of shipwreck; and one of them declares that he saw a large paddle-wheel steamer under English colours drifting to the south'ard this morning, perfectly helpless and unmanageable. I wish I could get over to Cagliari, and hear tidings of her."

"Of course that is impossible," said she, with a shudder.

"So they tell me. They say there's not a boat in the island would live five minutes in that sea."

"And the gale seems increasing too."

"So it does. They say, just before the storm ends it blows its hardest at the finish, and then as suddenly as it burst forth."

By noon the gale began to decline, the sun burst out, and the sea gradually subsided, and in a few hours the swollen torrents changed to tiny rivulets, clear as crystal. The birds were singing in the trees, and the whole landscape, like a newly washed picture, came out in clearer and brighter colour than ever. Nor was it easy to believe that the late hurricane had ever existed, so little trace of it could be seen on that rocky island.

A little before sunset a small "latiner" rounded the point and stood in towards the little bay. She had barely wind enough to carry her along, and was fully an hour in sight before she anchored. As it was evident she was a Cagliari boat, Tom was all impatient for her news, and went on board of her at once. The skipper handed him a letter from Sir Brook, saying, "I was to give you this, sir, and say I was at your orders." Tom broke the seal, but before he had read half-a-dozen lines, he cried out, "All right! shove me on in to me in

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an hour. By that time I'll tell you what I decide on."

"Here's great news, Lucy," cried he. "The Cadmus troop-ship has put into Cagliari disabled, foremast lost, one paddle-wheel carried away, all the boats smashed, but her Majesty's —th safe and sound, Colonel Cave very jolly, and Major Trafford, if you have heard of such a person, wild with joy at the disaster of being shipwrecked."

"Oh, Tom, do be serious. What is it at all?" said she, as, pale with anxiety, she caught his arm to steady herself.

"Here's the despatch—read it yourself if you won't believe me. This part here is all about the storm and the other wrecks; but here, this is the important part, in your eyes at least."

"Cave is now with me up here, and Trafford is to join us to-night. The ship cannot possibly be fit for sea before ten days to come, and the question is, Shall we go over and visit you, or will you and Lucy come here? One or other of these courses it must be, and it is for you to decide which suits you best. You know as well as myself what a sorry place this is to ask dear Lucy to come to, but on the other hand I know nothing as to the accommodation your cottage offers. For my own part it does not signify; I can sleep on board any craft that takes me over; but have you room for the soldiers?—I mean, Cave and Trafford. I have no doubt they will be easily put up; and if they could be consulted, would rather bivouac under the olives than not come. At all events, let the boat bring yourselves, or the invitation for us,—and at once, for the impatience of one here (I am too discreet to particularise) is pushing my own endurance to its limits."

"Now, Lucy, what's it to be? Decide quickly, for the skipper will be here soon for his answer."

"I declare I don't know, Tom," said she, faltering at every word; "the cottage is very small, the way we live here very simple: I scarcely think it possible we can ask any one to be a guest——"

"So that you opine we ought to go over to Cagliari?" burst he in.

"I think *you* ought, Tom, certainly," said she, still more faintly.

"I see," said he, dryly, "you'll not be afraid of being left alone here?"

"No, not in the least," said she, and her voice was now a mere whisper, and she swayed slightly back and forward like one about to faint.

"Such being the case," resumed Tom, "what you advise strikes me as admirable. I can make your apologies to old Sir Brook. I can tell him, besides, that you had scruples on the propriety—there may be Mrs. Grundys at Cagliari, who would be shocked, you know; and then, if you should get on here comfortably, and not feel it too lonely, why, perhaps, I might be able to stay with them till they sail."

She tried to mutter a Yes, but her lips moved without a sound.

"So that is settled, eh?" cried he, looking full at her.

She nodded, and then turned away her head.

"What an arrant little hypocrite it is!" said he, drawing his arm around her waist; "and with all the will in the world to deceive, what a poor actress! My child, I know your heart is breaking this very moment at my cruelty, my utter barbarity, and if you had only the courage you'd tell me I was a beast!"

"Oh! Tom—oh! dear Tom," said she, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Dear Tom, of course, when there's no help for it. And this is a specimen of the candour and frankness you promised me!"

"But, Tom," said she, faltering at every word, "it is not—as you think; it is not as you believe."

"What is not as I believe?" said he, quickly.

"I mean," added she, li with shame and confusion, re no more—that it's over—all o And, unable to endure lo burst into tears, and l face between her hands.

"My own dear, dear sister," said he, pressing her to his side, "why have you not told me of this before?"

"I could not, I could not," sobbed she.

"One word more, Lu, and only one. Who was in fault? I mean, darling, was this *your* doing or *his*?"

"Neither, Tom; at least I think so. I believe that some deceit was practised—some treachery; but I don't know what, nor how. In fact, it is all a mystery to me; and my misery makes it none the clearer."

"Tell me, at least, whatever you know."

"I will bring you the letter," said she, disengaging herself from him.

"And did he write to you?" asked he, fiercely.

"No; *he* did not write—from *him* I have heard nothing."

She rushed out of the room as she spoke, leaving Tom in a state of wild bewilderment. Few as were the minutes of her absence, the interval to him seemed like an age of torture and doubt. Weak, and broken by illness, his fierce spirit was nothing the less bold and defiant; and over and over, as he waited there, he swore to himself to bring Trafford to a a severe reckoning if he found that he had wronged his sister.

'How noble of her to hide all this sorrow from me, because she saw my suffering! What a fine nature! And it is with hearts like these fellows trifle and tamper, till they end by breaking them! Poor thing! might it not be better to leave her in the delusion of thinking him not a scoundrel, than to denounce and brand him?"

ited and delib-
ed
he entered the
ro . Her look was now calm and
posed, but her face was livid
and her very lips bloodless.
m," said she, gravely, "I don't
I would let you see this le
but for one reason, which is
it will convince you that you
no cause of quarrel whatever
him."
Give it to me—let me read it,"
he in impatiently; "I have
ner taste nor temper for my
riddles—leave me to find my
own road through this labyrinth."
"Shall I leave you alone, Tom!"
she, timidly, as she handed him
letter.
"Yes, do so. I think all the
ter when there's none by me."
turned his back to the light a
he sat down, and began the letter.
"I believe I ought to tell you
fi ," said she, as she stood with
hand on the lock of the door,
circumstances under which
was written."
"Tell me nothing whatever—let
me grope out my own road;" and
now she moved away and left him.

He read the letter from beginning to end, and then re-read it. He saw there were many allusions to which he had no clue; but there was a tone in it which there was no mistaking, and that tone was treachery. The way in which the writer deprecated all possible criticism of her life, at the outset showed how sensitive she was to such remark, and how conscious of being open to it. Tom knew enough of life to be aware that the people who affect to brave the world are those who are most defying it. So far at least he felt he had read her truly; but he had to confess to himself that beyond this it was not easy to advance.

On the second reading, however, all appeared more clear and simple. It was the perfidious apology of a treacherous woman for a wrong which she had hoped, but had not been able, "I see it all,"

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cried Tom: "her jealousy has been stimulated by discovering Trafford's love for Lucy, and this is her revenge. It is just possible, too, she may have entangled him. There are meshes that men can scarcely keep free of. Trafford may have witnessed the hardship of her daily life—seen the indignities to which she submits—and possibly pitied her; if he has gone no further than this, there is no great mischief. What a clever creature she must be!" thought he again—"how easy it ought to be for a woman like that to make a husband adore her, and yet these women will not be content with that. Like the cheats at cards, they don't care to win by fair play." He went to the door, and called out "Lucy!"

The tone of his voice sounded cheerily, and she came on the instant.

"How did you meet after this?" asked he, as she entered.

"We have not met since that. I left the Priory, and came abroad three days after I received it."

"So then that was the secret of the zeal to come out and nurse poor brother Tom, eh?" said he, laughing.

"You know well if it was," said she, as her eyes swam in tears.

"No, no, my poor dear Lu, I never thought so; and right glad am I to know that you are not to live in companionship with the woman who wrote that letter."

"You think ill of her?"

"I will not tell you half how badly I think of her; but Trafford is as much wronged here as any one, or else I am but a sorry decipherer of mysterious signs."

"Oh, Tom!" cried she, clasping his hand and looking at him as though she yearned for one gleam of hope.

"It is so that I read it; but I do not like to rely upon my own sole judgment in such a case. Will you trust me with this letter, and will you let me show it to Sir Brook? He is wonderfully acute in tracing people's real meaning through all the misty surroundings of expression. I will go over to Cagliari at once, and see him. If all be as I suspect, I will bring them back with me. If Sir Brook's opinion be against mine, I will believe him to be the wiser man, and come back alone."

"I consent to everything, Tom, if you will give me but one pledge—you must give it seriously, solemnly."

"I guess what you mean, Lucy; your anxious face has told the story without words. You are afraid of my hot temper. You think I will force a quarrel on Trafford—yes, I knew what was in your thoughts. Well, on my honour, I will not. This I promise you faithfully."

She threw herself into his arms and kissed him, muttering in a low voice, "My own dear brother" in his ear.

"It is just as likely you may see me back again to-morrow, Lucy, and alone too. Mind that, girl! The version I have taken of this letter may turn out to be all wrong. Sir Brook may show me how, and where, and why I have mistaken it; and if so, Lu, I must have a pledge from you—you know what I mean."

"You need none, Tom," said she, proudly; "you shall not be ashamed of your sister."

"That was said like yourself, and I have no fears about you now. You will be anxious—you can't help being anxious, my poor child—about all this; but your uncertainty shall be as short as I can make it. Look out for me, at all events, with the evening breeze. I'll try and catch the land-wind to take me up. If I fly no ensign, Lucy, I am alone; if you see the 'Jack,' it will mean I have company with me. Do you understand me?"

She nodded, but did not speak.

"Now, Lu, I'll just get my traps together, and be off; that light Tra-montana wind will last till daybreak, and by that time the sea-breeze will carry me along plea-

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santly. How I'd like to have you with me!"

"It is best as it is, Tom," said she, trying to smile.

"And if all goes wrong—I mean if all does not go right, Lucy, I have got a plan, and I am sure Sir Brook won't oppose it. We'll just pack up, wish the lead and the cobalt and the rest of it a good-bye, and start for the Cape and join father. There's a project after your own heart, girl."

"Oh, Tom, dearest, if we could do that!"

"Think over it till we meet again, and it will at least keep away darker thoughts."

CHAPTER XLVII.—BY THE MINE AT LAVANNA.

The mine of Lavanna, on which Sir Brook had placed all his hopes of future fortune, was distant from the town of Cagliari about eighteen miles. It was an old, a very old shaft; Livy had mentioned it, and Pliny, in one of his letters, compares people of sanguine and hopeful temperament with men who believe in the silver ore of Lavanna. There had therefore been a traditionary character of failure attached to the spot, and not impossibly this very circumstance had given it a greater value in Fossbrooke's estimation; for he loved a tough contest with fortune, and his experiences had given him many such.

Popular opinion certainly set down the mine as a disastrous enterprise, and the list of those who had been ruined by the speculation was a long one. Nothing daunted by all he had heard, and fully convinced in his own mind that his predecessors had earned their failures by their own mistakes, Fossbrooke had purchased the property many years before, and there it had remained, like many of his other acquisitions, uncared for and unthought of, till the sudden idea had struck him that he wanted to be rich, and to be rich instantaneously.

He had coffee-plantations somewhere in Ceylon, and he had purchased largely of land in Canada; but to utilise either of these would be a work of time, whereas the mine would yield its metal bright and ready for the market. It was so much actual available money at once.

His first care was to restore so far as to make it habitable a dreary old ruinous barrack of a house, which a former speculator had built to hold all his officials and dependants. A few rooms that opened on a tumble-down terrace—of which some marble urns yet remained to bear witness of former splendour—were all that Sir Brook could manage to make habitable, and even these would have seemed miserable and uncomfortable to any one less bent on "roughing it" than himself.

Some guns and fishing-gear covered one wall of the room that served as dinner-room; and a few rude shelves on the opposite side contained such specimens of ore as were yet discovered, and the three or four books which formed their library; the space over the chimney displaying a sort of trophy of pipes of every sort and shape, from the well-browned meerschaum to the ignoble "dudeen" of Irish origin.

These were the only attempts at decoration they had made, but it was astonishing with what pleasure the old man regarded them, and with what pride he showed the place to such as accidentally came to see him.

"I'll have a room yet, just arrayed in this fashion, Tom," would he say, "when we have made our fortune, and go back to live in England. I'll have a sort of snuggery, a correct copy of this; all the old beams in the ceiling, and those great massive architraves round the

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doors, shall be exactly followed, and the massive stone mantlepiece; and it will remind us, as we sit there of a winter's night, of the jolly evenings we have had here after a hard day's work in the shaft. Won't I have the laugh at you, Tom, too, as I tell you of the wry faces you used to make over our prospects, the hang-dog look you'd give when the water was gaining on us, and our new pump got choked!"

Tom would smile at all this, though secretly nourishing no such thoughts for the future. Indeed, he had for many a day given up all hope of making his fortune as a miner, and merely worked on with the dogged determination not to desert his friend.

On one of the large white walls of their sitting-room, Sir Brook had sketched in charcoal a picture of the mine, in all the dreariest aspect of its poverty, and two sad-looking men, Tom and himself, working at the windlass over the shaft; and at the other extremity of the space there stood a picturesque mansion, surrounded with great forest trees, under which deer were grouped, and two men—the same—were riding up the approach on mettlesome horses, the elder of the two, with outstretched arm and hand, evidently directing his companion's attention to the rich scenes through which they passed. These were the "now" and "then" of the old man's vision, and he believed in them, as only those believe who draw belief from their own hearts, unshaken by all without.

It was at the close of a summer day just in that brief moment when the last flicker of light tinges the earth at first with crimson and then with deep blue, to give way a moment later to black night that Sir Brook sat with Colonel Cave after dinner, explaining to his visitor the fresco on the wall, and giving, so far as he might, his reasons to believe it a truthful foreshadowing of the future.

"But you tell me," said Cave, "that the speculation has proved the ruin of a score of fellows."

"So it has. Did you ever hear of the enterprise, at least of one worth the name, that had not its failures? or is success anything more in reality than the power of reasoning out how and why others have succumbed, and how to avoid the errors that have beset them? The men who embarked in this scheme were alike deficient in knowledge and in capital."

"Ah, indeed!" muttered Cave, who did not exactly say what his looks implied "Are you their superior in these requirements?"

Sir Brook was quick enough to note the expression, and hastily said, "I have not much to boast of myself in these respects, but I possess that which they never had—that without which men accomplish nothing in life, going through the world mere desultory ramblers, and not like sturdy pilgrims, ever footing onward to the goal of their ambition. I have Faith!"

"And young Lendrick, what says he to it?"

"He scarcely shares my hopes, but he shows no signs of backwardness."

"He is not sanguine, then?"

"Nature did not make him so, and a man can no more alter his temperament than his stature. I began life with such a capital of confidence that, though I have been an arrant spendthrift, I have still a strong store by me. The cunning fellows laugh at us and call us dupes; but let me tell you, Cave, if accounts were squared, it might turn out that even as a matter of policy incredulity has not much to boast of, and were it not so, this world would be simply intolerable."

"I'd like, however, to hear that your mine was not all outlay," said Cave, bringing back the theme to its starting-point.

"So should I," said Fossbrooke, dryly.

"And I'd like to learn that some

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one more conversant—more professional in these matters——"

"Less ignorant than myself, in a word," said Fossbrooke, laughing. "You mean you'd like to hear a more trustworthy prophet predict as favourably; and with all that I agree heartily."

"There's no one would be better pleased to be certain that the fine palace on the wall there was not a castle in Spain. I think you know that."

"I do, Cave—I know it well; but bear in mind, your best runs in the hunting-field have not a been when you have killed fox. The pursuit, when it sustained, with its fair perils met, dared, and over — this is success. Whatever keeps a man's heart up and his courage high to the end, is no mean thing. I own to you I hope to win, and I don't know that there is any such failure possible as would quench this hope."

"Just what Trafford said of y when he came back from that fishing excursion," cried Cave, as though carried away by a sudden burst of thought.

"What a good fellow he is! Shall we have him up here to-night?"

"No; some of our men have been getting into scrapes at Cagliari, and I have been obliged to ask him to stay there and keep things in order."

"Is his quarrel with his family final, or is there still an opening to reconciliation?"

"I'm afraid not. Some old preference of his mother's for youngest son has helped on difference; and then certain sto she brought back from Ireland Lionel's doings there, or, at least, imputed doings, have, I suspect, steeled his father's heart completely against him."

"I'll stake my life on it there is nothing dishonourable to attach to him. What do they allege?"

"I have but a garbled version of

Trafford himself
; but I know,
have seen the bills, he has lost
y at play to a very dangerous
or, who also accuses him of
s on his wife; and the worst
s is, that the latter suspicion
ated with Lady Trafford."
could have sworn it. It was
man's quarrel, and she would
ce her own son for vengeance.
e able to pay her a very re
ed compliment when I next see
Cave, and tell her that she is
n the least altered from the
I first met her. And has
l been passed over in the es-
'
o he believes, and I think with
od reason."
nd all because he loved a girl
alliance would confer honour
e proudest house in the land.
k I'll go over and pay Holt a
It is upwards of forty years
I saw Sir Hugh, and I have a
I could bring him to reason."
e shook his head doubtingly.
y, to be sure," sighed Fossbro
e, "it does make a precious
ence whether one remains
at the head of a fine fortune
eads for justice in a miner's
t. I was forgetting that, Cave.
ndeed, I am always forgetting it.
And have they made no sort of
ment on Lionel? nothing to
ensate him for the loss of his
xpectations?"
"I suspect not. He has told me
ng beyond the fact that he is
ve the purchase-money for the
nant-colonelcy, which I was
and willing to vacate in his
r, but which we are unable to
iate, because he owes a heavy
to the payment of which this
go."
"Can nothing be done with his creditor?—can we not manage to secure the debt, and pay the interest?"
"This same creditor is one not easily dealt with," said Cave, slowly.
"A money-lender?"
"No. He's the man I just told
dve Trafford

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with his own wife. As dangerous a fellow as ever lived. I take shame to myself to own that, though acquainted with him for years, I never really knew his character till lately."

"Don't think the worse of yourself for that, Cave. The faculty to read bad men at sight argues too much familiarity with badness. I like to hear a fellow say, 'I never so much as suspected it.' Is this man's name a secret?"

"No. Nothing of the kind. I don't suppose you ever met him, but he is well known in the service—better perhaps in India than at home—he served on Rolffe's staff in Bengal. His name is Sewell."

"What! Walter Sewell?"

"Yes; that's his name. Do you know him?"

"Do I know him!" muttered the old man, as he bent down and supported his head upon his hand.

"And do I wrong him in thinking him a dangerous fellow?" asked Cave. But Fossbrooke made no answer; indeed, he never heard the question, so absorbed was he in his own thoughts.

"What do you know of him?" asked Cave, in a louder voice.

"Everything — everything? I know all that he has done, and scores of things he would have done if he could. By what ill-luck was it that Trafford came to know this man?"

"They met at the Cape, and Trafford went to visit him. When they came over to Ireland—I suspect—I do not know it—but I suspect that there was some flirtation in the case. She is extremely pretty, and a coquette."

"I declare," said Fossbrooke, as he arose and paced the room, totally unattentive to all the other said—"I declare I begin sometimes to think that the only real activity in life is on the part of the scoundrels. Half the honest people in the world pass their lives in forming good intentions, while the rogues go straight at their work and do it. Do you think, Cave, that Trafford would tell me frankly what has passed between this man and himself?"

"I'm not sure. I mean, he might have some reserve on one point, and that is the very point on which his candour would be most important. There have been letters, it would seem, that Sewell has got hold of, and threatens exposure, if some enormous demand be not complied with."

"What! Is the scoundrel so devoid of devices that he has to go back on an old exploded villany? Why, he played that game at Rangoon, and got five thousand pounds out of Kit Beresford."

"I have heard something of that."

"Have heard of it! Who that ever served in India is not familiar with the story? What does Trafford mean by not coming up here, and telling me the whole story?"

"I'll tell you what he means, Fossbrooke: he is heartily ashamed of himself; he is in love with another, and he knows that you know it; but he believes you may have heard stories to his detriment, and, tied as he is—or fancies he is—by a certain delicate reserve, he cannot go into his exculpation. There, in one word, is the reason that he is not here to-night; he asked me to put him on special duty, and save him from all the awkwardness of meeting you with a half-confidence."

"And I, meanwhile, have written over to Tom Lendrick to come over here with his sister, or to let us go and pay them a visit at the island."

"You never told me of this."

"Why should I? I was using the rights I possess over you as my guests, doing for you what I deemed best for your amusement."

"What answer have they given you?"

"None up to this; indeed, there has been scarcely time; and now, from what you tell, I do not well know what answer I'd like to have from them."

For several minutes neither

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uttered a word; at
said, "Trafford
meet me. It has
prevarication, and
sion; write, and
so."

"I can scarcely do that,
avowing that I have revealed
more than I am willing to own."

"When you told me in
hands he was, you told me
than all the rest. Few men
live in Wat Sewell's intimacy,
come unscathed out of the companionship."

"That would tell ill for mys
I have been of late on terms of
intimacy with him."

"You haven't played with
him?"

"Ay, but I have; and what's more, won of him," said Cave, laughing.

"You profited little by that turn of fortune," said Foesbrooke, sarcastically.

"You imply that he did not pay his debt; but you are wrong; he came to me the morning after we had played, and acquitted the sum lost."

"Why, I am entangling myself in the miracles I hear! That Sewell should lose is strange enough: that he should pay his losses is simply incredible."

"Your opinion of him would seem to be a very indifferent one."

"Far from it, Cave. It is without any qualification whatever. I deem him the worst fellow I ever knew; nor am I aware of any greater misfortune to a young fellow entering on life than to have become his associate."

"You astonish me! I was prepared to hear things of him that one could not justify, nor would have willingly done themselves, but not to learn that he was beyond the pale of honour."

"It is exactly where he stands, sir—beyond the pale of honour. I wish we had not spoken of him," said the old man, rising, and pacing the room. "The memory of

bitterest drought
lips; he has
d my mind with more
hy doubts and mean suspicions
her men than all my experience
e has ever taught me. I do
. I believe if I had never known
my heart would have been
ful to-day as it was fifty years

How came it that I never heard
you speak of him?"

"Is it my wont, Cave, to talk of
disasters to my friends? You
y have known me long enough
y whether I dwell upon the re
s and disappointments of my
It is a sorry choice of topics,
ps, that is left to men old
lf when they must either be
ters or boasters. At all events,
e chosen the latter; and people
with it the better, because they
mile at it."

wish with all my heart I had
played with Sewell, and still
that I had not won of him."

Was it a heavy sum?"

for a man like myself, a very
y sum. I was led on—giving
his revenge, as it is called—till
I found myself playing for a stake
which, had I lost, would have cost
me the selling my commission."

Foesbrooke nodded, as though to
say he had known of such incidents
in the course of his life.

"When he appeared at my quarters the next morning to settle the debt, I was so overcome with shame, that I pledge you my word of honour, I believe I'd rather have been the loser, and taken all the ruin the loss would have brought down upon me."

"How your friend must have appreciated your difficulty!" said Foesbrooke, sarcastically.

"He was frank enough, at all events, to own that he could not share my sense of embarrassment. He hesitated a little at my pretension to be an example to my young officers, as well he might. I had selected an unlucky moment to address him, and then he

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handed me over my winnings, with all the ease and indifference in life."

"I declare, Cave, I was expecting, to the very last moment, a different ending to your story. I waited to hear that he had handed you a bond of his wife's guardian, which, for prudential reasons, should not be pressed for prompt payment."

"Good heavens! what do you mean?" cried Cave, leaning over the table in intense eagerness. "Who could have told you this?"

"Beresford told me: he brought me the very document once to my house, with my own signature annexed to it — an admirable forgery as ever was done. My seal, too, was there. By bad luck, however, the paper was stolen from me that very night—taken out of a locked portfolio. And when Beresford charged the fellow with the fraud, Sewell called him out, and shot him."

Cave sat for several minutes like one stunned and overcome. He looked vacantly before him, but gave no sign of hearing or marking what was said to him. At last he arose, and, walking over to a table, unlocked his writing-desk, and took out a large packet, of which he broke the seal, and, without examining the contents, handed it to Fossbrooke, saying—

"Is that like it?"

"It is the very bond itself: there's my signature. I wish I wrote as good a hand now," said he, laughing. "It is as I always said, Cave," cried he in a louder, fuller voice. "The world persists in calling this swindler a clever fellow, and there never was a greater mistake. The devices of the scoundrel are the very fewest imaginable; and he repeats his three or four tricks, with scarcely a change, throughout a lifelong."

"And this is a forgery!" muttered Cave, as he bent over the document and scanned it closely.

"You shall see me prove it such. You'll intrust me with it. I'll promise to take better care of it this time."

"Of course. What do you mean to do?"

"Nothing by course of law, Cave. So far I promise you, and I know it is of that you are most afraid. No, my good friend. If you never figure in a witness-box till brought there by *me*, you may snap your fingers for many a day at cross-examinations."

"This cannot be made the subject of a personal altercation," said Cave, hesitatingly.

"If you mean a challenge, certainly not; but it may be made the means of extricating Trafford from his difficulties with this man, and I can already see where and what these difficulties are."

"You allude to the wife?"

"We will not speak of that, Cave," said Fossbrooke, colouring deeply. "Mrs. Sewell has claims on my regard, that nothing her husband could do, nothing that he might become, could efface. She was the daughter of the best and truest friend, and the most noble-hearted fellow I ever knew. I have long ceased to occupy any place in her affections, but I shall never cease to remember whose child she was —how he loved her, and how, in the last words he ever spoke, he asked me to befriend her. In those days I was a rich man, and had the influence that wealth confers. I had access to great people too, and, wanting nothing for myself, could easily be of use to others; but, where am I wandering to? I only intended to say, that *her* name is not to be involved in any discussion those things may occasion. What are these voices I hear outside in the court? Surely that must be Tom Lendrick I hear." He arose and flung open the window, and at the same instant a merry voice cried out, "Here we are, Sir Brook: Trafford and myself. I met him in the Piazza at Cagliari, and carried him off with me."

"Have you brought anything to eat with you?" asked Fossbrooke."
"That I have—half a sheep and a turkey," said Tom.
"Then you are thrice welcome," said Fossbrooke, laughing; "for Cave and I are reduced to fluids. Come up at once; the fellows will take care of your horses. We'll

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, Cave," said he
proceeded to ease
es. "We'll drink
ess to the Mine! We'll drink
he day when, as Bentham
ral, you'll come and pay me
in that great house yonder.
here come the boys to help

BURIDAN'S ASS; OR, LIBERTY AND NECESSITY.*

A NEW SONG.

AIR—"*Dear Tom, this brown jug.*"

How pleasant to find we have subj n store,
Where we cut what we like, and me back for more!
Such a plentiful treat is our fr rt Mill:
Mind and Matter came first; now we try his Free-will.
While his views we discuss let f our glass,
And begin with the story of s Ass.

Many readers are new to that quadruped's fame,
Or at least may have never yet heard of the name:
But the question's well known—To two bundles of hay,
Equidistantly placed, would he e'er e his way?
I believe that he would, were he br t to that pass,
And that all would be eaten by B 's Ass.

But according to Mill I am here in the wrong;
For, when opposite motives are equally strong,
Then both Asses and Men their inaction retain,
And, like Mohammed's coffin, suspended remain.
They can't stir for their lives, and 'twould thus come to pass,
That he'd starve amidst plenty, poor Buridan's Ass!

All effects come from causes—or what we so call,
For Mill don't believe in Causation at all:—
Some motive precedes, and decides, what we do,
As the billiard-ball always is ruled by the cue.
If Physics and Ethics are in the same class,
A mechanical law guides the man and the ass.

If the mind is more moved by the feast that we see,
Than by fear of what next morning's headache will be;
If the sin more attracts than the danger repels,
Then the course we shall take—any simpleton tells.

---

* Buridan was a French schoolman of the fourteenth century, who debated strenuously the question of Free-will, and who used, or had used against him, the illustration referred to in the text. The expression of "Buridan's Ass" became proverbial; and though Buridan is now forgotten, the two bundles of hay is still remembered. See Bayle and Chambers, *vo.*

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But when force equals force, why, we're in a morass,
And must stick in the mud, like poor Buridan's Ass.

If two rival desires at an angle combine,
Then our conduct will be—a diagonal line;
If centripetal joins with centrifugal force,
We pursue, I suppose, an elliptical course:
All obey the same laws, fixed as iron or brass,
Suns, systems, balls, bubbles, the Man, and the ass.

Objectors to Mill here may show off their wit;
"Then we ne'er should be punished, whate'er we commit."
"That you shouldn't be punished," says Mill, "I deny,
For the jail or the gallows will motives supply.
When I wish that in speed he should others surpass,
A good cudgel's the *motive* I use with my ass."

But at least, if Mill's theory squares with the facts,
Neither censure nor praise can be due to our acts.
If we're led by the nose, like a bull with a ring,
Then our noblest achievements no credit can bring.
When too fond of our coffers, or bottle, or lass,
We need never feel shame, or look down like an ass.

Who butchers his children, or poisons his wife,
Should be pitied, not blamed, though he forfeits his life;
For he no more could help doing what he has done,
Than the train can hang back when the engine moves on.
We don't mould our own minds,—as some make their own gas;
But the motive and mind make the villain or ass.

Can a pundit like Mill the poor Fallacy use,
That we're able to make ourselves good if we choose?
Ay, perhaps, *if we choose*; but what causes our choice?
For the Will, if not free, has no vote and no voice.
How he'd elsewhere have trounced such a snake in the grass,
And called him who thus argued a sophist or ass!

Though you do what you can to drive Nature away,
She will ever return till she carries the day.
Though you seek your first instincts to cure or to kill,
You reveal at each step that they master you still.
Even Mill, unawares, feels and speaks like the mass,
And thus lands in a puzzle, like Buridan's Ass.

Mill may rate his own mind at a value so mean,
But he'll never persuade me that Man's a machine.
Some determining power in our bosom bears sway,
And inspires us to choose and direct our own way.
Self-applause, or Remorse, as old scenes we repass,
Make us *feel* we are FREE, spite of Mill or the Ass.*

* A good contribution to the controversy on Free-will, with reference to the views of Mill and Hamilton, will be found in Mr. Proctor Alexander's able and entertaining volume, 'Mill and Carlyle.'

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THE LOST TALES [illegible]

THE effect which it i[illegible] ably receive from the pu[illegible] produces is no conclusive mea[illegible] it is "the great success of th[illegible] of the merit of any work of [illegible]n." Merit of some kind a book ture or art. A book may "t[illegible] undoubtedly possess which public by storm," as the [illegible]ng is, [illegible]ds immediate pleasure to a lar[illegible] without thereby justifyi[illegible] too [illegible]ber of readers; but, as a gen[illegible] common tendency of pro[illegible]ional [illegible]rule, we may assume that the critics to avenge themselves upon [illegible] of merit most quickly acknow[illegible] the mass of readers whose unani[illegible]ed in literature is that, of which mous judgment forestalls and over[illegible] acknowledgment necessitates bears their own, by ascribing to fri[illegible] smallest amount of mental po[illegible] volity, either in the author or [illegible]tion, and is not therefore of the public, that popularity which [illegible] [illegible]est order. Any person who ha not been prepared by [illegible]al[illegible] the Prince of Wales is com[illegible] sanctioned by their p[illegible] [illegible]nt to say whether the last po[illegible] mission. For, indeed, it requi[illegible] portrait of his Royal Highne[illegible] no ordinary powers of insight [illegible] striking likeness; but few pe[illegible] the part of an author to be the fi[illegible], though born to the inheri[illegible] to clearly apprehend, and give de[illegible] of centuries of criticism can[illegible] nite expression to, pervading con[illegible] are competent to distinguish temporary sentiment or opinion [illegible] glance, and authoritatively e[illegible] such manner, as must secure imm[illegible]te, the merit of Raffaello's pic[illegible] diate and general assent from those [illegible]s. The sincerity and conse[illegible] whose sentiments or opinions his [illegible]t originality which distinguis[illegible] work is designed to express. Nor [illegible]ary merit of a high order make[illegible] is the merit of this kind of success [illegible]listasteful to lazy minds, and[illegible] at all disproved, by the subsequent [illegible]ediately antagonistic to the[illegible] indifference with which a succeed[illegible]nctive reliance upon old asso[illegible] ing age will doubtless regard as old[illegible]ions and ready-made canons of fashioned those works in which taste, by which the first judgment certain sentiments and emotions, of the majority is always influenced. whereby society is no longer influ[illegible] The failure of a book, therefore, to enced, have attained their first and produce immediate pleasure, is no freshest expression. The merit of proof of its inability to please; and 'Werther' is fairly attested by its indeed, experience attests that the immediate popularity, notwithstand[illegible] masterpieces of genius in every art ing the inability of its readers now[illegible] have often been exceedingly slow adays to comprehend the extraor[illegible] in [illegible]ducating the public taste to a dinary interest once excited, by the [illegible]city for those pleasurable sen[illegible] perusal of that minute diagnosis of [illegible]ns which they ultimately pro[illegible] a moral epidemic as remote from duce. our present social experience as the Black Death or the Plague of Lon[illegible] We have been led to these reflec[illegible] don. It does not follow from this, tions by the mixed nature of our[illegible] however, that the next new "sen[illegible] own first impressions in perusing sation novel" will be worth more the 'Lost Tales of Miletus.' We than the paper on which it is print[illegible] doubt whether this little book, al[illegible] ed because of its rapid sale, and th[illegible]gh it does not come before the the abundant attestations it will pu[illegible]ic with any very high preten[illegible] [illegible]s on the part of its author, is

'The Lost Tales of Miletus.' By the Right Hon. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M. P. London: John Murray.

likely to obtain, either from that nondescript expression of an unknown quantity commonly called "the general reader," or from that more sublime impersonation of combined authority whom we may here designate as "the general critic," much immediate recognition of the order and degree of merit which, after careful (and, we are free to confess, partly antagonistic) perusal of its contents, we are ourselves disposed to ascribe to it. This book appears to be regarded by its author as an experiment, and the genuis and great reputation of Sir Edward Lytton certainly demand that any literary experiment of his should be candidly noticed.

These six short stories in verse, called 'Lost Tales of Miletus,' and purporting to represent more or less what we may imagine the "lost tales of Miletus" to have been, are written in various unrhymed metres, of which we have no previous example in the English language. It is in the novelty of these unrhymed metres that the experimental character of the book is avowed by Sir Edward Lytton; his object being "to suggest new combinations of sound in our native language, without inviting any comparison with rhythms in the dead languages, from which hints for measures purely English have, indeed, been borrowed, but of which direct imitation has been carefully shunned."

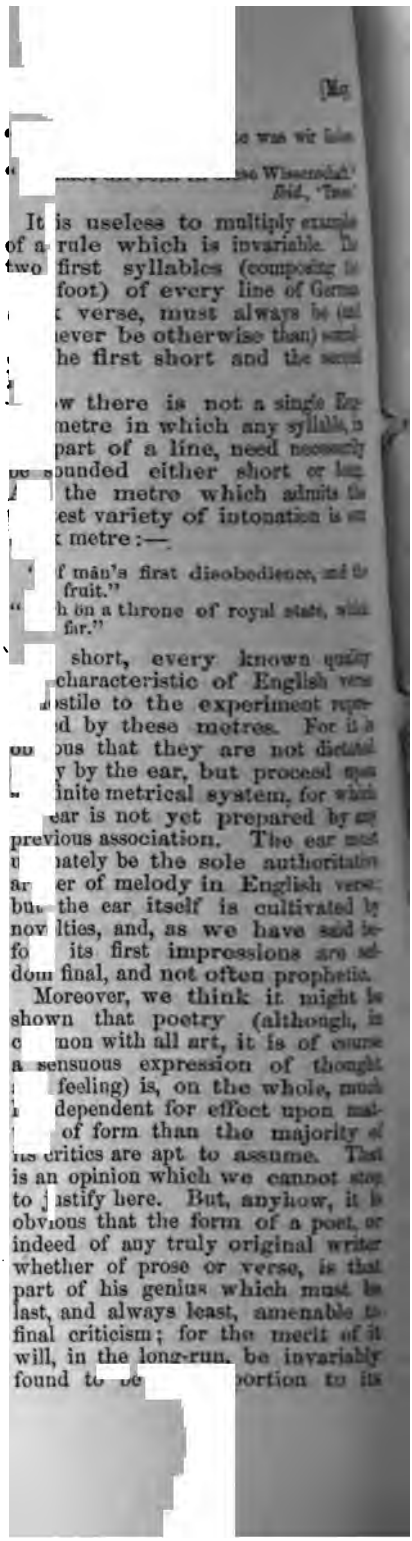
The impression produced upon ourselves by these "novel combinations of sound" is, we confess, neither pleasurable nor satisfactory. But novel combinations of sound rarely are pleasurable or satisfactory to an unprepared ear. An English audience would probably find its teeth set on edge by the discords which afford exquisite pleasure to the German admirers of Dr. Wagner's '*Zukunfts Music*.' Mr. Tennyson is considered, by the generation whose ear he has attuned to his verse, to be an unequalled master of melody in versification. On the ear of Coleridge, however, his songs "grated" as from a "scrannel pipe." The few who are frequent and studious readers of Mr. Browning's verse deny the harshness and roughness which revolts so many others, and even find rich music in what excoriates ears accustomed to the mellifluous flow of Tennysonian cadences. And certainly, as these rhymeless "combinations of sound" are entirely "novel," the first sensation produced by them may be no fair sample of that which would accompany and reward increased familiarity with the principles on which they are constructed. Such familiarity, which is of course possessed by the author, in whose mind has arisen the tune to which these metres are set, can only be gradually acquired by the reader; and therefore we are mistrustful of our own first sensations. At present our ear fails to detect, in these rhymeless metres, anything which at all replaces the pleasurable sensation occasioned either by the various melodies of rhyme, or the weighty harmonies of that essentially national blank metre, which the greatest masters of English verse have proved to possess inexhaustible and unequalled musical capabilities. Of the skill and dexterity, the command of language, and the mechanical ease and felicity, with which Sir Edward Lytton has succeeded in managing these restive metres of his own invention, we have formed a very high opinion; but we confess that we are still in doubt whether their apparently essential incongruity with the whole genius of our language is not such as to render them rather ingenious, and, in many respects, admirable, *tours de force*, than serviceable or permanent additions to the treasury of English verse. It is true, indeed, that Sir Edward distinctly disavows the construction of these metres upon any principle of quantity; but he does not state, and we hardly see as yet, upon what other principle

they have been constructed. They suggest, without satisfying, a sense of quantity. They cannot be quite satisfactorily read by emphasis alone; nor indeed does the English language recognise any fixed rule of emphasis. A host of disyllables such as *July*, *moonshine*, *sunrise*, *starlight*, &c., may with equal propriety and euphony be emphasised on the first or last syllable. Many trisyllables, such as *ocean*, *union*, &c., may without vulgarity be sounded as dissyllables. Many a line of verse which is deficient to the eye in t number of syllabic feet ar on the fingers, is fully the ear in the har bution of time as emphasis it neces combinations however novel, and all varieties of treatment however original, of known English metres, a cultivated ear is not liable to be misled by the eye; but in metres which appeal rather to the eye than to the ear—metres without rhyme, and without sensible cæsura or cadence—the ear is made unduly dependent (so it seems to us, at least) upon a sort of spurious quantity which is not the natural product of the language. For rhymeless metres such as these, the German language is much better adapted than our own; for the German language has a prosody which ours has not. The German blank verse, which is commonly supposed to be identical with our own, is in fact essentially different; for it is strictly subservient to definite laws, by which our own is in nowise governed, and much more nearly resembles the Greek iambic metre than the English blank verse.

Take at haphazard any line of German blank verse, and you will invariably find that it begins with an iamb:—

"Die schönen tägen in Aranguez."
Schiller, 'Don Carlos.'

"Bedeüke was du thust und was der nüzt."
"Vertrāūt er Wenigen der Seinen mehr."
"Es ist die schrecklichste von allen mir."
Goethe, 'Iphigenia.'



intrinsic correspondence with the character of the author's genius and the special requirement of his conceptions. And as even the few remarks, indeed, which we have made in passing as to the character of Sir Edward Lytton's unrhymed metres, should have been more properly preceded by some notice of the character of the conceptions to which they are applied in these narrative poems, and in connection with which they ought to be considered, we shall not now linger any longer by the way.

The idea of the imaginary 'Lost Tales of Miletus' appears to us a very felicitous one. And Sir E. Lytton, in selecting his subjects from a period of Greek fiction associated with a condition of society in some respects similar to and appreciable by our own, has wisely avoided the danger with which we are at present menaced by some young poets, and a host of clever translators, of what is the greatest curse of any living literature—a conventional classicism. The neoplatonic period, with its lingering susceptibility to sensuous beauty refined by a prevading metaphysical sentiment, and somewhat "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," —placed, too, as it was, under the twofold influence of old associations not thoroughly extinct and new ideas not thoroughly realised, and separated quite as distinctly, if not so remotely, as our own time from the simply sensuous still life of the pure antique,—furnishes, from its ingenious idealisations of old myths, excellent subjects for modern verse; subjects sufficiently classical in character and association to afford ample scope to the exercise of a cultivated taste, yet withal of a kind to satisfy, without anachronism (as Sir E. Lytton has justly pointed out in a very modest preface to these poems), all the conditions of modern sentiment far better than any subject taken from the earlier Greek mythology. We may add that Sir Edward Lytton appears to us to have evinced a fine artistic instinct no less in the treatment than in the selection of the subjects. These he has taken from occasional fragmentary indications of narrative among the later Greek writers—so faint and fugitive that it is only by reference to his original sources that we can fully appreciate the high order of creative art with which the modern writer has transformed and vivified his very meagre materials. The first poem in the volume, called 'The Secret Way,' and suggested by a fragment of Athenæus, though by no means the best in the book, will enable us as well as any other to justify this opinion. Nothing could be more lean or less attractive than the story as told by Athenæus. In the first place, the main incident of the modern poem,—that incident which, implying and developing the moral significance of the whole narrative, connects every detail of it both with the evolution of the characters and the necessity of the catastrophe —the incident, in short, from which the poem takes its title, viz., the construction of the "secret way,"—has no existence whatever in the original legend as told by Athenæus, or rather by Chares of Mytilene, from whom Athenæus quotes it. In the next place, according to the Greek writer, it is *not* Omartes who sends an embassy to Zariades, offering his daughter in marriage to that prince; but, on the contrary, it is Zariades himself, who, having beheld her in a dream or vision, and being, as it would appear, perfectly cognisant of her name, asks her in marriage of Omartes, and is refused by the father, on the ground of his wish to perpetuate his dynasty by wedding her to some native chief. Again, when commanded by her father at the banquet to select a husband, by pouring from the golden cup to one of the assembled guests, Argiope (the Odatis of Chares) appears to have already been in clandestine correspondence

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with Zariades, and anxiously expecting the opportune arrival of her lover. Finally, the Persian prince, who, we are told by the Greek fabulist, was well informed of all that was going on, leaving his encampment on the Tanais, accompanied only by his charioteer, passes by night through the city, and, reaching the village where the nuptials were about to be celebrated, attends the banquet disguised as a Scythian, snatches the cup from the hand of the princess, and succeeds in escaping with her, *because the attendants, who were privy to their love, connived at the escape of the fugitives.**

Now, we beg the readers of these poems to notice, not only the great skill with which this slim and meagre thread of narrative has been woven by Sir Bulwer Lytton into a singularly ingenious and interesting plot, but also the higher creative faculty evinced in the firm and delicate delineation of the characters provided by the Greek fabulist, the judicious complementary introduction of some others, and the artistic development of a dramatic interest throughout the poem of 'The Secret Way.' The variety of emotions which the mere love-story is so arranged as to influence and involve in its own catastrophe is very noticeable. Omartes, a king of Scythian nomads, is the first to forsake "the simple ways of his unconquered fathers," and, "in the fashion of the neighbouring Medes," he builds a great city, with moat and wall, gates of triple brass, and a regal palace. One day, accompanied by "his high priest, Teleutias," he looks upon this splendid palace and fortified city of his own building, "in the pride of his heart;"

> "And, chilled by frigid looks
> When counting on warm praise,"

asks, "What is wanting" to the worth of halls that are rich with the woof of Phrygian looms, the gold of Colchis, the pearls of Ormus,

> "Sydonian crystal and Corinthian brass
> *Egypt's vast symbol gods,*
> *And those imagined into men by Hellas?*"

The wise old priest remarks that notwithstanding the strength and beauty of the building, he feels "an icy wind" piercing through the crannies, "more bitter than the blasts" to which the tents of the king's rude forefathers were exposed.

> "'Thou hast forgot to bid thy masons close
> The chinks of stone against calamity!'
> The sage inclined his brow,
> Shivered, and parting, round him wrapt his mantle."

The king then turns thoughtfully to "his favourite chief" Scathes, who consoles him by ascribing the coldness of the sage to priestly jealousy of royal power. Observe how firmly yet how lightly the foundation of a dramatic interest is laid in these first few stanzas, and how clearly the keynote is struck of a definite moral significance which the poem proceeds to develop by rapid incident. As yet we have not a hint of the love story; but we have, sharply defined, the most prominent characters and interests which are to be indirectly and yet closely influenced by the love-story, pending the solution of their fate in the catastrophe which it brings about. The drama opens with true tragic propriety (in the construction by the king of a city and palace to replace the old tents) by a departure from the safety of custom—a marked antagonism between the motive and attitude of one man in the foreground, and what is indicated as the common sentiment of the mass from which he has separated himself; and which, dimly placed behind him in the background, becomes the vague representative of dramatic fatality in its opposition to individual will. This senti-

* Athenæus, 'Deipnosoph.,' lxiii. c. 39.

ment of fatality finds appropriate utterance in the language of the high priest. The pride and security of the king, who has forsaken the ways of his fathers, immediately impress the reader with that sense of his dramatic insecurity which awakens interest. By pride Omartes has been led to imitate "the fashion of the neighbouring Medes." To the neighbouring Medes, therefore, our interest is at once bespoken, as the quarter from which we may expect that dramatic justice will evoke the ultimate punishment of the king's pride. Already, too, we are enabled to "smell a rat behind the arras," in Seuthes the "favourite chief" and flattering courtier, who opens up the action by keeping the king reassured, in the position where he is most obnoxious to fate. Every word of these few stanzas is essentially necessary to the whole machinery of the action throughout the poem; which, opening as it does with a noticeable departure from "the right line," followed immediately by an unheeded warning of the vindictive power of fate, is in fact far more Greek in sentiment than the original legend. Everything being thus skilfully and rapidly prepared for the entrance upon the stage of those *dramatis personæ* who are to bring on the catastrophe, Argiope, the king's daughter and only child, is then presented to us—

"Shamefaced, as blushing to be born so fair."

A sudden and inexplicable sadness, "the shadow of some troubled thought," has fallen upon the princess. Her father questions her in vain as to the cause of it.

"The sunny bridge between
The lip and heart, which childhood builds, was broken."

The high priest, always a model of good sense, wisely suggests that the cause of this kind of malady in young ladies is usually love, and the best practical cure for it marriage. The king is at first loath to act on the suggestion; for

"Sharp is a father's pang when comes the hour
In which his love contents his child no more,
And the sweet wonted smile
Fades from his hearthstone to rejoice a stranger's."

But at length he resolves to offer her in marriage to the neighbouring Persian (or, according to Sir Edward, Medic) prince, young Zariades, in the hope of thereby putting an end to a provoking "boundary question" between the Medes and Scythians, who are always quarrelling about the navigation of the river Tanais. In this plan he is again confirmed by Seuthes, who counsels him to it, in the ambitious hope that this foreign marriage with the Mede may be a source of disaffection in Scythia which it will be in the power of a bold and crafty man to foster into that armed revolt in which

"Kings disappear, and none dare call it murder."

The character of Seuthes is here painted in stronger colours, and we are made to see him, as he

"Stood on the bound between
Man social and man savage, dark and massive:
So rugged was he that men deemed him true,
So secret was he that men deemed him wise."

So, while the king is dreaming of "peace and marriage rites," and the traitor of "graves and thrones," the Scythian envoys speed on their way to the Medic prince, who has "the rare beauty which both charms and awes the popular eye"—

καὶ ὁ Ζαριάδρης δὲ ἦν καλός.
Athen. xiii. 89.

He too, however, has of late been possessed by an inexplicable melancholy similar to that which is preying upon the heart of Argiope. "In the thick of this, his altered mood," the Scythian envoys find him, and deliver their message, which is rejected with scorn. The prince subsequently confides to a Medic priest the secret cause of his

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tions about lunch. "It ain't like the old times," she said at last, "when there was always something as one could put to the fire in a hurry;" and Nancy stood turning round the handle of the door in her hand, and contemplating the changed state of affairs with a sigh.

"That would be all very true if you were like anybody else," said Lucilla; "but I hope you would not like to send Mr. Tom off to the Blue Boar. After all, perhaps it is better to have a—a gentleman in the house. I know you always used to think so. They are a great deal of trouble; but—for some things you know——" said Lucilla; "and then Mr. Tom is not just like other people; and whatever happens, Nancy, you are an old dear, and it shall never make any difference between you and me."

When she had said these words, Lucilla gave her faithful servant a hug, and sent her off to look after Tom Marjoribanks's meal; and then she herself went half-way down stairs and picked up the cards that were still scattered about the landing, and found with satisfaction that the Doctor's old punch-bowl was not broken. All Tom's things were lying below in the hall—heaps of queer Indian-looking baggage—tossed down anyhow in a corner, as if the owner had been in much too great a hurry to think of any secondary circumstances. "And it was there he met poor Mr. Ashburton," said Lucilla to herself, with a certain pathos. There it was indeed that the encounter had taken place. They had seen each other but for a moment, but that moment had been enough to send the Member for Carlingford away dejected, and to impress upon Tom's mind the alternative that it was either to be "him or me." Miss Marjoribanks contemplated the spot with a certain tender sentimental interest, as any gentle moralist might look at a field of battle. What feelings must have been in the minds of the two as they met and looked at each other! What a dread sense of disappointment on the one side; what sharp stimulation on the other! Thus Lucilla stood and looked down from her own heights upon the scene of that encounter, full of pensive interest. And now it was all over, and Mr. Ashburton had passed away as completely as Mr. Chiltern, who was in his grave, poor man; or Mr. Cavendish, who was going to marry Barbara Lake. The thought of so sudden a revolution made Lucilla giddy as she went thoughtfully up stairs. Poor Mr. Ashburton! It hardly seemed real even to Miss Marjoribanks when she sat down again in the drawing-room, and confessed to herself that, after all, it was to be Tom.

But when he came down stairs again with his mother, Lucilla was quite herself, and had got over all her weakness. Aunt Jemima, for her part, was in a very agitated state of mind. Tom had come too soon or Mr. Ashburton too late, and all the fruits of her little bit of treachery were accordingly lost, and at the same time, the treachery itself remained, revealed at least to one person in the very clearest light. It did not seem possible to aunt Jemima that Lucilla would not tell. If she had not done it now, in the excitement of the moment, at least it would come out some time when she was least expecting it, and her son's esteem and confidence would be lost. Therefore it was with a very blank countenance that Mrs. John Marjoribanks came down-stairs. She dared not say a word, and she had to kiss her niece, and take her to her maternal bosom, Tom looking on all the while; but she gave Lucilla a look that was pitiful to see. And when Tom finally was dismissed to his room, to open his trunks, and show the things he had brought home, aunt Jemima drew near her future daughter with wistful guiltiness. There was no

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comfort to her in the thought of the India shawl, which her son had gone to find. Any day, any hour, Lucilla might tell; and if the unlucky mother were put on her defence, what could she say?

"Lucilla," said the guilty woman, under her breath, "I am sure you think it very strange. I don't attempt to deceive *you*. I can't tell you how thankful and glad I am that it has all ended so well; but you know, Lucilla, in the first place, I did not know what your feelings were; and I thought, perhaps, that if anything would tell, it would be a surprise, and then——"

"Did you, aunt Jemima?" said Miss Marjoribanks, with gentle wonder. "I thought you had been thinking of Mr. Ashburton, for my part."

"And so I was, Lucilla," said the poor lady, with great relief and eagerness. "I thought he was coming forward, and of course he would have been a far better match than my Tom. I had to think for you both, my dear. And then I never knew what your feelings were, nor if you would care; and then it was not as if there had been a day fixed——"

"Dear aunt Jemima," said Miss Marjoribanks, "if you are pleased now, what does it matter? but I do hope you are pleased now?"

And Mrs John took her niece into her arms again this time with better will, and cried. "I am as happy as ever I can be," said the inconsistent mother. "I always knew you were fond of each other, Lucilla; before you knew it yourselves, I saw what would come of it. But my poor brother-in-law—— And you will make my boy happy, and never turn him against his mother," cried the repentant sinner. Lucilla was not the woman to resist such an appeal. Mrs John had meant truly enough towards her in other ways, if not in this way; and Miss Marjoribanks was fond of her aunt, and it ended in a kiss of peace freely bestowed, and a vow of protection and guidance from the strong to the weak, though the last was only uttered in the protectress's liberal heart.

CHAPTER LII.

When Miss Majoribanks had time to consider the prospect which had thus so suddenly opened before her, it also had its difficulties, like everything else in the world. Her marriage now could not be the straightforward business it might have been had it been Mr Ashburton instead of Tom. In that case she would have gone to an established house and life—to take her place in the one and her share in the other, and to find the greater part of her surroundings and duties already fixed for her, which was a thing that would have very greatly simplified the matter. But Tom, who had dashed home from India at full speed as soon as he heard of his uncle's death, had left his profession behind him at Calcutta, and had nothing to do in England, and was probably too old to resume his (non) practice at the bar, even if he had been in the least disposed to do so; while, at the same time, an idle man—a man to be found everlastingly at home—would have been insupportable to Lucilla. Miss Marjoribanks might feel disposed (for everybody's good) to assume the sovereign authority in her own house, but to marry anybody that would be merely an appendage to her was a thing not to be thought of; and as soon as the first preliminaries were arranged her active mind sprang up with redoubled vigour from the maze in which it had been. Her intelligence had suspended, so to speak, all its ordinary operations for twenty-four hours at least, while it was busy investigating the purely personal

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question: from the moment when the Member for Carlingford was finally elected until Tom Marjoribanks rang the night-bell at the old Doctor's door, Lucilla's thoughts had been in that state of overstimulation and absorption which is almost as bad as having no power of thought at all. But as soon as the pressure was removed—as soon as it was all over, and the decision made, and no further question was possible—then Miss Marjoribanks's active mind sprang up with renewed energy. For it was not only a new beginning, but everything had to be settled and arranged.

Her mind was full of it while her hands were busy putting away all the Indian presents which Tom had brought—presents which were chronological in their character, and which he had begun to accumulate from the very beginning of his exile. It could not but be touching to Lucilla to see how he had thought of her for all these years; but her mind being, as everybody is aware, of a nobly practical kind, her thoughts, instead of dallying with these tokens of the past, went forward with serious solicitude into the future. The marriage could not take place until the year was out; and there was, accordingly, time to arrange everything, and to settle all the necessary preliminaries to a point as near perfection as is possible to merely human details. Tom, no doubt, was very urgent and pressing, and would have precipitated everything, and had the whole business concluded to-morrow, if he could have had his way. But the fact was that, having once given in to him in the memorable way which we have already recorded, Lucilla did not now, so far as the final arrangements were concerned, make much account of Tom's wishes. Heaven be praised, there was one of the two who knew what was right and proper, and was not to be moved from the correct path by any absurd representations. Miss Marjoribanks was revolving all these important questions when she had her hand by chance, as people say, upon the 'Carlingford Gazette,' all damp and inky, which had just been laid upon the library table. It contained, of course, all the news of the election, but Lucilla was too well acquainted with this beforehand to think of condescending to derive her information from a newspaper. She looked at the advertisements with an eye which saw all that was there without pausing upon anything in particular. She saw the usual notice about Marmalade oranges, and the announcement that young Mr Vincent, who after that made himself so well known in Carlingford, was to preach the next Sunday in Salem Chapel, and all the other important novelties in the place; but naturally she took but a moderate amount of interest in such details as these.

Suddenly, however, Lucilla's eye, which, if it could ever be said to be vacant, had been regarding vacantly the list of advertisements, kindled up, and all its usual energy and intelligence came back to it. Her thoughtful face woke up as from a dream. Her head, which had been drooping in pensive meditation, grew erect—her whole figure expanded. She clasped her hands together, as if in the fervour of the moment, nobody else being present, she could not refrain from shaking hands with herself, and giving vent to a self-congratulation. "It is a special providence," said Lucilla to herself, with her usual piety; and then she folded up the paper in a little square, with the announcement in the middle which had struck her so much, and placed it where Tom could not fail to see it when he came in, and went upstairs with a new and definite direction given to her thoughts. That was how it must be! Lucilla, for her part, felt no difficulty in discerning the leadings of Providence, and she could not but appreciate

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the readiness with which her desires were attended to, and the prompt clearing up of her difficulties. There are people whose inclinations Providence does not seem to superintend with such painstaking watchfulness; but then, no doubt, that must be their own fault.

And when Tom came in, they had what aunt Jemima called "one of their discussions" about their future life, although the only thing in it worthy consideration, so far as Tom was concerned, seemed to be the time when they should be married, which occupied at present all that hero's faculties. "Everything else will arrange itself after, you know," he said, with calm confidence. "Time enough for all the rest. The thing is, Lucilla, to decide when you will leave off those formalities, and let it be. Why shouldn't it be now? Do you think my uncle would wish to keep us unhappy all for an idea?"

"My dear Tom, I am not in the least unhappy," said Lucilla, interrupting him sweetly, "nor you either, unless you tell dreadful stories; and as for poor dear papa," Miss Marjoribanks added, with a sigh, "if we were to do exactly as *he* wished, I don't think it would ever be. If you were not so foolish you would not oblige me to say such things. Tom, let us leave off talking nonsense—the thing that we both want is something to do."

"That is what *I* want," said Tom, quickly, "but as for you, Lucilla, you shall do nothing but enjoy yourself and take care of yourself. The idea of *you* wanting something to do!"

Miss Marjoribanks regarded her betrothed with mild and affectionate contempt as he thus delivered himself of his foolish sentiments. "It is of no use trying to make him understand," she said, with an air of resignation. "Do you know that I have always been doing something, and responsible for something all my life?"

"Yes, my poor darling," said Tom, "I know; but now you are in my hands I mean to take care of you, Lucilla; you shall have no more anxiety or trouble. What is the good of a man if he can't save the woman he is fond of from all that?" cried the honest fellow—and Lucilla could not but cast a despairing glance round her, as if appealing to heaven and earth, What was to be done with a man who had so little understanding of her, and of himself, and of the eternal fitness of things?

"My dear Tom," she said once more, mildly, "we may have lost some money, but are very well off, and Providence has been very kind to us. And there are a great many poor people in the world who are not so well off. I have always tried to be of some use to my fellow-creatures," said Lucilla, "and I don't mean, whatever you may say, to give it up now."

"My dearest Lucilla, if it was the poor you were thinking of——! I might have known it was something different from my stupid notions," cried Tom. This kind of adoration was new to Lucilla, notwithstanding her many experiences. And he thought it so good of her to condescend to be good, that she could not help thinking a little better of herself than ordinary, though that, perhaps, was not absolutely needful; and then she proceeded with the elucidation of her views.

"I have been of some use to my fellow-creatures in my way," said Miss Marjoribanks, modestly, "but it has been hard work, and people are not always grateful, you know. And then things are a good deal changed in Carlingford. A woman may devote herself to putting some life into society, and give up years of her time, and—and even her opportunities and all that, and do a great deal of good; but yet if she is put aside for a moment, there is an end of it. I have been doing the best I could for Carlingford for ten years," said Lucilla, with a little

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natural sadness, "and if any one were to examine into it, where is it all now? They have only got into the way of looking to me; and I do believe if you were to go up and down from Elsworthy's to St. Roque's, though you might find people at dinner here and there, you would not find a shadow of what could really be called society in all Grange Lane!"

Lucilla paused, for naturally her feelings were moved, and while Tom bent over her with tender and respectful devotion, it was not to be wondered at if Miss Marjoribanks, in the emotion of her heart, should wipe away a tear.

"After working at it for ten years!" said Lucilla; "and now, since poor papa died, who was always full of discrimination—— This is what will come of it, Tom," she added solemnly—"they will go back to their old ridiculous parties, as if they had never seen anything better; and they will all break up into little cliques, and make their awful morning calls, and freeze one another to death. That will be the end of it all, after one has slaved like a—like a woman in a mill," said the disappointed reformer, "and given up ten years."

"My poor darling!" cried Tom, who would have liked to go and challenge Carlingford for being so insensible to his Lucilla's devotion and cherishing maternal care.

"But if it had been the poor," said Miss Marjoribanks, recovering her spirits a little, "they could not help being the better for what one did for them. They might continue to be as stupid as ever, and ungrateful, and all that; but if they were warm and comfortable, instead of cold and hungry, it would always make a difference. Tom, I will tell you what you will do if you want to please me. You will take all our money and realise it, you know, whatever that means, and go off directly, as fast as the train can carry you, and buy an Estate."

"An estate!" cried Tom, in consternation; and the magnitude of the word was such, and Lucilla was so entirely in earnest, that he jumped from his chair and gazed at her as if constrained, notwithstanding his amazement, to rush off instantly and obey.

"I did not mean just this moment," said Lucilla; "sit down and we can talk it all over, Tom. I know it would be something for you to do; you cannot just go living on like this at your age; you could improve the land, you know, and do all that sort of thing, and the people you could leave to me."

"But Lucilla," said Tom, recovering a little from his consternation, "it is not so easy buying an estate. I mean all that I have to be settled upon you, in case of anything happening. Land may be a safe enough investment; but, you know, very often, Lucilla—the fact is it doesn't pay."

"*We* could make it pay," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a benevolent smile, "and besides there are estates and estates. I don't want you to go and throw away your money. It was in the 'Carlingford Gazette' this morning, and I can't help feeling it was a special providence. Of course you never looked at it in the paper, though I marked it for you. Tom, it is Marchbank that I want you to buy. You know how papa used to talk of it. He used to say it was just a nice little property that a gentleman could manage. If he had been spared," said Lucilla, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "and these wicked dreadful people had not failed, nor nothing happened, I know he would have bought it himself. Dear papa! and he would have given it to me; and most likely, so far as one can tell, it would have come to you at the last, and you would have been Marjoribanks of Marchbank, like our great-great-grandpapa; and that is what I want you to do."

Lucilla's proposition, as it thus unfolded itself, took away Tom

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Marjoribanks' breath, for notwithstanding that it came from a (young) lady, and was confused by some slightly unintelligible conditions about doing good to one's fellow-creatures, it was not a trifling or romantic suggestion. Tom, too, could remember Marchbank, and his uncle's interest in it, and the careful way in which he explained to the ignorant that this was the correct pronunciation of his own name. While Lucilla made her concluding address, Tom seemed to see himself a little fellow, with his eyes and his ears very wide open, trotting about with small steps after the Doctor, as he went over the red brick house and neglected gardens at Marchbank: it was only to be let then, and had passed through many hands, and was in miserable case, both lands and house. But neither the lands nor the house were bad of themselves, and Tom was, like Lucilla, perfectly well aware that something might be made of them.

This idea gave a new direction to his thoughts. Though he had been brought up to the bar, he had never been a lover of town, and was in reality, like so many young Englishmen, better qualified to be something in the shape of a country gentleman than for any other profession in the world; and he had left his profession behind, and was in most urgent want of something to do. He did not give in at once with a lover's abject submission, but thought it over for twenty-four hours at all his spare moments, —when he was smoking his evening cigar in the garden, and studying the light in his lady's window, and when he ought to have been asleep, and again in the morning when he sallied forth, before Miss Marjoribanks's blinds were drawn up or the house had fairly awoke. He was not a man of brilliant ability, but he had that sure and steady eye for the real secret of a position which must have been revealed to every competent critic by the wonderful clearsightedness with which he saw, and the wise persistence with which he held to the necessity of an immediate choice between himself and Mr. Ashburton. He had seen that there was but one alternative, and he had suffered no delay nor divergence from the question in hand. And it was this same quality which had helped him to the very pretty addition to his small patrimony which he had meant to settle on Lucilla, and which would now make the acquisition of Marchbank an easy thing enough. And though Tom had looked wise on the subject of investment in land, it was a kind of investment in every way agreeable to him. Thus Lucilla's arrow went straight to the mark—straighter even than she had expected; for besides all the other and more substantial considerations, there was to Tom's mind a sweet sense of poetic justice in the thought that, after his poor uncle's failure, who had never thought him good enough for Lucilla, it should be he and no other who would give this coveted possession to his cousin. Had Marchbank been in the market in Dr. Marjoribanks's time, it was, as Lucilla herself said, his money that would have bought it; but in such a case, so far as the Doctor was concerned, there would have been little chance for Tom. Now all that was changed, and it was in Tom's hands that the wealth of the family lay. It was he who was the head, and could alone carry out what Lucilla's more original genius suggested. If the Doctor could but have seen it, he who had formed plans so very different—but perhaps by that time Dr. Marjoribanks had found out that Providence after all had not been so ill-advised as he once thought in committing to his care such a creative intelligence as that of Lucilla, and withholding from him "the boy."

As for Miss Marjoribanks, after she had made up her mind and stated her conviction, she gave her-

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self no further trouble on the subject, but took it for granted, with that true wisdom which is unfortunately so rare among women. She did not talk about it overmuch, or display any feverish anxiety about Marchbank, but left her suggestion to work, and had faith in Tom. At the same time, the tranquillising sense of now knowing, to a certain extent, what lay before her came into Lucilla's mind. It would be a new sphere, but a sphere in which she would find herself at home. Still near enough to Carlingford to keep a watchful eye upon society and give it the benefit of her experience, and yet at the same time translated into a new world, where her influence might be of untold advantage, as Lucilla modestly said, to her fellow-creatures. There was a village not far from the gates at Marchbank, where every kind of village nuisance was to be found. There are people who are very tragical about village nuisances, and there are other people who assail them with loathing, as a duty forced upon their consciences; but Lucilla was neither of the one way of thinking nor of the other. It gave her the liveliest satisfaction to think of all the disorder and disarray of the Marchbank village. Her fingers itched to be at it—to set all the crooked things straight and clean away the rubbish, and set everything, as she said, on a sound foundation. If it had been a model village, with prize flower-gardens and clean as Arcadia, the thought of it would not have given Miss Marjoribanks half so much pleasure. The recollection of all the wretched hovels and miserable cottages exhilarated her heart.

"They may be as stupid and ungrateful as they like," she said to herself, "but to be warm and comfortable instead of cold and hungry always makes a difference." Perhaps it was not the highest motive possible, and it might be more satisfactory to some people to think of Lucilla as actuated by lofty sentiments of philanthropy; but to persons acquainted with Miss Marjoribanks's character, her biographer will scorn to make any pretence. What would be the good of a spirit full of boundless activity and benevolent impulses if there was nobody to help?—what would be the use of self-devotion if the race in general stood in no need of charitable ministrations? Lucilla had been of use to her fellow-creatures all her life; and though she was about to relinquish one branch of usefulness, this was not to say that she should be prevented from entering into another. The state of the Marchbank village did her good to the very bottom of her soul. It justified her to herself for her choice of Tom, which, but for this chance of doing good, might perhaps have had the air of a merely selfish personal preference. Now she could regard it in a loftier light, and the thought was sweet to Lucilla; for such a beautiful way of helping her neighbour would no doubt have been to a certain extent impracticable amid the many occupations of the Member's wife.

Perhaps the most difficult thing in Miss Marjoribanks's way at this otherwise satisfactory moment was the difficulty she found in persuading society, first of the reality, and then of the justice, of the step she had taken. Most of them, to tell the truth, had forgotten all about Tom Marjoribanks. It is true that when Lucilla's intentions and prospects were discussed in Grange Lane, as they had been so often, it was not uncommon for people to say, "There was once a cousin, you know;" but nobody had ever given very much heed to the suggestion. When Lucilla went to tell Mrs. Chiley of what had happened, she was but inadequately prepared for the surprise with which her intelligence was received. For it all seemed natural enough to Miss Marjoribanks. She had gone on very steadily for a long time, without thinking particularly about anybody, and disposed to accept the

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most eligible and satisfactory person who happened to present himself; but all the time there had been a warm corner in her heart for Tom. And then the eligible person had not come, and she had been worried and wearied, and had had her losses, like most other people. And it had always been pleasant to remember that there was one man in the world who, if she but held out a finger to him—— But then the people in Grange Lane were not capable of discrimination on such a delicate subject, and had never, as was to be expected, had the smallest insight into Lucilla's heart.

"You have something to tell me, Lucilla?" said old Mrs. Chiley. "You need not say no, for I can see it in your eyes. And how lucky it is the Colonel is out, and we can have it all to ourselves! Come here and sit by me, and tell me all—every word."

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Lucilla, "you can always see what one means before one says a word. And it has all happened so suddenly; but the very first thing I thought of doing was to come and tell you."

Mrs. Chiley gave her young friend, who was leaning over her, a hug, which was the only answer which could be made to so touching a speech, and drew Lucilla down upon a low chair that had been placed by the side of her sofa. She kept Miss Marjoribanks's hand in her own, and caressed it, and looked at her with satisfaction in every line of her face. After waiting so long, and having so many disappointments, everything was going to turn out so entirely as it ought to do at last.

"I think I know what you are going to tell me, my dear," said Mrs. Chiley; "and I am so pleased, Lucilla. I only wonder you did not give me a hint from the very first. You remember I asked you when you came here that snowy evening. I was a hard-hearted old woman, and I daresay you were very vexed; but I am so glad to think that the Colonel never stood out against him, but gave his consent that very day."

This was the moment, if there ever was such a moment, when Lucilla lost courage. Mrs. Chiley was so entirely confident as to what was coming, and it was something so different that was really coming; and it was hard upon Miss Marjoribanks to feel that she was about to disappoint everybody's expectations. She had to clear her throat before she spoke—she who was generally so ready for every emergency; and she could not help feeling for the moment as if she was a young girl who had run away with somebody, and deceived all her anxious friends.

"Dear Mrs. Chiley, I am afraid I am not going to say what you expected," said Lucilla. "I am very comfortable and happy, and I think it's for the best; and I am so anxious that you should like him; but it is not the person you are thinking of. It is——"

Here the old lady, to Lucilla's surprise, rose up upon her pillows and threw her arms round her, and kissed her over again, and fell a-crying. "I always said how generous you were, Lucilla," cried Mrs. Chiley. "I knew it from the first. I was always fond of him, you know; and now that he has been beaten, poor dear, and disappointed, you've gone and made it up to him! Lucilla, other people may say what they like, but it is just what I always expected of you!"

This unlooked-for burst of enthusiasm took Lucilla entirely by surprise. She could not say in reply that Mr. Cavendish did not want her to make it up to him; but the fact that this was the only alternative which occurred to Mrs. Chiley filled Miss Marjoribanks with a sense of something like positive guilt. She had deceived everybody, and raised false expectations, and how was she to explain herself? It

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was with humility and embarrassment that she spoke.

"I don't know what you will say when you hear who it really is," she said. "He has been fond of me all this time, though he has been so far away. He went to India because I sent him, and he came back as soon as ever he heard about—what had happened. And what could I do? I could not be so ungrateful, or so hard-hearted *again*, as to send him away?"

"Lucilla, who is it?" said Mrs. Chiley, growing pale—for she generally had a little wintry bloom on her cheek like the China roses she was so fond of. "Don't keep me like this in suspense."

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Lucilla, with the brevity of excitement, "I don't see what other person in the world it could be but my cousin Tom."

Poor Mrs. Chiley started, so that the sofa and Lucilla's chair and the very room shook. She said herself afterwards that she felt as if somebody had discharged a pistol into her breast. She was so shocked and startled that she threw off all her coverings and the Affghanistan blankets Mrs. Beverly had sent, and put her tottering feeble old feet to the floor; and then she took her young friend solemnly by both her hands.

"Oh, Lucilla, my poor dear!" she cried, "you have gone and done it without thinking what you were doing. You have taken it into your head that it was all over, and that there was nothing more to look for. And you are only nine-and-twenty, Lucilla; and many a girl marries very well—better than common—long after she's nine-and-twenty; and I know for a fact—oh! my poor dear child, I know for a *certain* fact!—that Mr. Ashburton was coming forward. He as good as said it to Lady Richmond, Lucilla. He as good as said, as soon as the election was over—and now you have gone and got impatient, and thrown yourself away!"

Miss Marjoribanks was quite carried away for the moment by this flood of sorrowful eloquence. She was silenced and had nothing to answer, and accepted it as in some respect the just penalty for the disappointment she was causing to everybody. She let Mrs. Chiley cry out her say, and then she restored the old lady to her sofa, and made her comfortable, and covered her up with all her wraps and blankets. Though she ran on in a feeble strain all the time weeping and lamenting, Lucilla took no notice. She wrapped her old friend up and put her pillows just as she liked them, and sat down again on the low chair; and by that time the poor old lady had sunk into a faint sob of vexation and disappointment, and had given her remonstrances up.

"Now, I will tell you all about it," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I knew you would be surprised; and if it would be any comfort to you, dear Mrs. Chiley, to know that Mr. Ashburton *did*——"

"And you refused him, Lucilla?" Mrs. Chiley asked with horror in her face.

"Ought I to have accepted him when there was somebody I liked better?" said Lucilla, with the force of conscious virtue, "and you used always to say just the contrary. One great thing that supported me was, that *you* would be sure to understand. I did not know it at the time," said Miss Marjoribanks, with sweet confidence and simplicity, "but I see it all now. Why it never came to anything before, you know, was, that I never could in my heart have accepted anybody but Tom."

Mrs. Chiley turned round with an unaffected surprise, which was not unmingled with awe. Up to this moment she had been under the impression that it was the blindness, and folly, and stupidity of the gentleman which had kept it from ever coming to anything. It was altogether a new light that broke upon her now, confusing, though on the

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whole satisfactory; but for the moment she was struck dumb, and had no answer to make.

"I never knew it myself until —quite lately," said Miss Marjoribanks, with confidential tenderness, "and I don't think I could tell it to any one but you. Dear Mrs. Chiley, you have always taken such an interest in me! I sent him away, you know, and thought I was only fond of him because he was my cousin. And then there were all the others, and some of them were very nice; but always when it came to the point —— And it never came into my head that Tom was at the bottom of it all—never till the other day."

Mrs. Chiley was still so much confounded by this unexpected revelation that it was some time before she could find her voice; and even now the light penetrated slowly into her mind, and it was only by degrees that she accepted the new fact thus presented to her faith—that it was not the gentlemen who were to blame—that it was all Lucilla's, or rather Tom Marjoribanks's, fault.

"And Mr. Ashburton, Lucilla?" she asked, faintly.

"I am very sorry," said Miss Marjoribanks, "very, very sorry; but I don't think I can blame myself that I gave him encouragement, you know. I may have been foolish at other times, but I am sure I was very careful with him. It was all the election that was to blame. I spoke very frankly to him," Lucilla added, "for I knew he was a man to do me justice; and it will always be a comfort to me to think that we had our—our explanation, you know, before I knew it was Tom."

"Well, Lucilla, it is a great change," said Mrs. Chiley, who could not reconcile herself to the new condition of affairs. "I don't mean to pretend that I can make up my mind to it all at once. It seems so strange that you should have been setting your heart on some one else these ten years, and never saying a word; I wonder how you could do it. And when people were always in the hopes that you would marry at home, as it were, and settle in Carlingford. I am sure your poor dear papa would be as much astonished as anybody. And I suppose now he will take you away to Devonshire, where his mother lives, and we shall never see you any more." And once more Mrs. Chiley gave a little sob. "The Firs would almost have been as good as Grange Lane," she said, "and the Member for Carlingford, Lucilla!"

As for Miss Marjoribanks, she knelt down by the side of the sofa and took her old friend, as well as the blankets and pillows would permit, into her arms.

"Dear Mrs. Chiley, we are going to buy Marchbank and settle," said Lucilla, weeping a little for company. "You could not think I would ever go far away from you. And as for being Member for Carlingford, there are Members for counties too," Miss Marjoribanks said in her excitement. It was a revelation which came out unawares, and which she never intended to utter; but it threw a gleam of light over the new world of ambition and progress which was opened to Lucilla's far-seeing vision; and Mrs. Chiley could not but yield to the spell of mingled awe and sympathy which thrilled through her as she listened. It was not to be supposed that what Lucilla did was done upon mere unthinking impulse; and when she thought of Marchbank, there arose in Mrs. Chiley's mind "the slow beginnings of content."

"But, Lucilla," the old lady said with solemnity, as she gave her a last kiss of reconciliation and peace, "if all Grange Lane had taken their oaths to it, I never could have believed, had you not told me that, after all, it was to be Tom!"

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CHAPTER THE LAST.

This was the hardest personal encounter which Miss Marjoribanks was subjected to; but when the news circulated in Grange Lane there was first a dead pause of incredulity and amazement, and then such a commotion as could be compared to nothing except a sudden squall at sea. People who had been going peaceably on their way at one moment, thinking of nothing, were to be seen the next buffeted by the wind of Rumour and tossed about on the waves of Astonishment. To speak less metaphorically (but there are moments of emotion so overwhelming and unprecedented that they can be dealt with only in the language of metaphor), every household in Grange Lane, and at least half of the humbler houses in Grove Street, and a large proportion of the other dwellings in Carlingford, were nearly as much agitated about Lucilla's marriage as if it had been a daughter of their own. Now that he was recalled to their minds in such a startling way, people began to recollect with greater and greater distinctness that "there was once a cousin, you know," and to remember him in his youth, and even in his boyhood, when he had been much in Carlingford. And by degrees the Grange Lane people came to see that they knew a great deal about Tom, and to remind each other of the abrupt end of his last visit, and of his going to India immediately after, and of many a little circumstance in Lucilla's looks and general demeanour which this *dénouement* seemed to make plain.

Lady Richmond, though she was a little annoyed about Mr. Ashburton's disappointment, decided at once that it was best to ignore that altogether, and was quite glad to think that she had always said there must be somebody. "She bore up a great deal too well against all her little disappointments," she said, when discussing the matter. "When a girl does that one may be always sure there is somebody behind—and you know I always said what she was not just talking or [illegible] that there was a preoccupation in Lucilla's eye." This was a speech which Mrs. Woodburn, as might have been expected, made a great deal of—but, notwithstanding, it had its effect in Grange Lane. Going back upon their recollections, and people were able to verify the fact that Miss Marjoribanks had borne her little disappointments very well, and that there was sometimes a preoccupation in her eye. The first was beyond dispute; and as for the second, it was a thing which did not require a very great stretch of imagination to suppose—and the unexpected sensation of finding at last a distinct bit of romance to round off Lucilla's history, was pleasant to most people. If she had married Mr. Ashburton, it would have been (so far as anything connected with Miss Marjoribanks could be) a commonplace conclusion. But now she had upset everybody's theories and made an altogether original and unlooked-for ending for herself, which was a thing to have been expected from Lucilla, though nobody could have foreseen the special turn which her originality would take.

And nothing could have come in more appropriately after the election, when people felt the blank of ordinary existence just beginning to settle down upon them again. It kept all Carlingford in conversation for a longer time than might be supposed in these busy days; for there was not only the fact itself, but what they were to do, and where they were to go, to be discussed. And then Tom himself began to be visible about Grange Lane; and he had heaps of Indian things among his

baggage, and recollected so affectionately the people he used to know, and dispensed his curiosities with such a liberal hand, that the heart of Carlingford was touched. He had a way of miscalculating distances, as has been said, and exercised some kind of magnetic influence upon all the little tables and unsteady articles of furniture, which somehow seemed to fall if he but looked at them. But, on the other hand, John Brown, who had in hand the sale of Marchbank, found him the most straightforward and clear-headed of clients. The two had all the preliminaries arranged before any other intending purchaser had time to turn the matter over in his mind. And Tom had the old brick house full of workmen before anybody knew it was his. When the summer had fairly commenced he went over and lived there, and saw to everything, and went so far as to fit up the drawing-room with the same well-remembered tint of pale green which had been found ten years ago to suit so well with Lucilla's complexion. It was perhaps a little hazardous to repeat the experiment, for green, as everybody knows, is a very trying colour; but it was a most touching and triumphant proof that to Tom, at least, Lucilla was as young as ever, and had not even begun to go off. It was Mr. Holden who supplied everything, and he was naturally proud of the trust thus reposed in him, and formed the very highest opinion of his customer; and it was probably from his enthusiasm on this subject that might be traced the commencement of that singular revolution of sentiment in Grange Lane, which suddenly woke up all in an instant without knowing how, to recognise the existence of Mr. Marjoribanks, and to forget the undue familiarity which had ventured upon the name of Tom.

When Lucilla went over in the most proper and decorous way, under the charge of aunt Jemima, to see her future home, the sight of the village at Marchbank was sweet to her eyes. That it was not by any means sweet to any other sense did but enhance Miss Marjoribanks's satisfaction. "A year after this!" she said to herself, and her bosom swelled; for to realise clearly how much she had it in her power to do for her fellow-creatures was indeed a pleasure. It occupied her a great deal more than the gardens did, which Tom was arranging so carefully, or even than the kitchen, which she inspected for the information of Nancy; for at that time the drawing-room was not fitted up. Lucilla's eyes went over the moral wilderness with the practical glance of a statesman, and, at the same time, the sanguine enthusiasm of a philanthropist. She saw of what it was capable, and already, in imagination, the desert blossomed like a rose before her beneficent steps, and the sweet sense of well-doing rose in her breast. And then to see Tom at Marchbank was to see his qualities. He was not a man of original mind, nor one who would be likely to take a bold initiative. Considering all the circumstances, that was a gift which was scarcely to be wished for; but he had a perfect genius for carrying out a suggestion, which, it need scarcely be added, was a faculty that, considering the good fortune which Providence had so long reserved for him, made his character as near perfect as humanity permits. Lucilla felt, indeed, as she drove away, that approbation of Providence which a well-regulated mind, in possession of most things which it desires, might be expected to feel. Other delusive fancies *had* one time and another swept across her horizon; but after all there could be no doubt that only thus could she have been fitly mated, and full development afforded to all the resources of her spirit. As the carriage passed The Firs she sighed and put down her veil with a natural sentiment; but still she felt it was for the best. The Member for

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Carlingford must be a busy man, occupied about his own affairs, and with little leisure for doing good to his fellow-creatures except in a parliamentary way. "And there are members for counties as well," Lucilla, in the depths of her soul, said to herself. Then there rose up before her a vision of a parish saved, a village reformed, a county reorganised, and a triumphant election at the end, the recompense and crown of all, which should put the government of the country itself, to a certain extent, into competent hands. This was the celestial vision which floated before Miss Marjoribanks's eyes as she drove into Carlingford, and recollected, notwithstanding occasional moments of discouragement, the successful work she had done, and the good she had achieved in her native town. It was but the natural culmination of her career that transferred her from the town to the county, and held out to her the glorious task of serving her generation in a twofold way, among the poor and among the rich. If a momentary sigh for Grange Lane, which was about to lose her, breathed from her lips, it was sweetened by a smile of satisfaction for the county which was about to gain her. The lighter preface of life was past, and Lucilla had the comfort of feeling that its course had been full of benefit to her fellow-creatures; and now a larger sphere opened before her feet, and Miss Marjoribanks felt that the arrangements of Providence were on the whole full of discrimination, and that all was for the best, and she had not lived in vain.

This being the case, perhaps it is not necessary to go much further into detail. Mr. Ashburton never said anything about his disappointment, as might have been expected. When he did mention that eventful day at all, he said that he had happened accidentally to be calling on Miss Marjoribanks the day her cousin came home, and saw at once the state of affairs; and he sent her a very nice present when she was married. After all, it was not her fault. If Providence had ordained that it was to be Tom, how could Lucilla fly in the face of such an ordinance? and, at the same time, there was to both parties the consoling reflection, that whatever might happen to them as individuals, the best man had been chosen for Carlingford, which was an abiding benefit to all concerned.

Under all the circumstances, it was to be looked for that Miss Marjoribanks's spirits should improve even in her mourning, and that the tenacity with which she clung to her father's house should yield to the changed state of affairs. This was so much the case, that Lucilla took heart to show Mrs. Rider all over it, and to point out all the conveniences to her, and even, with a sigh, to call her attention to the bell which hung over the Doctor's bedroom door. "It breaks my heart to hear it," Miss Marjoribanks said; "but still Dr. Rider will find it a great convenience." It was a very nice house; and so the new Doctor's wife, who had not been used to anything so spacious, was very willing to say; and instead of feeling any grudge against the man who was thus in every respect to take her father's place, so sweet are the softening influences of time and personal wellbeing, that Lucilla, who was always so good-natured, made many little arrangements for their comfort, and even *left the carpets*, which was a thing nobody could have expected of her, and which aunt Jemima did not scruple to condemn. "They are all fitted," Lucilla said, "and if they were taken up they would be spoiled; and besides, we could have no use for them at Marchbank." It was a very kind thing to do, and simplified matters very much for the Riders, who were not rich. But aunt Jemima, in the background, could not but pull Lucilla's sleeve, and mutter indistinct remarks about

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a valuation, which nobody paid any particular attention to at the moment, as there were so many things much more important to think of and to do.

And the presents that came pouring in from every quarter were enough to have made up for twenty carpets. Lucilla got testimonials, so to speak, from every side, and all Carlingford interested itself, as has been said, in all the details of the marriage, as if it had been a daughter of its own. "And yet it is odd to think that, after all, I never shall be anything but Lucilla Marjoribanks!" she said, in the midst of all her triumphs, with a certain pensiveness. If there could be any name that would have suited her better, or is surrounded by more touching associations, we leave it to her other friends to find out; for at the moment of taking leave of her, there is something consoling to our own mind in the thought that Lucilla can now suffer no change of name. As she was in the first freshness of her youthful daring, when she rose like the sun upon the chaos of society in Carlingford, so is she now as she goes forth into the County to carry light and progress there. And in this reflection there is surely comfort for the few remaining malcontents, whom not even his own excellent qualities, and Lucilla's happiness, can reconcile to the fact, that after all it was Tom.

SCRAPS OF VERSE FROM A TOURIST'S JOURNAL.

I.

Into the wood! into the wood!
From blinding snow, and rocks that pierce
With sharpest edge the cloudless sky—
From a beauty, like the tiger's, fierce.
Into the wood! into the wood!
Where the brightest light is the tenderest green,
Where leaf illuminates the leaf,
And the ray of the flower in the shade is seen.

Out of the wood! out of the wood!
I am imprisoned, foot and eye;
Give back the mountains vast that filled—
Filled *not*, did but expand—my sky!
Out of the wood! out of the wood!
Where the dead leaf that fell the last
Lies on the foul and blackening leaf,
My steps disturb, of many an autumn past.

II.

The lightest, brightest cloud that floats
In the azure, can but throw
Some kind of shadow, dark or faint,
On whatever lies below.

For me, thank God! although I lowly lie,
I lie where earth looks straightway to the sky;
On me, remote alike from king and clown,
No fellow-atom flings his shadow down.

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No shadow?—none? Think, look again!
An hour ago, that huge and rocky hill
Stood bare, unsightly; all in vain
Did mid-day light each rent and chasm fill.
It waited for the cloud. The shadow came,
Rested, or moved upon its brow;
And lo! it softens into beauty now—
Blooms like a flower. With us 'tis much the same.
From man to man as the deep shadows roll,
Breaks forth the beauty of the human soul.

III.

High rise the mountains, higher rise
The clouds; the mimic mountain still,
The cloud, the cloud, say what we will,
Keeps full possession of our skies.
Let cloud be cloud, my friend; we know the wind
Shapes, and reshapes, and floats the glory on;
Glory or gloom it floats, but leaves behind
The stable mountain, open to the sun.
Let cloud be cloud—unreal as the space
It traverses; earth can be earth, yet rise
Into the region of God's dwelling-place,
If light and love are what we call His skies.

IV.

The stream flows on, it wearies never,
Whilst I, who do but watch it flow,
I weary oft. "Ah, not for ever!
Soon other eyes" —— I know, I know,
I too repeat my "not for ever,"
And, waking to that thought, I start,
And find my weariness depart.

V.

1.

Too much of beauty! we may break the laws
Ev'n here of temperance. I reel, I sink,
The eye is blind with seeing. Oh, for pause
Of sober desk-work! Oh, that I could shrink
Back suddenly to some old haunt or den,
And the old habit of the idly-busy pen!

2.

Ah me! that little desk, whose presence made
Of four bare walls a cherished solitude,
Where, leaning museful, with the ink I played
In what seemed solemn philosophic mood;
Will it again exert its magic power,
And fill with quiet joy the solitary hour?

3.

No! I shall tire of woods and waterfalls,
Shall tire of grandest mountains under heaven,
But not again will solitary walls
Reflect on me that subtle transport given

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By the old desk. No, I have learnt since then
I did *but* play with the now joyless pen.

VI.

My foot slipped; for an instant o'er the abyss
I hung, grappling the rock. Had that grasp failed,
Down, headlong down the dizzy precipice,
And down that other precipice of death,
I must have fallen!

Well, and could I choose
A better time or place for that dread leap,
Which must one day be taken? Could I live
For ages, and be ages dying, Death
Would still, would always, find me *un*prepared.
"I have a truth to learn; I cannot quit
This wondrous world, and this more wondrous self,
The secret of their authorship unknown."
Perhaps 'tis a secret you can never learn;
Or, if at all, through this same death you shun.
"I have a thing to say."—Oh, vanity,
Thy plea is heard the last. How many times
You've said your say, and found it still to say!
Go to your execution quietly,
Mute to the land of mystery, nor ask
For pen and paper to record your thoughts;
If a reprieve should come, trust me, ere night
That paper would be scattered to the winds,
Your great "last word" would be again revoked.

W. S.

THE ABACUS POLITICUS; OR, UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE MADE SAFE AND EASY.

A NEW SONG.

[Professor Lorimer, who, although a Conservative in politics, proclaims himself in political philosophy a general adherent, if not a disciple, of Mr. Stuart Mill, has, in his 'Constitutionalism of the Future,' promulgated a theory by which Universal Suffrage, or the next thing to it, is sought to be rendered innocuous by a graduated system of voting on arithmetical principles. Assuming the humblest voter,—"the ordinary rough," pure and simple, as the unit in the scale, and so having one vote, the addition of various qualifications and advantages, educational and patrimonial, are allowed to raise the voter by successive steps to a total of 25 votes. By thus reckoning individual votes at varying values, the superior weight of the better voters is meant to overbalance the mere numbers of those who count at a lower figure. We think, however, it would be neater, and in full accordance with the theory, to take the existing Ten-pounder as the unit or *integer*, and have a diverging series of voters above and below him, according to the condition of the respective claimants to political power. As the men below the salt might, in these sensitive times, feel indignant at being called *vulgar*

fractions, it seems equally convenient, and less offensive, to take the decimal mode of subdivision. Professor Lorimer's book, though it may not carry general conviction, and may raise a smile at some of its details, contains many just and good observations, and many suggestions that point to important practical truths, particularly with reference to Mr. Mill's proposal of having Working-men themselves in Parliament, and of educating the masses in politics by allowing them to *practise* on the Constitution.]

Reformers sage some novel schemes
Have lately set afloat;
But one to me superior seems,
That gives each man a vote.
Give every man a vote, it says,
Give every man a vote:
What takes in all—can't further fall,
So give each man a vote.

These Christians of our flesh and blood
(Which doesn't Jews denote),
Have claims that ne'er can be withstood:
Then give them all a vote.
Yes, give them all a vote, I say,
A universal vote:
But something new I fain would do,
To qualify that vote.

We can't discern the good and bad,
Or part the sheep and goat;
But some distinction must be had,
Where all will have a vote.
Then give them all a vote, my friends,
A varied kind of vote;
And e'er you count the net amount,
Weigh wisely every vote.

Our *Unit* if you'd have me show,
The Ten-pound man I note;
And those above and those below
Shall have a varying vote.
They all shall have a vote, my friends,
A corresponding vote;
No swamping here we need to fear,
Though all shall have a vote.

The Squire, Professor, Ex-M.P.,
At higher rates we'll quote;
While humbler men shall *fractions* be,
But all shall have a vote.
They all shall have a vote, my friends,
Or fraction of a vote;
Our labouring bands, and skilful hands,
Shall have a proper vote.

Nine tailors used to make a man
(Though fewer make a coat):
But *ten's* the number in our plan:
Ten tailors make a vote.

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We give them all a vote, my friends,
  We clip them out a vote;
But only when—their quorum's *ten*,
  It counts a perfect vote.

As down from Unit we descend
  To him who ha'n't a groat,
Still less must grow the dividend
  Of value for the vote.
But yet they'll have a vote, my friends,
  A fragment of a vote;
We ope the door to rich and poor,
  And all will have a vote.

Whoe'er the three great R's can do,
  And does them not by rote,
We'll add a decimal or two
  To magnify his vote.
We'll magnify his vote, my friends,
  Or multiply his vote:
Who these can learn, some prize should earn,
  And fitter is to vote.

If Stuart Mill could have his will,
  He'd add the Petticoat:
But that good day is far away,
  When women are to vote.
Yet though they have no vote, my friends,
  No plain, straightforward vote,
By ways and means the cunning queans
  Can bias many a vote.

There still may be, as now we see,
  Some men with venal throat,
Who hold the faith that trade is free,
  And traffic in their vote.
To such as thus may vote, my friends,
  Who swop or sell their vote,
The rights of man look pale and wan
  Beside a Five-Pound note.

To this, perhaps, no scheme can e'er
  Provide an antidote;
But all, at least, the spoil can share,
  When all shall have a vote.
They all shall have a vote, my friends,
  A merchantable vote:
How cheap or dear, will then appear,
  When all shall have a vote.

And thus at last in History's page,
  Unless I dream or dote,
You'll see a truly Golden Age,
  When all shall have a vote.
For Freedom or Free-trade, my friends,
  They'll give or sell their vote,
And high and low will learn to know
  The Value of a vote.

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THE REFORM BILL.

Before these pages meet the eyes of our readers, the fate of the Bright-Russell Reform Bill will have been decided. How the decision is to go, we, at this moment of writing, are necessarily ignorant. The more sanguine among the members of Opposition assure us that the Government will be defeated. The least desponding of the supporters of the Government say that they will carry their second reading by a very small majority. We will assume, for argument's sake, that the Liberals are right, and that the measure will be carried by eight, ten, or even by a dozen votes. Will her Majesty's Ministers find in that contingency any cause of permanent rejoicing? We trow not. Their triumph, if they achieve it, will be over their political supporters far more than over their political rivals. It will have been accomplished, too, by a process of browbeating and bullying which, though endured for the nonce — we are at a loss to conceive why — is very little likely to be either forgotten or forgiven. The spirit of party may be strong both in the House of Commons and among the constituencies; indeed, it is most desirable that the case should be so, for no constitutional government can long hold together which is not based upon the principle of fidelity to party: but there is a point beyond which men of honour find it difficult to put up with the demands made upon them by their political leaders, and the yoke becomes intolerable when these demands are pressed, not with unreasoning obstinacy alone, but with insolence. Again, however ready they may be to condone offences against good taste, and even against good manners, committed in the heat of a debate, any body of gentlemen, whether they call themselves Liberals or Tories, are intolerant of foul play wilfully and of due deliberation adopted. They have no objection to hard hitting, provided the blows be fairly delivered; but calumnious misrepresentations, attacks upon character and upon motives, under circumstances which preclude the individuals assailed from offering a word in their own defence,—these are methods of carrying on the war of politics which no English gentleman can approve. And, lastly, if the leaders of a party, whether they be a Government or the chiefs of an Opposition, cast aside all the traditions of their party in order to conciliate outsiders — still more, if being the Government, they so far abrogate their functions as to take counsel with independent members of Parliament, and to adopt their opinions — then, though their proper adherents may, under pressure, sacrifice honest convictions to a mistaken sense of loyalty, such sacrifice is never made without a struggle; and the struggle and its consequences put such a strain upon self-respect as must inevitably lead to the disruption, sooner or later, of the tie which binds leader and followers together. We have no hesitation in saying that to this state of mind a majority of the members of the great Liberal party are now reduced. They have made one great sacrifice in order to keep Government in office, though it has abused their confidence and outraged their most cherished principles; but we venture to predicate that they will never make another. They are thoroughly ashamed of themselves, indignant with the Cabinet, and filled with disgust as they contemplate the course of action into which, partly through inadvertence, partly by moral constraint, they have been drawn. Far by little and little the truth has dawned upon them; and they now dis-

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cover to their dismay that they are the victims of a conspiracy as "dirty" as the "dirtiest" which the history of political cabal has placed upon record. These are strong expressions, which we must endeavour to justify by a plain statement of facts.

It was perhaps a necessity in Earl Russell's case that, on succeeding to the Premiership, he should consider himself bound, on the earliest convenient opportunity, to inaugurate a fresh measure of Parliamentary Reform. He had given so many pledges to this effect, that to escape from them was impossible; and the country and the House of Commons were equally prepared to receive respectfully, and give due attention to, any scheme which he might bring forward. But the country and the House of Commons had a right to expect that the scheme, whatever it might be, should be his own scheme—that it should be submitted to the consideration of the Cabinet, and of the Cabinet only, before it was introduced into the House of Commons—that it should be an entire scheme, showing at a glance what changes were about to be made, and what would be their probable consequences—and that the Ministers who prepared it should honestly take the sense of Parliament upon it, without having recourse to factitious agitation out of doors, and threats of dissolution within, in order to secure its adoption. From Lord Russell, almost more than from any prominent statesman of the day, this course was to be expected. Nobody could distrust his zeal in a cause of which he had been for so many years the consistent advocate—nobody could forget the part which he played in the bloodless revolution of 1832; and it was fair to assume that, having once consented to let the monarchy drift to the very verge of shipwreck, he would submit to any amount of personal mortification and annoyance, rather than be a party to the possible chance of having so great a risk repeated.

All this the country and the House of Commons had a right to expect, looking only to the personal character of the First Lord of the Treasury. And they had a further, and, as it seemed to them, a still stronger, guarantee to the same effect, in the commanding position which Lord Russell's Government occupied. The lowest computation of the majority which the general election had given to the Liberal side was seventy votes; and with a majority of seventy to back him in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister, it was felt, could do anything. But then all who reasoned thus argued on the assumption that the general policy of the Government would be a policy of prudence. They knew that in the dominant Liberalism thrown up by the general election, a strong Conservative leaven was buried; and they counted on the presence within the Cabinet itself of moderation enough not to do needless outrage to this wise Conservatism. They counted without their host. They had overlooked, in their analysis of the intellectual qualities of the Prime Minister, one trait round which all the rest in his moral being may be said to cluster. They forgot how sensitively vain and obstinate Lord Russell has on every possible occasion shown himself to be. For six years and more the superior sagacity of a rival had imposed irksome restraint upon his wishes, and kept himself from occupying that place in the councils of his sovereign which he felt to be rightfully his own. Having regained that place, was it reasonable to expect that he should not use the influence thence arising to advance the great object of a long public life? Could he forget—had the world forgotten—the salt tears which he once shed over the defeat of a project, the beauty and fitness of which he could never persuade the inexorable Palmerston to see?

No; the time was come for effectuating that policy of Reform which he had taught himself to consider as peculiarly his own; and no thought of minor matters would induce him to let it pass unimproved. He was determined to carry a Reform Bill, be the consequences what they might, and to do so at his own time, and in his own manner. But the same inordinate self-love which induced this determination led up to another. It never occurred to him to entertain a doubt respecting the willingness of the Liberal party to go in any direction he might indicate; and his own more immediate colleagues he held, or believed that he held, in the hollow of his hand. He therefore settled his plan of campaign in his own mind with as much self-complacency as if he had been arranging a programme of scenery and decorations and competent actors, with a view to bring the tragedy of Don Carlos on the stage, and sat down perfectly contented with the aspect which it presented to himself.

Such appears to have been Lord Russell's attitude for some weeks after he succeeded to the vacant Premiership. He saw nobody—he communicated by letter with very few—and in corresponding with those who did share his confidence, he dealt in the vaguest possible generalities. He seemed to rest secure in the consciousness of his own might, and persuaded himself that all the world besides was as fully satisfied on that head as he. Even the filling up of vacancies, and the changing of places in the Administration, gave him no anxiety. He was resolved not only to reform Parliament, but to throw open the Universities to Dissenters, and to recast, after his own fashion, the Established Church in Ireland; and in order to make the party aware of his intentions on these heads, he got rid of Sir Robert Peel, transferred Mr. Fortescue to Ireland, and brought in Mr. Forster, a member of the advanced Liberal section, as Under-Secretary to the Colonial Office. Mr. Hutt was next removed from the Board of Trade, that Mr. Göschen might find a place there; and Lord Clarendon went to the Foreign Office — an arrangement scarcely to be avoided, and desirable in itself, because satisfactory to the Revolution houses. Observe that all this was the act of Lord Russell, and of Lord Russell alone. It was done very quietly, very firmly, without any reference whatever to the wishes of any other member of the Cabinet; and it left upon the mind of the operator an agreeable impression that greater wisdom could not have been displayed under the circumstances. The advanced Liberals were now entirely conciliated; for had not Mr. Fortescue repeatedly declared that the maintenance of a Protestant establishment in Catholic Ireland was indefensible? and were not Mr. Forster and Mr. Göschen equally committed to the extremest measures of Parliamentary and University Reform? A position strong by nature was thus placed absolutely beyond the reach of danger. He might therefore enjoy without stint what still remained of the recess, because the prospects of the coming session were most cheering.

Had Lord Russell been left to himself after this, we think it probable either that the introduction of a bill for the Reform of Parliament might have been deferred till next session, or even the session after the next, or that a measure would have been brought forward, complete in itself, and materially different from that now under discussion. It is quite clear that, till the other day, he entertained no doubts whatever respecting the accuracy of the calculations on which his bill of 1860 had been founded. He believed, because the assertion was never contradicted, that the Act of 1832 had so far failed as to diminish the borough constituencies very considerably, and that

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the working classes, in particular, were almost entirely precluded from the exercise of the franchise by the clause which restricted that privilege in towns to the occupants of ten-pound houses. In this respect his views corresponded with those of Mr. Gladstone; and he and Mr. Gladstone may therefore be allowed to have acted in good faith, so long as they held themselves bound to advocate, at a convenient season, a six-pound franchise for boroughs, in connection with a well-digested scheme for the general redistribution of seats. In like manner it is shown, by the tone assumed in the late debates, that no member of the Government believes, up to the present moment, that working men have any share whatever in the election of county members. But this conviction on their parts, with the concurrent desire to remedy the evil, was scarcely so urgent as to drive them headlong into a struggle, of which the immediate effect must be, as they well knew, injurious to trade, and success in which, assuming that they were successful, must necessarily lead to an immediate dissolution. We think it probable, therefore, that Lord Russell, had he been left to himself, would have chosen his own time for pushing forward his own policy, and done his own work in a far more statesman-like manner, than other people have done it for him. But Lord Russell was not left to himself. The dream of easy triumphs to come was suddenly broken by voices from the north, which indicated too surely that there was mutiny in the camp. Poor man! he had overlooked the fact that there are in England other reformers than himself. Mr. Bright, not having been consulted, took the earliest opportunity of showing that he, at least, was scarcely prepared to move or stand still at the bidding of a master; and, by his furious tirade at Bradford, overthrew in a moment the whole castle of cards which the Prime-Minister had taken so much pains to erect.

From that hour the Ministerial plan of operations underwent a change. It was clear that the gentlemen below the gangway would not run straight except further inducements to discipline were held out to them; and Mr. Göschen, before time was afforded to get warm in his seat at the Board of Trade, found himself transferred to the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet. This went far to secure the allegiance of the City of London, but it made no impression on the thick-skinned Bright, while it threw all the other members of the Administration into a ferment of discontent. Something more must be done; and it was done. Negotiations were opened with the great tribune of the people, through what channel will doubtless come to light by-and-by; and terms being proposed, a long discussion ensued, ending in the compromise which is no longer a secret. Mr. Bright first required that three points should be conceded to him; he ultimately agreed to be satisfied with one. If the Government would pledge itself to divide its measure, carrying a Franchise Bill first, and then going in for the redistribution of seats, he was willing to support them. He would have certainly preferred a six-pound franchise in boroughs, and a ten-pound franchise in counties, to anything higher; but give him a seven and a fourteen pound franchise in the first instance, leaving other matters to be arranged at a future time, and he would be content. Forasmuch, however, as this change of ground must of necessity awaken the suspicions of the House, it seemed desirable that evidence should be furnished of the propriety of effecting it. It was therefore suggested — whether by Mr. Bright or the Government, we do not pretend to say; the latter provoked thereto, as it now comes out, by Lord Elcho's letter—

that a volume of statistics should be prepared. Finally, it was arranged that a bill for lowering the franchise should, with as little delay as possible, be brought into the House of Commons; and the whole of the programme laid down by Mr. Bright at Bradford was adopted, bating only the settlement of a six-pound franchise in boroughs, and a ten-pound franchise in counties.

The Government was quite honest in its zeal to collect statistics. So was Mr. Bright. Both parties believed that the results would confirm all their previous assertions respecting the unrepresented state of the working classes. Both parties were utterly confounded when the returns came in. Mr. Gladstone, in particular, felt that he had been stultifying himself for years, and even Lord Russell and Mr. Bright experienced something like a sense of shame. Lord Russell and Mr. Bright are not, however, affected with temperaments over-sensitive. They soon made up their minds to accept the facts as they stood, and to make the most of them. Not so the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Few who heard him introduce the measure to the House, could fail to observe that he did so under great restraint. Not half-a-dozen members, if so many, were aware of the agony which he endured in making his statement. But the same sensitive temperament which causes him to suffer when he is doing wrong, and knows that he is in a false position, has the power of applying a balm to the wound. Contradict him—show that he is wrong—make others, and, above all, make himself percceive how very false the position is into which he has thrust himself—and you at once divert his feelings into a new channel and turn upon yourself the anger which had previously caused him to "eat his own heart." Had Mr. Gladstone's measure, and the speech in which it was proposed met with a different reception at the first reading, it is a matter of some doubt with a whether he would have recover self-complacency enough to go ther in the matter. As it was, the speeches of Mr. Laing, Mr. Low and Mr. Horsman cut him to the quick, and he threw himself body and soul, into the effort, not a much to convince the House and the country that the measure was a wise measure, as to overwhelm with philippics the insolent individuals who dared to contradict what he, in his majesty, had enunciated, and presumed to advance reasons for holding opinions adverse to his own.

Angry as he was, Mr. Gladstone managed so far to restrain himself, throughout the brief discussion which went forward, as to waive his right of reply. He saw that the temper of the House was against him; and he wisely abstained from provoking, by any premature explosion, an open avowal of hostility to the Bill where such avowal would have been dangerous. He bowed the head on the evening of the 12th of March, and the ceremonial of admiting the great measure to its first stage was gone through in silence. The iron had, however entered into his soul, and nature soon began to assert her rights. Hitherto he had been, what we described him last month to be, the meekest of men. Now the horse-shoe showed itself once more on his brow, and he became the Gladstone of other days. He had borne enough of rebuke from enemies, of hollow support from professed friends. He would show both that he was as much in earnest about the Reform Bill as he had been in demanding the repeal of the paper-duties. There was no further debate, of course, upon a measure of which the first reading was over and the second to come; but the prospect seemed too alarming not to elicit, from time to time, references to the future from both sides of the House, and to its possible effects on the

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constitution of society. These became intolerable to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The pressure of the burden was too great. The self-restraint which he had exercised with consummate energy ever since the session began, gave way in a moment. We need not repeat in detail the circumstances of a case which must be fresh, and will long continue to be fresh, in the recollection of our readers; but of the impression made upon lookers-on, disposed for various reasons to be well disposed towards the chief actor in the scene, it is worth while to preserve the record. The following extracts, from the 'Saturday Review' of the 7th of April last, are singularly edifying:—

"We were rather too early in addressing our congratulations to Mr. Gladstone on his powers of parliamentary self-restraint. The very day which introduced to our readers our premature felicitations, also published that remarkable outbreak of temper and puerility with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer closed the first page of the annals of his leadership of the House of Commons. You may expel human nature with all unnatural violence, says the old poet, but character will break out at last. Impelled by principle or policy, a man may take the temperance pledge, but if he does run riot and return to his old courses, he does it in earnest. Those seven dull weeks of sullen and difficult self-repression were atoned for in one compensating shriek of bad taste and bad temper. The famous 'flesh-and-blood and fellow-Christian' inarticulate burst convinced the House of Commons what dependence could be placed on the courtesy and judgment of its foremost man.

'Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?'

The very phrase which has already acquired an ugly sort of immortality, the kind of adhesiveness which belongs to a nickname, was but a small echo of the old cant, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' But the deplorable indiscretion in the House of Commons into which Mr. Gladstone was betrayed by the poor provocation of Lord Robert Montagu, has, like many other trifles, been productive of serious consequences—serious, perhaps, rather to the speaker than to any other or greater interests. It committed him. If these things can be said and done in the green tree, what about the dry? If this is the language for the uninflammable senators, what becoming words are right for the touchwood susceptibilities of the ignorant? The consequence of the appeal for one's own flesh and blood and fellow-Christians—as though the franchise were a matter of animal physiology and the three creeds—was an appeal (in another sense) to the flesh and blood of the orator's hearers. To talk of flesh and blood savours strongly of animal passions and physical force. If a man has a right to the franchise by virtue of his flesh and blood, it must be his flesh and blood that must assert his right. Very likely Mr. Gladstone did not mean this; he only meant to scream, more or less articulately. He did not intend to threaten, he only meant to show that he was in a passion, and that he was tired to death of being courteous and stupid. So much the worse for the leader of the House of Commons. It is quite possible that his enemies were on the look-out for this, or something like this, though not perhaps something quite so bad. For it must be the policy of the Opposition to taunt and goad and irritate their high spirited antagonist. In the economy of party there is always room for the playful stimulants of the *banderilleros* and *picadores*, especially if the noble *toro* affects stupidity. The way in which Mr. Gladstone's speech was received by the Opposition showed that somebody at least was satisfied."

So began and so ended the first portion of that session of the Legislature which will not probably come to a close without exercising a great and lasting influence on the destinies of this empire. Brief as the interval was, it sufficed to make manifest how disastrous to his party had been the Nemesis which constrained Lord Russell to assign to Mr. Gladstone the leadership of the House of Commons. And doubly painful the awakening proved to be, because there came with it the distressing conviction that the blunder was irremediable. But time and tide wait for no man; Parliament was adjourned for the Easter holidays; and with the ad-

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journment came into operation a system of tactics, of which it is impossible to speak in terms sufficiently strong. Mr. Bright and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had both affirmed that the country was bent on seeing their Reform scheme carried into effect, and it became necessary to get up something like evidence that they were not speaking at random. Mr. Brand received instructions to communicate with the leading reformers in every town and city in the United Kingdom, and to urge upon them the necessity of calling meetings together, and getting petitions signed. Mr. Bright went his way to Birmingham and the north, and Mr. Gladstone accepted an invitation to dine in Liverpool. There are evil-disposed persons who go so far as to insinuate that Mr. Gladstone invited himself to the Liverpool banquet; in other words, that the banquet was got up for the purpose of enabling him to speak his mind to his entertainers, and to address, in due course, the more motley assemblage which might be brought together to hear him in the Amphitheatre. All this is of course a calumny. But there is no calumny in the assertion that Mr. Gladstone, however he got to Liverpool,' comported himself there as no man in his high position was ever before known to do; and that, even among those who cheered him at the moment, there were some who, while they admired his eloquence, and permitted themselves to be carried away with it, utterly condemned the spirit in which he poured it forth, and turned away with disgust from his sentiments.

Our readers have not forgotten that, in first enunciating the ministerial scheme, Mr. Gladstone took a very decided tone. It had appeared judicious to the Cabinet, advised by Mr. Bright, to separate their bill for the extension of the franchise from their intended measure of redistribution; and their plan being fully arranged, no inducement whatever should prevail upon them to deviate from it. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, would not so much as hold out a hope that the redistribution arrangement should be either explained or attempted during the current session. This was a great secret, which the Government was determined to keep within its own bosom; and the House must either give it their confidence by passing the Bill before them, or withhold it, throw out the Bill, and turn out the Government. This was on the 12th of March. But when one member after another got up on their own side, and gave notice of amendments to be brought forward at the second reading, the Government saw that they were in a false position. It is understood that Mr. Gladstone's peremptory tone was disapproved or censured in the Cabinet, and that he received instructions to win back the recusants by giving explicit answers to the questions which had been put to him. Accordingly, on the 23d, just before the House separated, he made known his intention of laying on the table, immediately the second reading was over, the draft of a Redistribution Bill;—not as a measure complete in itself, and therefore to be discussed on the instant, but simply with a view to let the supporters of the Government understand what would be expected of them. We are bound to add that, in obeying the directions of the Cabinet, Mr. Gladstone contrived to render the concession to his own supporters as little graceful as possible. He put great stress on the fact that the Bill was not a Bill after all—that it would be nothing more than the announcement of an intention, which might or might not be carried into effect as circumstances should determine; that he considered himself extremely ill-used in being forced into an explanation at all; and that honourable gentlemen were at liberty to make much or little of the announcement just as they pleased.

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The announcement proved satisfactory to Mr. Kinglake and Mr. Oliphant. They each withdrew his threatened amendment. Not so Lord Grosvenor. He restated the amendment which he was prepared to move when next the subject should come under discussion; and Lord Stanley, amid loud cheers from both sides of the House, made known his purpose of seconding the motion. This was too much for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He took advantage of some expression or other in a speech by Lord Robert Montagu to break forth into a tirade as little worthy of his position as can well be conceived, and incurred in so doing the well-deserved chastisement of which, in the extract just given from the 'Saturday Review,' we have registered one specimen. It was then that he went so far as to fasten upon the Tories an expression of which they never made use. Himself comparing the proposed influx of £7 voters to an invasion by a French army, he charged his opponents with having instituted that comparison, while he relieved his own soul by slavering about "the same flesh and blood," and "fellow-Christians," very much to the satisfaction of the Opposition, and not a little to the chagrin and humiliation of his colleagues in office and their supporters. It was his last exhibition of himself before the House rose, of which the effect was certainly not diminished by what he said and did during the Easter holidays.

On the 5th of April Mr. Gladstone arrived in Liverpool, and met the same day at dinner some two or three hundred of the more opulent of the Liberal merchants and traders of that great emporium of commerce. If the merchants and traders expected from him an exposition of ministerial policy, general or particular, they must have been greatly disappointed. He was, singularly careful on this ground to say as little as possible. In an address which occupied a good half-hour in the delivery, he avoided every topic on which his audience could have wished him to touch. He spoke of Fenianism, of the Cattle Plague, of the Oaths Bill, and of things in general; but not one word escaped him bearing especially upon the Bill for the enlargement of the franchise, still less upon the reasons which induced the Government to bring it forward as a measure distinct in itself. The consequence was, that when the evening's entertainment came to an end, people went away weighed down by a sense of the dullest, deadest disappointment. But Mr. Gladstone knew what he was doing all the while. He had another audience to address on the following day, for which it was necessary to reserve the cream of his story, and from which he would be sure to receive plaudits loud in proportion to the strong language of which he might make use, and the strong sentiments expressed by it. He was mild, therefore, with the merchants, that he might be fresh as well as violent with the crowd. And violent he was with a vengeance, when the proper time came.

When Mr. Gladstone favours the world with an additional volume of his speeches, we shall be curious to see whether the oration delivered in the Amphitheatre on the evening of the 6th of April last, is made to read exactly as it was spoken. If it be, he will deserve credit for whatever merit is due to the consistency which compels mad and angry men to sacrifice their reputation to their impulses. For, fallen as he is in our estimation, and in the estimation of thousands besides, who once held him in the highest honour, it would grieve us to find such an outpouring of bad taste, bad logic, and bad morals, taken out of the category of mere newspaper reporting. He began, of course, by flattering his audience; it is the usual course of

stump orators to do so. He stood before a tribunal composed not of the working classes, but in the main of the middle classes of the country. Begging Mr. Gladstone's pardon, the case was not so. Out of the 3000 persons who thronged the hall, probably 2500 at the least were working men, not a few of them labourers from the docks and wharves—very many waifs and strays whose occupation it might be difficult to fix. This, however, would have been of no consequence had not its opposite been most needlessly and foolishly asserted; for the argument of the speech, such as it was, addressed itself exclusively to the working men. The invective took a wider sweep; we shall come to that presently. Meanwhile, let us consider the argument.

Mr. Gladstone's great, and indeed only, points in support of his scheme, are these—That whereas the incomes of the working classes stand towards the incomes of the higher and of the middle as 250 to 300 millions, and the amount paid in taxation by each respectively is as 3-7ths to 4-7ths, the share of representation possessed by the working classes is only as one in seven—a miserable proportion, which each successive decade diminishes. In 1832, according to his showing, the working classes in boroughs could command 30 per cent of voters. In 1866 they are nowhere in greater force than 26 per cent. Now, in the first place, we should be glad to know what the authority is on which Mr. Gladstone bases his comparative estimate of the incomes and taxation of classes. The last attempt made to settle that question on authority was in 1846, when the Government census gave the following results as to income in England and Scotland:—

Collective Income of	
The upper ranks,	£183,000,000
The middle class,	177,000,000
The working classes,	124,000,000

Since 1846 wages have undoubtedly risen; but so, in a larger degree, have the fortunes of the higher and middle classes, through the operation of the gold-discoveries and of a vastly extended trade with all parts of the world. We may therefore fairly assume that, however much it may have fallen below the comparative estimate of 1846, the income of the working classes has certainly not risen above it. Now giving the franchise according to income, the calculation of 1846 would entitle the working man to, at the most, one-third instead of three-sevenths; whereas, if we accept the fact that the proportions of income are changed as against the working classes, 26 per cent, the amount which Mr. Gladstone admits these classes now possess, would amply fill up the measure of their rights. But has Mr. Gladstone forgotten that, no longer back than two years ago, he held that the proportion of voters among the working men was something between one-tenth and one-twentieth, certainly not more than one-tenth, as compared with the voters in the upper and middle classes? Nor can he deny that, when the late Government inquiry began, he and Mr. Bright and Lord Russell calculated on the results for confirming this estimate, on which their then policy was based.*

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* These facts have been placed in the clearest possible point of view by Mr. Dudley Baxter in his masterly pamphlet on the new Reform Bill. We regret that our limits will enable us for the present to give only the general conclusions at which he arrives:—

"I recapitulate in slightly different order the conclusions arrived at:

"1. That the working classes possess at present in the English and Welsh boroughs absolute majorities in the election of 14 members; nearly majorities in the election of 35 members; one-third to two-fifths of the votes for 68 members; and 27 per cent of the total number of electors.

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Having settled this point to his own satisfaction, Mr. Gladstone proceeded to consider the probable effects, so far as the prosperity of the country was concerned, of the impulse which the Government Bill would give, if passed, to the growth of the democratic element in the constitution. That was a contingency of which he entertained no dread whatever. It was in the ordinary course of events that, as education and intelligence diffused themselves, power should more and more pass into the hands of the masses; and he, for his part, was nowise disposed to withstand or speak against the arrangement so long as the true interests of the commonwealth were preserved. From this to a eulogy of the institutions of the United States was a step as easy as it was direct. And then followed what may be described as the climax of the discussion. We are not, it appears, a democratic, but an aristocratic nation. And our aristocracy has preserved their influence and maintained their principles, because heretofore, with partial exceptions, they have been ever forward to advocate the rights of the people. Now, however,—but he shall pursue the subject himself:—

"I am sorry, gentlemen, whenever, even for a moment, and even in a particular instance, there may be a disposition

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"2. That the enfranchisement of 144,000 £7 to £10 occupiers will give to the working classes absolute majorities in the election of 95 members; nearly majorities in the election of 93 members; one-third to two-fifths of the votes for 85 members.

"3. That a very moderate further increase of their numbers would give them a clear majority of the total borough members.

"4. That the returns on which the calculation of 144,000 is founded are inaccurate, and below the actual numbers; and that the effect of the 60,000 compound householders and non-ratepayers has also to be added to the result indicated in the second conclusion. Hence a probability that an immediate majority of borough members may be returned by the working classes.

"5. That at present the borough voters at and below £24 rental appear to be equal in number to those above that rental, but that the addition of 204,000 calculated by Mr. Gladstone would make the voters at and below £13 rental equal in number to all above £13, thus lowering the balance line by £11.

"6. That the electors comprising a working-class majority in the total borough constituency would possess only one-tenth in amount of the borough rateable property, and yet these electors would govern and tax the remaining nine-tenths.

"7. That the rental of the whole borough working classes is only 18 per cent of the total borough rental, being one-third less than their present percentage (27 per cent) of the borough electors.

"8. That besides the immediate registration of the present £7 occupiers, there will be for several years a rapid growth of the borough constituency, caused by the desire of the class below the £7 line to obtain the franchise accelerating the ordinary and regular increase, which is now so considerable.

"9. That the unavoidable consequence will be in a very few years to give the working classes a considerable majority, and complete ascendancy, both as regards borough electors and seats.

"With respect to these propositions there may be a difference of opinion as to the extent of the inaccuracy of the returns, which must await the investigation of Parliament. But I wish to point out that the other conclusions are not matters of opinion or argument, but simply the mechanical working out of statistical facts. Given the data from the parliamentary papers and returns and from Mr. Gladstone's speech, and the questions became simple problems, like those we used to work at Cambridge, and about the main results of which no two statistical inquirers can differ.

"Even if (contrary to previous statistics) the ordinary increase of the constituency should not be exceeded, two or three additional years would produce the same effect. If this Bill passes, I do not see how it is possible to avoid the conclusion of the inevitable and speedy preponderance of the working classes."

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to detract from the noble and glorious traditions of the British aristocracy. I am sorry that, at the moment I speak, immediate danger to the measure that the Government have introduced should proceed from a name honoured in the lists of the aristocracy. A notice of motion has been given by Lord Grosvenor, for the purpose of defeating the Bill; and we are told—and as the announcement has now been publicly made without contradiction, we are, I suppose, truly told—that it is to be seconded by Lord Stanley. I know no two persons more entitled to respect and honour in the position they occupy, but I am forced to say that I think a more deplorable arrangement never was made—(great cheering)—a more gross blunder was never committed, than when, in the counsels of political party, with that kind of cleverness which so often outwits itself, it was determined that the two representatives of two of our noblest and most ancient houses should come forward combinedly for the purpose of defeating an act of grace; but what, besides being an act of grace, is an act of justice to the great community of the country. (Loud cheers.)"

We wish Mr. Gladstone joy of the success which attended this, his most telling hit. The reply to Mr. Lowe, which he shrank from uttering in the House till he had first of all delivered himself of it in a packed public meeting, had a certain amount of merit of its own. It proved that Oxford's favourite son, the pupil of Peel, and the author of the most remarkable treatise ever compiled on the relations of the State to the Church, could stoop, when the first occasion arose, to the meanest tricks of the demagogue; and it won for him, who, lacking courage for a fair fight, could strike his foeman in the back, and strike home, a very considerable measure of mob applause. But this blow at the aristocracy, this manifest endeavour to show that Lords Grosvenor and Stanley oppose the Bill only because, being aristocrats, they hate the people,—this was the announcement which left everything that had preceded it in the shade. Mr. Bright himself never did more, never did so much, to set class against class. For him the very mob can almost make allowance. They know that in some points he is rabid, being ignorant of the habits of thought of the people whom it delights him to lead; and even while they applaud, they forget, to a certain extent, what the object is at which his eloquence points. It is not so with Mr. Gladstone. He holds, if not the highest in a national point of view, the most important office under the Crown; he is a gentleman and a scholar, whose intimacies lie among circles elevated in point of birth, rank, and intelligence. When he speaks in disparagement of the aristocracy of wealth and social position, how can the working men distrust him for a moment? They do not distrust him. They believe as firmly as they believe anything, that both Lord Grosvenor and Lord Stanley are actuated, in the course which they pursue, by feelings of hatred and jealousy towards the body of the people; and it will not be Mr. Gladstone's fault if they refrain from showing, by acts as well as by shouts and words, that such are their convictions. Talk after this of O'Connell's appeal to the Irish, or of Mr. Bright's last famous letter, inviting the Birmingham men to come up and wait upon the members on the 12th of April as they went down to the house. Both were innocent in comparison to Mr. Gladstone's appeal to mob sympathies and mob prejudices in the Amphitheatre at Liverpool. Mr. Gladstone, however, overshot his mark, and is probably by this time pretty well convinced that he did so. There is not a member of the aristocracy, whether he be Whig or Tory, but feels the speech, and the tone of the speech, to be an outrage to his order. Political necessity, the needs of party, may induce some of these to affect indifference for the nonce. But the arrow has penetrated beyond the barb, and Mr. Gladstone will learn in due time that the orator, be he ever so eloquent,

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who throws himself, in carrying his measures, whatever they may be, as he has done, into the arms of the masses, must look to the masses for that support which the aristocracy will no longer afford him.

We change the scene; and from Mr. Gladstone at Liverpool we turn to Lord Russell and his 256 supporters, the latter assembled to hear what their chief might propound to them, with a view to allay the spirit of mutiny which had manifested itself in their ranks. Lord Russell's speech on the 10th of April was a very tame affair. It neither threw, nor affected to throw, any new light upon the subject under discussion. It frankly acknowledged the alliance which the Government had contracted with the member for Birmingham, and sought a justification of the proceeding in Sir Robert Peel's admission, that Mr. Cobden had persuaded him to withdraw from the defence of the Corn Laws. This was exactly such a piece of very small sophistry as might have been looked for in the author of 'An Essay on the English Constitution.' It deceived nobody, and nobody will now expend many words to expose it. For it is one thing for a statesman in office to acknowledge in Parliament that the arguments of an independent member have induced him to change his policy; it is quite another for a Minister of the Crown to take counsel, out of Parliament, with the acknowledged leader of a section of politicians, and to frame a measure which he has in contemplation so as to secure the support of his correspondent, and of the followers whom he can command. Lord Russell stooped beneath himself in trying to find a precedent for his alliance with Mr. Bright anywhere else than in the famous Stafford House compact, to which he and Lord Palmerston had a few years before been parties. Indeed, we may go farther. Discreditable as the Stafford House compact was, it offered no direct insult to the Crown, because neither Lord Palmerston nor Lord John Russell held office when they invited and confirmed it. Even here, therefore, the comparison, had he made it, would have failed. But to liken Sir Robert Peel's announcement, uttered, too, as it was, in a moment of irritation and disappointment, to a negotiation deliberately entered into, more than once broken off, resumed again, and finally concluded,—that was a call upon the credulity, not to say the stupidity, of his party, which Lord Russell could hardly expect them to accept. Beyond this, however, he had nothing to say which had the smallest flavour of novelty about it. Everybody knew that in his estimation there is no living statesman so fit as himself to conduct the affairs of the country. All, except such as were cursed with tolerably tenacious memories, believed that in praising Mr. Gladstone and his financial policy Lord Russell spoke as he thought. The speech, therefore, was a tame speech, and was felt to be so. Still the company broke up, happy in having secured from more than one black sheep in the flock, what the sanguine were willing to accept as assurances that the threatened opposition was withdrawn. How continually in politics, as in the events of private life, the wish is father to the thought! Where is the exuberant joy of the party now? Where the confidence which led Cabinet Ministers, meeting casual acquaintances in Pall Mall, to stop and assure them, in accents replete with joy, that "all was right," that "they were sure of a majority quite large enough to vouch for the safety of the Bill at all its future stages"?

So much for a true and faithful account of the preliminary operations which led up to the decisive struggle of which we are now contemplating the issues. It will be seen that, so far as they went, they could not fail to offend the good taste

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of all, even among the Liberals, who understood what was due, not to themselves only, but to the country. If it were necessary to consult Mr. Bright on a subject so important, why was not the member for Birmingham brought into a situation which would justify him in giving advice, not to the Administration only, but to the Sovereign? Mr. Bright, as a Cabinet Minister, would have had a right to hold his own in the Cabinet. If the advice which he tendered was bad advice, he would suffer the penalty which bad advice, constitutionally offered, entails upon the adviser. But Mr. Bright, out of the Cabinet, is as much debarred from advising the Cabinet on measures of State, as the Cabinet is debarred by law, by custom, and by the oaths of office, from making him cognisant of their plans, being as yet unmatured. All this the more moderate members of the Liberal party felt and deplored. They were humiliated in their own eyes, likewise, by being dragged at the chariot-wheels of one whom they refused to acknowledge as their leader; and they were ashamed of the chiefs who subjected them, and submitted themselves, to so palpable a degradation. But the thought of Mr. Bright's dictation was not more intolerable to them than Mr. Gladston's insolence. He kept back from them information which they had a right to demand, not for the purpose of turning their knowledge of facts against the Government, but in order to justify them in their own eyes for supporting the Government; and when, at last, the Cabinet constrained him to deviate from the course on which he had entered, he took no pains to hide his contempt for the weakness which could thus yield to circumstances. This it is which galls and offends the great Liberal party. They feel that Mr. Gladstone considers himself to be their master in and out of Parliament, and that he cannot treat with common temper any one who kicks against the tyranny. Besides, there are many Liberals just as little disposed as Tories to truckle to the democracy. On them the Liverpool speech produced a very painful effect, which was certainly not removed, though it might in some degree be softened down, by Lord Russell's appeal to their forbearance in Downing Street. The Liberal party was thus in a very unsettled state of mind when the day arrived for proposing to them that they should pass the Government measure through its second stage; and on both sides it was felt that the issue of the coming battle would in a great degree be determined by the tone in which the leader of the House of Commons should declare the lists to be opened.

It is not our intention to follow stage by stage the deeply interesting debate which for so many days has filled the public mind, not of this country alone, but of Europe. The task would be as hard to accomplish satisfactorily as, in point of fact, it is uncalled for. Probably none who read this article will have overlooked the fact, that the importance of the question at issue called the ablest of our senators to the front, and that at no former period was parliamentary eloquence more brilliant, and parliamentary reasoning more logical. The logic, it must be confessed, was, however, almost all on one side. If we except Mr. John Stuart Mill, not a single advocate of the Government measure condescended to deal with the question before him otherwise than sentimentally. If, on the other hand, an excited manner and strong language be all that are needed to produce brilliancy, we cannot refuse to Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Layard, the merit of having been brilliant enough. Mr. Gladstone's opening address indeed, surpassed in this respect both the fears of his friends and the hopes of his opponents. He alluded over and again to the 'Quarterly Review.' He repeated his ex-

lumnies on Mr. Lowe in the teeth of the contradiction with which they had been met. He charged the Opposition with having desired to plunge the country into war for the purpose of establishing the independence of the Southern States of America. He rung the changes on the decrease in numbers of working men exercising the franchise since the great Reform Bill of 1832; and insisted that the new constituencies which it was proposed to create would neither be powerful enough to swamp the old, if they desired it, nor be desirous of doing so, because they would not act together. Not one word, however, escaped him to show that it was either just or judicious, under any circumstances, to pass in fragments a measure for the reconstruction of the House of Commons; and that the House was not justified in requiring from the Government the same amount of confidence which the Government required from the House. "The truth is," says the 'Times' of the 13th, "that it would have been better had the Chancellor of the Exchequer silently moved the second reading of the Franchise Bill. He professed to have much to say in addition to what he had previously said, but he did not advance his argument in the slightest degree." This is true, but it is not all the truth. He damaged his argument by the apparently studied manner in which he kept clear of the spirit of the resolution which he knew was about to be proposed; and he offended the tastes, as well of Liberals as of Tories, by the tone in which he delivered his sentiments on the subject of municipal elections, and their peaceful and constitutional results. Was ever cause, lame in itself, so unfortunate in the advocacy of an ill-advised defender? Has Mr. Gladstone never read the Report of the Lords' Commission on the municipal elections which he professes to admire? or having read the Report, can he have forgotten that it describes the whole process as one of venality, servility, and the grossest corruption? And as to Tory deliverances on the matter of civil war in America, was it commonly wise in Mr. Gladstone to refer to these, which never existed, except in his own excited imagination, but the reference to which recalls to our recollection his own memorable assertion, "that Mr. Jefferson Davis has created not only an army, but a nation." Mr. Gladstone's opening speech was, and was felt to be, a brilliant failure. And if, when he sat down, cheers followed his appeal—the worst, in point of taste, that has been made to the House for many years—though they might flatter his vanity, they paid no compliment to his wisdom. "Enough, and more than enough, there has been already of base, idle, snivelling words. Deeds are what are wanted. I beseech you to be wise, and, above all, to be wise in time."

The issue thus raised was, after a remarkable interlude, in which Mr. Lowe bore the prominent part, encountered with equal modesty and power, first by Earl Grosvenor, and after him by Lord Stanley. Lord Grosvenor's speech does him the greatest honour. It was calm, gentlemanlike, honest, and very much to the purpose. It set aside the false conclusion which the Chancellor of the Exchequer desired to draw, and affirmed the inexpediency of considering the Bill before the House till the whole scheme for amending the representation of the people should be produced. It disposed, also, in the quietest and most becoming manner, of the threats uttered by Mr. Gladstone in Liverpool, and by Mr. Bright in his letter to Rochdale, against the speaker. Lord Grosvenor does not pretend to be an orator, and up to the present crisis has been contented to give a steady though silent support to the party of which he is a member. But Lord Grosvenor, being a Whig of the old constitutional school, is not

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disposed to be courteous, to bonæ *voluntatis*, into changes of which he cannot see the end. He prefers the country and its great institutions to party ties, and cannot, therefore, bring himself to legislate in the dark, even on the subject of reform. Lord Stanley, who spoke next in support of the amendment, argued in the same direction, though, as was to be expected, with infinitely greater power. He took no notice whatever of Mr. Gladstone's jeremiad in the Amphitheatre at Liverpool. He glanced slightly at the charge of seeking to provoke a war with America, and rebutted it; and then he went on to grapple fairly and logically with the real question before the House. We cannot deny ourselves the gratification of quoting the opening passage of his argument.

"The theory upon which the Government originally proceeded is this, that the question of the franchise and the question of the redistribution of seats are wholly independent and distinct the one from the other, that they might and ought to be considered separately, and that it would be more convenient to put one question out of the way before the House proceeded to deal with the other. Well, that is a view consistent in itself, and capable of being supported. I do not think it a sound one; but if they had adhered to the principle upon which they began they might have had the credit of showing their own conviction that it was right. (Cheers.) But what have they done? They have distinctly acknowledged our right to know what they proposed to do about the redistribution of seats before we discuss the details of the Bill. (Cheers.) But they say to this House, 'We must have you pledged first; you must vote for the second reading of the Bill, you must have faith in us; and when you have done that, and not before, we will reward your submission and your confidence by letting you know, not what will be, but what has been the effect of your vote given blindfold.' (Hear.) I wonder that the Government do not see, or do not care for, the construction to which that policy is exposed. No one supposes that they have not their plan ready. (Hear, hear.) No one can believe that they do not know now as well as they will know a fortnight or three weeks hence what are the boroughs they intend to disfranchise, and what are the new constituencies they intend to create. These facts, however, they keep back from the House, and purposely keep back—for what reason? (Cheers.) In his speech at Liverpool the other day the Chancellor of the Exchequer told us he used a phrase which sounded strangely from the leader of the House of Commons. The right Hon. gentleman said, 'We know with whom we have to deal.' (Cheers.) The only construction that sentence will bear is, that although the Government asks the House to trust them, they are not inclined to trust the House of Commons. (Cheers.) They think that if two measures were brought forward at the same time, one of two things would happen—that the scheme for the redistribution of seats, through not being sufficiently comprehensive, would disappoint and disgust some of the warmest supporters of the Government, and make them indifferent to the fate of the whole Bill; or that, if the scheme for disfranchisement were a large one, the members of those constituencies affected by it would be inclined to vote against both divisions of the Bill, and thus the whole measure might be defeated. That seems to be admitted. Well, then, I contend that what they are proposing to do is simply this, To ask the House to consent, separately and successively, to two branches of a measure which they well know, if it were to be produced as a whole, the House would reject. Am I not right in saying that that is not trusting the House of Commons? (Cheers.) For my part, I only wonder that a device so transparent should have been deemed to be worth the trouble of adopting."

Following up this hit, Lord Stanley went on to show that the Bill, if it passed, would be productive of a state of things intolerable, because destructive of all confidence between man and man.

"We are to have," he said, "a scheme for the redistribution of seats laid on the table in the course of the present session, but all action upon it is, I take it for granted, to be suspended until next year. I am quite aware that the Chancellor of the Exchequer declined to express himself positively on the subject; but I have not forgotten a speech which he delivered not very long ago,

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in which, with considerable detail, he pointed out that there were only a certain number of Government nights at his disposal before the close of the session, so that it would be useless to bring in another bill, inasmuch as the House would not be in a position, owing to want of time, to proceed with it. We may then, I contend, take it to be so probable as to be all but certain that the scheme for the redistribution of seats must, as I have already suggested, be suspended for another year. What, under these circumstances, is its value? (Hear.) Who is to guarantee the identity of the plan of 1866 with that of 1867? (Cheers.) Will the Government themselves say that in a matter of this kind they will accept no amendment, listen to no suggestion, and pledge themselves not to reconsider their perhaps hasty first thoughts? (Hear, hear.) As sensible men they cannot hold such language; and if they cannot hold it, then must we regard this Bill to be laid on the table but not proceeded with in the present session as a pure work of fancy, worthless as a practical guide for our action, and attended with this additional inconvenience—that if the Franchise Bill should go through committee, and if members, disliking that measure but approving the Bill for the redistribution of seats, should support the one for the sake of the other, and that afterwards into that other alterations should be introduced, then charges of inconsistency and want of good faith would be made — not perhaps deserved — but which it might not be easy to meet. (Hear, hear.) And, after all, the pledge which the Government have given on this subject is simply a pledge to do a certain thing next year, provided that circumstances admit of their doing so, and provided also they do not in the mean time change their minds. (Cheers and laughter.) If a pledge of that kind is to be taken literally, it is unmeaning; and if anything more than its literal meaning is given to it, it ceases to be unmeaning, but it becomes delusive. (Cheers.) The question is not merely one of what a Ministry may wish to do, but of what they may have it in their power to accomplish. (Hear, hear.) Who, let me ask, is to answer for the events of the next twelve months? (Cheers.) Who can say that the Cabinet of next year, though still composed of members sitting on the opposite side of the House, will be the identical body which we now see before us? (Hear, hear.) Who can tell what questions of a foreign or domestic nature may arise leading to a dissolution of Parliament after the passing of the Franchise Bill—supposing it to be passed in the present session—and before the Bill for the redistribution of seats is brought on for discussion? (Hear, hear.) And if, in the interval between the passing of the two Bills, a dissolution should occur, in what an extraordinary position would not this House and the country be placed! (Cheers.) If you appeal to the old constituencies, you make your appeal to those whom the House will have by its deliberate vote already condemned, and from which it will have transferred political power. (Cheers.) If you appeal to the new constituencies, you will have this more extraordinary anomaly, that you will be called upon to perform the most important act known to the constitution—that of appealing to the country to return members to Parliament under a provisional constitution (hear, hear); for the constituency will be neither that of 1865 nor that of 1867—neither the old constituency which we have been accustomed to, nor the new constituency which Parliament shall have sanctioned between the two — an electoral body which will be the creation of an accident, and which no one ever intended to be the depositary of political power."

Among the speakers who rose that night to support the Ministerial division, not one so much as attempted to reply to Lord Stanley. Lord Hartington addressed himself to Lord Grosvenor - not to Lord Grosvenor's argument - and dissipated in half an hour whatever reputation he had succeeded in acquiring throughout two years of official life. He spoke like an overgrown schoolboy, and narrowly escaped being hooted down. Mr. Kinglake endeavoured, with very little effect, to recover his lost ground; and Mr. Baxter moved that the debate be adjourned. Having possession of the House on the 13th, the member for Montrose indulged in just such a tirade as he might be expected to utter, avoiding all reference to the amendment, and the reasons on which it was founded, that he might express his individual confidence in what he

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called the people, and the entire accord of his own views in this respect with those of the reverend author of 'Alton Locke.' He was succeeded by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; and often as we have had occasion to pay the tribute of our respect to the genius and ability of that remarkable man, he never, we must acknowledge, stood so high in our estimation as he does at this moment. His was truly the speech of the occasion. It took a wider flight than that of Lord Stanley, and may so far be regarded as more discursive; but it touched the marrow of the question at the exact points which Lord Stanley appeared, as if by agreement between them, to have left for his manipulation. "A reform is the correction of abuses—a revolution is a transfer of power. A bill for the redistribution of seats is a correction of abuses—a bill for a large alteration of the franchise is, and must be, more or less a transfer of power." This was admirably put, as was the inevitable effect which would ensue upon the House of Commons itself of a too great infusion of the democratic element into the constituency.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer lays much stress on the fact that all the working class do not agree in politics. I do not say that they do, but I say this—that where they obtain a marked and general predominance they cannot fail to colour and influence legislation, especially where questions in which they feel a special interest are concerned. All clergymen do not agree in politics; but if they returned the majority of members, I fancy you would feel their influence in a division on church-rates. All farmers do not agree in politics; but if they returned the majority of members, you would feel their influence in a division on the malt-tax. (Laughter.) All working men do not agree in politics; but as soon as they return the majority of members, rely upon it you will feel their influence in those questions between labour and capital, between manufacturer and mechanic, between supply and demand, upon which the very existence of this commercial England depends. Even in foreign affairs as well as domestic, the very virtues of the working men, in their detestation of what they consider tyranny and injustice, would be a perpetual [illegible] of danger did they return a majority of members. The member for Birmingham says this Bill is wanted to save the country from the risk of war, provoked by the depravity of Tories—though, by-the-by, I think all the wars in which we have been engaged since 1815 had their origin under Liberal Administrations. But what says the member for Brighton, who spoke on the first reading of the Bill with so much ability and power? Why, that the working class would have gone to war with Russia on behalf of Poland. That is quite consistent with their generous tendency to side with the weak against the strong. A House of Commons, had the large majority been chosen by the working class, would then have wished to provoke a war with Russia. (Hear, hear.) But a war [illegible] disproportioned to our powers, less sanctioned by our interests, and more [illegible] exhaustive of blood and treasure, the imagination of man cannot conceive. Why do such dangers never occur in America and France, countries in which universal suffrage is adopted? Because both in America and France the popular Chamber has no voice in foreign affairs, no voice in creating Cabinets and determining the choice between peace and war. And the example of both those countries makes the fact clear, that in proportion as you lower the scale of franchise to the preponderance of the working class, the safety of the State compels you to limit the powers and authority of the representative chamber. The more you lower the standard of the constituency below the average education of the country, the more you will transfer the intellectual power of this House to some upper chamber, whether it be an English House of Lords or an American Senate. Take America itself; no one there cares what is said in the House of Representatives. Every man there looks alone to the Senate on questions that affect the general interests of the nation. The Senate there alone discusses foreign affairs; and when it does, can become the executive body, resolve itself into a secret committee, and exclude the reporters. The wise safeguard of America against her popular suffrage is in the scantiness of the powers she leaves to her representative assembly. I dare-say you might grant not only the seven-pound franchise, but even a universal suffrage, in this country, with safety as to foreign affairs, with safety as to making

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and unmaking Cabinets, and with safety to everything except genuine freedom (loud cheers), if you then left to the House of Commons as little influence, power, weight, and authority as are left to the representative Chambers of America and France."

But the shot which told with terrible effect was that which the right hon. member for Hertfordshire discharged just before he sat down. Here it is:—

"Sir, my right hon. friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer must forgive me if I venture to doubt whether there is an educated man in this House or out of it who accepts the validity of his reason—the want of time—for thrusting upon us this measure, isolated and detached from all other portions of a general scheme of Reform, and insisting that we shall affirm its principle without even a guess as to the constituent bodies to which that principle is to be applied. No, sir; every one must feel that the true reason for this mode of dealing with the question is that which was so frankly announced some months ago by the hon. gentleman the member for Birmingham (hear, hear)—viz., that if the House can be persuaded to pass this Bill in its simple and severe integrity, the Bill itself becomes the leverage for lifting out of the representation, whether in this Parliament or the next, many of the very members who may thus be entrapped to their own perdition (laughter and cheers)—many members, indeed, whom a bill for redistribution of seats may spare for the moment, but whom a Parliament chosen by the provisions of this Bill will sacrifice to the *manes* of those whom they have assisted to destroy. (Loud cheers.) Indeed, I have observed that in all the public meetings held in favour of this Bill no speaker has accepted the reason for not proceeding simultaneously with the question of redistribution, but every speaker has accepted the reason stated by the member for Birmingham, often interrupted by loud cries from the body of his audience, —'Let us in, let us in, and we'll soon settle the question of seats.' Sir, no one can blame the member for Birmingham for the candour with which he avows his share in a conspiracy to which I will not be so discourteous as to apply the epithet of 'dirty' (cheers), but a conspiracy in which members are to be allured to resign 'this pleasing, anxious being,' and kept so blindfold that they have even not the privilege to 'cast a lingering look behind.' But, with all deference to my right hon. friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I think the House has a right to complain of him that he does not imitate the candour of the member for Birmingham. (Hear, hear.) Sir, the leader of this House is more than the chief of party, more than the organ of a Cabinet—he owes a duty to the House itself; and in all things that appertain to our common existence we have a right to expect from him an ingenuous frankness, incompatible with these masked batteries and these crafty decoys into the dark. If there be among us any members who, in voting for the principle of this Bill, will by the completion of the scheme it involves destroy their own seats in Parliament, I think they have a right to be so far warned of their fate as to have the scheme put plainly before them by the Minister who, in leading the House of Commons, represents that good faith and straightforward dealing between man and man without which no conceivable suffrage could make us the true image of the English nation. Now, sir, before I conclude, let me, with great respect, address a few words to those moderate Liberals who do not desire to be buried alive in that memorable tomb in Westminster Abbey, in which the last of the Whigs is to rest, and his countrymen to be thankful that he can repose. To them I say, with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'Be wise, and be wise in time.' (Loud cheers.) Be wise before you cross the Rubicon and burn your vessels. (Continued cheering.) There is a story of a famous French preacher, who, delivering a sermon on the duty of wives, said,—'I see a woman present who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and, in order to point her out to universal condemnation, I will fling this breviary at her head.' He lifted the book, and every female head present ducked and dived. (General laughter and cheering.) 'Alas!' said the preacher, 'the multitude of the offenders necessitates a general amnesty.' Now, I see a gentleman opposite who is guilty of detesting this Bill, and yet intends to vote for it; and if, in order to point him out to universal condemnation, the courtesies of Parliament would permit me to fling these statistics at his head, so many heads opposite would duck and dive that nothing but a general amnesty could deal with such a multitude of offenders. (Cheers.) Sir, I am the last

man to disparage that loyal discipline of party by which we must all so often subordinate our individual opinions to the decision of those whom we accept as our leaders. I do not, therefore, presume to impugn the motives of any fellow-member who, though detesting this Bill, yet intends to vote for it. But I believe that the respect and gratitude of that large portion of the Liberal public which is represented by so powerful a majority of the Liberal press will be the reward of those who, on a question so grave, and of which the results are so irrevocable, prefer the welfare and safety of their native country to a blind submission to a Government that has not even the courage of its own opinions, for it does not dare to invite to its Cabinet the powerful orator who tells it the way to go; and thus, at least, make him responsible to his Sovereign for the counsels he dictates to her Ministers. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) For my part I can honestly say that, looking to the nature of the Bill, the mode in which it is introduced, and the arguments by which it is defended, my vote against it will be given, not as Conservative against Liberal, not as employer against workman, not as Englishman against Englishman, but as Englishman for the sake of our common England." (The right hon. baronet resumed his seat amid enthusiastic cheers, which were sustained for an unusually long time.)

We come now to the only speech delivered for the ministerial side of the House, which can in any sense be regarded as attempting a reply to the arguments of the Opposition. Mr. John Stuart Mill had not been particularly fortunate in the earlier efforts which he made to command the ear of the House. It seemed as if he were determined on this great occasion to show that there was good stuff in him; and seeing that the Liberal newspapers have ever since continued to eulogise his oration as a masterpiece of reasoning, we presume that the Government and their friends are satisfied that he has succeeded in establishing their point for them. His object was to prove, not only that the Franchise Bill is good in itself, but that the demand for considering it in connection with a scheme for the redistribution of seats is both uncandid and childish. Hear him enunciate his own theory:—

"What is the very worst extremity of evil with which the noble lord threatens the House in case it should be so misguided as to pass this Bill without the other measure of Parliamentary Reform by which it is to be succeeded? What is it this; that if something happens which requires the most improbable concurrence of chances to bring about—something against which neither the personal interest of the Government nor the limitation dates fixed by the Registration Acts, nor even the impressed will of Parliament can guarantee us in this all but impossible case, then may happen—what? That the redistribution of seats may, in spite of all that can be done, possibly devolve upon a House of Commons elected under the enlarged franchise. (Hear, hear.) Now, I put it to the noble lord's clear intellect—and impartial because clear—is this an argument which can have any weight with anybody who thinks the enlarged franchise an improvement (cheers), who thinks it calculated to give us a better legislature? If the legislature it gives us is a better one for all other purposes, will it not be a better one for this purpose? If it can be trusted to govern us, if it can be trusted to tax us, if it can be trusted to legislate for us, can it not be trusted to revise its own constitution? Does experience lead us to expect that this of all things is the work in which legislative bodies in general, and British parliaments in particular, are likely to be rash, headstrong, precipitate, subversive, revolutionary? (Loud cheers.) I think, sir, that a parliament which was cautious in nothing else might be depended on for caution in meddling with the conditions of its own power. (Hear, hear.) Sir, this formidable one chance in a thousand with which the noble lord threatens us, is only terrific to those in whose eyes the Bill is a rash and portentous transfer of power to the working classes. To those who think that the enfranchising provisions are good in themselves, even if there were no redistribution of seats, and still better if there is, the phantom of evil has no terrors. And that I believe to be the opinion of the great body of reformers both in and out of the House. (Cheers.)"

It will be obvious to all men capable of thought, that Mr. Mill

in thus stating his case and arguing up to it begs the whole question at issue. Nobody, except Mr. Bright and himself, professes to believe that a mere lowering of the franchise is likely to be good in itself. The Minister who proposed the measure, the speakers who support it all up to this point and beyond it, have affirmed that the lowering of the franchise was but a fragment of the scheme, which on grounds of convenience—not with any ulterior views of policy or craft—they are anxious to carry before they go farther. The convenience to Mr. Gladstone doubtless is, that he can thus, and only thus, obtain the control of the whole matter. He knows with whom he has to deal. He must entrap the House of Commons into a situation from which there is no escape, otherwise they may defeat his measure, and remove him from the Treasury. Mr. Mill takes a different view of the case. His reasoning amounts to this; that the members returned by existing constituencies have no right to exercise their own judgment in any way, or to give a thought to the effect which their vote may be expected to produce upon the political status of the electors who sent them to Parliament. They are not so much as to ask whether the proposed change is likely to give us a better legislature than we have at present, or a worse. But accepting the assurance that the change will be for the better, they are to leave to this legislature—which as yet has no existence—the power to determine what places shall, and what places shall not, henceforth select the men who are to make laws for this great empire. Now, we deny that such a course would be either rational or consistent with duty. Gentlemen are sent to Parliament to protect the rights of the electors, so far as these are not found to be antagonistic to the general welfare. And they abrogate their functions if they transfer to others any portion of that responsibility which the electors imposed upon themselves. It is for these reasons—because we do not know whether the new legislature will deserve our confidence, because we have nothing to guide us in forming so much as a conjecture respecting the principle on which it is to be constituted—that we refuse to commit ourselves to a step which, when once taken, can never be recalled. Mr. Mill's whole argument, so far as general principle is concerned, thus falls to the ground.

Mr. Mill, to do him justice, appears to have caught a glimmering of these facts, though he had not the frankness to say so. He went on, therefore, to make the avowal that, whether there were to be a redistribution of seats or not, he should still support the measure before the House.

"We are, I daresay, as sincerely desirous as the noble mover of the amendment, that family and pocket boroughs should be extinguished, and the inordinate political influence of a few noble and opulent families abridged. We are, I believe, as anxious to control the power which wealth possesses of buying its way into the House of Commons, and shutting the door upon other people, as the wealthiest gentleman present. (Hear, hear.) But though we are quite orthodox on these great points of Conservative parliamentary reform (hear), and look forward with delight to an expected co-operation with gentlemen on the opposite benches in the congenial occupation of converting them from theories into facts (hear, hear, and laughter), we yet think that a measure of enfranchisement like this Bill—moderate indeed, far more moderate than is desired by the majority of reformers, but which does make the working classes a substantial power in this House—is not only a valuable part of a scheme of parliamentary reform, but highly valuable even if nothing else were to follow. And as this is the only question among those raised on the present occasion which seems to me in the smallest degree worth discussing, I shall make no further apology for confining myself to it."

If it were worth while, which it is not, to convict a Liberal member

out of his own mouth, we could quote from Mr. Mill's published works scores of passages in direct contradiction to the sentiment thus avowed in the House of Commons. No political writer of the day has argued more persistently or with greater power against conceding to the lower classes of English society anything like a control over the representation. His views, indeed, on this head are so peculiar, his schemes for averting the evils of mob rule so subtle, as in a great degree to detract from the reputation of the author as a sound reasoner on practical subjects. His introduction into Parliament appears effectually to have delivered him from any undue fear of democracy. The Government measure demands his support, because it throws overboard altogether the checks and counterpoises for which, while yet a philosopher in private life, he used to argue. Indeed it does more. It indnces him to plead for such a lowering of the franchise as shall enable the labouring classes to return members of their own body to Parliament in any given number, from 50 up to 200. Now, we confess that, if the arrangement were possible, we should not only not object, we should greatly desire to see a fair sprinkling of working men seated among the representatives of the people, and legislating for the people. And to this a judicious redistribution of the political influences of the country might, perhaps, bring us. But a great difficulty meets us at the very threshold. How can working men afford to intermit their industries, as they necessarily must do if they go into Parliament, unless, among other measures of reform, a bill be passed to secure to members an adequate maintenance out of the public funds? The country, however, is not yet ripe for this, nor is it likely to be. We are afraid, therefore, that Mr. Mill's dream of removing, by means of a parliament of working men, "the curse of ignorance, the curse of pauperism, the curse of disease, the curse of a whole population born and nurtured in crime," must be treated as a dream and nothing more. At all events his object will certainly not be attained except by a course of legislation which shall deal far more fairly, ay, and far more largely too, with the subject of parliamentary reform, than Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone have endeavoured to do in their ill-advised and most impracticable measure.

One word more in reply to Mr. Mill—whose speech is, indeed, the only one delivered from the Ministerial benches which deserves to be answered. He alluded to the Bill of 1832 as the cause of all the changes that have occurred in the social and commercial legislation of this country; and, by way of supporting his own argument, added—

"If the authors of the Reform Bill of 1832 had foretold (which they scarcely could have done, since they did not themselves know it), if they had predicted that through it we should abolish the Corn Laws, that we should abolish the Navigation Laws (cheers), that we should grant free trade to all foreigners without reciprocity (renewed cheers), that we should reduce inland postage to a penny, that we should renounce the exercise of any authority over our colonists—all which things have really happened—does the House think that these announcements would have greatly inclined the Parliament of that day towards passing the Bill?" (Loud cheers.)

This is mere clap-trap; and Mr. Mill, while he gave utterance to it, could scarcely be unaware that it was so. Long before the Bill of 1832 was thought of, that course of legislation had begun which must have landed us, sooner or later, in the condition which we have now reached. In 1825, the old protective system received its first great blow. In 1828, the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed. In 1829, Catholic emancipation followed; and the sliding-scale had already paved the way for the

repeal of the Corn Laws. It is silly in Mr. Mill, and unworthy of the place which he holds among the thinkers of the day, to forget these facts, and ignore these necessary corollaries. But so it was throughout. The great speech to which so many references have been made, is a clever but most transparent tissue of sophistries, which Sir Hugh Cairns, in his masterly reply to Mr. Layard, pretty well exposed; and which Mr. Disraeli, before the debate ends, will probably demolish altogether.

And now, before laying aside the pen, let us inquire for a moment into the state of public opinion in regard to Mr. Bright's measure, and the effects which may fairly be expected to arise, from its slavish adoption by a Liberal Cabinet, on the relations of parties out of doors. And first, with respect to the newspaper press. The 'Times,' the 'Post,' the 'Morning Advertiser,' the 'Saturday Review,' the 'Pall Mall Gazette'—all these published in London—with scores of provincial journals south of the Tweed—which six months ago supported what is called the Liberal Party—are now arrayed against them. Even our own 'Scotsman,' though somewhat more cautiously, is turning his face in the same direction, and his example will be followed—indeed, it is followed already—wherever newspaper editors and writers are brave enough to speak their own deliberate opinions. Meanwhile the class of readers whose views these gentlemen may be taken to reflect, go about complaining that the leaders of their party have betrayed them. Their trust was in the great Whig houses in general, and in the house of Bedford in particular. They never intended to make common cause with the democracy. They must vote for the Bill, because the allegiance of party constrains them; but they do so in the hope that when the division takes place they may find themselves in a minority. We confess that to us all this is quite incomprehensible. We do not know of what stuff men can be made who urge their acquaintances strenuously to resist a measure which they are themselves about to support. Yet to this condition the more moderate of the Liberal members of Parliament are reduced. Meanwhile beyond the limits of Parliament the signs are rife of a complete and rapid solution of Liberalism into its elements. Not only the great Whig houses—the Fitzgeralds, Dovers, Camdens, Suffolks, and suchlike—are drawing back from the Russells and the Cavendishes, and assigning their reasons, but the rising talent of the bar both in England and Scotland, the leading men in our universities, the foremost of our merchants and traders,—all these begin to feel that something more important than the triumph of party is now at stake. They are therefore ranging themselves beside those who desire to maintain the dignity of the Crown, the honour of the realm, and the liberties of the people, without asking or caring by what party name they may be called, or how the motives which sway them may by ignorant malevolence be misrepresented. Of this a remarkable proof has recently been afforded in the tone of Professor Blackie's address to an assembly gathered together to hear him in the village of Corstorphine, not far from Edinburgh. Mr. Blackie, as we need scarcely stop to explain, has always been a distinguished member of the Liberal party in Scotland. He is, we believe, a Liberal still; but his Liberalism does not carry him so far as either to approve the Ministerial Bill, or to say one thing in regard to it and to do another. We give the closing sentences of his lecture, which, we are happy to say, were well received by the hard-fisted, honest-hearted men who listened, and with them take leave for the present of the Reform Bill and its advocates:—

"In other words, our mixed constitution of King, Lords, and Commons is the golden medium between the two extremes of absolute kingship or oligarchy and democracy; and we must maintain our mixed constitution not in form only, but in power; for if John Bright carries this Bill, and another John Bright carries his bill thirty years afterwards, and another John Bright, say in another thirty years, carries another such bill to complete the downward tendency,—if such bills were carried, they might have King, Lords, and Commons in form, but they would not have them in force. (Applause.) The power of the Crown had diminished in this country, and was diminishing—the power of the Lords had diminished, and was diminishing; and if the process went on, the House of Commons would overwhelm both, and the power of the local mobs would overwhelm the House of Commons. (Hear, hear.) That was a wise man who cried 'Hear, hear!' Already they have got men like John Bright who incited men to overawe the House of Commons. That may be done without any spur. Under a democracy such as they were pointing at, they would have men returned to Parliament who were mere speaking-trumpets—who would speak to order. In the case of such men as Mr. Lowe—one of the greatest thinkers in the House of Commons—there would be, as there had been in his case, a sublime bray in the provinces, and the cry, 'We won't have you!' The country was now in one of the most critical periods of its history. It was a matter of the utmost seriousness and concernment to every man who had studied history and thought upon the subject at all; and what to him was matter of the deepest concernment of all was, that a number of people were perfectly indifferent upon the subject. They said 3000 voters more or less wouldn't matter much. Perhaps not for the moment or the year, but a change, or rather a series of changes—for Mr. Bright is sharp enough to know, and honest enough to say, that he is now getting only his leverage—such a series of changes is sure to disturb the equilibrium of social forces, and is in some respects more dangerous than a stronger measure. People were not aware that the firm ground on which the [illegible] was being undermined. It [illegible] to him to be a kind of [illegible] all the movements of the [illegible] ing the last century had been [illegible] democratic—especially the last [illegible] cratic measure of 1832. After [illegible] measure one would have thought [illegible] wise to put some weight to the [illegible] side; they should be ashamed of [illegible] ing room in their brains for [illegible] idea, and begin now seriously to [illegible] tate on the propriety of [illegible] quality as well as quantity. [illegible] Irishman—to use Bulwer's simile—[illegible] thought that the apple-tart [illegible] with quinces would be better if [illegible] posed entirely of quinces—like [illegible] drunkard who, finding that one [illegible] wine made him sprightly, took [illegible] till it made him dance, another till [illegible] made him jump, another till it made [illegible] think he had wings, and a whole [illegible] when he thought he was with the [illegible] in heaven, forgetting that a [illegible] bottle would prostrate him with [illegible] beasts—like the man who, [illegible] a few drops of arsenic did him good, [illegible] a bottle and killed himself—[illegible] seemed to argue that because we had the Reform Bill of 1832, which was a [illegible] ing, one-sided, and strong measure, [illegible] which certain gentlemen, now talking a different tune, spoke of at the time as a final measure, we should repeat the dose, and we would be much better. Why, the next Reform Bill should be in a different direction altogether. Why not represent the Universities as well as the bakers and the tailors—why not represent brain as well as hands? He warned them not to be one-sided. They must put some check on the democratic movement, or they must go to perdition. He supposed they were quiet sober-minded people in Corstorphine, and he would speak to them in their own language. He said, 'Let well alone.' They were very well just now, and they did not know that they would be better by following John Bright. Let them remember what happened to the man who was quite well, but wished to be better, and upon whose tombstone soon there was written, 'I was well: I would be better—here I lie!' May God grant that no man may write this sentence upon the tombstone of the British Constitution in the year 1966!"

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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GINEVRA DA SIENA.

"Meglio e morir che trarre
Selvaggia vita in solitudine, dove
A niun sei caro e di nessun ti cale."
Saul di Alfieri, scena 4, atto 1.

"Love is a greater lawe (by my pan)
Than may be yeven of any erthly man;
And therfore positif lawe, and swiche decree
Is broken all day for love in eche degree.
A man moste nedes love maugre his head.
He may not flen it, though he shuld be ded,
All be she maid or widewe or elles wif."
Chaucer: *The Knight's Tale.*

So then you've come at last, my own best friend,
My youth's friend—never friends like those of youth!
I had not thought to see your face again,
Nor any human face that pitied me.
Now let me weep upon your breast; my heart,
Dried up within me, seems to swell again
At your soft touch of pity—let me weep!
My tears so long have burnt me, but these tears,
Like rain on withered grass, bring up again
The old spring greenness. Oh! at last, at last,
This passionate tension of my life gives way.
The desolating sand-spout whirled along
My desert life, and straining up for years
All feelings, thoughts, and hopes, breaks down at last;
So, let me weep here—at your very feet;
Lift me not up—it soothes and calms me so.

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See! what a poor, bruised, broken thing am I!
But you, dear Nina, knew me ere this brow
Was ruled with wrinkles, ere the thick dark hair
Which clustered round it grew so thin and white;
One curl at least remains of what it was,
And still you wear it in your locket, love.
You yet are fair. Stop! let me look at you;
How young you are, and I, so old, so old!
'Tis only happiness can keep us young.
Then, how should I be young,—imprisoned here
In this drear villa, all my turbulent thoughts
Storming against my fate, my hopes burn out,
My heart the crater where their scoriæ lie.
Yet all keeps young about me—all's the same
As I beheld it when a little girl.
These walls are still the same; the sky's the same;
The same sad stretches, the same undimmed stars;
The olives are not changed; there stand the pines,
Murmuring and sighing still; clouds come and go,
Just as they did when I was young and gay:
And looking on them thus, year after year,
So changeless, while 'tis all so changed with me,
Half maddens me at times. They seem to mock
With their perennial youth my vanished joys.
Here, in this room, I was so happy once!
Here, in this room, I am so wretched now!
My ghost—a pleasant, laughing, careless ghost—
Walks down along that terrace. See! 'tis there!
And yours is with it. Ah! one sees that's yours;
But mine—who'd ever dream that once was I?

Look now, it beckons, laughs, and flings a flower.
Off! off! I hate you; vanish from my sight:
There—down the cypresses go—go, I say;
Vanish! and never let me see you more.

Now it's all gone, would it were never there.
'Tis fancy, Rosa says—perhaps she's right—
Such tricks things play us. Do not look so strange;
Who can avoid all meetings with one's ghost?
And yours, does yours come never from the past,
From corners dim of olden days and dreams,
To whisper words that almost drive you mad?
Ah! I forget! You are so happy still,
And joy's gay laughter chases ghosts away.

Well, we'll not talk of that, nor think of that,
Only don't look so sad and shake your head;
You know I do not think 'twas really there,

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But then it somehow seemed as if it were
Just for a moment's space. Pray bear with me,
And if my ways and words to you seem strange,
Don't mind them, dearest; living all alone
We get fantastic notions, and one's talk
Grows wild with too long talking to one's self.
But now you come and love me, I am strong;
You, with your happy smile, scared fom my breast.
Well, well—no matter, now it's fled away;
You see it's gone now—look, there's nothing here.

Let them all go; one leap to other days.
My heart is almost light to see your face.
Oh! kiss me, dearest, kiss me yet once more—
How it smooths out the tangles in my brain—
And put your hand in mine: believe me, dear,
For years I have not felt so sane and calm.

I'll write upon your heart as on a book.
If I go over all the old, old days,
You'll listen, will you not? I know you will.

Let me go back to when I saw you last.
Our lives till then had close together lain,
Shaped each to each in habit, feeling, thought,
Like almonds twinned within a single shell.
What thought or hope was mine that was not yours?
What joy was mine that was not shared with you?
All was so innocent when we were girls;
Our little walks—the days you spent with me
In the old villa—where, with arms loose clasped
Around each other's waist we roamed along
Among the giant orange-pots that stood
At every angle of our garden-plot,
And told our secrets—while the fountain plashed,
And, waving in the breeze, its veil of mist
Swept o'er our faces. Think of those long hours
We in the arched and open loggia sat
And played with our embroidery on our laps:
As there we chatted oft we let it fall
To gaze at Amiata's purple height,
Trembling behind its opal veil of air;
Or on the nearer slopes through the green lanes,
Fenced either side with rich and running vines,
Watched the white oxen trail their basket-carts,
Or contadine with wide-flapping hats
Singing amid the olives, whose old trunks
Stood knee-deep in the golden fields of grain.
Do you remember the red poppies, too,

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That glowed amid the tender green of spring—
The purple larkspur that assumed their place
Mid the sheared stubble of the autumn fields—
The ilex walk—the acacia's fingered twigs—
The rose-hued oleanders peeping o'er
The terraced wall—the slanting wall that propped
Our garden, from whose clefts the caper plants
Spirted their leaves and burst in plumy flowers!
All these are still the same—they do not miss
The eye that loved them so; and yet how oft
I wonder if those old magnolia-trees
Still feed the air with their great creamy flowers,
And show the wind their rusted under-leaf.
I wonder if that trumpet vine is dead.
Oh heaven! they all should be, I loved them so;
Some one has killed them, if they have not died.

But you can see the villa any day,
And I am wearying you. Yet all these things
Are beads upon the rosary of youth,
And first to say their names recalls those hours
So full of joy—each bead is like a prayer.
How many an hour I've sat and dreamed of them,
And dear Siena, with its Campo tower
That seems to fall against the trooping clouds,
And the great Duomo with its pavement rich,
Till sick at heart I felt that I must die.
People are kneeling there upon it now,
But I shall never kneel there any more;
And bells ring out on happy festivals,
And all the pious people flock to mass,
But I shall never go there any more.
How all these little things come back to me
That I shall never see—no, never more!
Oh, kiss the pavement, dear, when you go back!
Whisper a prayer for me where once I knelt,
And tell the dead stones how I love them still.

These little things,—ah, suffer, love, like me!
You'll know how all these memories live and sting;
Even lifeless things, that scarce with conscious sense
We gaze upon in sorrow or in joy,
Cling to our joy and sorrow close as life.
Things, too, at discord with our lifted mood
Their trivial figure on the mind will stamp
So deep that time can never wipe it out;
Yes, even the pattern of the pavement there;
Its [illegible] a step apart on which I trod
In [illegible] hours, are printed on my heart

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Like some essential part of all I felt;
And when the pang returns, they, too, come back.

As we two wandered, little ignorant girls,
With childish talk and childish wonder then,
What did we know of life?—'twas all a play—
A picture—some few pretty shifting scenes
Set in the magic lantern of our youth.
What could we know, we little hermits, then?—
Watched over, tended, gently led along
A path with ne'er a stone to trip us up;
Reading such innocent books, going to mass,
Saying our Aves every morn and eve;
Never let go beyond a vigilant eye
To watch where danger hovers; caged like birds
In our home aviary, where we sang,
And fluttered round, but never could get out;
Where, though the eagle and the swooping hawk
Were ranging round, we were so safe from them.
How were we fit, thus nurtured, to let loose
Upon the world? The frail canary bird,
Bred in a cage, is just as fit to free.
Oh! in the storm and buffet of my life
My heart has flown so often back again,
And beat the bars that could not let me in.

Look at the foolish way in which we're trained,
And say, how can it fit us for the world?
The doctrine and the mass, of course, we're taught;
Then comes our first communion in the fold
Of some clean convent, mid the patient nuns,
Whose minds and lives are stunted at the best.
What can they teach beside hypocrisy,
To check the natural currents of our youth?
Through their religious panes they show the world
All glare and falseness—yet we sigh for it;
Then, taken back, we're kept beneath a glass,
Like some frail plant that cannot bear the breeze.
For home is but a kind of convent, where
Our mother is the abbess—we the nuns;
We learn our letters, but there's nought to read
Save tedious homilies and bloodless books.
Life is more real, so we sigh for it—
Not life on this side marriage, but beyond.
For what was life so-called to us poor girls—
Embroidery and trivial talk at home,
Dressing, a little music on the lute, and then
A dull and formal walk on the parade,
Where we may learn to smile and bow with ease.

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Sometimes convoyed into society,
Our mother leads us with a careful string,
And lets us hop a little way alone;
But watching us the while with argus eyes,
And lecturing our manners and our words.
Peeps at the world, from under down-dropped lids
Of fear and innocence, we catch; we're told
That this we must not do—nor that—nor that;
All that we long for is prohibited.
Burn though we may for liberty and joy,
In whose fresh air the heart alone expands,
With little worldly maxims we are drilled;
Calm and reserve alone are maidenly.
We must not speak unless our mother nods.
So life, with all its stern realities
To us is vague, as is a blind man's thought
Of colors, or a deaf man's dream of sounds.

Some day our mother calls us to her room,
Count This, Marchese That, has asked our hand—
She says, "'Tis all arranged for you, my dear;
He's rich and young, and of such noble birth,
We could not ask or hope a better match;
I and your father both are satisfied."
"But I," you cry, "'tis I must marry him;
And I'm so young, and I'm so happy here.
Besides, I've scarcely seen him, know him not—
How can I marry if I do not love?"
"Love—love, of course; first marry, and then love!"

Thus marriage opens unto us the door
That leads to liberty, if not to love.
When we are married, we at least are free;
So, unprepared in ignorant innocence,
We rush to marriage just for freedom's sake.

What could I hope? My little bark put forth
Into the stormy world, and made a wreck,
And here I rot—all dashed to pieces here!

Look at that ghastly hulk there on the beach—
That broken, bare-ribbed skeleton that lies
Deep sunken in the barred and shelving sand;
'Twas a gay vessel launched in pride and joy,
With streaming banners and with music, once—
Look at it now! Then turn, and look at me!
Are we not both the same sad broken wrecks?
Still old thoughts cling, the shells and barnacles
Of happy days, when through the southern seas

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Of youth my keel went rushing joyously,
And all my pennons flew, and my white sails
Rounded their bosom to the swelling air.

You know the Count, the husband that they gave—
Cold, stern, impassive, like an angled wall—
Squared to his duties—rigorous, even, hard.
I beat myself to death against that wall—
He married me as he would buy a horse,
Then all was over. "Put it in the stall,
Caprison it well for gala days—
Break it to worldly paces with a curb,
And give it best of food and best of straw."
Kind treatment this, you say: what would you more?
Nothing, unless one has a heart and brain;
And I, alas! was born with one at least.

Ask of the world his character—they'll say,
An honourable man formed to respect,
Proud of his birth; but who would not be proud?
Refined, exact, punctilious; one, in fact,
Safely to trust in great and little things.

Well, then, I trusted him with all I had.
Now, ask of me what was the noble Count?
The world's half right; but half right's wholly wrong.

Fair was his outward seeming—manners fair—
A little stiff with over-courtesy,
Like to those rich brocades all sewn in gold;
But noble, I agree, and dignified.
The apricot is smooth upon the skin,
And yet it only has a stone for heart.
What education teaches, he had learned;
But on a rock you cannot rear a rose.
Still, stoniest natures have their sunward side;
And there with him his pride and honour grew.

The shortest line's the straightest 'twixt two points,
And the frank nature takes it openly.
His nature was secretive: on his path,
Lead where it would, he loved no human eye;
Dark windings, devious ways, he rather chose.
Fifty miles round, beyond the sight of man,
Rather than one across in open view.
His good and bad alike he loved to hide;
Spoke little, hated praise—suspected it—
And yet was flattered by obedient acts.

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Passions he had, but he had mastered them,
And loved and hated in a bloodless way;
But never was with generous anger fired,
Nor blazed to indignation at a wrong.
His impulses he doubted—would not stir
To passion's trumpet; but lay long in wait,
Ambushed—then struck with slow and proud resolve,
And called it justice, when he took revenge.

His dark impassive face was cold as bronze;
His mouth locked up in silence like a chest
Whose key is lost, or drawn as it had worn
A life-long curb; his forehead full and bare,
Where not a wrinkle told what passed within.
Sometimes his hands would twitch when he was moved,
But not his lips—no, nor his cold round eyes,
From which he shut all meaning at his will;
While, like an intricate machine, his mind
With counter-wheels worked out the simplest act.

There is my master! there's the inside man!
Why further then dissect? He, proud and cold,
Reserved, and hating every show of heart;
I, warm, impetuous, urged by impulses—
Demanding love in words and tones and acts.
Could we two live together? Yes; as lives
The passionate wave with the affronting cliff
Fretting in quiet seasons, madly dashed
With useless violence when roused in storm.
How many a time, in longings vast and vain,
I rushed towards him—strove to overclimb
His walled-up nature, and, forced back again,
Fell with a wild lament into myself,
Shattered with struggle, in a dull despair.

When in fierce mood I once o'erstept the line
Of rigid prudence, strict punctilio,
And in strong language railed against the world,
With all its busy, peeping, prying eyes,
He turned with half a smile and half a frown,
And used a figure—'twas the first and last
He ever used save one:—"You like these tropes—
Here's one: your sail is larger than your craft;
Take heed the first gale do not sweep you down."

"Better go down," I cried, "on the broad sea,
Battling a noble voyage with wind and wave,
Than rot inactive, anchored in the port,
Fixed stem and stern—a hopeless, helpless, hulk.

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What if I vail my spirit-sails in fear
And creep to shelter for ignoble rest?—
The dullest wreck will at its cable strain
When from the outer sea the great swell rolls,
And no poor creature with a heart and brain
But in the stagnant harbour of routine
Feels stormy lifts of longing—pants for life,
And strains to grapple with some noble task."

He smiled half-sneering, and then coldly said,
"The noblest task is to command one's self;"
And then I knew how huge a fool I was,
And locked my life and longings in my heart.

But after all, 'tis love that most we need;
Love only satisfies our woman's heart,
And even our ambition looks to love;
That given, life is light—denied, is death.
Man is content to know that he is loved,
And tires the constant phrase "I love" to hear;
But woman doubts the instrument is broke
Unless she daily hear the sweet refrain.

Thus life went on for three long weary years.
I should have fallen broken to the earth
The last sad year, but one hope buoyed me up—
I was to be a mother. Ah! the thought
Of that dear face, long, long before it came,
Shone in my thoughts with strange pathetic light,
Like the moon shining in a snake-filled dell—
Something at last to have which I could love!
Oh! how I prayed that it might be a boy,
And mediate 'twixt that iron heart and mine.
Who knew? The sternest natures are not whole;
Some vulnerable point there is in all,
Where they were held when dipped into the Styx—
Some mother's touch where you can reach the quick.
So with this reed I helped my hope along,
And, waiting patient, said, "If 'tis a boy
'Twill touch his pride—his pride may touch his love."

Our boy was born, and my prophetic heart,
Like other prophets, mixed the true and false;
His pride was touched — his love was still unborn.
In his first joy there seemed a kind of mist
About his heart—it passed like breath on steel;
At sudden times, as if against his will,
Words almost tender from his lips there came,
Then chased away as weak and out of place;

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So with an iron glove one wipes a tear
Quickly, as not belonging to a man.

Sometimes I held him up unto the Count,
And, smothering him with kisses, cried aloud,
"Is he not lovely? oh, my life in life!
My little angel out of paradise!
Say, is he not too dear to stay with us?
Then he—"Why always thus exaggerate?
An angel? no, a good stout healthy boy;
And dear, of course, because he is our child."
Yet this I thought was half in awkwardness
(Men are so, often, even when they love),
And that he could not bring his lips to say
What stirred within; for often ere he rode
I heard his steps along the terrace clang,
And, through the lattice looking, saw him take
Our Angelo, who stretched out both his arms,
And crowing strove with aimless hands to clutch
The nodding feather streaming from his cap;
While he would laugh, and with his black beard brush
The little rosy cheek, or with his lips
Catch the fat fingers of those dimpled hands;
The little creature, not the least afraid,
Would seize his beard, and scream his baby scream,
Or pat the cold steel plate above his heart.

Thus far it went—no farther. Love to him
Was like the glitter on that cold steel plate;
The gleam of pride—not the impassioned ray
That warms and glows through all the inner life.

I strove to recompense this aching want,
This thirsting for a sympathetic soul,
With thinking of my child and loving him.
But childish love is pure and innocent,
It cannot answer to the passion's call;
And hopeless, with a cruel load at heart,
I held my way unhappy and alone.

Beat as I would the bars that girt me round,
From my stern prison of necessity
No outlet opened save into the air;
And sitting sorrowing there, my wandering thoughts
Fled far and wild, and built ideal dreams,
And happy homes made beautiful by love;
Yet still the end was, dropping with a groan
Down to the same unhappy earth of fact,
More wretched for the joys that could not be.

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I linger here—for here there came a change.
From this long distance, which is like to height,
I see the landscape of my life below.
There is its childhood's little garden plot,
Its weary marsh of stagnant womanhood,
Its one highway of duty—dusty, hard,
And leading nowhere. Eagle-like I plane
Above its drear Maremma solitudes,
Where there is ne'er a bird to sing of love;
And, rising far along the horizon's verge,
Behold the darkening storm come crowding up,
And know the lightnings that are hidden there.

Well, let me say it all at once: I loved.
My heart, long straining with its strong desires,
And hungered with a vague and craving want,
Snapped all at once its harsh and formal bands.
I stood alone within a clouded wood,
When sudden sunlight burst upon my path;
A scent of unknown flowers filled all the air—
The single cymbal with another clashed,
And wild triumphant music shook my thoughts.

We met—ah, fatal hour! we met and loved;
My heart rushed to him as the tideless lake,
Nearing the sheer precipitous abyss,
Rouses to ruin, and with one wild burst
Of storm and splendour down the rapids whirling,
Leaps, white with passion, to the lake below.
Vainly the trees along the shadowy shores,
Quivering with fear, cry to the rapids, "Stop!"
Vainly the hillsides strive to hold them back;
God's glorious rainbow o'er their terror glowing,
They rush to ruin, as we rushed to ours.

I was not guilty—guilty then of what?
Say, is the aloe guilty when it bursts
To its consummate flower, death though it bring?
If our two hearts, surcharged like wandering clouds
With love's intensest electricity,
Borne by the rushing winds from north and south,
Sent down the blasting lightnings when they struck
In heaven's broad dome, if without will they met,
Was it our fault? No; guilt is prearranged,
Is wilful—it demands consent at least.
How could we help it, if we met and loved?
If this be guilt, then nature is all guilt.
The love I bear my mother and my child,
The very hope of heaven itself, is guilt;

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The very wind that blows, the eye that sees,
The heart that beats, are guilty, one and all.
What nature works in man and thing alike
Is innocent. I could not help but love.

My head is troubled by these swarming thoughts,
But I have need to speak, so let me speak.
Hark! is that he? Oh, save me from that man!
Save me! No, no, you shall not strike him here!
Stab at him through my heart, then, if you will!

Oh yes, I see. 'Twas but the jarring door,
The wind. Oh yes, I see—only the door.
'Tis past. I am not weak; let me go on.
No, dearest, no, no, no; let me go on.

The tears are in your eyes; I see the tears.
Mine are all wept away years, years ago.
Oh keep your heart wide open; take therein
The floods that from grief's open sluices pour,
And pity, pity what you cannot change.
Give me your sympathy: I have not found
For such long years a patient pitying heart,
That now I feel that I must speak or die.
From fearful nightmares starting suddenly,
How sweet to tell the horrors we have passed,
Knowing they all have passed: so sweet to me
These dreadful passages of life to tell—
That never, never, will be wholly past.

We met—we loved. Oh, what a world there lies
In those four words! 'Twas in the summer days
When first we met—the last dear day of June,
That was the day—and love from bud to flower
Rushed with the sudden passion of our clime.
You know the shadowy laurel avenue,
Where, sheltered from the sun, we used to stroll
Those summer mornings when we both were girls;
And you remember, through the vista seen,
How the pomegranate blossoms glowed like fire
Against the old grey wall above the door;
'Twas there, beneath those flowers, I saw him first.
There, walking in the avenue alone,
I heard the Count, my husband, call my name,
And, looking round, just in the shadow there,
I saw him standing at my husband's side,
"Ginevra," said the Count, "my cousin here
Claims you as cousin too, since we are one.
I bring him here to you, for I am forced

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(Against my will, I scarcely need to say)
To change a private joy for public care,
And leave him for a time in better hands.
My kinsman graciously excuses me
My forced departure for some hours; till then
You'll do the honours of our house for me,
And I alone shall suffer all the loss.
Ginevra, entertain our noble friend
With all that our poor villa can afford,
And piece its want out with the best of will."
So speaking, in his formal, courteous way,
He took his leave, and we were left alone.

You see he left us there; me fair and young—
I was so young then, and they called me fair—
He in the full completed prime of youth,
When all the blood runs riot in the veins,
And speaks from out the cheeks and lips and eyes.
Was this well done, I say? Was this well done?
Oh, Count, was this well done, to leave us so?

He touched my hand, and bore it to his lips.
'Twas but a common courtesy; and yet
That touch ran through me like electric fire,
Thrilling my every nerve. At once his look,
By some peculiar mastery, seemed to seize
And to possess me, and I felt within
A tremulous movement in my thoughts, as when
The needle blindly struggles towards the pole.
He too was moved—his colour came and went;
We neither were at ease, we knew not why;
And so together, side by side, we strayed
Through the clipped alleys of the laurel walk,—
Or 'neath the shadow of the cypresses
We paused,—or, leaning on the parapet,
And gazing into purple distances,
Mechanically plucked from out its clefts
Some tiny flower or weed,—or, lingering near
The fountain's marble margin, idly watched
The gold-fish poising in its basin clear;
And while the babbling water gushed and dripped,
And reared its silver column in the sun,
And, over-weighted, dropped in pearls, our talk
Kept centring to our feelings from the range
Of outer facts with which it first began.
Oh golden morning! there you seem to float
Far off in memory, like a sun-flushed cloud,
With roseate heights, and tender dove-like shades;
No lightning in your bosom hid, no threat

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Of passion, no remorse and death to come.
The air was faint with orange-flowers; the grove
Throbbed with the beats and trills of nightingales
Hid in its covert green; along the wall
Flamed the pomegranate's fiery flowers; the rich
Full clusters of the oleander bloomed
Soft in the violet shadows o'er them cast
By the grey villa. All the garden seemed
To swarm with happy life; the lizard stole
Along the fountain's marge, and stayed to gaze
With a shy confidence; the hawk-moth poised
Above the roses, thrust his slender trunk
Into their honeyed depths; on gauzy wings
The long green dragonfly in gleaming mail
Kept darting zigzag, hovering to and fro;
Hot bees were bustling in the flowers; with soft
And aimless flight, the painted butterflies
Hung drifting here and there like floating leaves,
Or rested on a weed to spread their wings.
All nature seemed in quiet happiness
To live and move, and, thoughtless, without fear,
I shared that joy in harmony with it.
Swiftly the morning passed; and yet if hours
By inward change be counted, ere it went
Years had gone by, and life completely changed.

So as we talked, not owning to ourselves
The silent growth of love that was to bear
At last a poison-flower, a sudden voice
Startled us both. I knew it was the Count's,
And in my ear it sounded like a bell
That harshly scares us from a happy dream.
"Where are you?" cried he. "Oh, the Count!" I said,
And started up, and saw him, cold and proud,
Turn the green corner of the laurel hedge,
And stand before us. With a formal speech
He broke the silence, offering excuse
That he had stayed away from us so long,
And asking pardon for disturbing us,
And then began to talk in stately way
Of what in council had been said and done,
As if his world were ours; and then, aghast,
I saw the chasm those short hours had rent
Between his soul and mine. Like some dull noise
I heard him talking as we walked along,
While all my thoughts were hurrying within
Wildly, and in my breast my fluttering heart
Was beating like a prisoned bird. At last
We reached the house, and to my room I rushed

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For silence and for solitude. Once there,
I fell upon my bed, burst into tears,
And hid my face; for then I saw my fate—
Saw it rise up before me like a ghost.

Thus for a week our life went on: each day
The Count, made blind to everything by pride,
And by the vanity of ownership,
Left us alone, along the garden walks
To stray together, or within the house
For hours to talk, not dreaming that *his* wife
Could dare to love; until through every sense
Love's sweet insidious poison was distilled.
He was our guest; my husband day by day
Bade me be with him, and no feigned excuse—
Excuse that was against my will, and yet
Feebly put forth, some barrier to rear
'Twixt love and duty—served to ope his eyes.
He blindly pushed us down that plane whereon
Vainly I sought for stay my course to stop.

How then resist? Duty is strong like will—
Passion like madness! I was wrenched away
From all that used to hold me; not a hand
Reached out to save me. Struggling thus alone,
If I but heard the Count's stern voice below
It seemed to freeze me; all my soul in arms
Started against him. Ah! no help was there.
Oh! how confess to him, and ask for help?

Then all my soul strained out to find a way
Back unto peace at least, if not to joy.
Glancing at all my life now left behind,
What was there to restrain me? Angelo,
My darling Angelo! His little arms,
Clasped close around my neck, should hold me back
From where my life was sweeping rapidly,
Yet all without my will. I grasped at this.
Alas! it had no strength to save me then.

We walk along with such a fearless trust
Through unknown dangers; yet our death may lie
Within one drop of poison that the ring
On a friend's hand may hold. One whispered word
May shake the avalanche down upon our head—
One moment more or less destroy or save.
The whole vast world without, and that within,
Turn on a pivot's point, and, jarred from that,
Both universes into ruin rush.

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'Twas thus with me: before, at least, secure,
And if not happy yet without a fear;
And now a word, an hour, had changed my life.
A word? an hour? Ah, no! for years and years,
The train within my being had been laid.
My cruel disappointments, broken hopes,
And crushed desires—a black and ugly mass,
Were powder to a single spark of love;
Oh! bid *that*, touched by fire, not to explode.

Yet oh the bliss of loving and the pain!
For I had never lived until I loved;
Yet evermore a terror 'neath the bliss
Constrained it, like some fearful undertow,
That dimples the smooth river's sunlit brim,
To drag the stoutest swimmer down to death.

On, on, my thoughts went—there was no return;
One backward step no soul can ever take.
My life thus far had been as dull and dead
As a deserted eagle's nest that hangs
In the black shadow of an Alpine cliff—
The shining saint-like heights too far above,
The humble valley's peace too far below.
Wild, gusty, furious, with a moment's wrench
The hurricane of passion swept me down,
And, swirled along by fierce tumultuous thoughts,
Torn from the past, the future all unknown,
I hovered 'twixt the sky and the abyss.

Broken in body, spent in soul, at last
I gave myself to Fate. Do what thou wilt,
I cried, my strength is gone—I yield to thee;
Crush me or save me, I can strive no more.
Thus all my sudden passion cried in me;
But better thoughts at last with time arose.
Perhaps, perhaps, I said, he does not love;
'Twas my own heart that shone upon his face.
Oh! if it be so, all may yet be safe,
And I will hide my secret from his eyes,
And only do and speak as friends may do.
Yes, let me struggle for a while, and then,
This visit over, I can die alone.

Oh, vain, vain, vain! day after day I saw
That love consumed his heart as well as mine.
Fate set its face against us from the first.
Day after day we could not help but meet.
All stay, all resolution formed between

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Our constant meetings, when we met, gave way.
We could not dash the cup down from our lips,
Despite the poison that we knew it held.
He strove to make excuses to depart,
But still he lingered; and in constant fear
Each that our love might blaze into an act,
Or that a word might make our love a crime,
Life rushed along in terrible pretence.

But oh, how dear for all their pain they were,
Those blissful, fearful days! Left all alone—
For every morning went the Count to town,
And Guido sometimes would not brook excuse—
We ranged the garden 'neath the laurel shade;
Or, where the waving trumpet-vines outstretched
Their red tubes, shaken by the buried bees,
We sat together, hiding as we could
With veil of words the life that glowed beneath.
But even the widest circle of our talk,
Strive as we would, drew to one centre—love;
And there he told me of his early days,
And all his early hopes and joys and pains,
And painted his ideal of a life:
Oh what a life it was!—but not for us.
And then upon the pure stream of his voice
Such songs of poets slid into my soul;
So sad, too, that they brought the brimming tears:
And oft like poplars quivering in the breeze
We trembled with the joy we dared not own;
And oft we started up on some excuse,
And left each other when we could not bear
Our overburden—I to weep and pray,
And he, dear heart, I think, to do the same.

One day we talked of rings as there we sat—
Of Cleopatra's she dissolved and drank,
And of Morone's, whence a devil spake.
And I by chance upon my finger wore
This which I wear for ever now, when he,
Taking my hand and looking at this ring—
"Give it to me," said, jesting; "I will swear
I'll ne'er dissolve it Cleopatra-like;
'Tis but a little thing—for friendship's sake
Give it to me, and when I look at it
I'll hear an angel, not a devil, speak."
I answered, bantering, "Shall I give it you
To put upon the first fair lady's hand
You fall in love with, or to boast to men

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So when it comes without me, pray for me.'
"So serious!" answered I; "then take the
And we shall see if man can keep his oath.'

I knew the inward struggle—loved him mo
The more I saw him fight against his Fate.
His acts were only common courtesies,
And ne'er a word betrayed what throbbed w
Yet were words wanting? Ah! we read to
The passion burning in each other's face,
That would not be concealed howe'er we str
If but my scarf would touch his hand, a flu
Went like a thrill of music o'er his face,
And subtle tones transfigured common word
At last, convulsed, in one wild hour he told
His desperate love: he flung him at my feet
His heart cried out, "Oh kill me where I lie
Here where I kiss the print your foot has m
Upon this grass. Oh, dearer here to die,
Knowing you love me, than to weary out
The death of life afar from you, my heaven!

Oh God forgive me! but I loved him so,
That honour for an instant's flash went out.
All my resolves burst like a broken dam,
And "Up!" I wildly cried; "not at my feet
Here on my heart thy place—here on my hea

Then all was over; once those rash words sa
We never more could meet as we had met;
Our souls gazed at each other face to face,
And saw in that one look that all was lost

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I uttered bitter comfort—stretched my hand
To that poor sufferer burning at my side.
And when he cried, "Oh God, forgive me now!
And you Ginevra—oh my fate, my fate!"
Though death griped at my heart, and passion's self
Struggled with duty for my very life,
"Patience," I cried, "and God will help us both!
Why should we suffer thus who do no wrong?"
Then starting up, and pacing to and fro,
He madly struck his forehead, crying out,
"Oh! were there only something to be done,
Not something to be suffered, to be borne."
Or bitter accusations of himself
He uttered, saying, "I have broken faith—
Broken my oath to which I swore myself—
And all is over now. No more dear days,
When I at least can see and feel you near.
'Tis over now—ah yes!—all over now.
I feel the fire-sword whirling round my head
To drive me from you, out of Paradise."

"Oh, say not so—we cannot help our love;
And though we may not meet as now we meet,
A way may yet be shown we cannot see.
Now go—oh leave me, Guido, for my heart
Is breaking, and there's no more life for me!"
I, longing to console his tortured heart,
And scarcely knowing what I meant myself,
Uttered these words and tore myself away.

Look at me now—see how I tremble now;
Think if the memory can tear me thus,
What agony I suffered in that hour.
Oh dearest Guido—dearest, dearest heart—
It was not sin to love a soul like yours,
For you were made to win and wear the best,—
Not one like me. Oh cruel, cursed Fate,
Why did I ever live beyond that hour!

How strange the world looked as I wandered back
Into the palace! what a broken heart
The nightingale had then, who in the grove
Throbbed into song! what spirit-voices sighed
And mourned amid the cypresses! how dear
The soft blue sky looked, and how peaceful too,
As if to soothe me! Even the house looked strange,
Like some new place I had not seen before.
I walked as in a dream; I could not bear
The common things—the common speech of life;
All that I asked was solitude and tears.

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For two long weary days I kept my room,
Broken in body, sick to death at heart;
And as I lay all prostrate on the floor
After a sudden agony of tears—
One of those bursts with which the tortured soul
Relieves its passion—came a sudden knock;
It seemed as Death were knocking at the door.
In walked the Count; I started to my feet,
I strove to gather my disordered dress,
And smooth my face and wipe away my tears.
My soul revolted, and I saw his eye,
Dread as a basilisk's, upon me rest;
A strange expression, never seen before,
Was brandished there. He said, "'Tis very strange
Guido is gone, and leaves a note behind,
More like a riddle than a note; and you——"
His eyes filled up the gap his speech had left.
"Is Guido gone?" I said, I could no more,
For as he spoke these words the whole world seemed
To slip beneath me—all my world was gone.

Such weight as this upon the suffering heart
Will show itself, however we may strive;
And in an instant all my secret lay
Before his gaze, as when a sudden wind
Blows wide the closed leaves of a fatal book.
He read the page—he never spoke a word,
But paused a moment, read it up and down,
Then turned and left me, terribly alone.

The evening came to that distracting day—
The evening comes at last to every day.
Exhausted, in a hopeless lull of life,
I watched the burning sunset slowly fade,
Till all the clouds from rose had turned to pearl,
And in the sky the silver splendour shown
Of perfect moonlight; on the shadowy trees
The moon looked pitying down, as if it sought
To give me consolation from above,
And Nature seemed to whisper me, "Come forth."
I could not rest, and down the dappled path,
Where light and shade their strange mosaic wove,
Through the old laurels took my aimless way.
There, half as in a dream, I wandered on,
And weeping, praying, strove to ease my pain.
The laurels murmured, "Ah, we pity you!"
The fountain babbled, "Ah unhappy one!"
The nightingale sang out, "My heart, my heart!"
And all things seemed to weep and pray with me.

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Hark! did I hear a step upon the grass?
Was that a ghost I saw amid the trees?
Or Guido's self? or was my brain disturbed?
No; in the shadow there was Guido's self;—
"Oh, heaven!" I cried; "Oh Guido! are you here?
Fly—fly at once! Oh! wherefore are you here?"

He rushed to me—and, oh! that glorious face—
So haggard, worn, and ravaged with its woe—
How changed it seemed since I had seen it last!
I cried out, "Go!" but all within me strained
To clasp him, own him, cling around his neck;—
I cried out, "Go!" as one in madness cries,
"Save me!" and leaps to death in an abyss.
A thousand prayers and longings, flinging out
Their grasping hands, reached forward after him,
And love, with all its sails blown sudden out,
Strained at the cable of my weakened will.

"I go—I go!" he cried; "I but returned
To kiss again the ground your feet had pressed,
To watch your far light in the window shine,
To see your wandering shadow there, and then
Plunge back into my desolated world.
But God hath sent you here—He pitied me—
He saw me grovelling like a tortured worm
Crushed in the grass, and reached His hand to me.
I see you, hear you, touch you, once again—
And can it only be to say, Adieu?"

"Oh, Guido, fly!" I cried, "for I am weak;
Fly from me if you love me—I am weak."

He stood a moment, wrestling with himself,
I gazing at him; then a sudden power
Seemed to transform him. "No! I will not go;
'Tis all in vain—I cannot, will not, go!
Once I have fled, fleeing from joy, from hope,
From life, from heaven. Whose hand then drew me back?
Who led your footsteps here? Whose hand, I say?
Fate gives you me at last! Fate makes you mine!—
Life is but mockery bereft of you.
Fly, fly with me, and in some distant spot,
Hid from the world, we may be happy yet."

His passion took me as a mighty gale,
Crowded with thunder, drives upon the elm,
Till all its straining branches groaning cry,
And toss their helpless turbulence of leaves,

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And fall at last in one despairing crash;
So, bearing down resolve, and blowing wild
All my disordered thoughts, his passion came.
Defenceless—weakened, both in strength and will—
Against this new arousing from within,
Against this new appealing from without,
Vain was resistance: I was in his arms!
He seemed to hold me there by heaven's own right.
The world was for a moment all forgot—
The world! I had the world there in my arms!
Nothing then seemed so right, so pure, as love.
Yes, I was his, irrevocably his—
Come heaven, come hell, irrevocably his!

'Twas but a moment's madness seized me then—
A blank of reason such as comes to one
Who, clinging for his life to some sheer cliff,
Feels his strength going and his senses swim,
And death come swooping down, and longs to drop
And end it all: so, for a moment's space,
I swooned; and then God's voice within me cried
"No!" and uprising, and beneath my feet
Trampling my love, with gesture stern and quick
I pushed the dearest thing in life away.
I know not whence I got the strength I had:
Some hand—whose hand but God's?—uplifted me.
From duty's height I saw the war below
Of my own passions as they were not mine.
"Oh, Guido, shame!" I cried; "I am not yours—
You mine—but only as we both are God's."

That was a height to die on—but I lived;
Death always comes too early or too late.
Life had its claims for penance—so I lived;
Nor will I murmur more—perhaps 'tis just.

Those words of mine, like an electric flash,
Broke the strained storm of madness in his sky,
And the great shadow and the rain came down—
Shadow as of despair, yet nobler far—
Dearer in his despair than in his pride.
The prayers he uttered for forgiveness then
Were worst of all to bear,—I hear them still
Ring in my ears; that face of his I see
Streaming with tears; and those contorted hands,
Grasping the air, or torturing themselves,
Or wildly flung to heaven, still implore
Our [illegible] Madonna's blessing on my head—
[illegible] terrible as manhood's tears?

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At last we parted—Heaven alone knows how—
And all was over; I was left alone—
Alone? I never more could be alone.

The owl screamed near us in the cypress-tree.
Half-dead, I saw him go as in a dream,
And heard his footsteps down the gravel die.
The gate swung with a clang—"My God! my God!
Help me!" I moaned; only the owl replied.

I dropped upon the seat—I hid my face
Within my hands; all, all the world seemed gone.
I longed to rise and call him back again,
But my feet failed me. There I sat alone,
Like him, half-marble, in the Arabian tale,
Charmed by foul magic, when a distant sound
Smote on my ears. It was the clash of steel.
I started up, with sudden terror fired,
And towards the gate I rushed. My flying feet
Grating upon the gravel hushed the sound.
I stopped to listen; there it was again—
And voices, too—oh, Heaven! Again I fled;
Again I only heard my grating steps.
I gained the gate—I listened—all was still.
The moon broke out behind a cloud, and smote
The pale broad palace front, where nothing stirred;
Only the tall dark cypresses made moan,
And the hoar olives seemed like ghosts to flee
Across the hillside, where a whisper ran—
"'Twas but his sword that jangled on the ground,"
I said; "for see, how all is hushed to rest!
Poor heart of mine, that trembles at a breath,
Be calm again, and cast your fear away.
But ah! the wretched days before we meet—
The sunless days—yet we shall meet again."

The far-off bell upon the Campo tower
Struck twelve as up the terrace-steps I went.
I paused to soothe me with the landscape there.
The shadowy earth was turning in its sleep,
And winds were whispering over it like dreams;
The luminous sky was listening overhead
With its full moon, and few great throbbing stars—
One drowsing like a sick man, sad and dark;
One watching like a spirit, pure and bright.
All the damp shadow clinging to the ground,
Shook, with innumerable tiny bells,
Rung by the grilli. In the distant pools
Frogs trilled and gurgled; every now and then

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The plaintive hooting of the owl was heard
Calling her owlets 'mid the cypresses;
Near by, the fountain spilled, and far away
The cantadino's watchdog bayed and barked;—
Yet all these sounds were soothed and harmonised
By night's weird hand; and as I listening stood,
Leaning against the columned balustrade,
By aloe vases crowned, my turbulent thoughts
Were calmed—I looked into the sky, and prayed.

The Count not yet returned? Then all is safe.
I took my lamp, and up the marble stairs
My heart jarred to the echoes of my feet;
A swinging shutter down the corridor
So startled me, I nearly dropped the light.
Was I possessed? Almost it seemed to me
As if a spirit wandered in my room.
I could not feel alone there; through my hair
Ran shudders, and a creeping o'er my flesh.
I searched the room, but there was nothing there.
My silk dress as it rustled on the chair
Scared me; the creeping curtain scared me too,
And, daring not to move a hand or foot,
I listened trembling. There was nothing there,
Unless it was a ghost I could not see.
My nerves were all ajar—the buzzing flies
I could not bear; but worse than all, the sense
Of something—some one—there within my room.

My lamp extinguished, into bed I crept,
And hid me 'neath the sheets, and wept such tears,
And prayed such prayers, as desperate creatures pray.

All night the Count returned not to his room;
No step I heard, though long I lay awake.
'Twas strange—'twas not his wont. What could it mean?
Troubled and overworn, at last I slept,
Haunted by dreams that ran in dreadful ruts
With weary sameness through my aching brain.

The morning came—the Count was absent still.
Haunted by vague and agitating fears,
I waited almost as one waits for death;
And after torturing hours, that seemed like years
To my strained sense, I heard a step. The door
Turned on its hinges, and there stood the Count:
A cold false smile was on his lips; his look
Was strangely calm—not real. Those hard eyes
Betrayed a purpose that belied the lips—

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Belied the courtesy so overstrained.
"I fear you did not look for me," he said;
"Nor have I tidings that can give you joy.
I came a sacred promise to fulfil—
One I could not refuse; and, as you know,
All promises are sacred that I make.
I promised Guido in your hands to place
This, which he took from you, and now returns."
Saying these words, he on the table laid
My ring—the ring that I to Guido gave.

Oh what an awful light was in his eyes!
Oh what a devil's smile was on his lips!
As there he stood, still as a marble man.
My heart stopped beating, numbed by hideous fear—
There was a silence terrible as death:
The terror stunned me, and I could not speak.
Speak!—no, I could not feel. There was no sense
In anything; my very blood was ice.
I could not tell an instant if 'twas he,
My husband, standing there—or if 'twas I
Who stood before him. Then I reeled and fell—
I did not swoon; I dropped into my chair
Like one knocked down with an invisible blow.
He moved not; but an instant after said
Slowly—his words like to the first great drops
That tell the storm is coming, forced between
His thin white lips—"Your cousin, madam,'s gone;
That ring he sent, he said you'd understand."

"Oh God! God! God!" I cried, "it is not true!
What do you mean by *gone?*—speak, speak to me!
Say 'tis a dream—oh, tell me 'tis a jest;
Oh yes, it is a jest, or you'd not smile."

"Jest! Do I look, then, like a jesting man?
Madam, your lover, after your last kiss,
Wiped my dishonour out with his heart's blood.
He knew the wrong he did—saw for us two,
After such scene as that of yesternight
The world was narrow; so he bravely fell
To expiate the cruel wrong he did."

"Dead! dead! oh God! oh Guido!—oh my God!"
Something like this I shrieked, and moaned and fell.

Slowly at last, and after hours, returned
My scattered senses; and long days went by—
Eternities of utter reckless woe;

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With bursts of agony and burning tears,
And daring hopes that all might be a lie,
Mingled with prayers, half-raving, after death.
I almost looked on God, who sent the sun,
As heartless. Why should flowers and blossoms grow?
Why should all nature look so bright and fair,
And birds be singing, and the world be gay,
Except to mock me with its happiness?
Then came as strong revulsions; ne'er before
Knew I what wickedness was in my heart.
In the excited tumult of my brain
I could not see the right—I felt the wrong;
The great black hand of death before my eyes
Darkened my conscience. Oh such savage thoughts
As then roused up and ravaged in the dark!
I could not calm myself to right resolve;
Forgiveness seemed impossible to reach—
Starlike; but vengeance like a devil stood
And offered me its sword, and tempted me,
And would not let me hear the angel's voice;
But still that sweet persistent voice within
Kept calling, till it conquered all at last.
I would forgive, and crave forgiveness too.

So governing the wild and cruel thoughts
That growled for vengeance, I awaited him.

At last he came; cold, stern, and dignified,
That mask of honour came into my room.
"Well, sir," I said, "you see me broken, crushed,
Ruined—a helpless, wretched, tortured thing.
If I have been imprudent, heedless, wrong—
For so I was—you are at least avenged:
Your foot has trodden on my erring heart,
As if I were a worm upon your path.
See how it writhes! Oh, sir! are you content?
May God forgive you for your cruel wrong,
And help me in my struggles to forgive."

"Forgiveness! wrong! Your choice of terms is strange.
I crave forgiveness? Let that task be yours;
Ask it upon your knees of God and me.
Wrong? There's no wrong but what belongs to you.
Though I regret what honour bade me do,
I did my duty; had you done but yours,
All would be smooth and happy as it was."

"Happy! oh when was happiness for me,
Or when again shall happiness be mine?

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Happy ? Where's Guido ? Tell me that he lives ;
You could not speak of happiness to me,
If you had killed him for a fault of mine.
Say 'twas a jest you used to frighten me—
Say this, and I will never see him more.
Oh, I will do my duty with a smile,
Bless you, and crave forgiveness—do your will,
And fetch and carry for you like a dog."

"Your duty ! Yes, I think you will indeed ;
I shall take heed of that. Not see him more ?
For that, too, my security is good,—
I am not used to do my work by halves."

Then the desire of death—my love—his blood—
The pride and cruel calmness of the Count—
The taunting smile with which he looked at me,
Roused all the evil passions I had quelled.
All things will turn when tortured, and I cried.

"Oh, kill me then, too, with the self-same sword !
Oh how I scorn you ! let your passion speak !
I loved him—loved him—loved him, do you hear ?
Out with your sword if you have any heart !
Kill me in pity, since you've murdered him."

"Murdered ! no, hand to hand and point to point,
With every chance, he fell ; he owned his wrong.
There lives no man in whom a single spark
Of honour burns, that had not done as I ;
I gave him every chance—he lost, and fell."

"I say I loved him better than my life."

"For that I killed him. He will love no more."

"He loves me still,—above as I below.
Oh, I am his, he mine, beyond your power—
You do but part us for a little space ;
And in the future, after life is o'er,
My soul shall rush to clasp him closer there,
Than could my human arms when here on earth."

"Ginevra ! do you heed the words you use ?
You dared not more than let him speak of love.
Silent ? You leave me then to think the worst."

"Think what you choose—do what you choose—I loathe
Alike your foul thoughts and your cruel act."

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"Then my name's blasted and my honour stained,
And I have blazoned it to all the world."

"Your name, your honour stained! Ay, so it is!
But not by me, not by my guiltless love—
Guiltless, though fatal. Not a thought for mine
Held back your hand. Blindly, through Guido's life,
My honour too you struck at, blazoning
To the wide world that ours was guilty love."

"I would to God that none of this had been!"

"Nor had it ever been, except for you.
You bound the life of Guido unto mine;
You brought him here, you tempted both of us,
And now affect surprise to find we loved.
Careless of others, centred in yourself,
You could not claim a love you never gave.
What debt beyond allegiance did I owe?"

"What have you ever asked that was not given?
My wealth, my name, my rank, my house, were yours,
And in return you stain my ancient name,
For all the world to point their finger at.
A husband's duty I at least have done—
And honestly, I think. Have you a wife's?"

"I have done all I could. O pity me,
And do not urge a desperate creature on.
Think what I suffer. Pity and forgive.
I own my fault—I ask you to forgive.
I was not all to blame; you, too, must bear
A portion of the wrong—at least be just."

"What was my fault?—what portion of the wrong?
Be just, you say. Of course I shall be just."

"For this, at least, you were to blame: you swore
To love, to honour, and to cherish me
For all my life. How did you keep your oath?
You left me all defenceless to be prey
To solitude, to idleness, to chance.
What have I asked, you say, that was not given?
Love, love– 'twas that I craved; not title, wealth,
Or name, but daily acts of tenderness.
God knows how long I strove, how earnestly,
To patch with duty the great gap of love.
It would not do; my nature yearned for more.

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Well! give a starving wretch upon a wreck
A golden florin when he cries for bread!
Will it suffice? No; 'tis mere mockery.
And so were all your vaunted gifts—no flower
In the chill ruin of my hopes you left;
By heartless duties, dull routine, you froze
My eager nature;—Sudden, like the breath
Of southern spring, with all its roses in it,
Love breathed across me—all my life broke up
Like some great river's ice at touch of spring,
And I was borne in one great burst away."

"Fine phrases—pretty pictures—nothing more!
And did no thought of honour hold you back?"

"Honour! ah, honour! wretched mud-built dam!
Could that avail to stem the swollen stream?
Acts, yes—but nothing else. If I was stunned,
Aghast, to feel the formless dreams of love
Take passion's tyrannous and threatening shape,
What help was there? Oh no, you cannot see!
As well the stagnant pool, all creamed with green,
See why the torrent, shaking its white spray,
And mad with all the tumult of its course,
Can pause not on the brink of the abyss.
Who put temptation in my very path?
You—you who should have held me—dragged me down.
What right had you to leave me to such chance?"

"It was a fault, I see—it was a fault.
But who could think you such a worthless thing
As take the first fair apple Satan gave?
Curse, curse the hour, O woman, when you did!
His blood is on your hands, and not on mine;
Wipe it away, then, if you can, with words.
You knew the path you trod led straight to death.
You ventured all—your fame—my name—his life—
For what?—to satisfy a moment's whim.
You, like a child that sees a pretty flower
That's caught a holding down a precipice,
Dared everything to wear it on your breast.
Your foot slipped—why, of course, of course it slipped,
Weak woman-brain—and down to death you went.
Go, wet his grave now with your idle tears;
Will they bring back the life you sacrificed?"

"Oh, had you loved me this had never been!
I sought a flower?—I sought it for a whim?—
Ah, no! Love tempted with a ripe, rare fruit,

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A starving creature, who refused the gift,
And laid her down to die for honour's sake.
I did refuse it—yes, you know I did.
Nay, look not at me with that devil's smile;
It makes me almost hate you. Not alone
'Tis love you lack, but pity, but remorse,
But conscience! Never shall that hand again,
Stained by his blood, touch mine—'tis widowed now.
Nay, play not with your poniard,—out with it!
Strike! there's no thing that wants its death so much.
Strike!—here I stand. Strike as you struck at him!
Strike, soul of honour! Ah! you calculate—
Your cold blood cannot stir. I see your eyes—
They are arranging. No, it will not do
To trust an impulse—you must think it out.
Oh be a man for once, and dare to strike!"

I know I touched him—touched him to the quick;
I saw it in the twitching of his hands:
Yet there he stood, with his contemptuous smile
That maddened every feeling. All at once
A sudden cord within my brain gave way;
The pulses' hammers in my temples beat.
The last thing that I saw was his black eyes—
I see them still; then with a cymbal's clash
The sunlight shattered to a myriad sparks;
And what became of me, God only knows.

When to my senses I again returned,
I felt myself borne rapidly along
In a horse-litter. To my brain confused
All the last scene came back again to me;
For every word had burned into my soul,
But not as aught that really had been,
Only an ugly, wild, and hideous dream;
And mixed with it a thousand horrid thoughts,
That seemed as real as the actual were.

I tore the curtains open, and looked out;
I asked no question for, had I been dead,
I had not cared less what they did with me;
Life had gone by—'twas just the same as death
When on the floor I fainted. Now I woke
Into a kind of life that was not mine:
The night itself was weird, like all my thoughts;
Strange clouds piled wildly all along the sky,
And, hurrying to and fro, shut out its light.
The earth was swallowed up in heavy dark;
Low thunder growled; at sudden fits the sky

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Winked with white lightnings 'neath the black low brows
Of clouds along the horizon, and glared out
Across the world, and showed the trembling trees
Ghastly against it; then the black again
Swallowed the world up, and I heard great drops
Beat on the leaves. From one low threatening cloud,
That rose to meet us, leaped out suddenly
A crinkled snake of fire, then darted in;
And thunder trampled with tumultuous roar:
Or was it rather that the angel flashed
His sword of jagged fire that drove me out
From Paradise, and God's dread voice I heard
Behind the cloud to threaten my lost soul?

All worn and weak, and shattered in my nerves,
I could not bear the sight; and back I fell,
Only half conscious; and I seemed to feel
The horse's hoofs keep beating on my brain;
And now and then a startling thunder-peal.
All sense of time was gone. At last I slept,
Or swooned—for all things faded into blank.

What happened afterwards I do not know:
What first I saw, when any sense came back,
Were these four walls, and my old Rosa's face
Looking on mine with pity as she bent
Above my pillow, and I heard her say,
"Oh blessed Virgin!—see, she wakes at last!"

From that day forward, now for ten long years
Here is my prison; here the sad sun shines,
But never shines for me a loving smile.
His face, that would have made the dreariest spot
A paradise, has gone beyond the world;
And he that spared my life and crushed my heart,
Since that last day has never looked on me.
This is his vengeance—he has hid me here,
Beyond all hope of change, to waste away,
Unloved, uncared for, like an outcast thing,
To suck the fever's pestilential air,
And see the sad Maremma's lonely waste,
And hear the beating of the restless sea;
While in its marsh of drear monotony,
Life breeds its poison-thoughts, and wastes, and rots.

Ah death! death! death! how have I prayed for thee!
You take the happy, fold them in your arms,
And kiss them to the slumber of the blest;
But from my path in scorn you turn aside.

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Oh! think what years they've buried me alive
In this drear villa all alone, alone;
Long days alone—long, long black nights alone;
And I was never over-brave, you know.
Imprisoned with the recollected past,
Without a future, weak with illness too,
I grew to fear my very self (what more
Is there on earth to fear?) My eyes looked strange
In these blear mirrors. Through the noiseless night
Often I lay and shuddered in the blank
Dead waste of darkness, while my great square room
Seemed like a shadowy tomb to shut me in;
And all the darkness weighed on me like death.
Then, straining out into the empty void,
My eyes made globes of pale electric fire,
That swelled and faded into globes of black,
And hours I used to watch them come and go.
Nor was it better, when the sad-faced moon
Mocked at me in its far-off silentness.
Daylight at times was worse: the blazing sun
Flashed on the sea that shook its burning plates,
And through the shutters' slighted chink peered in
To crawl and quiver on the ceiling there.
Hide as I would, I felt the fierce white moon
Seethe round the house and eat into my room,
In busy silence prying to and fro
As if in search of me. All was so still,
Despite the shrill cicale's saw without
And maddening burring buzz of flies within.
Even the melancholy wash of waves
Broke not the silence—nor the voiceful pines,
That always whispered though the breezes slept.
Only my echoing feet in the great hall,
As to and fro I paced, broke the dead calm.
And thus the dreary weary days passed by—
No duty to be done, no life to live;
For surely what I lived was never life.

Was it, then, strange I lost my head at last?
But that is over now, and passed away;
'Tis only when the fever comes, my thoughts
Dance to discordant music. Then at times
They seem to gather to a single point,
And, widening, whirl and whirl with buzz and din
Till all the world swarms like a spinning mass,
And down, down, down, as in a maelstrom's cone,
My spirit, worn with struggle, madly goes,
Like a lost ship, and all becomes a blank.
Thus helpless down the vortex borne I reel,

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Until, the fever gone, a wretched wreck
Flung out I find me on the shores of life.

Ah! dearest, Joy unto the spirit is
What light is to the flowers—no colour else.
Joy is the voice of Good—the voice of God;
And when my heart was barren of all joy,
It sicklied like a plant deprived of light.

I have been mad—who would not have been mad?—
And hideous visions have obscured my soul.
Long time some dreadful thing I had to hide—
Some vague and dreadful thing, without a name.
Here in the walls it lived and peeped at me;
Whispered of lonely nights against my blind;
Leaped out of flowers when I had gathered them,
And placed them on my bosom; with its laugh
Scared the still noon, and would not let me rest.

That went at last, though sometimes it returns;
And though I know 'tis all a hideous dream,
Yet through my tangled thoughts so long it trod,
It wore a track there that will never go.
And for a moment often it returns,
And I seem mad because I speak of it;
But do not think I'm mad, or not more mad
Than any human creature kept so long
In this wild place alone, and with such things.

When all is dark, on dismal gusty nights,
Ghosts wander all around this lonely house,
And smothered groans and stifled shrieks I hear,
That mingle with the beating of the sea.
Sometimes the giant rafters creak and strain,
And overhead there rush tumultuous feet,
Or slow and heavy steps, with clank of spurs,
Stride nearer, nearer up the sounding stairs,
Till, wild with fear, I see the shaking door
Swing open slowly on its creaking hinge,
To let some ghastly unseen horror in.
But most I dread to pass that banquet-hall,
Where rotting cobwebs flaunt their dusky flags
From its black beams—or up the chimney suck,
When through its sooty throat the tempest roars;
For there fierce spirits seem to hold carouse,
And to their hideous revelry and laugh
Jar the loose windows; and the shields and swords
Clang on the walls as if they longed for blood.
All this, you'll say, is fancy. Live here, then,

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Through the drear winter all alone, alone,
With these wild terrors grasping after you.
Oh God! we were not made to live alone—
We all go mad if we are left alone.

My child, too. Ah, my little Angelo!
Where are you now?—Oh, tell me where he is!
That little rosy face that hid itself
Around my neck with both hands clasping it.
Oh, such long years since I have felt those hands!
How cruel, cruel, from my arms to tear
The only thing he gave me that I loved!
How many nights I've dreamed that he was here;
How many mornings waked, and wept, and wailed
To find me here alone—more desolate
For the sweet dream that came and went at will.
He has grown up to boyhood now, I know.
He has forgotten me—my name's a word
Banned to his lips—he knows not that I live;
Yet in my memory how live he is,
A baby blessing—with those four white teeth
Gleaming beneath the little sudden smile,
The dimpled elbows and the rosy feet
Never at rest—the unformed chirping words
Like a bird's language—all the many ways
With which he crept into my very heart.
Oh! 'twas a cruel act, a wicked act,
To tear him from me. How has he grown up
Without a mother's love? Oh, justice, Count!—
Your justice—did it soothe his little cries?
He has your name, but not, I pray, your heart.
One drop of love is worth a well of pride.

Why should I cling to life? A hundred times
I've pressed this dagger to my throbbing heart—
A hundred times I have not dared to strike;
And yet how blest a thing were death to me!

I think at last my time is drawing near.
Ah, heaven! I hope 'tis drawing near at last,
I have so suffered. Even he would strike
That sword of his in justice to my heart.
He would relent, I think—I hope he would—
Could he but see me now; even he to whom
Mercy is slow to whisper, would forgive,
Justice so strained is vengeance, nothing more—
All has so changed, and I was wrong, I know,

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Yet no! What do I say?—he, he forgive?
Never! They only can forgive who love.
He knows not pity for an erring heart.
Justice and honour:—these two are his gods;
To them alone his sacrifice is given.

Why do I rail at him? Do I forgive?
Am I so free from blot? Was I all right?
Ah no! we both were wrong, we all were wrong!
In these long days reviewing all the past
I know and feel how very wrong we were.
I plainly see (the passion cleared away)
No fit excuse for Guido and for me.
Tempted we were beyond our human power;
But after marriage-vows, if love come in,
Its torture we must own and bear—like death.
My punishment is just—his too, perhaps;
But man is not to blame as woman is.
Mine was the greater fault: I led him on,
He loved me so; and he was all alone.

I should have checked his love when it began;
I should have bade him go, and turned my thoughts
To household duties; but I played with fire,
And mine the fault that both were sacrificed.
The Count was not so wrong as then he seemed;
And from his view his deed was justified.
And he has suffered too—and I forgive—
Yes, as I need forgiveness, I forgive.
And so I pray for all, even for the Count;
And, looking forward, fix my eyes above,
To meet my Guido when this life is past.

What matters it?—a few short years, or months,
Or weeks, perhaps—or even a few more days—
And I shall be with him, where love's no crime,
And God, who sees the heart, will pity me.
Oh, yes! God's law is tenderer than man's.
He is not only just—but pity too,
And love, unbounded love, He has for all;
And he will make all smooth and right at last.
So let me weep upon your breast, dear friend—
My only solace for these long long years.
God will remember you for this—His arm
Is long—His memory will never fail;
And He will make all smooth and right at last.

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SIR BROOK FOS[illegible]OOKE.

PART XIII.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—UP AT THE MINE.

THOUGH they carried their conviviality into a late hour of the night, Sir Brook was stirring early on the next morning, and was at Tom Lendrick's bedside ere he was awake.

"We had no time for m[illegible] together, Tom, when you [illegible] last night," said he; "nor much now, for I am off to within an hour."

"Off to England! and the mine?"

"The mine must take [illegible] of itself, Tom, till you are [illegible] and able to look after it. [illegible] at present is to know if [illegible] be going back with you."

"I meant that he should; in fact, I came over here expressly to ask you what was best to be done. You can guess what I allude to; and I had brought with me a letter which Lucy thought you ought to read; and indeed I intended to be as cautious and circumspect as might be, but I was scarcely on shore when Trafford rushed across a street and threw his arm over my shoulder, and almost sobbed out his joy at seeing me. So overcome was I that I forgot all my prudence—all indeed that I came for. I asked him to come up with me—ay, and to come back too with me to the island and stay a week there."

"I scarcely think that can be done," said the old man, gravely. "I like Trafford well, and would be heartily glad I could like him still better; but I must learn more about him ere I consent to his going over to Madalena. What is this letter you speak of?"

"You'll find it in the pocket of my dressing-case there. Yes, that's it."

"[illegible]t's a longish epistle, but in a ha[illegible] I well know—at least I knew it [illegible]ll long ago." There was an [illegible]ribable sadness in the tone in [illegible] he said this, and he turned [illegible] that his face should not be [illegible] He seated himself in a recess [illegible] window and read the letter [illegible] end to end. With a heavy [illegible]e laid it on the table, and [illegible]red below his breath, "What [illegible]g long way to have jour- [illegible] from what I first saw her, [illegible]to [illegible]*it!*"

[illegible]n did not venture to speak, [illegible]how by any sign that he had [illegible] him, and the old man went [illegible] broken sentences—"And to [illegible] that these are the fine na- [illegible]—the graceful—the beautiful, [illegible]re thus wrecked! It is hard [illegible]lieve it. In the very same [illegible]ters of that letter I have [illegible] such things, so beautiful, so [illegible]ouching, so tender, as made the eyes overflow to follow them. You see I was right, Tom," cried he aloud, in a strong stern voice, "[illegible]n I said that she should not be [illegible]ur sister's companion. I told Sewell I would not permit it. I was in a position to dictate my own terms to him, and I did so. I must see Trafford about this:" and as he spoke he arose and left the room.

While Tom proceeded to dress himself, he was not altogether pleased with the turn of events. If he had made any mistake in inviting Trafford to return with him, there would be no small awkwardness in recalling the invitation. He saw plainly enough he had been precipitate, but precipitation is one of those errors which, in their own cases, [illegible] to ascribe to warm-h[illegible] Had I been

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as distrustful or suspicious as that publican yonder," is the burthen of their self-gratulation; and in all that moral surgery where men operate on themselves, they cut very gingerly.

"Of course," muttered Tom, "I can't expect Sir Brook will take the same view of these things. Age and suspicion are simply convertible terms, and, thank heaven, I have not arrived at either."

"What are you thanking heaven for?" said Sir Brook, entering. "In nine cases out of ten men use that formula as a measure of their own vanity. For which of your shortcomings were you professing your gratitude, Tom?"

"Have you seen Trafford, sir?" asked Tom, trying to hide his confusion by the question.

"Yes, we have had some talk together."

Tom waited to hear further, and showed by his air of expectation how eager he felt: but the old man made no sign of any disclosure, but sat there silent and wrapped in thought. "I asked him this," said the old man, fiercely, "'If you had got but one thousand pounds in all the world, would it have occurred to you to go down and stake it on a match of billiards against Jonathan?' 'Unquestionably not,' he replied; 'I never could have dreamed of such presumption.'

"'And on what pretext, by what impulse of vanity,' said I, 'were you prompted to enter the lists with one every way your superior in tact, in craft, and in coquetry? If she accepted your clumsy addresses, did you never suspect that there was a deeper game at issue than your pretensions?' 'You are all mistaken,' said he, growing crimson with shame as he spoke; 'I made no advances whatever. I made her certain confidences, it is true, and I asked her advice; and then as we grew to be more intimate we wrote to each other, and Sewell came upon my letters, and affected to think I was trying to steal his wife's affection. She could have dispelled the suspicion at once. She could have given the key to the whole mystery, and why she did not is more than I can say. My unlucky accident just then occurred, and I only issued from my illness to hear that I had lost largely at play, and was so seriously compromised besides, that it was a question whether he should shoot me, or sue for a divorce.'

"It was clear enough that so long as he represented the heir to the Holt property, Sewell treated him with a certain deference; but when Trafford declared to his family that he would accept no dictation, but go his own road, whatever the cost, from that moment Sewell pressed his claims, and showed little mercy in his exactions.

"'And what's your way out of this mess?' asked I. 'What do you propose to do?'

"'I have written to my father, begging he will pay off this debt for me—the last I shall ever ask him to acquit. I have requested my brother to back my petition; and I have told Sewell the steps I have taken, and promised him if they should fail that I will sell out, and acquit my debt at the price of my commission.'

"'And at the price of your whole career in life?'

"'Just so. If you'll not employ me in the mine, I must turn navvy.'

"'And how, under such circumstances as these, can you accept Tom Lendrick's invitation, and go over to Madalena?'

"'I could not well say no when he asked me, but I determined not to go. I only saw the greater misery I should bring on myself. Cave can send me off in haste to Gibraltar or to Malta. In fact, I pass off the stage and never turn up again during the rest of the performance.'"

"Poor fellow!" said Tom, with deep feeling.

"He was so manly throughout

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it all," said Fossbrooke, "so straightforward and so simple. Had there been a grain of coxcomb in his nature, the fellow would have thought the woman in love with him, and made an arrant fool of himself in consequence, but his very humility saved him. I'm not sure, Master Tom, you'd have escaped so safely—eh?"

"I don't see why you think so."

"Now for action," said Fossbrooke. "I must get to England at once. I shall go over to Holt, and see if I can do anything with Sir Hugh. I expect little, for when men are under the frown of fortune they plead with small influence. I shall then pass over to Ireland. With Sewell I can promise myself more success. I may be away three or four weeks. Do you think yourself strong enough to come back here and take my place till I return?"

"Quite so. I'll write and tell Lucy to join me."

"I'd wait till Saturday," said Fossbrooke, in a low voice. "Cave says they can sail by Saturday morning, and it would be as well Lucy did not arrive till they are gone."

"You are right," said Tom, thoughtfully.

"It's not his poverty I'm thinking of," cried Fossbrooke. "With health, and strength, and vigour, a man can fight poverty. I want to learn that he is as clean-handed in this affair with the Sewells as he thinks himself. If I once were sure of that, I'd care little for his loss of fortune. I'd associate him with us in the mine, Tom. There will always be more wealth here than we can need. That new shaft promises splendidly. Such fat ore I have not seen for many a day."

Tom's mouth puckered, and his expression caught a strange sort of half-quizzical look, but he did not venture to speak.

"I know well," added the old man, cautiously, "that it's no good service to a young fellow to plunge him at once into ample means without making him feel the fatigues and trials of honest labour. He must be taught to believe that there is work before him—hard work too. He must be made to suppose that it is only by persistence and industry, and steady devotion to the pursuit, that it will yield its great results."

"I don't suspect our success will turn his head," said Tom, dryly.

"That's the very thing I want to guard against, Tom. Don't you see it is there all my anxiety lies?"

"Let him take a turn of our life here, and I'll warrant him against the growth of an over-sanguine disposition."

"Just so," said Fossbrooke, too intensely immersed in his own thought either to notice the words or the accents of the other—"just so; a hard winter up here in the snows, with all the tackle frozen, ice on the cranks, ice on the chains, ice everywhere, a dense steam from the heated air below, and a cutting sleet above, try a man's chest smartly; and then that lead cable, of which you can tell him something. These give a zest and a difficulty that prove what a man's nature is like."

"They have proved mine pretty well," said Tom, with a bitter laugh.

"And there's nothing like it in all the world for forming a man!" cried Fossbrooke, in a voice of triumph. "Your fair-weather fellows go through life with half their natures unexplored. They know no more of the interior country of their hearts than we do of Central Africa. Beyond the fact that there is something there—something—they know nothing. A man must have conflict, struggle, peril, to feel what stuff there's in him. He must be baffled, thwarted, ay, and even defeated. He must see himself amongst other men as an unlucky dog that fellows will not willingly associate with. He must, on poor rations and tattered cloth-

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ing, keep up a high heart — not always an easy thing to do; and, hardest of all, he must train himself never in all his poverty to condescend to a meanness that when his better day comes he would have to blush for."

"If you weight poverty with all those fine responsibilities, I suspect you'll break its back at once," said Tom, laughing.

"Far from it. It is out of these selfsame responsibilities that poverty has a backbone at all;" and the old man stood bolt upright, and threw back his head as though he were emblematising what he had spoken of.

"Now, Tom, for business. Are you strong enough to come back here and look after the shaft?"

"Yes, I think so. I hope so."

"I shall probably be some weeks away. I'll have to go over to Holt; and I mean to run down amongst the Cornwall fellows and show them some of our ore. I'll make their mouths water when they see it."

Tom bit off the end of his cigar, but did not speak.

"I mean to make Beattie a present of ten shares in that new shaft, too. I declare it's like a renewal of youth to me to feel I can do this sort of thing again. I'll have to write to your father to come back also. Why should he live in exile while we could all be together again in affluence and comfort?"

Tom's eyes ranged round the bare walls and the shattered windows, and he raised his eyebrows in astonishment at the other's illusions.

"We had a stiff 'heat' before we weathered the point, that's certain, Tom," said the old man. "There were days when the sky looked dark enough, and it needed all our pluck and all our resolution to push on; but I never lost heart—I never wavered about our certainty of success—did I?"

"No; that you did not. And if you had, I certainly should not have wondered at it."

"I'll ask you to bear this testimony to me one of these days, and to tell how I bore up at times that you yourself were not over hopeful."

"Oh, that you may. I'll be honest enough to own that the sanguine humour was a rare one with me."

"And it's your worst fault. It is better for a young fellow to be disappointed every hour of the twenty-four than to let incredulity gain on him. Believe everything that it would be well to believe, and never grow soured with fortune if the dice don't turn up as you want them. I declare I'm sorry to leave this spot just now, when all looks so bright and cheery about it. You're a lucky dog, Tom, to come in when the battle is won, and nothing more to do than announce the victory." And so saying he hurried off to prepare for the road, leaving Tom Lendrick in a state of doubt whether he should be annoyed or amused at the opinions he had heard from him.

CHAPTER XLIX.—PARTING COUNSELS.

Quick and decided in all his movements, Fossbrooke set out almost immediately after this scene with Tom, and it was only as they gathered together at breakfast that it was discovered he had gone.

"He left Bermuda in the very same fashion," said Cave. "He had bought a coffee-plantation in the morning, and he set out the same night; and I don't believe he ever saw his purchase after. I asked him about it, and he said he thought—he wasn't quite sure—he made it a present to Dick Molyneux on his marriage. 'I only know,' said he, 'it's not mine now.'"

As they sat over their breakfast, or smoked after it, they exchanged

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stories about Fossbrooke, all full of his strange eccentric ways, but all equally abounding in traits of kindheartedness and generosity. Comparing him with other men of liberal mould, the great and essential difference seemed to be that Fossbrooke never measured his generosity. When he gave, he gave all that he had; he had no notion of aiding or assisting. His idea was to establish a man at once—easy, affluent, and independent. He abounded in precepts of prudence, maxims of thrift, and such-like; but in practice he was recklessly lavish.

"Why an't there more like him?" cried Trafford, enthusiastically.

"I'm not sure it would be better," said Cave. "The race of idle, cringing, do-nothing fellows is large enough already. I suspect men like Fossbrooke—at least what he was in his days of prosperity—give a large influence to the spread of dependants."

"The fault I find with him," said Tom, "is his credulity. He believes everything, and, what's worse, every one. There are fellows here who persuade him this mine is to make his fortune, and if he had thousands to-morrow he would embark them all in this speculation, the only result of which is to enrich these people, and ruin ourselves.

"Is that your view of it?" asked Cave, in some alarm.

"Of course it is; and if you doubt it, come down with me into the gallery, as they call it, and judge for yourself."

"But I have already joined the enterprise."

"What! invested money in it?"

"Ay. Two thousand pounds—a large sum for me, I promise you. It was with immense persuasion, too, I got Fossbrooke to let me have these shares. He offered me scores of other things as a free gift in preference — salmon-fisheries in St. John's — a saw-mill on Lake Huron—a large tract of land at the Cape; I don't know what else; but I was firm to the copper, and would have nothing but this."

"I went in for lead," said Trafford, laughingly.

"*You*; and are *you* involved in this also?" asked Tom.

"Yes; so far as I have promised to sell out, and devote whatever remains after paying my debts to the mine."

"Why, this beats all the infatuation I ever heard of! You have not the excuse of men at a distance, who have only read or listened to plausible reports, but you have come here; you have been on the spot; you have seen with your own eyes the poverty-stricken air of the whole concern, the broken machinery, the ruined scaffoldings, the mounds of worthless dross that hide the very approach to the shaft; and you have seen us, too, and where, and how we live!"

"Very true," broke in Cave, "but I have heard *him* talk, and I could no more resist the force of his words than I could stand in a current and not be carried down by it."

"Exactly so," chimed in Trafford; "he was all the more irresistible that he did not seek to persuade. Nay, he tried his utmost to put me off the project, and, as with the Colonel, he offered me dozens of other ways to push my fortune, without costing me a farthing."

"Might not we," said Cave, "ask how it comes that you, taking this dispiriting view of all here, still continue to embark your fortunes in its success?"

"It is just because they are my fortunes; had it been my fortune, I had been more careful. There is all the difference in life between a man's hopes and his bank-stock. But if you ask me why I hang on here, after I have long ceased to think anything can come of it, my answer is, I do so just as I would refuse to quit the wreck, when he declared he would not leave it. It might be I should save my life by deserting him; but it would be little worth having afterwards; and

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I'd rather live with him in daily companionship, watching his manly courageous temper and his high-hearted way of dealing with difficulties, than I would go down the stream prosperously with many another; and over and over have I said to myself, If that fine nature of his can make defeat so endurable, what splendour of triumph would it not throw over a real success!"

"And this is exactly what we want to share," said Trafford, smiling.

"But what do either of you know of the man, beyond the eccentricity, or the general kindliness with which he meets you? You have not seen him as I have, rising to his daily toil with a racking head and a fevered frame, without a word of complaint, or anything beyond a passing syllable of discomfort; never flinching, never yielding; as full of kind thought for others, as full of hopeful counsel, as in his best days; lightening labour with proverb and adage, and stimulating zeal with many a story. You can't picture to yourselves this man, once at the head of a princely fortune, which he dispensed with more than princely liberality, sharing a poor miner's meal of beans and oil with pleasant humour, and drinking a toast, in wine that would set the teeth on edge, to that good time when they would have more generous fare, and as happy hearts to enjoy it.

"Nor have you seen him, as I have, the nurse beside the sick-bed, so gentle, so thoughtful—a very woman in tenderness; and all that after a day of labour that would have borne down the strongest and the stoutest. And who is he that takes the world in such good part, and thinks so hopefully of his fellow-men? The man of all his time who has been most betrayed, most cheated, whose trust has been most often abused, whose benefits have been oftenest paid back in ingratitude. It is possible enough he may not be the man to guide one to wealth and fortune; but to whatever condition of life he leads, of one thing I am certain, there will be no better teacher of the spirit and temper to enjoy it; there will be none who will grace any rank—the highest or the humblest—with a more manly dignity."

"It was knowing all this of him," said Cave, "that impelled me to associate myself with any enterprise he belonged to. I felt that if success were to be won by persistent industry and determination, his would do it, and that his noble character gave a guarantee for fair dealing better than all the parchments lawyers could engross."

"From what I have seen of life, I'd not say that success attends such men as he is," said Tom. "The world would be perhaps too good if it were so."

Silence now fell upon the party, and the three men smoked on for some time without a word. At last Tom, rising from the bench where he had been seated, said, "Take my advice, keep to your soldiering, and have nothing to do with this concern here. You sail on Saturday next, and by Sunday evening, if you can forget that there is such an island as Sardinia, and such poor devils on it as ourselves, it will be all the better for you."

"I am sorry to see you so depressed, Lendrick," said Cave.

"I'm not so low as you suspect; but I'd be far lower if I thought that others were going to share our ill-fortunes."

Though the speech had no direct reference to Trafford, it chanced that their eyes met as he spoke, and Trafford's face flushed to a deep crimson as he felt the application of the words.

"Come here, Tom," said he, passing his arm within Lendrick's, and leading him off the terrace into a little copse of wild hollies at the foot of it. "Let me have one word with you." They walked on some seconds without a word, and when Trafford spoke his voice trembled

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with agitation. "I don't know," muttered he, "if Sir Brook has told you of the change in my fortunes—that I am passed over in the entail by my father, and am, so to say, a beggar."

Lendrick nodded, but said nothing.

"I have got debts, too, which, if not paid by my family, will compel me to sell out—has he told you this?"

"Yes; I think he said so."

"Like the kind, good fellow he is," continued Trafford, "he thinks he can do something with my people—talk my father over, and induce my mother to take my side. I'm afraid I know them better, and that they're not sorry to be rid of me at last. It is, however, just possible—I will not say more, but just possible—that he may succeed in making some sort of terms for me before they cut me off altogether. I have no claim whatever, for I have spent already the portion that should have come to me as a younger son. I must be frank with you, Tom. There's no use in trying to make my case seem better than it is." He paused, and appeared to expect that the other would say something; but Tom smoked on, and made no sign whatever.

"And it comes to this," said Trafford, drawing a long breath and making a mighty effort, "I shall either have some small pittance or other—and small it must be—or be regularly cleaned out without a shilling."

A slight, very slight, motion of Tom's shoulders showed that he had heard him.

"If the worst is to befall me," said Trafford, with more energy than he had shown before, "I'll no more be a burthen to you than to any other of my friends. You shall hear little more of me; but if fortune is going to give me her last chance, will *you* give me one also?"

"What do you mean?" said Tom, curtly.

"I mean," stammered out Trafford, whose colour came and went with agitation as he spoke—"I mean, shall I have your leave—that is, may I go over to Madalena?—may I—O Tom," burst he out at last, "you know well what hope my heart clings to."

"If there was nothing but a question of money in the way," broke in Tom, boldly, "I don't see how beggars like ourselves could start very strong objections. That a man's poverty should separate him from us would be a little too absurd; but there's more than that in it. You have got into some scrape or other. I don't want to force a confidence—I don't want to hear about it. It's enough for me that you are not a free man."

"If I can satisfy you that this is not the case——"

"It won't do to satisfy me," said Tom, with a strong emphasis on the last word.

"I mean, if I can show that nothing unworthy, nothing dishonourable, attaches to me.

"I don't suspect all that would suffice. It's not a question of your integrity or your honour. It's the simple matter whether, when professing to care for one woman, you made love to another?"

"If I can disprove that. It's a long story——"

"Then, for heaven's sake, don't tell it to me."

"Let me, at least, show that it is not fair to shun me."

There was such a tone of sorrow in his voice as he spoke that Tom turned at once toward him, and said, "If you can make all this affair straight — I mean, if it be clear that there was no more in it than such a passing levity that better men than either of us have now and then fallen into—I don't see why you may not come back with me."

"Oh, Tom, if you really will let me!"

"Remember, however, you come

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at your own peril. I tell you frankly, if your explanation should fail to satisfy the one who has to hear it, it fails with me too—do you understand me?"

"I think I do," said Trafford, with dignity.

"It's as well that we should make no mistake; and now you are free to accept my invitation or to refuse it. What do you say?"

"I say, Yes. I go back with you."

"I'll go and see, then, if Cave will join us," said Tom, turning hastily away, and very eager to conceal the agitation he was suffering, and of which he was heartily ashamed.

Cave accepted the project with delight — he wanted to see the island—but, more still, he wanted to see that Lucy Lendrick of whom Sir Brook had spoken so rapturously. "I suppose," whispered he in Tom's ear, "you know all about Trafford. You've heard that he has been cut out of the estate, and been left with nothing but his pay?"

Tom nodded assent.

"He's not a fellow to sail under false colours, but he might still have some delicacy in telling about it——"

"He has told me all," said Tom dryly.

"There was a scrape too—not very serious, I hope—in Ireland."

"He has told me of that also," said Tom. "When shall you be ready? Will four o'clock suit you?"

"Perfectly."

And they parted.

CHAPTER L.—ON THE ISLAND.

When, shortly after daybreak, the felucca rounded the point of the island, and stood in for the little bay of Madalena, Lucy was roused from sleep by her maid with the tidings. "Give me the glass, quickly," cried she, as she rushed to the window, and after one rapid glance, which showed her the little craft gaily decked with the flag of England, she threw herself upon her bed, and sobbed in very happiness. In truth, there was in the long previous day's expectancy—in the conflict of her hope and fear—a tension that could only be relieved by tears.

How delightful it was to rally from that momentary gush of emotion, and feel so happy! To think so well of the world as to believe that all goes for the best in it, is a pleasant frame of mind to begin one's day with. To feel that, though we have suffered anxiety, and all the tortures of deferred hope, it was good for us to know that everything was happening better for us than we could have planned it for ourselves, and that positively it was not so much by events we had been persecuted, as by our own impatient reading of them. Something of all these sensations passed through Lucy's mind as she hurried here and there to prepare for her guests, stopping at intervals to look out towards the sea, and wonder how little way the felucca made, and how persistently she seemed to cling to the self-same spot.

Nor was she altogether unjust in this. The breeze had died away at sunrise; and in the interval before the land-wind should spring up, there was almost a dead calm.

"Is she moving at all?" cried Lucy, to one of the sailors who lounged on the rocks beneath the window.

The man thought not. They had kept their course too far from shore, and were becalmed in consequence.

How could they have done so?—surely sailors ought to have known better! and Tom, who was always boasting how he knew every current, and every eddy of wind,

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what was he about? It
rude shock to that sweet
of a few moments back to
own that here at least
thing that might have be
"And what ought they
what can they do?" asked she,
impatiently, of the sailor.

"Wait till towards noon,
the land-breeze freshens up,
beat."

"Beat means, go back and forward, scarcely gaining a mile an hour?"

The sailor smiled, and ow
she was not far wrong.

"Which means that they may pass the day there," cried she, fretfully.

"They're not going to do it, anyhow," said the man; "they are lowering a boat, and going to row ashore."

"Oh, how much better! and how long will it take them."

"Two hours, if they're good rowers; three, or even four, if they're not."

"Come in and have a glass of wine," said she; "and you shall look through the telescope, and tell me how they row, and who are in the boat—I mean, how many are in it."

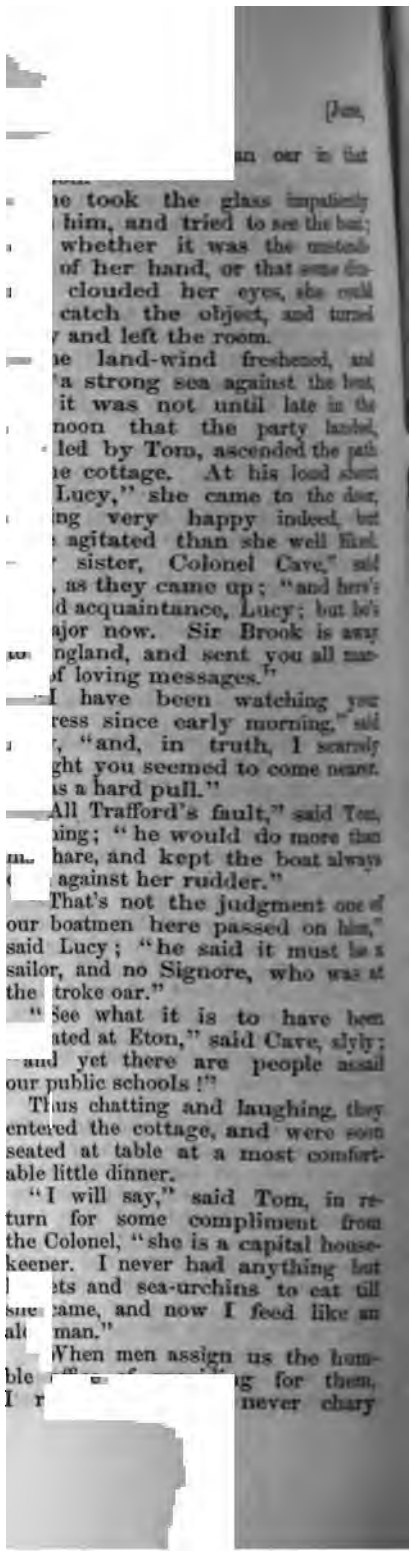
"What a fine glass! I can see them as if they were only a cable's length off. There's the Signorino Maso, your brother, at the bow oar; and then there's a sailor, and another sailor; and there's a Signore, a large man—per Bacco, he's the size of three—at the stroke; and an old man with white hair, and a cap with gold lace round it, steering; he has bright buttons down his coat."

"Never mind *him*. What of the large man—is he young?"

"He pulls like a young fellow! There now, he has thrown off his coat, and is going at it in earnest! Ah, he's no Signore after all."

"How no Signore?" asked she, hastily.

"None but a sailor could row as he does! A man must be bred



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of their compliments," said Lucy, laughingly. "Master Tom is willing to praise my cookery, though he says nothing of my companionship."

"It was such a brotherly speech," chimed in Cave.

"Well, it's jolly, certainly," said Tom, as he leaned back in his chair, "to sit here with that noble sea-view at our feet, and those grand old cliffs over us."

While Cave concurred, and strained his eyes to catch some object out seaward, Trafford, for almost the first time, found courage to address Lucy. He had asked something about whether she liked the island as well as that sweet cottage where first he saw her, and by this they were led to talk of that meeting, and of the long happy day they had passed at Holy Island.

"How I'd like to go back to it!" said Lucy, earnestly.

"To the time, or to the place? to which would you wish to go back?"

"To The Nest," said Lucy, blushing slightly; "they were about the happiest days I ever knew, and dear papa was with us then."

"And is it not possible that you may all meet together there one of these days? he'll not remain at the Cape, will he?"

"I was forgetting that you knew him," said she, warmly; "you met papa since I saw you last; he wrote about you and told how kindly and tenderly you had nursed him on his voyage."

"Oh, did he? did he indeed speak of me?" cried Trafford, with intense emotion.

"He not only spoke warmly about his affection for you, but he showed pain and jealousy when he thought that some newer friends had robbed him of you—but perhaps you forget the Cape and all about it."

Trafford's face became crimson, and what answer he might have made to this speech there is no knowing, when Tom cried out, "We are going to have our coffee and cigar on the rocks, Lucy, but you will come with us."

"Of course; I have had three long days of my own company, and am quite wearied of it."

In the little cleft to which they repaired, a small stream divided the space, leaving only room for two people on the rock at either side; and after some little jesting as to who was to have the coffee-pot, and who the brandy-flask, Tom and Cave nestled in one corner, while Lucy and Trafford, with more caution as to proximity, seated themselves on the rock opposite.

"We were talking about the Cape, Major Trafford, I think," said Lucy, determined to bring him back to the dreaded theme.

"Were we? I think not; I think we were remembering all the pleasant days beside the Shannon."

"If you please, more sugar and no brandy; and now for the Cape."

"I'll just hand them the coffee," said he, raising and crossing over to the others.

"Won't she let you smoke, Trafford?" said Tom, seeing the unlighted cigar in the other's fingers; "come over here, then, and escape the tyranny."

"I was just saying," cried Cave, "I wish our Government would establish a protectorate, as they call it, over these islands, and send us out here to garrison them; I call this downright paradise."

"You may smoke, Major Trafford," said Lucy, as he returned; "I am very tolerant about tobacco."

"I don't care for it—at least not now."

"You'd rather tell me about the Cape," said she, with a sly laugh. "Well, I'm all attention."

"There is really nothing to tell," said he in confusion. "Your father will have told you already what a routine sort of thing life is—always meeting the same people—made ever more uniform by their official stations. It's always

the Governor, and the Chief-Justice, and the Bishop, and the Attorney-General."

"But they have wives and daughters?"

"Yes; but official people's wives and daughters are always of the same pattern. They are only females of the species."

"So that you were terribly bored?"

"Just so—terribly bored."

"What a boon from heaven it must have been then to have met the Sewells," said she with a well-put-on carelessness.

"Oh, your father mentioned the Sewells, did he?" asked Trafford, eagerly.

"I should think he did mention them! Why, they were the people he was so jealous of. He said that you were constantly with him till they came—his companion, in fact—and that he grieved heavily over your desertion of him."

"There was nothing like desertion; besides," added he, after a moment, "I never suspected he attached any value to my society."

"Very modest, certainly; and probably, as the Sewells did attach this value, you gave it where it was fully appreciated."

"I wish I had never met them," muttered Trafford; and though the words were mumbled beneath his breath, she heard them.

"That sounds very ungratefully," said she, with a smile, "if but one-half of what we hear be true."

"What is it you have heard?"

"I'm keeping Major Trafford from his cigar, Tom; he's too punctilious to smoke in my company, and so I shall leave him to you;" and so saying she arose, and turned towards the cottage.

Trafford followed her on the instant, and overtook her at the porch.

"One word—only one," cried he, eagerly. "I see how I have been misrepresented to you. I see what you must think of me; but will you only hear me?"

"I have no right to hear you," said she, coldly.

"Oh, do not say so, Lucy," cried he, trying to take her hand, but which she quickly withdrew from him. "Do not say that you withdraw from me the only interest that attaches me to life. If you knew how friendless I am, you would not leave me."

"He upon whom fortune smiles so pleasantly very seldom wants for any blandishments the world has to give; at least, I have always heard that people are invariably courteous to the prosperous."

"And do you talk of me as prosperous?"

"Why, you are my brother's type of all that is luckiest in life. Only hear Tom on the subject! Hear him talk of his friend Trafford, and you will hear of one on whom all the good fairies showered their fairest gifts."

"The fairies have grown capricious then. Has Tom told you nothing—I mean since he came back?"

"No; nothing."

"Then let me tell it."

In very few words, and with wonderfully little emotion, Trafford told the tale of his altered fortunes. Of course he did not reveal the reasons for which he had been disinherited, but loosely implied that his conduct had displeased his father, and with his mother he had never been a favourite. "Mine," said he, "is the vulgar story that almost every family has its instance of—the younger son, who goes into the world with the pretensions of a good house, and forgets that he himself is as poor as the neediest man in the regiment. They grew weary of my extravagance, and, indeed, they began to get weary of myself, and I am not surprised at it! and the end has come at last. They have cast me off, and, except my commission, I have now nothing in the world. I told Tom all this, and his generous reply was, 'Your poverty only draws you nearer to us.'

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Yes, Lucy, these were his words. Do you think that his sister could have spoken them?"

"Before she could do so, she certainly should be satisfied on other grounds than those that touch your fortune," said Lucy, gravely.

"And it was to give her that same satisfaction I came here," cried he, eagerly. "I accepted Tom's invitation on the sole pledge that I could vindicate myself to you. I know what is laid to my charge, and I know too how hard it will be to clear myself without appearing like a coxcomb." He grew crimson as he said this, and the shame that overwhelmed him was a better advocate than all his words. "But," added he, "you shall think me vain, conceited—a puppy if you will—but you shall not believe me false. Will you listen to me?"

"On one condition I will," said she calmly.

"Name your condition. What is it?"

"My condition is this: that when I have heard you out—heard all that you care to tell me—if it should turn out that I am not satisfied—I mean, if it appear to me a case in which I ought not to be satisfied—you will pledge your word that this conversation will be our last together."

"But, Lucy, in what spirit will you judge me? If you can approach the theme thus coldly, it gives me little hope that you will wish to acquit me."

A deep blush covered her face as she turned away her head but made no answer.

"Be only fair, however," cried he, eagerly. "I ask for nothing more." He drew her arm within his as he spoke, and they turned towards the beach where a little sweep of the bay lay hemmed in between lofty rocks. "Here goes my last throw for fortune," said Trafford, after they had strolled along some minutes in silence. "And oh, Lucy, if you knew how I would like to prolong these minutes before, as it may be, they are lost to me forever! If you knew how I would like to give this day to happiness and hope!"

She said nothing, but walked along with her head down, and her face slightly averted from him.

"I have not told you of my visit to the Priory," said he, suddenly.

"No; how came you to go there?"

"I went to see the place where you had lived, to see the garden you had tended, and the flowers you loved, Lucy. I took away this bit of jasmine from a tree that overhung a little rustic seat. It may be, for aught I know, all that may remain to me of you ere this day closes."

"My dear little garden! I was so fond of it!" she said, concealing her emotion as well as she could.

"I am such a coward," said he, angrily; "I declare I grow ashamed of myself. If any one had told me I would have skulked danger in this wise, I'd have scouted the idea! Take this, Lucy," said he giving her the sprig of withered jasmine; "if what I shall tell you exculpate me—if you are satisfied that I am not unworthy of your love—you will give it back to me; if I fail——" He could not go on, and another silence of some seconds ensued.

"You know the compact now?" asked he, after a moment. She nodded assent.

For full five minutes they walked along without a word, and then Trafford, at first timidly, but by degrees more boldly, began a narrative of his visit to the Sewells' house. It is not—nor need it be—our task to follow him through a long narrative, broken, irregular, and unconnected as it was. Hampered by the difficulties which on each side beset him of disparaging those of whom he desired to say no word of blame, and of still vindicating himself from all charge of dishonour, he was often, it must be owned, entangled, and sometimes

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scarcely intelligible. He owned to having been led into high play against his will, and equally against his will induced to form an intimacy with Mrs. Sewell, which beginning in a confidence, wandered away into heaven knows what of sentimentality, and the like. Trafford talked of Lucy Lendrick and his love, and Mrs. Sewell talked of her cruel husband and her misery; and they ended by making a little stock-fund of affection, where they came in common to make their deposits and draw their cheques on fortune.

All this intercourse was the more dangerous that he never knew its danger; and though, on looking back, he was astonished to think what intimate relations subsisted between them, yet, at the time, these had not seemed in the least strange to him. To her sad complaints of neglect, ill-usage, and insult, he offered such consolations as occurred to him; nor did it seem to him that there was any peril in his path, till his mother burst forth with that atrocious charge against Mrs. Sewell for having seduced her son, and which, so far from repelling with the indignation it might have evoked, she appeared rather to bend under, and actually seek his protection to shelter her. Weak and broken by his accident at the race, these difficulties almost overcame his reason; never was there, to his thinking, such a web of entanglement. The hospitality of the house he was enjoying outraged and violated by the outbreaks of his mother's temper; Sewell's confidence in him betrayed by the confessions he daily listened to from his wife; her sorrows and griefs all tending to a dependence on his counsels which gave him a partnership in her conduct. "With all these upon me," said he, "I don't think I was actually mad, but very often I felt terribly close to it. A dozen times a-day I would willingly have fought Sewell; as willingly would I have given all I ever hoped to possess in the world to enable his wife to fly his tyranny, and live apart from him. I so far resented my mother's outrageous conduct, that I left her without a good-bye."

I can no more trace him through this wandering explanation than I dare ask my reader to follow. It was wild, broken, and discursive. Now interrupted by protestations of innocence, now dashed by acknowledgments of error, who knows if his unartistic story did not serve him better than a more connected narrative — there was such palpable truth in it!

Nor was Lucy less disposed to leniency that he who pleaded before her was no longer the rich heir of a great estate, with a fair future before him, but one poor and portionless as herself. In the reserve with which he shrouded his quarrel with his family, she fancied she could see the original cause—his love for her; and if this were so, what more had she need of to prove his truth and fidelity! Who knows if her woman's instinct had not revealed this to her? Who knows if in that finer intelligence of the female mind she had not traced out the secret of the reserve that hampered him, of the delicate forbearance with which he avoided the theme of his estrangement from his family! And if so, what a plea was it for him! Poor fellow, thought she, what has he not given up for me!

Rich men make love with great advantages on their side. There is no doubt that he who can offer demesnes and diamonds has much in his favour. The power that abides in wealth adds marvellous force to the suitor's tale: but there is, be it owned, that in poverty which, when allied with a sturdy self-dependence, appeals wonderfully to a woman's mind. She feels all the devotion that is offered her, and she will not be outdone in generosity. It is so fine of him, when others care nothing but for wealth and riches,

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to be satisfied with humble fortune, and with *me!* There is the summing up, and none need be more conclusive.

How long Trafford might have gone on strengthening his case, and calling up fresh evidence to his credit—by what force of words he might still have sustained his character for fidelity—there is no saying; but his eloquence was suddenly arrested by the sight of Cave and Tom coming to meet them.

"Oh, Lucy," cried he, "do not quit my arm till you tell me my fate. For very pity's sake, do not leave me in the misery of this anxiety," said he, as she disengaged herself, affecting to arrange her shawl.

"I have a word to say to my brother," said she, hurriedly, "keep this sprig of jasmine for me. I mean to plant it somewhere;" and without another word she hastened away and made for the house.

"So we shall have to sail at once, Trafford," said Cave. "The Admiral has sent over the Gondomar to fetch us; and here's a lieutenant with a despatch waiting for us at the cottage."

"The service may go—no, I don't mean that; but, if you sail to-morrow, you sail without me."

"Have you made it all right?" whispered Tom in his ear.

"I'm the happiest fellow in Europe," said he, throwing his arm round the other's shoulder. "Come here, Tom, and let me tell you all—all."

CHAPTER LI.—HOW CHANGED!

We are once more at the Priory—but how changed is it all! Billy Hare himself scarcely recognises the old spot, and, indeed, comes now but seldom to visit it; for the Chief has launched out into the gay world, and entertains largely at dinner, and even gives *déjeûners dansantes*—foreign innovations at which he was wont to inveigh with vehemence.

The old elm under whose shade Avonmore and the wits used to sit of an evening, beneath whose leafy canopy Curran had jested and Moore had sung, was cut down, and a large *marquée* of gaudy blue and white spread its vulgar wings over innumerable breakfast-tables, set forth with what the newspapers call every delicacy of the season.

The Horatian garden, and the Roman house—conceits of an old Lord Chancellor in former times, and once objects of almost veneration in Sir William's eyes—have been swept away, with all their attendant details of good or bad taste, and in their place a fountain has been erected, for whose aquatic displays, be it noted in parenthesis, two horses and as many men are kept in full employ. Of the wild old woodland walks—shady and cool, redolent of sweet-briar and honeysuckle—not a trace remains; driving-roads, wide enough for a pony-carriage, have been substituted for these, and ruthless gaps in the dense wood open long vistas to the eye, in a spot where once it was the sense of enclosure and seclusion that imparted the chief charm. For so is it, coming out of the din and bustle of a great city, there is no attraction which can vie with whatever breathes of tranquillity, and seems to impart peace by an air of unbroken quiet. It was for this very quality the Priory had gained its fame. Within doors the change was as great as without. New, and, be it admitted, more comfortable furniture had replaced the old ponderous objects which, in every form of ugliness, had made the former decorations of the rooms. All was now light, tasteful, elegant. All invited to ease of intercourse, and

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suggested that pleasant union of social enjoyment with self-indulgence which our age seems to cultivate. But of all the changes and mutations which a short time had effected, none could compete with that in the old Chief himself. Through life he had been studiously attentive to neatness and care in his dress; it was with something of pride that he exhibited little traits of costume that revived bygone memories; and his long white hair, brushed rigidly back, and worn as a queue behind, and his lace ruffles, recalled a time when these were distinctive signs of class and condition.

His sharply-cut and handsome features were well served by the well-marked temples and lofty head that surmounted them, and which the drawn-back hair displayed to full advantage; and what a terrible contrast did the expression present when a light-brown wig covered his head, and a lock of childlike innocence graced his forehead! The large massive eyebrows, so impressive in their venerable whiteness, were now dyed of a dark hue; and to prevent the semblance of ghastliness which this strong color might impart to the rest of the face, a faint tinge of rouge was given to the cheek, thus lending to the whole features an expression of mingled smirk and severity as little like the former look of dignified intelligence as might be.

A tightly-fitting frock-coat and a colored cravat, fastened with a massive jewelled pin, completed a travestie which, strange to say, imparted its character to his gait, and made itself evident in his carriage.

His manner, too—that admirable courtesy of a by-gone day, of which, when unprovoked by a personal encounter, he was a master—was now replaced by an assumed softness—an ill-put-on submission that seemed to require all his watchfulness never to forget.

If his friends deplored and his enemies exulted over this unbecoming change in one who, whatever his defects, had ever displayed the force and power of a commanding intellect, the secret was known to few. A violent and unseemly attack had been made in the "House" against him by some political partisan, who alleged that his advanced age and failing faculties urgently demanded his retirement from the Bench, and calling loudly on the Government to enforce a step which nothing but the tenacity and obstinacy of age would have refused to accept voluntarily and even gratefully.

In the discussion—it was not debate—that the subject gave rise to, the year of his birth was quoted, the time he had been first called, and the long period he had served on the Bench; and if his friends were strong in their evidences of his unfailing powers and undimmed faculties, his assailants adduced instances in which he had mistaken the suitors and misstated the case. His temper, too, imperious even to insult, had, it was said, driven many barristers from his court, where few liked to plead except such as were his abject and devoted followers.

When the attack appeared in the morning papers, Beattie drove out in all haste to the Priory to entreat that the newspapers should be withheld from him, and all mention of the offensive subject be carefully avoided. The Doctor was shown into the room where the Sewells were at breakfast, and at once eagerly announced the reason for his early visit.

"You are too late, Doctor," said Sewell; "he had read every line of it before we came down-stairs. He made me listen to it, too, before I could go to breakfast."

"And how did he bear it?"

"On the whole, I think well. He said they were incorrect about the year he was called, and also as to the time he entered Parliament. With regard to the man who made

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the attack, he said, 'It is my turn to be biographer now; let us see if the honourable member will call the victory his.'"

"He must do nothing of the kind. I will not answer for his life if he gives way to these bursts of temper."

"I declare I think I'd not interfere with him," drawled out Sewell, as he broke an egg. "I suspect it's better to let those high-pressure people blow off their steam."

"I'm sure Dr. Beattie is right," interposed Mrs. Sewell, who saw in the Doctor's face an unmistakable look of disgust at the Colonel's speech.

"I repeat, sir," said Beattie, gravely, "that it is a question of Sir William's life; he cannot survive another attack like his last one."

"It has always been a matter of wonder to me how he has lived so long. To go on existing, and be so sensitive to public opinion, is something quite beyond my comprehension."

"You would not mind such attacks, then?" said Beattie, with a very slight sneer.

"I should think not! A man must be a fool if he doesn't know there are scores of fellows who don't like him; and he must be an unlucky dog if there are not others who envy him for something or other, though it only be his horse or his dog, his waistcoat or his wife."

In the look of malevolence he threw across the table as he spoke this, might be read the concentrated hate of one who loved to insult his victim. The Doctor saw it, and rose to leave, disgusted and angry. "I suppose Sir William knows I am here?" said he, coldly.

"I suspect not," said Sewell. "If you'll talk to my wife, or look over the 'Times,' I'll go and tell him."

The Chief Baron was seated at his writing-table when Sewell entered, and angrily cried out, "Who is there?"

"Sewell, my lord. May I come in?"

"Sir, you have taken that liberty in anticipation of the request. What do you want?"

"I came to say, my lord, that Dr. Beattie is here."

"Who sent for him, sir?"

"Not I, my lord, certainly."

"I repeat my question, sir, and expect a direct answer."

"I can only repeat my answer, my lord. He was not sent for by me or with my knowledge."

"So that I am to understand that his presence here is not the result of any active solicitude of my family for the consequences of this new outrage upon my feelings," and he clutched the newspaper as he spoke, and shook it with passion.

"I assure you, my lord, Beattie has come here of his own accord."

"But on account of this!" and the words came from him with a hissing sound that denoted intense anger. Sewell made a gesture to imply that it might be so, but that he himself knew nothing of it. "Tell him, then, sir, that the Chief Baron regrets he cannot see him; that he is at this moment engaged with the reply to a late attack in the House of Commons, which he desires to finish before post hour; and add, sir, that he is in the best of health and in excellent spirits—facts which will afford him increased enjoyment, if Dr. Beattie will only be kind enough to mention them widely in the course of his visits."

"I'm delighted, my lord, to be charged with such a message," said Sewell, with a well-assumed joy.

"I am glad, sir, to have pleased you, at the same time that I have gained your approbation."

There was a haughty tone in the way these words were delivered that for an instant made Sewell doubt whether they meant approval or reprimand, but he thought he saw a look of self-satisfied vanity in the old man's face, and he merely bowed his thanks for the speech.

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"What do you think, sir, they have had the hardihood to say in the House of Commons?" cried the Chief, while his cheek grew crimson and his eye flashed fire. "They say that, looking to the perilous condition of Ireland, with a widespread conspiracy through the land, and rebellion in most daring form bearding the authorities of the Crown, it is no time to see one of the chief seats of justice occupied by one whose achievements in crown prosecutions date from the state trials of '98! In which capacity, sir, am I assailed?—is it as patriarch or a patriot? Am I held up to obloquy because I came into the world at a certain year, or because I was one of the counsel for Wolffe Tone? From whom, too, come these slanderous assaults? do these puny slanderers not yet know that it is with men as with plants, and that though the dockweed is rotten within a few weeks, the oak takes centuries to reach maturity?

"There were men in the Administration once, sir, in whom I had that confidence I could have placed my office in their hands with the full conviction it would have been worthily conferred—men above the passions of party, and who saw in public life other ambitions than the struggles for place. I see these men no longer. They who now compose the Cabinet inspire no trust; with them I will not treat."

Exhausted by this outburst of passion he lay back in his chair, breathing heavily, and to all seeming overcome.

"Shall I get you anything, my lord?" whispered Sewell.

The old man smiled faintly, and whispered, "Nothing."

"I wish, my lord," said Sewell, as he bent over his chair—"I wish I could dare to speak what is passing in my mind; and that I had that place in your lordship's esteem which might give my words any weight."

"Speak—say on," said he, faintly.

"What I would say is this, my lord," said Sewell, with increased force, "that these attacks on your lordship are in a great measure provoked by yourself."

"Provoked by me! and how, sir?" cried the Chief, angrily.

"In this wise, my lord. You have always held your libellers as cheap that you actually encourage their assaults. You, in the full vigour of your faculties, alive to the latest events, interested in all that science discovers or invention develops, persist in maintaining, both in your mode of living and your companionship, a continued reference to the past. With a wit that could keep pace with the brightest, and an imagination more alive than the youngest men can boast, you vote yourself old, and live with the old. Why, my lord, is it any wonder that they try you on the indictment you have yourself drawn up! I have only to ask you to look across the Channel and see the men—your own contemporaries, your colleagues too—who escape these slanders, simply because they keep up with the modes and habits of the day. Their equipages, their retinues, their dress, are all such as fashion sanctions. Nothing in their appearance reminds the world that they lived with the grandfathers of those around them; and I say, my lord, if these men can do this, how much easier would it be for you to do it! You, whose quick intellect the youngest in vain try to cope with; you who are readier in repartee—younger, in fact, in all the freshness of originality and in all the play of fancy, than the smartest wits of the day.

"My lord, it has not been without a great effort of courage I have dared to speak thus boldly; but I have so often talked the subject over with my wife, and she, with a woman's wit, has so thoroughly entered into the theme, that I felt, even at the hazard of your displeasure, I ought to risk the telling you." After a pause he added, "It was but yesterday my wife said, 'If

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papa'—you know, my lord, it is so she calls you in secret—'If papa will only cease to dress like a church dignitary, he will not look above fifty—fifty-four or five at most.'"

"I own," said the Judge, slowly, "it has often struck me as strange how little animadversion the Press bestowed upon my English colleagues for their advanced years, and how persistently they commented on mine; and yet the history of Ireland does not point to the early decline of intellectual power. They are fond of showing the characteristics that separate us, but they have never adduced this one."

"I hope I have your lordship's forgiveness for my boldness," said Sewell, with humility.

"You have more, sir; you have my gratitude for an affectionate solicitude. I will think over what you have said when I am alone."

"It will make me a very proud man if I find that my words have had weight with you. I am to tell Beattie, my lord, that you are engaged and cannot see him?" said he, moving toward the door.

"Yes. Say that I am occupied with my reply to this slander. Tell him if he likes to dine with me at six——"

"I beg pardon, my lord—but my wife hoped you would dine with us to-day. We have a few young soldiers, and two or three pretty women coming to us——"

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Sewell, and say I am charmed to accept her invitation."

Sewell took his leave with every token of respectful gratitude. But no sooner had he reached the stairs than he burst into a fit of laughter. "Would any one have believed that the old fool would have swallowed the bait? I was so terrified at my own temerity, I'd have given the world to be out of the scrape! I declare, if my mother could be got rid of, we'd have him leading something of sixteen to the altar. Well, if this acute attack of youth doesn't finish him, he must have the constitution of an elephant."

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LIFE OF STEELE.

In spite of Mr. Montgomery's indignant protests against all who have in any way disparaged his hero, we must confess that neither the life nor the writings of Sir Richard Steele call forth in us the sentiments of admiration or esteem. We should look about for epithets of a much less enthusiastic character to describe the impression he makes upon us. His companions of the Kit-Kat Club, or his intimate friends, were doubtless too delighted with him in his jovial hours to be severe critics; we, to whom the voice of the man is long ago mute, who have nothing before us but the broad facts of his life and the labours of his pen to judge by, may be excused if we have but a very cold approval to bestow. Nevertheless, partly by a certain measure of indisputable talent, partly by his having been the projector of a new species of periodical literature, and partly by the good fortune of having associated his name with that of Addison, he has earned for himself a place in the history of English literature—a place which entitles him, and may long entitle him, to the attention of the biographer. We not unwillingly listen to what his latest biographer, Mr. Montgomery, may have to tell us of his life and character.

We are not aware that Mr. Montgomery has added anything material to our knowledge of Steele. Such portions of his career as were obscure before, he has left obscure; but he appears to have collected together all that was known of his life, all that could be acquired from the usual sources of information. There are no indications of much *research;* and we wish we could speak more highly than we conscientiously can, of the style, manner, and tone of thought in which the book is written. There is no literary charm about it; no grace, no pathos; not a sentence that rises above a laborious mediocrity. On the other hand, we must congratulate both him and ourselves, and all readers of his book, on the absence of that flippant, strained, affected mannerism which infects so many of our modern biographies. We are not in companionship with one of those very clever personages who can never say anything as others say it; who constantly have the air of *condescending* to their subject; who are by turns very sardonic and very sympathetic, and both precisely where no ordinary mortal would be either one or the other. We have nothing to complain of in Mr. Montgomery but a too decided mediocrity, which sometimes takes the shape of solemn platitudes, and sometimes displays itself in a string of ill-constructed and confused sentences, which perhaps should be partly ascribed to indolence or great haste.

Nor can we much commend the plan of the work. The brief biographies which are introduced of the contemporaries of Steele appear to be selected on no intelligible principle, and they often interrupt the thread of the narrative for no apparent purpose. Not all the illustrious men of the age are introduced, but some are admitted because they are illustrious, and some on no better ground than that a volume of the 'Tatler' or 'Spectator' had been dedicated to them. Some are admitted because they were contemporaries, and some (as in the case of Wycherley, Farquhar, Congreve) because they were predecessors of Steele. These slight biographical sketches answer no purpose that we can detect, except to increase the

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'Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Richard Steele.' By Henry R. Montgomery. W. P. Nimmo, Edinburgh.

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bulk of the work, and make it double the size it might and ought to have been. We will not hint, however, that this looks a little like what people invidiously call book-making: how could we, when the author has taken pains in his preface to describe the extremely disinterested motives which induced him to undertake this life of Steele? "The writer would willingly," he says, "have left the task to others who might have done more justice to the subject; but finding none disposed to undertake it, *and wishing to see such a work*, which he considered a desideratum in our literature, he was obliged, as Mr. Leigh Hunt said on a similar occasion, to undertake it himself." Mr. Leigh Hunt and Mr. Henry Montgomery no doubt wrote their several works in a purely self-sacrificing spirit. The thing had to be done. Some one must do it. How happy should they be if another—but if no other, then they will essay the task. And all these *addenda* these numerous scanty notices of Pope, and Wycherley, and Swift, and others these also, we presume, had to be done Mr. Montgomery "wished to see such a work;" and as no one else came forward to gratify this wish, and to supply this desideratum in our literature, he was obliged to produce the work himself.

Steele was an Irishman. He was born in Dublin in the year 1671. His mother, we are assured, was Irish. Whether his father—"counsellor-at-law, and private secretary to the Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is left [illegible] had those qualities [illegible] ly ascribed [illegible] d be an [illegible] there [illegible]

Anglo-Saxons. Where the wit and pleasure-*giving* qualities of this type of men are pre-eminent, the character is very indulgently treated; where the wit is scanty, the vice of it becomes very conspicuous, and is branded by very ugly names. It must be admitted, however, that though of this bad type, Steele was not a bad specimen of it. Those who are disposed to be very indulgent towards this class of men—who run so gaily into debt, who borrow with no chance of repayment except by borrowing again, who, when they have plundered their tradesmen, plunder their friends to escape from the bailiffs and who lie largely at every turn of the transaction—may do well to reflect what it is that men of this character are really deficient in. It is common prudence, it is generally said. In the sentiment of honour as we. No one questions the want of prudence; but the mark[illegible] in the character—that which real weakness—is the absence that sense of honour which a man to promise [illegible] he cannot perform, [illegible] it is not dishonest when a man's all is [illegible] need, when the [illegible] sorely felt. The [illegible] circumstances [illegible] future [illegible] up [illegible] thing [illegible]

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and disgracing himself. When, therefore, we are told that these jovial sinners failed in nothing but the calculating virtue of prudence, we answer, that their great and fatal failure was in a sentiment of honour; they could make false promises, they could lie for ready cash, they could ruin others, they could coin the affections of friends and relatives into so much money—into so many debts never to be paid. If debt were nothing else than a forestalling of the future, these jovial, pleasure-loving spirits might be said (as we often hear it said in common parlance) to be no one's enemy but their own; but debt means lying, debt means treachery, debt means simulated friendship, and ruin brought on all who are weak or fond enough to trust them. It sometimes means sacrificing wife and child to very ignominious pleasures.

Steele, at the age of twelve, was sent from Dublin to the Charter-House, where he made the acquaintance of Addison. From the Charter-House he went to Oxford. Here he seems to have idled; he took no degree; he amused himself with writing a comedy, of which Mr. Montgomery tells us, that "he submitted it to the inspection of one of his particular friends, Mr. Parker, afterwards one of the Fellows of Merton, who, *either from his high opinion of his friend's powers, or the intrinsic demerit of the performance in his estimate*, pronounced unfavourably upon it; and Steele, with that docility which he united to high spirit in a remarkable degree, never called the decision in question, but submitted to it with a humility truly exemplary in a budding author." There is nothing to show that Steele at this period even regarded himself as a "budding author;" his tastes ran in the direction of a military life; and as he could not enter the army as an officer (his father was dead, and the relatives who are supposed to have supported him at the university were averse to the project), he quitted his college to enlist as a private soldier in the Horse Guards.

This step displeased his relatives, and we are told that he lost by it an estate in the county of Wexford which otherwise would have reverted to him. For this story we seem to have no other authority than some words of Steele, in which he speaks of himself in the third person, and in which, perhaps, he did not intend to be understood quite literally. He is defending himself against Dennis; the passage is amusing, for it describes the sort of military ardour that possessed him at the period of his enlisting. "It may, perhaps," says Steele, writing under an assumed name, "fall in my way to give an abstract of the life of this man, whom it is thought thus necessary to undo and disparage. When I do, it will appear that when he mounted a war-horse, with a great sword in his hand, and planted himself behind King William III. against Louis XIV., he lost the succession to a very good estate in the county of Wexford, in Ireland, from the same humour, which he has preserved ever since, of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune. When he cocked his hat, put on a broadsword, jack-boots, and shoulder-belt, under the command of the unfortunate Duke of Ormond, he was not acquainted with his own parts, and did not then know he should ever have been able (as has since appeared to be in the case of Dunkirk) to demolish a fortified town with a goose-quill."

The step he took does not appear to us, as it does to his biographer, to need any peculiar explanation. The Richard Steele rejoicing in cocked hat, broadsword, and jack-boots knew nothing of the Richard Steele who was to write the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' (to say nothing of this marvellous feat of demolishing Dunkirk with a goose-quill). He, when he enlisted, acted in com-

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plete consistency with the Richard Steele of that era, to whom a war-horse and the joviality of a barrack had far more attractions than any kind of literary work. There was no necessity, in order to abate our astonishment, to produce "curious parallel instances," or to remind us that "Cervantes, the immortal author of 'Don Quixote,' though his family belonged to the rank of Spanish grandees, proverbial for their pride, served as a private in the war against the Turks, and lost an arm in the battle of Lepanto." There is, indeed, one instance nearer our own times which, though far from being *parallel*, is so curious that we are not surprised that Mr. Montgomery should take this occasion of recalling it to us. What seems quite natural in the light-hearted Steele, does perplex and astonish us in the studious and contemplative Coleridge. At what time of his life could the cocked hat, and jack-boots, and the joviality of a barrack, have been attractive to him? And how could any straits, financial or otherwise, have driven him precisely to *this* refuge for the destitute? "I sometimes," said Coleridge to a friend, "compare my own life with that of Steele (yet oh, how unlike!) from having myself also, for a brief time, borne arms, and written 'private' after my name, or rather another name; for being at a loss when suddenly asked my name, I answered 'Cumberback;' and verily my habits were so little equestrian that my horse, I doubt not, was of that opinion." When Coleridge remembered the feat of private Cumberback he must with difficulty have believed in his personal identity. His memory told him that he had been that strange equestrian, but how he, Coleridge, came to be transformed into Cumberback, would probably be as much a perplexity to him as to us. If tales of enchantment were true, one might imagine that a man who had been changed for a time into a panther or a bear, would, on resuming his own shape, have just such a recollection of this episode in his existence as Coleridge of the experience of Cumberback. But we suspect that Richard Steele would, at no time of his life, have felt any difficulty in recognizing himsef as the jolly trooper. To be sure, after taking the air with Mrs. Steele in a coach-and-four, dressed in full periwig, he might have contemplated his old position with infinite disgust; but the inner self would not have been startled by the recollection of it.

He was not left long in this humble position. The colonel of his regiment, Lord Cutts, gave him an ensign's commission. So that he obtained in a bold, independent manner, without favour asked of any of his relatives, the military position he had coveted. The young ensign, full of health, wit, and conviviality, entered, we may be sure, into all the pleasures of the town. But not, we are told, without certain prickings of conscience. He was alternately sinner and saint. We have our own doubts whether there was at any time much of the real saint; but in some degree throughout his life he mingled the sinner and the saint together in a very curious fashion.

St. Beuve, in one of his 'Causeries de Lundi,' gives a charming sketch of a Marquis de Lassy, whom he has to describe under the two phases of character, the most pious of Christians and the most worldly of men. The Marquis lost a wife whom he idolised, and with thoughts occupied only with the hope of rejoining her in another world, he shut himself up for three years in a religious retreat. In his grief he uttered a sentiment which those who are apt to map out our feelings according to geographical boundaries, or the distinction of race, may be surprised to find in the mouth of a French marquis. He prayed to God "d'accroire mon courage et de me laisser ma douleur,"—Give me strength, but dim-

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inish not my sorrow!' The bereaved lover could not utter a more touching prayer; no poet could give expression to a more delicate sentiment. But the marquis was still young—the sap still rising in the tree—and, after three years, *this* world and not the other began to beckon to him from his retreat. He quits it, marries into the great and not very moral family of the Condés, and is henceforth plunged into all the political intrigues and all the worldly ambition of his age and his class. This is one type of our inconstant nature. But here the very intensity of one feeling seemed to forebode the reaction of its opposite; and the change, as St. Beuve describes it, appears so natural, so almost inevitable, that we rather sympathise with it than otherwise. But there is another type of the inconstant character which fails to obtain any measure of respect. It is where the religious sentiment, feeble and fictitious from the commencement, seems to enter into the man for no other purpose than to reveal his weakness. Religion and the world can scarcely be said to alternate—they jostle on together day by day; and the Christian piety chiefly displays itself in solemn counsels given to others, in mock regrets, or useless penitences. To this last type Steele belonged. He preached among his dissipations, preached and intrigued, preached and drank. The age was beginning to be ashamed of the immoralities of the restoration; a severe Calvinist was on the throne; and preaching a little—just a little—might advance his interest without interfering with his pleasure. And the age tolerated its own offspring; it was equally indulgent to his moralities and his immoralities. Perhaps the present age would be rather more offended at his preaching than his sinning, which was never of the most heinous order.

Our ensign—duly belonging to that Mammon of *Righteousness* which was then, and which perhaps at later times has been predominant in the world—writes, between his cups, his "Christian Hero." But lest it should be thought that we look upon this production, and the motives which led to it, in a not sufficiently respectful light, we will quote the account which Mr. Montgomery, and the ensign himself, gives of this performance:—

"If Steele was now in the way of promotion, he was also in the way of temptation, to which his soft and easy disposition made him but too yielding a victim. The charms of his conversation and the poignancy of his wit were unfortunately the cause of his being led by his brother officers into a course of the most reckless levity and dissipation, which neither the strength of his resolution nor the force of the religious impressions with which his mind was strongly imbued, enabled him to resist. In this way did he go on for some time sinning and repenting, and at war with his better nature.

"Under these circumstances Steele bethought himself of drawing up a little treatise, intended as a homily for his own private perusal and edification solely. Of his original design in writing this curious and interesting little treatise, he states at a subsequent period—'When he was an ensign in the Guards, being thoroughly convinced of many things of which he often repented and as often repeated, he wrote, for his own private use, a little book called 'The Christian Hero,' with a design principally to fix upon his mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity to unwarrantable pleasures.'

"This he still found of little avail, so long as its perusal was merely confined to the privacy of his own closet, and his gay companions were unaware of his good resolutions and the painful struggle going on in his mind. With the despair of a man conscious of the weakness of his own resolves, and as a testimony against himself that would be certain to expose him to the ridicule of inconsistency if he yielded to the solicitations of his companions, or his own inclinations, to a course which his own better judgment disapproved, he resolved to publish the essay, and so commit himself before the world to the principles it inculcated."

The only effect of the essay seems

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to have been that it brought out the inconsistency of his character still more strikingly, and to his fellow-officers still more amusingly. A short time after its publication we find him engaged in a duel which he brings upon himself absurdly enough by his Christian counsel to refrain from duelling. He advises some friend not to fight; the friend does not fight; and afterwards finding that this peaceful conduct has not been properly appreciated by his fellow-officers, he turns round upon Steele and challenges *him* for his insidious and treacherous counsels. And Steele accepts the challenge, and is obliged to run the young man through the body. He wished to disarm him, but could not succeed in the manœuvre. His antagonist recovered, but his dangerous state held Steele in anxiety for some time.

His next literary attempt is of a different description. He writes a comedy. The effort to reform himself, or others, had met with little success, and "he felt," he tells us, "the necessity of enlivening his character." But Steele's comedies are admitted to be uniformly of a decorous or moral character. Throughout his life he is consistent in one respect, that he is always ready, whatever the nature of the composition, to commend virtue in the finest phrases he has at hand.

The age, as we have already remarked, was becoming decorous. Jeremy Collier's terrible attack upon the dramatists was well-timed, and, therefore, had been well received. The victory had remained with the preacher; the wits had been routed; the stage must reform itself. Steele's comedies, therefore, were not likely to be less successful for a moderate infusion of grave and moral sentiment. His first and second plays, 'The Funeral' and 'The Tender Husband,' met with a tolerable share of success. In his third play, 'The Lying Lover,' he incautiously increased the dose; virtue was too frequently commended, and the audience proved impatient. Some years afterwards, when addressing the House of Commons, he contrived to extract a merit out of this failure. "I cannot tell, sir, what they would have me do to prove myself a Churchman; but I think I have appeared one even in so trifling a thing as a comedy. And, considering me as a comic poet, I have been a martyr and confessor for the Church, for this play was damned for its piety." Checked by this ill success, an interval of eighteen years passed before he produced another drama. He then wrote his 'Conscious Lovers,' which is generally acknowledged as his masterpiece.

We have to go back to the impression produced by his first comedy. This, or the 'Christian Hero,' or both together, had attracted the favourable notice of the king, and Steele himself assures us that "his name was in the last table-book ever worn by the glorious and immortal King William III." How King William would have provided for a play-writing ensign we are left to guess. The king died before he could realise his intention.

"Queen Anne," writes Mr. Montgomery, in his not most lucid style, "had now succeeded to the throne—the premature demise of her illustrious predecessor and kinsman, William (Steele's model of a Christian Hero) having resulted from an accident in hunting, which fractured his collar-bone, and proved fatal on the 2d March, 1702. He was taken from a world of trouble," &c. &c. . . .

"The bells that rang in Queen Anne must have sounded to Steele as the knell of his hopes."

But, in fact, they were no ill omen to Steele; they were ushering him into new fortunes and a more agreeable mode of life. Through the influence of his friends, he received the appointment of Gazetteer, which brought with it a salary of £300 a year. He was also made

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one of the gentlemen ushers to the Prince Consort. Hereupon he quitted the army, and enrolled himself amongst the literary men, or wits of the period: he was a member of the Kit-Kat Club and a frequenter of Wills's, a man of letters, and a politician.

At this period of life an important event takes place, of which scarcely any record remains. We hear hardly anything of Steele's first marriage, except what transpires in his negotiation for a second marriage. His first wife died soon after their union. Nothing seems known of her except that she was a native of Barbadoes, and that she brought her husband an estate in that island of the value of £800 a year, encumbered, however, with certain charges. Of his second wife we have fuller particulars. She was

"Miss Mary Scurlock, only daughter and heiress of Jonathan Scurlock, Esq., of Llangunnor, in Carmarthen, a lady of great personal attractions, and possessed of an estate of about £400 a-year. At the time of her marriage, she was about eight or nine and twenty; and in the correspondence previous to that event, she is styled, according to the mode of the period, 'Mrs.,' though a single lady, and her mother still surviving, the term 'Miss' being deemed derogatory to persons of mature age. Though Steele accuses her of something of prudishness, yet such was his ardour, that, from the time of his beginning to pay his addresses to her to the consummation of their union, only about a month elapsed. She appears to have been possessed of many admirable qualities . . . . Yet he often humorously rallies her in his letters for what he seemed to consider her too great regard for money; though that disposition may have been forced upon her, or at least heightened, by the unhappily too habitual extravagance of her husband, whose faults in that way, with the candour and self-criticism for which he was remarkable, no one more readily admitted and regretted than himself."

Perhaps the most amusing part of Mr. Montgomery's biography are the letters which Steele writes to this lady both before and after marriage. Those before marriage were admired, we are told, "by so good a judge, both as regards the head and heart, as Samuel Taylor Coleridge." In one of his conversations he is reported to have "dwelt with much unction on the curious and instructive letters of Steele to his wife, and with much approval on the manliness with which, in the first letters, he addressed the lady to whom he was afterwards united." In what peculiar light the great imaginative man caught these letters for an instant, we will not pretend to say; but to any ordinary vision they are full of a laborious flattery, which sometimes takes the form of amorous rapture, and sometimes of very trite reflection. They are curious and instructive, chiefly as revealing to us the character of the man and of the author also; for they are written with all the care and all the *ostentation* he would have bestowed on a paper for the 'Tatler.' In certain characters an elaborate flattery is by no means inconsistent with a genuine affection; we are far from suggesting that he was insincere; indeed, throughout his life, Steele shows a natural ungovernable impetuosity, side by side with all manner of little affectations, boastings, and hypocrisies. Mistress Scurlock had the reputation, it seems, of being somewhat of a prude; therefore in the first letters, which are to beg an interview, he introduces himself with as much solemnity as the occasion will bear:

Letter 1.—"Madam,—Your wit and beauty are suggestions which may easily lead you into the intention of my writing to you. You may be sure that I cannot be cold to the many good qualities all that see you must observe in you. You are a woman of a very good understanding, and will not measure my thoughts by any ardour in my expressions, which is the ordinary language on these occasions."

Letter 2.—"You are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humoured as any woman breathing; but I must confess to you I regard all these excellencies as you will please to direct

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them for my happiness or misery; with me, madam, the only lasting motive to love is in the hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let Mrs. Warren send me word when I may attend on you. I promise you I will talk of nothing but indifferent things," &c., &c.

Letter 3.—"I came to your house this night to wait on you; but you have commanded me to expect the happiness of seeing you at another hour of more leisure. I am now under your own roof while I write, and that imaginary satisfaction of being so near you, though not in your presence, has in it something that touches me with so tender ideas, that it is impossible for me to describe their force. All great passion makes us dumb. . . .

"The vainest woman upon earth never saw in her glass half the attractions I view in you. Your air, your shape, your every glance, motion, and gesture, have such peculiar graces, that you possess my whole soul, and I know no life but in the hopes of your approbation."

After being admitted to an interview he writes in a still more elevated style:—

Letter 5.—"Let others, my lovely charmer, talk of a blind being that disposes their hearts; I contemn their low images of love. I have not a thought which relates to you that I cannot with confidence beseech the all-seeing Power to bless me in. May He direct you in all your steps, and reward your innocence, your sanctity of manners, your prudent youth and becoming piety, with the continuance of His grace and protection. This is an unusual language to ladies; but you have a mind elevated above the giddy notions of a sex ensnared by flattery, and misled by a false and short adoration, into a solid and long contempt. Beauty, my fairest creature, palls in the possession; but I love also your mind; your soul is as dear to me as my own; and if the advantages of a liberal education, some knowledge, and as much contempt of the world, joined with endeavours towards a life of strict virtue and religion, can qualify me to raise new ideas in a breast so well disposed as yours is, our days will pass away with joy, and old age, instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life."

Other letters follow in the same strain, but they are not all so *very good*. He ventures sometimes to be the ordinary lover. In one instance he calls upon his invention and writes quite a dramatic epistle. And a very clever epistle it is:—

"Madam,—It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love and yet attend to business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up or other people will do it for me.

"A gentleman asked me this morning 'What news from Lisbon?' and I answered, 'She is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired to know when I had been last at Hampton Court. I replied, 'It will be on Tuesday come se'nnight.' Prythee, allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day that my mind may be in some composure. O love!

'A thousand torments dwell about thee!
Yet who could love to live without thee?'

Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much and with what disinterested passion," &c. &c.

The impression which this correspondence makes upon the reader can hardly be judged by the few extracts to which we are compelled to limit ourselves. We are obliged to be contented with quotations from some of the longer letters which precede marriage, and with inserting a few of the very short ones which follow that event. The marriage took place privately on the 7th September 1707, owing, it is conjectured, to some opposition on the part of Mrs. Scurlock, senior, the mother of his wife. The newly married pair commence housekeeping on a good financial basis, if Steele's account of his revenues can be entirely trusted. Here we have it under his own hand, in a letter written to Mrs. Scurlock, senior:—

"My late wife had so extreme a value for me that she, by fine, conveyed to me her whole estate, situate in Barbadoes, which, with the stock, and slaves (proper securities being given for the payment of the rent), is let for eight hundred and fifty pounds per annum, at half-yearly payments; that is to say, £425 each 1st of May, and £425 each 1st of December. This estate came to her encumbered with a debt of £3000, by legacies and debts of her brother, whose executrix she was as well as heiress. I must confess it has

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not been in my power to lessen the encumbrance, by reason of chargeable sicknesses, and not having at that time any employment of profit. But at present, and ever since May last, I have been appointed by the Secretaries of State to write the 'Gazette,' with a salary of £300 a-year, paying a tax of £45. I am a gentleman-waiter to his Royal Highness the Prince, with a salary of £100 a-year, not subject to taxes.

Thus my whole income is at present, per annum, ...		£1250
Deduct the interest of £3000,	£180	
Taxes for my employment,	45	
		225
Remains after deductions, . . .		£1025

An income of one thousand a-year, together with what he would receive from his wife's property in Wales, must, a century and a half ago, have formed an ample provision even for life in London. Steele seems justified in promising to his future wife that she shall live free from care and with all reasonable enjoyments. It is thus that he, at the same time, promises and prays on the eve of his marriage:—

"Let us go on, my lovely creature, &c. &c. While we live after this manner angels will be so far from being our superiors that they will be our attendants. Every good being guard my fairest, and conduct her to that bosom that pants to receive her, and *to protect her from all the cares and vicissitudes of life with an eternal tenderness*."

His way of protecting her from all the cares and vicissitudes of life was to set up a carriage with two, and sometimes four, horses, and to have two houses—one in London, and another at Hampton, which he jocosely calls the *Hovel*. Probably he was in debt at the very time of his marriage, for we hear so very soon after of cares and difficulties and hints of the scarcity of money. Neither does his most reasonable and most virtuous of wives seem to have made his home *quite* that angelic abode he had prefigured. We soon hear of a multiplicity of excuses for not returning to dinner or spending the evening elsewhere. Two months after the marriage there commences a succession of notes like these:—

"Devil's Tavern, Temple Bar.

"Dear Prue,—I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and enclose two guineas as an earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish for your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more.—Your faithful husband."

"*Eleven at Night.*

"Dear Prue,—I was going home two hours ago, but was met by Mr. Griffith, who has kept me ever since meeting me. I will come within a pint of wine."

"Gray's Inn.

"Dear Prue,—If the man who has my shoemaker's bill calls, let him be answered that I shall call on him as I come home. I stay here in order to get Tonson to discount a bill for me, and shall dine with him for that end."

"Truce Court Coffee-house.

"Dear Wife,—I hope I have done this day what will be pleasing to you; in the mean time, I shall be this night at a barber's, one Leg, over against the Devil's Tavern at Charing Cross. I shall be able to confront the fools who wish me uneasy, and shall have the satisfaction to see them cheerful and at ease.

"You shall hear from me early in the morning."

Another little surprise was in store for Mrs. Steele. One morning the carriage is ordered to drive to a boarding-school in the suburbs of London. There a young lady makes her appearance, towards whom Steele manifests so much interest and affection that his wife asks if the child is his. He confesses that she is. "Then," replied Mrs. Steele, with a generosity not often rivalled, "I beg she may be mine too." And the young lady returns with them to live, till her own marriage, as a member of the family. Her mother, we are told, was a connection of Tonson's, the bookseller—the same, we presume, that we heard of just now as discounting a bill.

The bills and the bailiffs continue to plague Mrs. Steele, and the correspondence grows acrid at times.

"Dear Prue,—What you would have me do I know not. All that my fortune

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will compass you shall always enjoy, and *have nobody near you that you do not like*, except that I am myself disapproved by you for being devotedly your obedient husband."

"Dear Prue,—I inclose you a guinea for your pocket. I dine with Lord Halifax."

"I wish I knew how to court you into good humour, for two or three quarrels more will despatch me quite. If you have any love for me, believe that I am always pursuing our mutual good. Pray consider that all my little fortune is to be settled this month, and that I have inadvertently made myself liable to impatient people who take all advantages. If you have not patience I shall transact my business rashly, and lose a very great sum to quicken the time of your being rid of all people you do not like."

The "people you do not like" is a pretty form of speech for the bailiffs or the men put into the house to seize or watch over the furniture. He alludes to them more plainly afterwards. "I am making it my business," he says, on a subsequent occasion, "to find out Mr. Huggins, in order to withdraw his officer." Every one remembers the anecdote which is told of Steele, that he put these officers into livery, and passed them off as his own servants. It is a good story, and is told, we believe, of more than one such spendthrift. Perhaps it is the invention of a comedian, and was never really put in practice, except upon the stage.

We make a few more extracts:—

"Dear Wife,—I have ordered Richard to take your directions whether you will have the chariot with two or four horses, to set you and your friend down at your house at Hampton Court. I shall make it the business of my life to make you easy and happy. Consult your cool thoughts, and you will know that it is the glory of a woman to be her husband's friend and companion, and not his sovereign director. I am, with truth, sincerity, and tenderness, ever your faithful husband."

"Madam,—I have your letter wherein you let me know that the little dispute we have had is far from being a trouble to you; nevertheless, I assure you that any disturbance between us is the greatest affliction to me imaginable. *You talk of the judgment of the world; I shall never govern my actions by it, but by the rules of morality and right reason.* I love you better than the light of my eyes, or the life-blood in my heart, but," &c.

"Dear Prue,—The afternoon coach will bring you £10. Your letter shows you are passionately in love with me. But we must take our portion of life without repining; and I consider that good-nature, added to that beautiful form God has given you, would make our happiness too great for human life."

"Dear Prue,—You see you are obeyed in everything, and that I write over-night for the following day. I shall now in earnest, by Mr. Clay's good conduct, manage my business with that method as shall make me easy. I am, dear Prue, a little in drink, but at all times your faithful husband."

"Dear Wife,—*Take confidence in that Being who has promised protection to all the good and virtuous when afflicted.* Mr. Glover accommodates me with the money which is to clear this present sorrow. This evening I will come to Mrs. Binn's exactly at eight."

While Mrs. Steele is driven to her wits' end, and is practicing economy all she can, Steele complains that she will not dress handsomely enough—"will not appear—shine out—make me proud of you, or rather indulge the pride I have that you are mine." He is vexed at her thrift and anxiety, and seems to think that endless promises on his side ought to be sufficient to set her mind at rest. "Pray," he says at a later time, "be contented with laying up all your estate, which I will enable you to do; for you shall be at no manner of charge on anything in nature, for yourself, children, or servants, and they shall be better provided than any other family in England, for I shall turn my expense and delight all that way. Therefore, in the name of God, have done with talk of money, and do not let me lose the right I have in a woman of wit and beauty by eternally turning herself into a dun—forgive the comparison."

Worn out, we imagine, by these domestic perplexities, Mrs. Steele

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retired to her estate in Wales, where we must leave her for the present to attend on Steele in his literary and political career.

It was on the 12th April (O. S.) 1709 that 'The Tatler; or the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire,' made its appearance. It was published thrice a week—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The design, as Mr. Montgomery remarks, was probably suggested to Mr. Steele by his employment as official gazetteer. "In the irksome duty of superintending such a publication, it may not unnaturally have occurred to him that he might produce a periodical sheet of a more interesting and congenial nature." The 'Tatler' was intended, in some respects, to serve the purpose of a newspaper, as well as to supply a series of brief essays on life or literature, or any topic, in short, that the quick-witted author could, in the language of the day, entertain the town with. To give himself greater freedom, he assumed a fictitious name, and the name of Isaac Bickerstaff having been made familiar to the world by Swift, he selected it—not very wisely, as we should have judged; for if the name of Isaac Bickerstaff was already identified with *Swift*, why should he seek to identify it in future also with *Steele?* The very selection of this name seems to imply that Steele did not contemplate any very prolonged or important enterprise when he started the 'Tatler.'

Addison was in Ireland at the time of its first appearance, and only detected his friend under the assumed name of Bickerstaff by the use he had made of a criticism on a passage of Virgil, which Addison remembered having mentioned to him in conversation. He not only approved of the plan, but became an occasional contributor. It was amongst the pleasant traits of Steele's character that he was never unwilling to acknowledge the great assistance he derived from the pen of Addison. Speaking of this assistance, he says:—"This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning that I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him."

The 'Tatler' was in full prosperity when Steele, without consulting any of his auxiliaries, suddenly brought it to an end, apparently in a fit of weariness. And yet, after a short respite, he entered, with Addison, into the still more onerous undertaking of the 'Spectator.' This was to appear daily. No trace of the newspaper or the gazetteer was to be admitted; it was to be altogether literary in its character; it was to fulfil the functions of the modern magazine; it was, in fact, the complete inauguration of periodical literature. Brief essays, tales, allegories, imaginary correspondence, imaginary conversations, strictures on the manners and the morals of the day—there was nothing new in any of these; but a publication which should present some one or these every morning on the breakfast table was a novel and a bold undertaking. And it was accomplished in so admirable a manner that the papers, when collected and bound in volumes, became a part of the classical literature of the country. The very name, "British classics," was for a time appropriated to the 'Spectator' and to some of its kindred.

To criticise the 'Spectator' is to criticise the genius of Addison, and this we have no intention of doing on the present occasion. Although we quite agree with Mr. Montgomery that there are papers by Steele which it would not be easy to distinguish from some of Addison's, yet we side entirely with the popular opinion, that it is to the genius of Addison that the 'Spectator' owes the permanent position it assumed in the literature of the country. Without Steele there would have been no 'Spectator' at all; without Addison the popularity

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of the 'Spectator' would have been confined to the age in which it saw the light. Steele himself, in his own papers, would have been an inferior writer to what he was, if he had not been sustained by the higher example of Addison's more accomplished style. He has always a tendency to be diffuse, rambling; using a multiplicity of words, and bestowing no labour to prune redundancies, or give to his sentences anything like logical precision. How much he was indebted to the conversation and long intimacy of Addison, it would be, of course, difficult to appreciate. But Steele was one of those who gather much less from books than from living men. He was at no time a persevering reader; he made other men his books; and what a volume he found in Addison, who talked best, it is said, over his wine, with one or two friends, we may partly guess. The talent of Steele grew and fructified under the influence of the genius of Addison.

But Steele, unhappily, did not confine himself to literature. He had a passion for politics. He was a stanch Whig; and he was soon placed in a position which would have tried the prudence of a cooler head than his. A Tory Ministry came into power; he, a Whig, held the post of Gazetteer. It was his manifest interest, since he would not join with Harley and Bolingbroke, to mingle himself as little as possible with the political disputes of the day. But how could one of his temperament see the battle going on, and not strike a blow in it? After the 'Spectator' came the 'Guardian,' and after the 'Guardian' the 'Englishman;' and in both of these later publications Steele engaged in contest with the Tory writers of the day.

Harley, who had already secured the services of Swift, would willingly have secured those of Steele also. He did not disturb him in his appointment of Gazetteer, and would probably have allowed him to hold it on the terms only of a strict neutrality. But the neutrality was not observed, and Steele lost the appointment. On this he naturally threw himself with increased energy into the combat, and fought violently for the Whigs and the Constitution, against the Tories and the Pretender.

It was at this time he performed that feat we have heard him boast of—the destroying the fortifications of Dunkirk with a goose-quill. It was amongst the stipulations of the treaty of Utrecht that these fortifications should be demolished: some delay had taken place in executing this clause in the treaty: the Queen had been petitioned by the inhabitants of Dunkirk to spare them, and a rumour had gone abroad that the Queen or her Ministers were disposed to grant this petition. Hereupon Steele wrote a very stringent paper in the 'Guardian,' calling for the demolition of the walls of Dunkirk, to which paper he seems to have attributed the marvellous effect above mentioned. Whatever else it did, it brought him into collision with Swift, and there ensued a paper war between the two literary champions of their respective parties, the particulars of which are certainly not worth reviving.

It was the treatment of Marlborough which, above all other things, we are told, fired the indignation of Steele. But his impulsive nature responded readily to aggravations of a much slighter kind. We read with amazement the diatribe he pours forth against the 'Examiner,' the Tory paper, for some absurd remarks it had made on Lady Charlotte Finch. Perhaps it was in reality an attack upon Swift, whom he suspected to be the author of these remarks. We quote the account as we find it in Mr. Montgomery. We cannot quite understand it. Was "knotting in church" the only charge made against the lady?

"The article in question referred to

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Lady Charlotte Finch, daughter of the Earl of Nottingham, and afterwards Duchess of Somerset, as 'knotting in Saint James's Chapel, during divine service, in the immediate presence both of God and her Majesty, who were affronted together, that the family might appear to be entirely come over.' This appeared such an outrage upon the sanctity of private life, that Steele indignantly protested against it. 'If life be,' he says, in the conclusion of the article, '(as it ought to be with people of this character whom the 'Examiner' attacks) less valuable and dear than honour and reputation, in that proportion is the 'Examiner' worse than an assassin. We have stood by and tamely heard him aggravate the disgrace of the brave and the unfortunate; we have seen him double the anguish of the unhappy man; we have seen him trample on the ashes of the dead; but as all this has concerned greater life, and could touch only public characters, it did but remotely affect our private and domestic interests.' He returns to the subject," &c.

Well may his friends have been anxious to keep Steele out of politics if this was a specimen of the temper he carried into them. There seems to have been a fatal violence in his manner which prevented him from being the best of advocates even of a good cause, and which was pretty sure to be the ruin of the advocate himself. He was elected member of Parliament for the borough of Stockbridge in Dorset, and before Parliament assembled he had published his pamphlet 'The Crisis,' the object of which was to defend the Constitution and the succession of the Crown as established at the Revolution. The Tory Ministry were suspected to have formed the design of restoring the Stuarts. If they had formed such a design, it must have been their first object to conceal it at present from the country. Thus, whether innocent or guilty of such a purpose, Steele's pamphlet, which proceeded on the assumption that the Constitution and the Protestant succession were in danger, must have been equally offensive to them. Nor was the presence in the House of Commons of the able writer of it at all desirable. Therefore Parliament had no sooner assembled than Steele was arraigned for libellous and seditious writing, reflecting on her Majesty and her Majesty's Government. Passages were selected from the 'Englishman' and the 'Crisis:' these were read aloud, and Steele was ordered to appear in his place on an appointed day, and answer the accusation. Steele made a defence which is described by Mr. Montgomery as both able and temperate; but, in fact, it mattered not how well or how ill the accused defended himself. There was a settled determination on the part of the Ministry to expel him from the house. Both the Walpoles defended him; so did several eminent Whigs; but a Ministerial majority had decided, and it was resolved "that Richard Steele, Esquire, for his offence in writing and publishing the said scandalous and seditious libels, be expelled this House."

We believe there is but one opinion amongst historians or writers on constitutional law as to the propriety or justice of this sentence. All condemn it. The privilege of the House to expel one of its own members was really exerted for no other purpose than to get rid of a man disagreeable to the Ministry, and to stigmatise as criminal, writings for which the author could have been punished in no court of justice. "It was the first instance," says Hallam, "wherein the House of Commons so identified itself with the executive administration, independently of the sovereign's person, as to consider itself libelled by those who impugned its measures."

Expelled from the House, he still employed his pen on the topics of the day, and in various ephemeral publications, which it would be useless to enumerate. He formed a design at this time to write the life of Marlborough, which, happily for his reputation, was not accomplished, for we may be sure that if

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would have been an indiscriminating and blundering eulogy.

The death of Queen Anne brought back the Whigs to power, and brought Steele back to the House of Commons. He was elected for Boroughbridge, Yorkshire. Recommended to George I. as a zealous friend of the house of Hanover, he was appointed surveyor of the royal stables at Hampton Court!—a post, one would think, more suitable to his old position in the Horse Guards than his present character of pamphleteer; he was put into the commission of the peace for Middlesex, nominated one of the deputy-lieutenants of the county, and (what was most profitable of all, we suspect) he was made patentee of Drury Lane Theatre. This brought him in a clear annuity of six or seven hundred a-year. Indeed it is said that, owing to some arrangements made with the theatre by which he became a part-proprietor, his income from this source averaged £1000 a-year. He was also knighted on the occasion of his presenting some address to his Majesty. A fair measure of prosperity, we should say, and let us hope that he enjoyed it for a few years.

When Mar's insurrection in favour of the Pretender had been crushed, there followed a considerable confiscation of property, and Steele was made a member of a commission appointed to deal with this subject. Writing to Lady Steele he says, "I have that in my pocket which, within a few days, will be a great sum of money, besides what is growing at the playhouse." What sum of money the commission brought him we do not know, but it led to a characteristic incident worth mentioning. The commission took him to Edinburgh. There he was well received—as man of letters, we presume. Well, our man of letters, after a few days' residence in Edinburgh, bethinks him with the happy confidence which ignorance alone can supply—that he, even he, could bring about a reconciliation of this much-talked-of Presbyterianism of Scotland to the sound Protestant Episcopacy of England! Mr. Montgomery shall tell the project in his own manner:—

"This (that is, his courteous reception) led him to consider whether he might not turn his regard to what he considered good account by opening up the question of perfecting the Union, by extending it to a uniformity of ecclesiastical policy north and south of the Tweed. Not deterred from so hopeless an undertaking by previous failures, or feeling, like Fitz-James, the danger of the enterprise a sufficient incentive, he held communication with some of the Presbyters, by way of feeling the pulse of the ministers on the subject. Amongst those with whom he conversed with that view," &c. &c.

Our lively commissioner was more in his element when, in order to see something of the national humour of the common people, he spread out a feast, and directed his servants to invite all the poor they could find in the neighbouring streets and lanes to the entertainment. Good fare and abundance of punch set his company talking without restraint, and he had an opportunity of comparing the broad humour of a Scotch rabblement with that of an English tavern or English barrack. *There* he might well sit arbiter. He is reported to have said that, in addition to the pleasure of filling so many empty stomachs, he had been furnished with materials enough for a good comedy.

Steele about this time had a project of a very different kind, which was to bring him in a mine of wealth, and which ended only in adding to his debts. It was what he called his Fishpool. It was an invention to bring fish alive from the coast to the London market, and especially salmon from the coast of Ireland. The fish were to travel in tanks of water. A Mr. Gilmore, who is described as a mathematician, had pronounced favourably on the scheme, and assisted him in it.

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Steele took out a patent, and, of course, published a pamphlet at the same time, an "Account of the Fishpool," &c., which was dedicated to the Lord Mayor.

"But though," says Mr. Montgomery, very solemnly, "the project was perfectly *good in theory*, it failed from causes which only experience could have suggested; for notwithstanding an ingenious provision for supplying a constant stream of water and air in crossing the sea, yet the result proved that, in the passage, the efforts of the fish to escape from their confinement caused them to bruise themselves so much against the sides of the 'pool,' as seriously to deteriorate their value in the market, to such an extent as wholly to neutralise the utility of the invention. Thus, by an accident which no human forethought could have foreseen, fell to the ground a project on which had been expended much ingenuity and considerable sums of money, and which involved in its failure the extinction of such long-cherished golden hopes."

We presume the fish were beaten against the sides of the tank by the motion of the vessel; if indeed this bruising of them was the sole cause of the failure of the invention. The golden dreams arising out of the Fishpool were not to be realised; and, what was worse, the substantial income he derived from his patent in Drury Lane Theatre, was for a time intercepted.

Steele could not keep out of politics, and if a measure displeased him he could not resist attacking it, although it was a measure of the very Ministry to whom he owed his appointments. An imprudence of this kind we shall most of us think very pardonable. The Whigs brought forward their Peerage Bill, by which they proposed to limit rigidly the number of Peers. There were to be a few more creations (of course by the advice of the existing Ministry), and then, the maximum number being reached, no new Peer was to be made except on the extinction of an old peerage. Steele saw in this measure an invasion of the prerogative of the Crown, and the establishment of an oligarchy. He opposed it in his place in the House of Commons, and, as his manner was, he started a paper called the 'Plebeian' to rouse the public against this novelty. It was on this occasion that his quarrel took place with Addison, who supported the measure. The two friends who had so often been allies and fellow-labourers descended into the arena as combatants, nor did either of them carry on the controversy in the most urbane or dignified manner.

The verdict of posterity has been given in favour of Steele's conclusion, but not in favour of Steele's argument. He dreaded an oligarchy. The prevailing impression is that a rigid limitation of the number of the Peers would have been detrimental to the power and influence of the Upper House. The facility of absorbing to itself, at the proper moment, the great lawyer, the successful or retiring statesman, or other eminent commoner, gives it vitality, and is almost essential to the part it has to play in our elaborate constitution.

Steele, as penalty for the conspicuous part he took in opposing this measure, was deprived, for a time, of his patent of Drury Lane Theatre. The Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain, appears to have acted in a very arbitrary manner towards him. Steele set up a paper called 'The Theatre' chiefly to defend himself, but the contest was too unequal; the pamphleteer was compelled to succumb to the Duke and the Minister.

As Steele's connection with Drury Lane Theatre is rather a complicated affair, and runs through a considerable portion of his life, we will here bring together, in a concise view, what we have learned of it from the scattered statements of Mr. Montgomery. The license of the Royal Company of Come-

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dians at Drury Lane had expired at the Death of Queen Anne. Steele, who, at the accession of George I., was in the zenith of his popularity—his expulsion from the House of Commons being then converted into a sort of martyrdom in the patriot cause—was selected as a fit person through whom to apply for its renewal. It seems that when the licence just expired had been granted, the Court had taken the opportunity to fasten upon the theatre a pension of £700 a-year, to be paid (for what services we are not here informed) to a Mr. Collier, member of Parliament for Truro. The Royal Comedians (this is according to Colley Cibber's account) knew very well that the pension of £700 which had been levied on them for Collier, would still have to be paid to somebody. Collier, by his grasping disposition, had made himself odious to them; they willingly passed him by, and preferred that their money should endow one who had been himself, by writing for the stage, and commending the stage in his various periodicals, a friend to the theatre. It thus appears that Steele was more obliged to the managers of Drury Lane than to the Court or the Minister for his introduction to this pleasant pension.

We should indeed be hypercritical if we suggested that so pure a patriot and moralist as Steele ought to have demurred at being pensioned on the theatre in this inequitable manner. But the inequitable manner was not of his devising; it was acquiesced in by the theatre as a necessary evil; and the idea of refusing a pension so levied from any prudish motives never occurred to any party in the transaction. When the licence was obtained, the managers entered into an agreement to give Sir Richard Steele the £700 a-year they had formerly paid to Mr. Collier. But soon after this arrangement had been made, the play-house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which had been closed for some time reopened. This at first diminished the profits of Drury Lane, and probably alarmed the managers still more than it hurt them. They represented to Sir Richard that, as they were no longer in possession of the monopoly on which they had calculated, they could not undertake to continue the payment of the full £700. They were proceeding to suggest other arrangements, when Sir Richard stopped them, and, in that grand expansive manner which was so natural to him when he was at ease, or was promising, assured them that "as he came among them by their own invitation, he should always think himself obliged to come into any measure for their use and service; that to be a burden to their industry would be more disagreeable to him than it could be to them; and as he had always taken a delight in his endeavours for their prosperity, he should be still ready, on their own terms, to continue them." However, before these terms were settled, he made them a new proposal. What if the *licence* was converted into a *patent*? This would be an advantage to the managers, as it would relieve them, to some degree, from the interference of the Lord Chamberlain, and give them (so we are led to understand) a more stringent authority over their players, amongst whom there had of late been some desertions. Sir Richard Steele would obtain for himself the patent from the Crown, and would make them sharers in the rights it gave by a subsequent deed of assignment. This proposal was cheerfully agreed to. Steele became patentee. We hear of no more difficulties about the pension; and ultimately it was arranged that on Steele's advancing the sum of £1200 (which was to be repaid to his executors at his death) he should have, in addition to his pension, an equal share with the other managers in the profits of the theatre.

The same reason that made it

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desirable for the Company to exchange their licence for a patent, made the Duke of Newcastle desirous of reverting to the former plan, recalling the patent and granting a licence. He wished to have the theatre more completely under his own control. Steele was requested to resign the patent. This he would not voluntarily do. The Duke threatened that he would cancel it, but the threat was not immediately carried into execution. When, however, Steele had made himself obnoxious to the Ministry by his opposition to the Peerage Bill, the blow fell upon him. Sir Robert Walpole, who had always been his friend, was not then in the Ministry. There was no one to stand betwixt him and the haughty Duke. His patent was cancelled, and he was told that all personal intercourse by word or writing was forbidden. He seems to have learnt that the courts of law could give him no protection. He had nothing for it but to expostulate through the press. Even here he shows an enforced respect towards the Duke, and visits his passion on some imaginary legal adviser, or perhaps on some real lawyer whom he knew to have been consulted by the Duke. "When I know," he says, with more anger than good sense, "who has made your Grace thus injure the best master and the best servant that ever man had" (that is, the king and himself), "I will teach him the difference between law and justice; he shall soon understand that he who advises how to escape the law and do injustice to his fellow-subject is an agent of hell; such a man for a larger fee would lend a dark lantern to a murderer." Warming in the controversy, he throws aside all troublesome reserve of modesty in speaking of himself. "All this," he continues, in the same or some subsequent pamphlet, "is done against a man to whom Whig, Tory, Roman Catholic, Dissenter, native, foreigner, owe zeal and good will for good offices endeavoured towards every one of them in their civil rights, and their kind wishes for him are but a just return. But what ought to weigh most with his Lordship the Chamberlain is my zeal for his master, of which I shall at present say no more than that his Lordship, and many others, may perhaps have done more for the house of Hanover than I have, but I am the only man in his Majesty's dominions who did all he could."

On the return of Sir Robert Walpole to power Steele was restored to his patent. But by this time his relations to the theatre had become further complicated by his own carelessness or his own debts. He had neglected, apparently out of mere indolence at first, to take his part in the management. The other managers, not thinking it just that he should receive his full share of the profits and refuse all share in their labours, considered it but an equitable arrangement, since they did his work, to deduct from his profits a certain salary for themselves. This they fixed at £1, 13s. 4d. every day on which he was absent from his post. Steele most politely acquiesced in this arrangement—"to be sure they knew what was fitter to be done than he did; that he had always taken a delight in making them easy, and had no reason to doubt of their doing him justice." At the time he made this bland speech, he was in the habit of borrowing of the managers; when they refused to lend any more, his temper it is said, was ruffled, and from that time he never came near them. He then, without seeking their consent, assigned his interest in the theatre to trustees for the benefit of his creditors. The trustees disputed the charge of £1, 13s. 4d. for each day of neglected duty, and some litigation ensued between them and the managers. Thus a connection which, if Steele had but acted with common pru-

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dence, would have been in itself the source of a good income, pleasantly obtained, not only ceased to be a source of wealth, but became a fountain of bitterness and dispute.

It was about the time that he was suffering under the severe and arbitrary treatment of the Duke of Newcastle that Steele lost his wife. Lady Steele had returned to London. She died December 26, 1718, and was buried, we hear with some little surprise, in Westminster Abbey. She had returned, but a short time before her death, from Wales, where we last left her. Nor can we possibly dismiss her without reverting to the correspondence which passed between them during the time they were thus separated; or rather, we ought to say, to the letters which *he* wrote, for they only have been preserved; *her* letters Steele seems to have had no interest in keeping. Lady Steele must have treasured up, throughout her life, every note he penned, even the briefest of them; some out of love to the writer, and some out of an opposite sentiment, or, perhaps, for the purpose of future justification of her own conduct. If there is a confession of his having taken too much wine, of having given way to passion, or of having been wasteful and improvident, *that* note, we may be sure, was not destroyed. All the excuses he sends for not coming home to dinner are carefully registered. These, we observe, are generally signed, your "faithful and *obedient* husband." Sometimes a word of endearment is added "Dear Prue, I dine with Lord Halifax. For thee I die, for thee I languish."

It may be worth noticing that when Lady Steele, ill and vexed, went off to Carmarthen, she left the children with her husband, and he appears always in the light of an affectionate father. On every side he is spoken of as a kind-hearted man. In domestic life he was capable of fits of passion, but he soon recovered from them, and was made miserable if perfect reconciliation did not follow. In public life he was impetuous and violent in the treatment of political topics, but he nourished no anger against political opponents. If it was the question whether a rebel was to be hanged or a fellow-Minister was to be impeached, he gave his vote always on the side of clemency. Vain men are said to be usually good-natured. We are not quite sure if this is the case; but Steele certainly united a large share of vanity to a large share of amiability. He was by no means envious. He thought highly of his own services to the nation, or the house of Hanover, and could inveigh against the *ingratitude* of courts; but if the house of Hanover did not recognise the great debt it owed to him, he did not allow this to sour his temper. As for him, he knew himself to be always the pure and exalted patriot, though anxious, it is true, to push his way to some post of emolument. And if he was extravagant and dissipated, and plagued everybody that had any dealings with him, with his unpunctualities, and his broken promises, he himself was conscious all the time of regulating his life, not by so low a motive as the good opinion of society, but on the most abstract considerations of morality and religion!

Even in his cups, Steele seems to have been amiable, and most polite, if we may judge by the glimpses we get of him in that condition. Here is one. The Bishop of Bangor is invited to a Whig meeting at the Trumpet in Shoe Lane, assembled to do honour to the late King William. In the course of the evening John Sly, the hatter, of facetious memory, mellow with wine, comes into the room on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand, to drink off the immortal memory, and retires in the same manner. The Bishop was

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probably looking grave, for Steele, in his good-nature, whispered to him, "Do laugh; it is humanity to laugh." As the evening proceeded, Sir Richard Steele became in a worse condition than John Sly; he was put into a chair and sent home. "Nothing would serve him," continues the narrator of the anecdote, "but being carried to the Bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairmen carried him home, and got him up-stairs, where his great complaisance would wait on them down-stairs, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed."

But we must find space for a few extracts from these letters to Lady Steele, which, to our mind, are the most amusing part of the present biography, and which certainly make us more intimately acquainted than any other with the character of Steele. We commence with one which seems to have been written immediately after the lady's departure to Carmarthen:—

"*Nov.* 17, 1716.

"Dear Prue, — Molly's distemper proves the small-pox, which she has very favourably, and a good kind. The whole family are in health beside the dear infant. . . . I love you to distraction; for I cannot be angry at anything you do, let it be ever so odd and unexpected, to the tenderest of husbands.

"We had not when you left us an inch of candle, a pound of coal, or a bit of meat in the house, but we do not want now."

"*January* 1.

"Dear, dear Prue, — I wish you from my soul a happy new year, and many very different from what we have hitherto had. In order thereunto, I have taken a resolution, which, by the blessing of God, I will steadfastly keep, to make my children partners with me in all my future gain, in the manner I have before described to you. That you may be convinced of this happy change, you shall be yourself the keeper of what I lay up for them by quarterly portions from this day.—I am," &c.

"Dear Prue,—I have yours, and if I have ever offended you I am heartily sorry for it, and beg your pardon. . . . I do, as you advise, court and converse with men able and willing to serve me. But after this you grow very pleasant and talk of £800. Please to show me in your next how you make out such a demand upon me, and you shall have my serious answer to it. Your words are, 'the full £800 you owe me.' You advise me to take care of my soul; I do not know what you can think of yours when you have and do withhold from me your body.

"To the Lady Steele, at Carmarthen, South Wales.

"(Frank) Richard Steele."

"*Feb.* 16, 1717.

"Dear Prue,—Sober or not, I am ever yours, Richd. Steele"

"My Dearest Prue, and beloved Wife,—I have yours of the 7th, which turns wholly upon my taking care of my health, and advice to forbear embarking too deeply in public matters, which you enforce by reminding me of the ingratitude I have met with. . . . I am talking to my wife, and therefore may speak my heart, and the vanity of it. I know, and you are my witness, that I have served the royal family with an unreservedness due only to heaven, and I am now (I thank my brother Whigs) not possessed of twenty shillings from the favour of the Court. You shall find," &c.

Steele seems to have had a certain passage of Shakespeare ringing in his head—

"Oh, Cromwell, Cromwell, had I but served my God," &c.

In the next extract we give, Steele shows, as is usual with men of his temperament, an "intolerance of anything that manifests a disrespect." Lady Steele had contented herself more than once with sending a message instead of writing herself. He answers:—

"Dear Prue,—I have a letter from Blancarse of the 6th. . . . I cannot, nor will I, bear such apparent neglect of me; and therefore if you do not write yourself, except you are not well, I will not write to you any more, than by telling your secretary 'I am well.'"

"Dear Prue,—Your son is now with me, very merry in rags, which condition I am going to better, for he shall have new things immediately. He is extremely pretty, and has his face sweetened with something of the Venus his mother, which is no small delight to the Vulcan his father."

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"Dear Prue,—I have yours of the 17th, and am beholden to you that you will be persuaded to dress when I am with you. As to my share about the brats, Gilmore's affair goes on so happily that I am in no manner of doubt but I shall be able to do amply for them. I like your expression about immortality, and know our happiness in the next life will depend very much on our behaviour to each other in this. As to my vivacities, they are changed into—changed into—changed into cheerful endeavours for my family. I never can, I own at the same time, be what they call thoroughly frugal; but my expense shall be at home, in a plentiful supply of all things for you and the brats, with regard to pleasure as well as necessaries."

"Gilmore's affair" was the famous invention of the Fishpool. How far he calculated on it may be seen in other letters; in one he makes it a great virtue that he does not mean to begin spending the profits of the Fishpool till the said invention has been tried, and been found profitable. He promises that his wife, children, and servants "shall be better provided than any other family in England." We see, by the commencement of the last letter quoted, that he had formed the design of paying a visit to his wife in Wales. This design, however, was never executed. It was not till after the death of Lady Steele that he ever saw that estate in Carmarthenshire about which he and his wife held so many discussions.

Little more remains to tell of the life of Steele. When Walpole came into power he redressed the injury that the Duke of Newcastle had inflicted -he restored his patent to him. Prosperity came also in another and still more gratifying shape. After a long interval he had returned to dramatic composition, and his comedy of 'The Conscious Lovers' met with a complete success. It must also have been profitable to him, since, besides the usual receipts from representation and the sale of the copy, the King (to whom the play was dedicated) made him a present of £500.

But previous debts in all probability absorbed these profits, and now to debt was to be added disease. Shattered in health he retired into Wales, and took up his abode (by the consent of the mortgagees) on his late wife's property at Langunnor, near Carmarthen. A paralytic attack impaired his mental as well as physical powers; yet a pleasant picture is sketched of the last days of the invalid, who is said to have enjoyed his country solitude. He died in this retirement, September 1, 1729. The last glimpse we have of him is given us by a Mr. Virtue: "I was told that he retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last, and would often be carried out of a summer's evening, when the country lads and lasses were assembled at their rural sports, and with his pencil he gave an order on his agent, the mercer, for a new gown to the best dancer." The curtain falls gracefully.

As to the literary reputation which Steele may be said to enjoy at the present day, it seems to us to be of that traditional order which no one cares to dispute and very few care to verify. There is a class of readers of a critical and scholarly description who, by much intimacy with books, become initiated into the style of writing and mode of thinking of the past ages. Men of this description have spoken highly of Steele. Thackeray finds his comedies "such pleasant reading and their heroes such fine gentlemen." Hazlitt prefers the 'Tatler' to the 'Spectator.' He speaks of Steele as of "a writer who has often put me in good humor with myself and everything about me when few things else could, and when the tomes of casuistry and ecclesiastical history, with which the little volumes of the 'Tatler' were overwhelmed and surrounded, had tried their tranquillizing effect upon me in vain." Tomes of casuistry and ecclesiastical history are not in general resorted to for their tranquillis-

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ing effect; but it is enough for us to know that the 'Tatler' had this happy influence on Hazlitt. We find other testimonies quoted by Mr. Montgomery to the great merit of Steele. We cannot doubt that these men, almost our own contemporaries, read the comedies and the essays of Steele with the pleasure they describe; but put the case of any intelligent contemporary who has not studied with particular interest the reign of Queen Anne, who has not cultivated a taste for the literature of a bygone age, who comes with his nineteenth-century education to the book he opens, and asks it to give him, then and there, without further preparation, amusement or ideas—will he find the comedies of Steele pleasant reading, or experience in the 'Tatler' that higher tranquillizing influence which reconciles us to ourselves and to the world? We suspect that a fit of extreme impatience would come over him were he shut up, say for half a day, with the best productions of Steele.

A large portion of Steele's writings were produced only for some temporary purpose, and will be consulted only by the historian of the epoch, and not by him to much result. Steele lived at that transitional period when literature was beginning to be understood as a profession. But it was not yet a profession to which the man of letters could entirely trust for his support—he still trusted half to patronage, and made use of his pen in the hopes of being promoted to be a commissioner of stamps, or obtaining some appointment of that description. Thus Steele, pen in hand, was constantly pushing his fortune "amongst those poor creatures called great men"—great men whom our moralist criticises, and dissects, and flatters, and idolises at the same time. No wonder we see him rushing from literature into politics, and back again from politics to literature.

In accordance with this mixed life—half politician, half man of letters—is that half-literary, half-conversational style in which Steele writes. Perfect art conceals art—perfect art becomes a second nature; but he who studies how to write, yet stops short in his studies before he has acquired this perfect art, will always seem as if he were seeking how to express himself. He will be careless enough to blunder, but still he will never escape the air of premeditation. What, in all but the very best productions of Steele, renders us impatient with him, is that he seems always to be *expressing himself*. The thought and the language do not flow forth together—we trace the effort of art without the result of art—we have the carelessness of conversation without its ease.

And the thought itself often wears such an unreal aspect. When Steele talks about immortality, it does not seem to you as if he really meant it; but immortality was a solemn serious word which could be introduced effectively, and ought to be introduced on certain occasions. In his serious writings the sentence is not there to express a thought, but a certain amount of thought is employed in manufacturing a sentence. Mr. Hazlitt, for instance (in that quotation which Mr. Montgomery has supplied us with), while he is praising Steele, has, in this respect, caught very successfully the manner of Steele. No one, in fact, ever did compare the tranquillising effect of tomes of casuistry and ecclesiastical history with the light papers of the 'Tatler,' but the suggested comparison seems to shape a sentence which looks very well if you refrain from examining it. However, in parting with Steele, we would much rather leave him with the full benefit of such testimonials to his merit as Mr. Montgomery has here collected, than insist on any less laudatory opinion of our own.

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MEMOIRS OF THE CONFEDERATE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE, BY HEROS VON BORCKE, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

CONCLUSION.

START AFTER STONEMAN—I AM REPORTED KILLED—HEADQUARTERS NEAR ORANGE COURT-HOUSE—STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH.

Whilst the bulk of our army was marching in the direction of Fredericksburg, General Stuart and his staff started with Fitz Lee's brigade towards Spotsylvania Court-house, where we arrived late in the evening, and our regiment went into bivouac. Quite close to the camp was Mr. F.'s plantation; here, during the winter, I had been a frequent visitor, and in consideration of the hardships and fatigues we had already undergone, General Stuart acceded to my friend's invitation to make his house our headquarters for the night. Accordingly the supper-hour found us all assembled round Mr. F.'s hospitable and well-furnished board, the honours of which were done by the pretty young ladies of the family; and under these advantageous circumstances we once more relished the comforts of life with a zest which only soldiers feel after the privations of a rough campaign. It seemed that I had but just lain down to sleep when I heard Stuart's voice in the morning calling me up to ride with him to General Lee's, whose headquarters were fixed in the old spot near Fredericksburg. Here we first heard of Stoneman's raid in the direction of Richmond. Leaving one of his brigades to occupy William Lee's command, the General, with a body of several thousand cavalry, had crossed the Rapidan, struck the Richmond-Gordonsville Railway at Louisa Court-House, and, pushing to within four miles of the Confederate capital, had taken a multitude of negroes and horses, capturing, besides, a number of trains, and several hundreds of our wounded soldiers on their way to the hospitals. Both our lines of railway communication having been damaged, and the telegraph wires cut, it was not till unfortunately late that we received this disastrous news. In the hope there might yet be a chance of cutting off the retreat of the Federal raiders, our Commander-in-Chief ordered Stuart to set out at once in pursuit of them; and a few hours later we were making our way through the woods with Fitz Lee's brigade in the direction of Gordonsville. After marching all night, we learned at daybreak that the whole Federal raiding force, turning from Richmond towards the White House, had crossed the Pamunkey river, and was now entirely beyond our reach. This, of course, completely altered the plans of our General, and as we were then not far from Orange Court-house, where our trains had been ordered to assemble, and we were sure to find supplies both for man and beast, thither, after a short rest, it was determined to march. None more than myself welcomed the order to halt, for the only charger I had now left was completely broken down, and my servant Henry, leading a Yankee horse I had captured after Chancellorsville, was still far off. Badly off as I was in this particular, I was delighted to hear of a magnificent horse for sale at a plantation in Louisa County; and permission having been readily granted me by General Stuart, I set off thither, accompanied by one of our couriers as a guide, and a few hours later the command continued its march to-

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wards Orange. On reaching my destination, I found the animal far exceeded all my expectations. He was a tall thoroughbred bay, of beautiful form and action, and the price demanded being comparatively cheap—namely, a thousand dollars—I at once concluded the bargain; and after spending the rest of the day and the night beneath Mr. T.'s hospitable roof, I rode off towards Orange just as the first cheerful beams of the morning sun were darting through the fresh green masses of the gigantic chestnuts and beeches which hemmed round the plantation, happy in the consciousness that the fine animal curvetting under me with such elastic steps was my own. As, *en route*, I had to pass by the little village of Verdiersville, where, it will be remembered, I had such a narrow escape in August '62, I stopped to pay my respects to the kind lady who had so courageously assisted me in my retreat. I had never failed to do so whenever chance brought me to the neighbourhood, and always found myself received with the most cordial welcome. On this occasion, however, I was not destined to meet the same kind of reception; for, instead of the cheerful greeting to which I had been accustomed, the old lady, as soon as she caught sight of me, turned suddenly pale, and, with a loud shriek, fled into the house. Puzzled beyond measure at so extraordinary a proceeding, I pressed for an explanation, when a Richmond paper was handed to me and my attention directed to a paragraph commencing, "Among those who fell at the battle of Chancellorsville we regret to report the death of Major von Borcke," &c. Here followed a flattering estimate of my personal qualities and a minute account of my death. My amiable friend was so firmly impressed with the fact of my demise, that when I accosted her she believed it was my ghost; and even during our subsequent interview I found some difficulty in persuading her of my identity. The rumour of my having been killed spread over the whole country, and was accepted as true by every part of our army where I had not been seen since the battle, and the regret expressed at my loss, and manifest pleasure exhibited by both soldiers and citizens to know me still among them, administered not a little to my self-esteem. Beside the many letters of condolence and offers received by Stuart on my account, greatly to his amusement, a request was despatched by Governor Letcher to General Lee to have my body forwarded, and claiming the privilege of having it interred with all the honours of the State of Virginia. To this demand, General Lee sent the following characteristic reply: "Can't spare it: it's in pursuit of Stoneman."

Our headquarters were established on one of the hills forming a semicircle round one side of the beautiful little valley in which the pleasant village of Orange Court-house is situated, and we overlooked the town, as well as a great part of the rich country around it, clad in the fresh bright verdure of May. The weather was perfect, provisions of every sort were abundant, and men and beasts were rapidly recovering from the fatigues and privations of the late rough campaign. Orange enjoys an enviable renown for the beauty of its women; and in the female society which it afforded we took every opportunity our duties permitted to pass a few agreeable hours, which were sometimes devoted to dancing and sometimes to horseback excursions. A cloud soon came over our happiness however, in the sad news of the death of our beloved Stonewall Jackson, who expired on the 9th, partially from his wounds, but more directly from pneumonia, the result of a severe cold which he caught on the night when he was struck, and which the treatment he insisted on adopting

rendered thus fatal.* Few men have ever been more regretted—few more respected by foe, no less than friend, than was Stonewall Jackson; and his soldiers grieved over his death as though they had been bereft of a father. To me it was a sad blow to lose at once a kind and dear friend and a leader for whom I felt the heartiest admiration. Brought so frequently into contact with this great soldier in the field of battle, or in camp, where he often shared his blankets with me when I had come to him late at night, bringing in my reports or applying for orders, I had every opportunity of estimating, both in its grandeur and in its familiar traits, his noble and generous character. Jackson had certain whimsical peculiarities which exhibited themselves in his manner and in his dress, but most of the stories current at the time, turning upon his eccentricities, were entire fabrications. He was a sincerely pious man, but without a taint of Puritanism, and enjoyed the pleasures of life and a harmless joke as much as anybody. His conversation was lively and fascinating, and he would often chime in with us in our merry talk and laughter round the camp-fires. For General Lee his admiration and affection were alike unbounded; and, in the native modesty of his character, he as persistently undervalued his own services. Concerning these he would often say, "All the credit of my successes belongs to General Lee; they were his plans on which I acted, and I only executed his orders." But General Lee knew full well how to appreciate the great military qualities of his lieutenant, and the value of his assistance; and when the news reached him of the hero's death, he exclaimed, "It would have been better for the country if I had fallen rather than Stonewall Jackson." The sad intelligence was officially communicated to his mourning army by the Commander-in-Chief in the following order, dated the 11th:—

"The daring will and energy of this great and good soldier, by a decree of an all-wise Providence, are now lost to us; but while we mourn his death, we feel that his spirit lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God, as our hope and our strength. Let his name be a watchword for his corps, who have followed him to victory in so many fields. Let officers and soldiers imitate his invincible determination to do everything in the defence of our beloved country. R. E. Lee."

According to his wish, Jackson's remains were buried at Lexington, Virginia, where in his simple grave he now sleeps, while his memory lives fresh in the hearts of all who knew him, and both hemispheres regard him as the greatest of those who fell for their principles in this gigantic civil war.

REORGANISATION OF THE ARMY—HEADQUARTERS ONCE MORE AT CULPEPPER—GREAT REVIEW OF THE CAVALRY CORPS.

The remaining weeks of the beautiful month of May passed away in quiet, so far as regards any interruption on the part of the enemy; but were actively employed in preparations for the summer campaign,

* The immediate cause of Jackson's death is not generally known. I received the particulars of it from Dr. M'Guire, who attended the General, and who told me that, against his urgent dissuasion, he had insisted on treating his cold by the application of wet blankets, which so aggravated its severity that, weakened as was his system by the loss of blood and the shock of amputation, this imprudence became fatal.

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and in reorganising our whole army, the ranks of which were rapidly filled by the return of the absentees, and strengthened by the arrival of numerous reinforcements —Longstreet having been recalled with his two divisions from North Carolina, and several brigades joined to these from Beauregard's army. The army of Northern Virginia was now divided into three equal and distinct corps, each numbering about 20,000 men. Longstreet commanded the 1st corps, consisting of Hood's, M'Law's, and Picket's divisions; Ewell the 2d, consisting of Early's, Rodes's, and Johnson's divisions, formerly under Jackson's command, and now committed to this general in accordance with a request made by Stonewall on his deathbed, in his solicitude for the welfare of his veterans. The 3d corps was placed under the command of A. P. Hill, and was formed of Anderson's, Pender's, and Heth's divisions. The cavalry, which had also been strengthened by several new brigades from the South, was formed into a separate corps of three divisions, commanded by Hampton, Fitz Lee, and William Lee. About the 18th of May, General Lee, who had continued to confront the enemy at Fredericksburg, began gradually to shift the position of his troops towards Gordonsville and Orange. The cavalry had to give place to the infantry, and on the 20th we received orders to march to Culpepper Court-house, where we established our headquarters, close to the old camping ground, stationing our divisions nearer the river, which was again closely picketed. Our tents were pitched in a beautiful spot, overshadowed by magnificent hickory and tulip poplar trees, and surrounded by broad clover fields, where our horse were richly pastured, and through which the pretty little river "Mountain Run" rolled its silver waters between picturesque banks, and afforded us the chance of a magnificent cool bath, and plenty of sport with the rod and line. Our cavalry were in the highest spirits, and were kept in constant and salutary activity by incessant drilling and other preparations for the impending campaign. Hundreds of men flocked in daily from the distant homes, bringing with them fresh horses. General Roberts had joined us with his splendid brigade from North Carolina, as also had General Jones, with his command from the valley of Virginia; and nearly all the men of Hampton's division had returned from South Carolina and Mississippi. Our horse artillery, under command of Pelham's successor, Major Berkham, had been augmented by several batteries, and the old ones had been supplied with fresh horses, so that altogether we now possessed a more numerous and better equipped force than ever before.

We all looked with pride upon this magnificent body of troops; and as a review had been ordered for the 5th of June, all the commencement of the month we were busy preparing for that important event. Invitations having been sent out to the whole circle of our acquaintances far and near, the hotels of the town, and as many private houses as had any accommodation to spare, were got ready for the reception of our guests, many of whom, after all, we had to put under tents. Among those we expected on this occasion, was General Randolph, the former Secretary of War, a warm friend of Stuart's and mine, and to whom it will be remembered I was indebted for so much kindness on my first arrival in Richmond. Gladly eager to give him a proof of my esteem, and the sense I had of his kindness, I started off on the morning of the 4th for Gordonsville, to meet our friend on his road, and I had the pleasure of bringing him by special train into Culpepper with all honours, and battle-flag floating from the locomotive. Every train that afternoon

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brought in fresh crowds of our guests, and we all assembled at the station to receive them, and forward them to their destination by the ambulances and waggons we had got prepared for that purpose. In the evening there was a ball at the Town Hall, which went off pleasantly enough, although it was not, in the language of the reporter, "a gay and dazzling scene, illuminated by floods of light streaming from numerous chandeliers," for our supply of light was limited to a few tallow candles; and when the moon rose, we were glad to avail ourselves of her services by adjourning to the spacious verandah. As the morning of the 5th dawned bright and beautiful, we completed our preparations, and gave the last touch to our arms and equipments; and about 8 o'clock General Stuart and his staff mounted their horses and made for the plains of Brandy Station, which that day were for once to be the scene, not of a battle in all its sanguinary tumult, but of a military spectacle comparatively peaceful in character. Our little band presented a gay and gallant appearance as we rode forth to the sound of our bugles, all mounted on fine chargers, and clad in our best accoutrements, our plumes nodding, and our battle-flag waving in the breeze. I myself had on a uniform new from head to foot, and the horse on which I was mounted seemed to me in the very perfection of beauty as it danced with springing step upon the turf, its glossy coat shining like burnished gold in the morning sun. As our approach was heralded by the flourish of trumpets, many of the ladies in the village came forth to greet us from the porches and verandahs of the houses, and showered down flowers upon our path. But if the smiles and patriotic demonstrations of the daughters of old Virginia were pleasant and flattering to us as mortal men, not less grateful to our soldiers' hearts were the cheers of more than 12,000 horsemen, which rose in the air as we came upon the open plain near Brandy Station, where the whole cavalry corps awaited us, drawn out in a line a mile and a half long, at the extreme right of which twenty-four guns of our horse-artillery thundered forth a salute. About ten o'clock the marching past commenced. General Stuart had taken up his position on a slight eminence, whither many hundreds of spectators, mostly ladies, had gathered, in ambulances and on horseback, anxiously awaiting the approach of the troops. The corps passed first by squadrons, and at a walk, and the magnificent spectacle of so many thousand troopers splendidly mounted made the heart swell with pride, and impressed one with the conviction that nothing could resist the attack of such a body of troops. The review ended with a sham charge of the whole corps by regiments, the artillery advancing at the same time at a gallop, and opening a rapid fire upon an imaginary enemy. The day wound up with a ball; but as the night was fine we danced in the open air on a piece of turf near our headquarters, and by the light of enormous wood-fires, the ruddy glare of which upon the animated groups of our assembly gave to the whole scene a wild and romantic effect.

Our army having been all this while slowly approaching Culpepper, division after division, on the 7th we marched by order of General Lee, who was now among us, closer to the Rappahannock, taking up our headquarters on the heights near Brandy Station. Next day the cavalry corps had the honour of being reviewed by our Commander-in-chief, but this time the spectators were no longer ladies, our fair visitors having departed, but the whole of Hood's division, amounting to about 10,000 men, who were present as lookers on, at their own request. No sooner was the review over than a courier galloped up with the report that

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the enemy had made his appearance in strong force on the river. This called us at once to the front with several brigades, and for a time we were in momentary expectation of a serious engagement. After some demonstrations, however, at the different fords, which were promptly met by our pickets, the Yankees disappeared again, and our troops marched back to their camps. On my return to headquarters I found, to my intense disgust, that my negro servant Harry having, against orders, turned two of my horses and Kitt my mule loose, they had straggled off, and every effort to find them had till then failed. To lose my steeds thus, on the very eve of active operations, was a serious affair; horses were stolen daily, and among the thousands of animals assembled around us, it was a difficult matter to find them again. I was the more put out, as by bad luck I had been splendidly mounted, having, besides my new purchase, which was still left me, two fine chargers—a stout bay which I had from Major Berkham, the chief of our horse-artillery, in exchange for my captured Yankee horse, and my old black, which was now in fine condition. All the rest of the day was spent in further efforts to discover the stray animals, till at last I returned late at night, tired and out of humour, to the camp.

GREAT CAVALRY BATTLE AT BRANDY STATION, 9TH JUNE 1863.

After a few hours' sleep I was awakened about daybreak by the sound of several cannon-shots. In an instant I was on my legs, and stepping out of my tent I distinctly heard a brisk firing of small-arms in the direction of the river. An orderly shortly afterwards rode up, reporting that the enemy, under cover of the fog, had suddenly fallen upon our pickets, had crossed the river in strong force at several points, and pressed forward so rapidly that they had come upon Jones's brigade before the greater part of the men had had time to saddle their horses. It was fortunate that the sharpshooters of this command, seconded by a section of our horse-artillery, were enabled by a well-directed fire to impede the movements of the attacking foe, so as to give our regiments time to form, and by falling back some distance to take up a position further to the rear. It was evident, both to General Stuart and myself that the intentions of the Federals in this movement were of a serious character, and that they were determined on making a further advance, although we differed in opinion as to the best way of opposing resistance to them. The General wished to march with his whole force against the enemy, and fight them wherever he might meet them. My proposal was to place the greater part of the corps and our 24 guns on the heights, and wait there till the designs of the Yankees, who were still hidden by the woods, and their numbers, should be more clearly disclosed, and then, by offering a feint with a few of our advanced brigades, to draw them towards us. As no favourable position for their artillery would be found in the plain, our guns would play with great effect on their dense ranks when they emerged into the open before us, and for once our horsemen would have a chance of showing their superiority over the hostile cavalry by a united charge of our whole force. But Stuart's ardour was impatient of delay; and being, besides, under the impression that to allow the enemy to proceed further would let them know too much of the position of our infantry, which it was our duty to cover,

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he resolved to move at once against the advancing foe, and gave me orders to ride to the front and rapidly reconnoitre the state of affairs, while he would follow as quickly as the troops could be brought into action. Major Berkham had hastily placed some of his batteries in position upon an eminence which I had just passed, and was reaching a patch of wood where Jones's men were engaged in a sharp skirmish with the Federals, when in overwhelming numbers they made a sudden dash upon the most advanced regiment of that brigade, which broke in utter confusion, carrying everything with them in their flight. A scene of disgraceful stampede ensued—single horsemen galloped off the field in all directions, waggons and ambulances which had been detained to carry off camp utensils rattled over the ground, while with loud shouts of victory a dense mass of Federal horsemen broke forth from the woods. At this critical moment Berkham opened a rapid fire, throwing such a shower of canister and grape at close range upon the pursuing host, that they recoiled and retired again into the forest, thus affording an opportunity of rallying and reforming our demoralized troops. Just as the confusion was at its very height, my eye alighted on my little mule Kitt, on which one of the waggoners was mounted, and was passing me at full speed. The temptation to recover this valuable piece of property was not to be withstood, even under the exciting circumstances of the occasion; and quickly overtaking the fellow, I ordered him to give up my property, but the fear of falling into the hands of the enemy so possessed the poor devil that he begged to be allowed to bring it back to me at headquarters. Thinking, however, it was only a just punishment on him to let him make good his escape by the aid of his own legs, I made him dismount, and sent Kitt to the rear by one of the couriers who accompanied me, where Henry greeted the return of his favourite with every mark of delight. All our brigades having now arrived from the more distant camps, our line of battle, nearly three miles in length, could be regularly formed; and along the woods which border the Rappahannock the multitudinous firing of our dismounted sharpshooters sounded like the rattle of musketry in a regular battle. We held our ground tolerably well for some time, but it soon became evident that the enemy were in far superior numbers and supported by infantry, large columns of which were reported by William Lee, who commanded on our extreme left, to be crossing the river. Towards this point I was sent by General Stuart to watch the movements of the enemy, with orders to send a report every quarter of an hour by one of the body of couriers whom I took with me. William Lee's brigade was placed on a ridge of hills, with its skirmishers on the river-bank and along a formidable stone fence running across an open field, over which the Federals advanced in strong numbers, but were again and again repulsed as soon as they came within range of our sharpshooters, who were well seconded by the accurate firing of one of our batteries on the heights. Buried in the deep grass, William Lee and I lay close to our guns watching the progress of the battle, when we were startled by a heavy cannonade in our rear, apparently in the direction of our headquarters at Brandy Station. Thither I hastened off at once, promising General Lee to send him information as soon as I had discovered the state of affairs. From some stragglers who galloped past me as I approached the station, I gathered, in a confused way, that the Federals were in our rear. To this report I gave little credit, but on emerging from the forest I found

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that they had only spoken the truth, for there a sight awaited me which made the blood run cold in my veins. The heights of Brandy and the spot where our headquarters had been were perfectly swarming with Yankees, while the men of one of our brigades were scattered wide over the plateau, chased in all directions by their enemies. Seeing one of our regiments still in line, but already swerving and on the point of breaking, I rode up to the Colonel, who seemed to have lost all presence of mind, and threatened to arrest him on the spot, and to prefer a charge of cowardice against him, if he did not at once lead his men on to the attack. This had the desired effect, and with a faint cheer the regiment galloped forward against the enemy; but two hostile regiments starting to meet us, the space we were charging over diminished with increasing rapidity, until at last, when only a hundred yards apart, our disheartened soldiers broke and fled in shameful confusion. Carried along for a moment by the torrent of fugitives, I perceived that we were hastening towards an opening in a fence which had been made to facilitate the movements of our artillery, and, soon outstripping the rest by the fleetness of my charger, I reached the gap, and placed myself in the centre, calling out to them that I would kill every man who tried to pass me, and knocking over with the flat of my sabre two of those who had ventured too near me. This had the effect of arresting the flight for a time, and I then managed to rally round me about a hundred of these same men whom, on this identical ground, I had, on a previous occasion, led to victory. "Men!" I shouted, "remember your previous deeds on these very fields; follow me—charge!" and, putting spurs into my charger's flanks, the noble animal bounded forth against the Federals, who were now close upon us, but whose lines, by the length of the pursuit, had become very loose. The very same men, however, who had fought so gallantly with me before had lost all self-confidence, and after following me a short distance they turned again to flight, abruptly leaving me quite alone in the midst of the charging foe. A great, hulking Yankee corporal, with some eight or ten men, immediately gave chase after me, calling on me to surrender, and discharging their carbines and revolvers in my direction. Not heeding this summons, I urged my horse to its highest speed, and now turning to the rear myself, and clearing the fence at a part where it was too high for them to follow, I soon left my pursuers far behind. I had not galloped many hundred yards further, however, when I overtook Captain White of our staff, who had received a shot-wound in his neck, and was so weak as scarcely to be able to keep himself up in the saddle. Having to support my wounded comrade, whom I was determined to save, retarded my pace considerably, and several times the shouts and yells of the Yankees sounded so close at our horses' heels that I gave up all hope of escape. Suddenly, however, the Yankees gave up the pursuit, and I was enabled to draw bridle after a very exciting run. A courier happening to pass, I left Captain White in his charge, and hastened once more to the front, full of anxiety as to the final result of the conflict. To my great astonishment, as I rode on I could see nothing of the enemy; and, by the time I had reached the plateau of Brandy, I found the state of affairs had taken an entirely altered aspect. Instead of a menacing host of Federals, their dead and wounded thickly strewed the ground: one of their batteries, every horse of which had been killed, stood abandoned; and to the right, far away, a confused mass of fugitives were seen closely pursued by our men, over whose heads our artillery were throwing shell after shell on the

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retreating foe. I was not long in meeting with General Stuart, whom I found directing the operations from the highest part of the plateau. I was informed by him that the portion of Federal cavalry which had rendered our position so critical had consisted of two brigades, commanded by General Perry Windham, an Englishman in the Yankee service, who, by taking a circuitous route along an unguarded bridle-path, had succeeded in taking us in the rear, so causing all the confusion and panic which had very nearly decided the fate of the day. But just when the danger was at the highest and the stampede in full career—namely, at the very crisis I was unfortunate enough to witness—the Georgia regiment of Hampton's old brigade, under its commander, the gallant Colonel Young, and the 11th Virginia, under Colonel Lomax, had come up to the succour, and, throwing themselves with an impetuous charge on the temporary victors, had completely routed and driven them to flight, many killed and wounded, as well as prisoners, besides a battery, being left behind. General Windham himself was shot through the leg during the short *mêlée*, and had a narrow escape from capture; and several colonels and other officers were among the dead. The flight of the Federals had been so sudden and headlong that it gave rise to a number of odd incidents, among which may be recalled an accident which befell one of their buglers, who, in the blindness of his hurry, rode straight up against an old ice-house, breaking through the wooden partition, and tumbling headlong, horse and all, into the deep hole within. The horse was killed on the spot, but the rider escaped miraculously, and was hauled up with ropes amidst shouts of laughter from the bystanders at so ridiculous an adventure of battle.

The greater part of our corps was now placed along the ridge, in exactly the position I had recommended in the morning, whilst further on, in the plains below, were arrayed, in line of battle, many thousand Federal cavalry, supported by two of their divisions of infantry, whose glittering bayonets could be easily discerned as they deployed from the distant woods. Meanwhile our Commander-in-Chief had arrived at the scene of action, and a division of our infantry had come up to our support, which was still in the woods about a quarter of a mile to the rear, but quite in readiness to act when necessary. The time was now about four in the afternoon, and the fire, which in our immediate front had gradually slackened to a desultory skirmishing of the dismounted sharpshooters, but supported by a regular cannonade, grew hotter and hotter on the left, where William Lee, who had given up his original position soon after I left him, was slowly falling back before the enemy, turning and giving battle whenever too closely pressed by his pursuers. This splendid command could just be seen emerging from the woods on our left, where Jones's brigade was drawn up to support it, when Stuart, thinking the time had come for an aggressive movement, sent me off to order the two brigades to move forward in a united charge upon the pursuing enemy. Feeling that prompt action was necessary, I rode down the hill-side with incautious speed, and my horse, broken down by the excessive exertions of the day, stumbled and rolled heavily over with me. Stuart, believing that horse and rider were struck down by a cannon-ball, ordered some couriers to my assistance, and was just sending off some one else with the orders I was charged with, when the animal regained its legs, and, vaulting quickly into the saddle, I started off again faster than before. About fifty yards further, coming upon very broken ground, my horse fell again, so contusing my leg that I fancied at first it was broken; but as the eyes

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of many hundreds of my comrades were on me I proudly fought against the agony I suffered, and with difficulty remounting I continued my ride, and in a few minutes was, without further accident, at the point of destination. Lee's and Jones's men received the order to charge with loud cheers—the former moving forward to the attack in such magnificent style that an enthusiastic shout of applause rose along our lines on the heights, whence the conflict could be plainly witnessed. The enemy received us with a shower of bullets. General William Lee fell wounded in the thigh. Colonel Williams was shot dead at the head of his regiment, and many other officers fell killed and wounded. But nothing could arrest the impetuous charge of the gallant Virginians; and in a few minutes the Federal lines were broken and driven in disorderly flight towards the river, where the fire of several reserve batteries, posted on the opposite shore, put a stop to the pursuit. This success on our left decided the fate of the day. About dusk, the main body of the Federal cavalry, seeing their right flank now entirely exposed, commenced a retreat under protection of their infantry, and by nightfall the whole of the hostile force had once more recrossed the Rappahannock. Thus ended the greatest cavalry battle ever fought on the American continent, about 12,000 men being engaged on our side, and about 15,000 on that of the Federals, besides the infantry support; and the combat lasted from daybreak till nightfall. The loss of our opponents was very severe in dead and wounded, and a great number of officers fell, among whom was a brigadier-general, several colonels, besides many other of subordinate rank. About 400 privates and 40 officers were captured, and a battery of four guns already mentioned. The victory was a dearly-bought one on our side, and numbers of those who but a few days before had gaily attended the review, were now stretched cold and lifeless on the same ground. Among those whose death we mourned, was the gallant Colonel Hampton of the 2d South Carolina, brother of General Hampton, and Colonel Williams of the 2d North Carolina; General William Lee, Colonel Butler, and many other officers of rank were among the wounded. Our staff had suffered very severely: Captain White wounded, Lieutenant Goldsborough taken prisoner, and the gallant Captain Farley killed. Poor Farley! after innumerable escapes from the perils into which his brilliant gallantry led him, his fate had overtaken him at last, and he died as heroically as he had lived. While riding towards the enemy, side by side with Colonel Butler, a shell which passed clean through their horses, killing both these, shattered at the same time one of Butler's legs below the knee, and carried off one of Farley's close up to the body. When the surgeon arrived he naturally wished to attend first to the Captain as the more dangerously wounded, but this the brave young fellow positively refused, saying that Colonel Butler's life was more valuable to the country than his own, and he felt he should soon die. Two hours afterwards he was a corpse. We passed the night at a farmhouse close to the battle-field; but in spite of the fatigues of the day I could find no rest, and passed the best part of the night bathing my injured leg, which was very swollen and painful, with cold water.

I did not allow this, however, to prevent my accompanying General Stuart on the following morning on a ride towards the river and over the plains, which presented all the appearance of a regular battle-field. Principally was this the case in the immediate neighbourhood of our old headquarters, where the ground was thickly strewn with carcasses, on which

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hundreds of turkey buzzards had been gorging themselves, and were lying about in numbers. In one spot, a few acres broad, where the cavalry had charged close up to a fence held by our skirmishers, I counted as many as thirty dead horses struck down by the bullets of our sharpshooters. On our return to headquarters, which in the mean time had been transferred to the shade of an oak grove a mile further to the rear, and close to a fine plantation possessed by a Mr. Bradford, my negro Henry met me with an air of triumphant exaltation, having with untiring energy, backed by cunning adroitness, succeeded in recovering one of my two missing horses —the stout bay. The illegitimate appropriator of the poor beast had frightfully disfigured it to avoid detection; its beautiful mane and tail were hacked short, but the sharp eyes of the negro had not been baffled by this villanous trick. I had been the subject of General Stuart's raillery *apropos* of my lost horses, but ere long I was enabled to turn the laugh against him, for two of his best horses went astray and were lost in the same way, nor were they recovered for months after. Large numbers of the enemy being still on the other side of the river and displaying considerable activity, we expected that the late unsuccessful reconnaissance in force would shortly be renewed, and on the 13th we were even called to our saddles by an alarm. It proved a groundless one, however; and the following days passed without further active demonstration on the part of the Federals.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN — FORWARD MOVEMENT OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA — CAVALRY FIGHTS IN LOUDON AND FAUQUIER COUNTIES.

General Lee had by this completed his preparations for an advance into the enemy's country, whither the theatre of war was now to be transferred; and, whilst a comparatively small body of troops still maintained a show in front of the Federals at Fredericksburg, the bulk of our army was being concentrated in the vicinity of Culpepper, apparently without any suspicion of the fact on the part of the enemy's commander-in-chief. The first object General Lee sought to compass, was to clear the valley of Virginia of its hostile occupants and to capture the town of Winchester. Ewell with his troops had already started in that direction some days back, and on the 15th the rest of our infantry began to move forward. Stuart was ordered to cover the movements of our army and protect its flank by marching on the Fauquier side of the Blue Ridge Mountains; and accordingly the morning of the 16th found us betimes *en route*, and in high glee at the thought of once more invading Yankeedom. Having crossed the Hazel and Rappahannock rivers, we marched on in the same line we had followed in our retreat of November, '62, and at noon halted for an hour to feed our horses at the little town of Orleans, where General Stuart and his staff made a point of visiting our old friend Mrs. M., by whom we were received with her usual kindness and hospitality. Our march thence led through the rich and beautiful county of Fauquier, which as yet showed but little signs of suffering from the war, and at dark we reached the Piedmont Station of the Baltimore-Ohio Railway, where we bivouacked. Next morning as soon as it was light the famous guerilla chief Major Mosby, who had selected this part of the country for the scene of his extraordinary achievements, made his appearance in camp, reporting that the enemy's cavalry, which till recently had

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fronted us near Culpepper, was rapidly following a line of march parallel to our own, although as yet only small detachments were occupying the neighbouring county of Loudon. Our march was continued accordingly towards the village of Upperville, where our cavalry separated into several commands, with instructions to move by different roads towards the Potomac. Stuart, taking with him Robertson's and Fitz Lee's commands, the latter of which turned off towards Aldie, proceeded in the direction of Middleburg, which place he and his staff, galloping ahead of the troops, reached late in the afternoon. We were received in this pleasant little town with marked demonstrations of joy; and as my friends here had heard from Richmond the news of my death, but not its contradiction, I underwent another ovation at my quasi-resurrection. While paying one of the many visits I had to make to give bodily assurance of my presence in the world of the living, and relating my adventures to a circle of pretty young ladies, the streets suddenly resounded with the cry of "The Yankees are coming!" raised by a party of horsemen who galloped through the town in frantic excitement, having formed part of one of our pickets, on whom the enemy, not supposed to be so near, had rather suddenly fallen. I had just time to rush out of the house and mount my horse when the enemy's cavalry poured into the town from various directions. I soon joined General Stuart, however, and the remainder of his staff, who were riding off as fast as their steeds could carry them in the direction of our advancing troops, which we soon reached; and General Stuart gave orders that General Robertson should move his regiments at a trot upon Middleburg, nd drive the enemy from the town without delay. As I had a better knowledge of the country than Robertson, I was ordered to accompany the General, who was an old friend, and gladly consulted me as to the best mode of attack. It was already dark by the time we came up with our advanced pickets, about half a mile from Middleburg, and we found them supported by their reserve, under the command of Captain Woolridge of the 4th Virginia, engaged in a lively skirmish with the hostile sharpshooters. We were informed by this brave officer that the Federals held the town in considerable force, and had erected a barricade at its entrance, which he begged as a favor to be allowed to storm. This was of course granted; and with a cheer, forward went the gallant little band, driving the tirailleurs rapidly before them, and taking the barricade after a short but sanguinary struggle.—At the same moment our sabres rattled from their scabbards, and the main body of the brigade dashed forward to the charge at a thundering gallop along the broad turnpike road and down the main street, while two of our squadrons went round outside the village to protect us from a flank attack. As I had felt rather ashamed at having been forced to run from the enemy under the very eyes of my fair friends, and was naturally anxious to afford them a spectacle of a totally different character, I assumed my place of honour, leading the charge with General Robertson, and to my intense satisfaction plunged into the enemy's ranks opposite the precise spot whence I had commenced my flight, and whence, regardless of danger, the ladies now looked on and watched the progress of the combat. It lasted but a few seconds, for the enemy, unable to withstand the shock of our charge, broke and fled in utter confusion—a part of the fugitives taking the straight road along the main street, and the other turning off by the shorter route out of the town to the right. Leaving General Robertson to pursue the former with one of his regiments, I took upon myself the responsibility of following the latter with

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several squadrons, anticipating that the Federal reserves were in this direction. My supposition proved only too correct, for they were soon at hand to rescue their comrades, and in a few minutes we were engaged in a severe conflict. Bullets whizzed from either side—men and horses fell dead and wounded amidst unavoidable confusion through the extreme darkness of the night, and for a time it seemed doubtful whether I should be able to hold my ground against numbers so far superior. Fortunately General Robertson, hearing the firing, soon came up with his regiment, and, taking now the offensive, we charged the Federals with our united force in front, while the squadron we had sent round the village to the right took them in flank, the effect of which was to force our antagonists into a rapid retreat, in the course of which we took several officers and 75 privates prisoners. On our return to Middleburg the General and I remained another hour with our lady friends, who, with their accustomed devotedness, were busy nursing the wounded, large numbers of whom were collected in several of the residences. It was late in the night by the time we reached Mr. Rector's plantation, about two miles to the rear, where our troops encamped. This spot is situated on a formidable hill, and, being the crossing point of several of the principal roads, was a point of considerable strategical importance.

Early the following morning a report was received from Fitz Lee announcing an encounter with a strong body of Federal cavalry near Aldie, which had ended in the repulse of the enemy and the capture of 60 prisoners, among whom was a colonel and several other inferior officers. Our own loss had been heavy in killed and wounded, and among the former I lost my poor friend Major Eales of the 5th Virginia, who was struck by several bullets while leading his men to the charge. We got news also from William Lee's troops, commanded by Chamblis, who had come quite suddenly and unexpectedly on the cavalry we had driven from Middleburg, killing and wounding a great number and taking 140 prisoners. The glorious accounts had meantime reached us of the capture of Winchester and Martinsburg by Ewell, with more than 4000 prisoners, 30 pieces of artillery, and innumerable stores of ammunition and provisions, rendering the opening of the campaign as favourable to its prospects as possible. As the prisoners taken during the last few days amounted to several hundreds, I was sent to Upperville, where they had been despatched, to superintend their transfer by detachments to Winchester—a duty in which I was occupied the greater part of the day, until toward evening the sound of a brisk cannonade recalled me back to the front. There I found that the Federals had advanced in strong force on Middleburg, had driven back our troops, and were once more in possession of the town, and that all our efforts to retake it had been vain—the cause of these failures being attributed to General Stuart's hesitation to direct the fire of our artillery on the village, fearing to inflict too much damage on the patriotic little place. The fighting was kept up till midnight, when, finding the enemy showed no intention of pushing their advantage any further for the present, our troops, with the exception of a strong cordon of pickets, were withdrawn towards Rector's cross-roads, where we all encamped.

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THE CAVALRY FIGHT NEAR MIDDLEBURG, 19TH OF JUNE—I AM SEVERELY WOUNDED — STAY AT UPPERVILLE, AND RETREAT FROM THERE TO MR. B.'S PLANTATION.

The morning of the 19th dawned with all the bright beauty of the month of June, but the rising of the sun was also the signal for the recommencement of hostilities, and before we had had time to breakfast, a rapid succession of cannon-shots summoned us to the front. The enemy in strong force were advancing upon a patch of wood about a mile from Middleburg, which was held by our troops, consisting of Robertson's and William Lee's commands; the dismounted sharpshooters on both sides were exchanging a lively fire, and the shells from a number of hostile batteries were bursting with a sharp crack in the tree-tops. General Stuart took up his position on a hill about half a mile to the rear, commanding a good view of the plain in front, and over the fields to the right and left. Our Chief of Artillery being engaged in another direction, I received orders to place our batteries in position; and the nature of the ground allowed this to be done so favourably that the cross-fire of our guns at a later period saved us from serious disaster. I then rode forward to the extreme front, and carefully reconnoitring the position of the enemy, I found that their force was far superior to our own, and that they were overlapping us on either wing. General Stuart gave me so little credit for the accuracy of my report that he was for some time convinced that he could hold his ground with ease, and even entertained the intention of sending off the greater part of William Lee's troops towards Aldie. Through my earnest remonstrances this was deferred, however, and I was again despatched to the front to see if I had not overrated the forces of the enemy. What I saw only too thoroughly confirmed my first observations; and I reported to General Stuart that in my opinion he would be forced to retreat, even if he kept the whole of his force together. But again he refused credit to the result of my observations, and said laughingly, "You're mistaken for once, Von; I shall be in Middleburg in less than an hour,"—requesting me at the same time to write out a permit for Longstreet's Commissary, Major N., who wished to visit his friends in the town, to go there unmolested. I was just writing the document, and remarking to the Major that I was afraid he would not be able to make use of it, when suddenly the firing increased in heaviness, and we saw our men hastening from the wood in considerable confusion, followed by a dark mass of Federals in close pursuit. "Ride as quickly as you can, and rally those men; I will follow you immediately with all the troops I can gather," were Stuart's hasty instructions to me as he suddenly, though rather late, became convinced that I had all along been right. Just as I reached our breaking lines, the 9th Virginia, which had been in reserve, dashed forward in a magnificent charge; the batteries I had previously posted opened a well-directed cross-fire on the Federal horsemen; the flying regiments responded to my call, and turned upon their pursuers, whom we drove rapidly back into the woods, killing and wounding a large number, and taking many prisoners, until a severe fusillade from the enemy's sharpshooters, posted on the outskirts of the wood, protected their retreat. I had just succeeded in re-forming our own men, about 200 yards from the wood, when Stuart came up, and, riding along the lines of his troops, who always felt relieved by his appearance in the moment of extreme danger, was received by them with enthusiastic cheers. He

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now ordered the regiments to withdraw by squadrons to a better position—a movement which was executed under cover of a spirited fire from our batteries. The General and his staff being the last to remain on the spot, we soon became a target for the Federal sharpshooters, who, by the cheering, had become well aware that Stuart was in that small group of officers. Being dressed in the same fashion as the General—a short jacket and grey hat, with waving ostrich plume, and mounted on my handsome new charger—I was mistaken for him, and my tall figure soon engaged their particular attention, for the bullets came humming round me like a swarm of bees. A ball had just stripped the gold-lace from my trousers, and I was saying to the General, riding a few steps before me on my left—"General, those Yankees are giving it rather hotly to me on your account," —when I suddenly felt a severe dull blow, as though somebody had struck me with his fist on my neck, fiery sparks glittered before my eyes, and a tremendous weight seemed to be dragging me from my horse. After a few moments of insensibility, I opened my eyes again, to find myself lying on the ground, my charger beside me, and a number of officers and men pressing round and endeavouring to raise me. My left arm hung stiff and lifeless, and the blood was spouting from a large wound on the side of my neck, and streaming from my mouth at every breath. Unable to speak, I motioned to my comrades to leave me, and save themselves from the hail of bullets the enemy were concentrating on them, two of the soldiers about me having already fallen lifeless. At the same moment, I saw the Yankees charging towards us from the woods; and, certain that a few minutes more would leave me a prisoner in their hands, the hateful thought inspired me with the courage to summon all my strength and energy, and, managing to regain my legs, with the assistance of Captain Blackford and Lieutenant Robertson of our staff, I mounted my horse, and rode off from the field, supported by these two officers, whose devoted friendship could not have been proved by a more signal act of self-sacrifice. After a painful ride of more than a mile, coming across an ambulance, my comrades placed me in it, gave orders to the driver to carry me further to the rear, and then galloped off in another direction in search of our surgeon, Dr. Eliason. Meanwhile the Federals were rapidly advancing, and numbers of their shells burst so near the ambulance that the driver was seized with fright, and believing that anyhow I was nearly dead, drove off at a gallop over the rocky road, regardless of my agonized groans, every movement of the vehicle causing a fresh effusion of blood from my wound. At last I could stand it no longer, and, crawling up to him, I put my cocked pistol to his head, and made him understand that I should blow out his brains if he continued his cowardly flight. This proved effectual, and, driving along at a moderate pace, we were overtaken by Dr. Eliason, who at once examined my wound, and found that the ball had entered the lower part of my neck, cut through a portion of the windpipe, and taking a downward course, had lodged somewhere in my right lung, and that my left arm was entirely paralysed by the same shot. A shadow passed over the Doctor's face as he examined me, for he had a liking for me; and reading in my eyes that I wished to have his undisguised opinion, he said, "My dear fellow, your wound is mortal, and I can't expect you to live till the morning," offering at the same time to execute my last wishes. This was sad enough intelligence for me; but the very positiveness of the opinion aroused within me the spirit of resistance, and I resolved to struggle against death with all the energy I possessed. In this determined mood I was enabled to

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attend to some matters of duty, and to give orders on a piece of paper for our ordnance-waggons, which we met on the road. I was conveyed to Dr. Eliason's house, where a bed was put up for me in the parlour, and I was attended to by the ladies of the family, who nursed me as though I had been a son of the house, whilst the Doctor's blind child was sobbing by my bedside. A dose of opium procured me a kind of half slumber or trance, during which, though unable to move, I could see and hear everything that was going on about me. One after the other all my comrades dropped in during the afternoon, and seeing my face and neck swollen and disfigured by an accumulation of air, while my features were deadly pale, I could see by their expression that they believed me dead already, and could hear the Doctor answer the repeated question, "Is he alive yet?" with "Yes, but he will not live over the night." At last Stuart himself came, and bending over me, he kissed my forehead, and I felt two tears drop upon my cheek, as I heard him say, "Poor fellow, your fate is a sad one, and it was for me that you received this mortal wound." I would have given anything to have had the power of grasping my friend's hand, and pronouncing a few words of thankfulness for his heartfelt sympathy; and when, in later times, I stood by his own deathbed, these friendly words came vividly before my recollection. I passed the night in a calm sleep, and the following morning found me, to the astonishment and delight of the Doctor and my comrades, not only alive, but wonderfully refreshed and strengthened by my long sleep. The whole of the day I was much excited by the sound of a heavy cannonade, and received frequent information through a courier who was detached to me as to the progress of a severe fight, in which the Yankees, supported by infantry, were pressing Stuart slowly back towards Upperville. The next night I again passed favourably, and on the forenoon of the 21st I had the extreme gratification of seeing General Stuart again, who told me how much he had missed me during the action, of which he gave me a minute account. He told me, at the same time, it was quite possible that during the day he might be forced to fall back beyond Upperville, in which case I should be informed in time by one of his officers, and an ambulance would be in readiness to carry me out of reach of the enemy.

In the early part of the forenoon the fighting recommenced, the thunder of the cannon and the rattle of musketry sounded closer and closer, wounded men and stragglers began to pass through the village, and I became more and more nervous and excited. An hour after hour passed while I waited, full dressed, the arrival of Stuart's promised conveyance and message, I repeatedly sent my courier out into the street, but the report was always, "Nothing heard of the General yet." The battle seemed raging in the immediate vicinity, and the shells bursting right over the village, when, to my great joy, my Prussian friend Captain Scheibert entered my room. At the first news of my misfortune, he had hastened from the distant headquarters of our army, bringing along with him General Longstreet's private ambulance, which the latter had placed at my disposal, sending me at the same time many kind messages urging me to start at once. This I declined to do, however, as I was anxious to hear from General Stuart, for whose safety I entertained apprehensions. At last Captain Clarke, temporarily attached to our staff, galloped in and informed me that General Stuart, wishing to avoid my being moved unnecessarily, and hoping to be able to hold his ground for a day longer, had delayed his message as long as possible; but the Federal cavalry, strongly supported by infantry, having suddenly attacked with

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overwhelming numbers, he had been forced to a precipitate retreat, which rendered it necessary that I should be moved away without an instant's delay. It was certainly a moment of no small excitement, when, after a cordial leave-taking with my kind host, I was carried by my friends to the ambulance, in the midst of shells bursting in the streets, and crashing through the house-tops, fugitives rushing wildly by, wounded men crawling out of the way, riderless horses galloping distractedly about, whilst close at hand were heard the triumphant shouts of the pursuing foe. As my condition would not admit of my being conveyed so far as the infantry reserves, which were eight miles away in the direction of the Shenandoah, it was decided that I should be carried to Mr. B.'s plantation, not more than two miles off, which, being only accessible by a small road, it was hoped the enemy would not visit. Turning to the left after leaving Upperville, we had, on our way thither, to pass for a short distance along the main road, whence I could see a great part of the battle-field, and our men everywhere in rapid retreat; the Federals in hot pursuit, being not more than 500 yards from us, and their bullets frequently whizzing round our ears. The ambulance-driver did his best to get out of the way, while Scheibert and my servant Henry, who was leading my horses, in trying to keep up with us, presented a scene in which over-anxiety assumed a comical aspect. The Captain with the flat of his sword was thrashing the mule Kitt, who was kicking and plunging in an obstinate mood, while Henry in front was dragging her forward, and answering the Captain's intimations, that he was doing more harm than good, with a grin of obtuse satisfaction. At last Mr. B.'s plantation was reached without accident, and we found the proprietor waiting for us at the gate. He was very willing to receive me into his house, but insisted, to avoid discovery, that my ambulance and escort should leave as quickly as possible, and, while I was being carried into the mansion by two old negroes, I saw them just plunging amidst the dense foliage of the neighbouring woods. A room was prepared for me on the ground-floor; and, so utterly exhausted was I, it was almost in a fainting condition that I fell upon the bed. Scarcely, however, had I been half an hour there, when I was awakened by the trampling of horses and the rattling of sabre-scabbards, and an old servant entered, telling me in a whisper that the Yankees had come, and were surrounding the house. This alarming intelligence darted like an electric shock through my frame; and knowing that to be captured in my shattered state would be certain death, I resolved, with desperate energy, not to die without resistance. I reached down my arms with a painful effort, and placing my unsheathed sword and revolver, ready cocked, on the bed, prepared to shoot down the first of the enemy's troopers who should enter. Fully convinced that my last hour was come, I lay waiting to see the Yankees come in every moment; but although I could hear them talking, and see them passing to and fro on the verandah, through the jalousies of the window, close to which my bed was placed, I was astonished to find they did not make their appearance. After about half an hour of the most thrilling anxiety, all seemed to have become suddenly quiet again; and my kind-hearted host made his appearance, with the news that the Federals had gone for the present, but were still in the neighbourhood, and had stationed a picket on a hill a few hundred yards off. He added that the hostile soldiers, whose hearts he had won by a liberal supply of every kind of refreshment, had mentioned that they had been searching every house in Upper-

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ville and the vicinity for a prominent Confederate (supposed for some time to be Stuart himself),* who had fallen severely wounded, but that to all appearance he had died, and his body had been buried by the rebels previous to their retreat. The rest of the evening passed rapidly away, nor were we again disturbed by the Federal soldiers, one or two only coming on separate occasions to fetch milk or other eatables. Next morning I was greatly surprised at the appearance of my servant Henry, who, in his anxiety about my fate, had crossed over from the opposite side of the Shenandoah, where he had left my horses in safety, and hiding the mule in the woods about a mile off, had managed to steal unobserved through the Federal lines. I was quite touched at the fidelity of my negro, who sat all day at my bedside, anxiously watching every breath I drew. Later in the evening, to my great astonishment and delight, I received a visit from Dr. Eliason, who informed us that the enemy was retreating, Stuart having retaken Upperville, and being in pursuit of the Federals in the direction of Middleburg. The Doctor was satisfied with my progress towards recovery, and told me if I reached the ninth day, he believed my wound would get quite well. The following day my friends from all parts of the army called in large numbers, among them Generals Stuart, Hampton, and Robertson; and I was delighted to have recovered my voice sufficiently to thank them for all their kindness and friendship. General Longstreet sent his three doctors, with all of whom I was intimate, and they brought me a message from him, stating that he was sorry he could not come himself, but that he would have advanced a whole division to get me out of the enemy's hands had they not retreated. Our army had in the mean time continued steadily advancing through the valley; and on the 25th all our troops left the vicinity of Upperville to march onward to the Potomac, leaving me behind, sad that I was no longer able to share in their fatigues, their dangers, and their glory.

THE LAST EIGHTEEN MONTHS OF MY STAY IN THE CONFEDERACY—DEPARTURE FOR RICHMOND, AND SOJOURN AT THE CAPITAL AND IN THE VICINITY—WINTER 1863-64—STUART'S DEATH—DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND.

Henceforward my strength improved very rapidly; the outer wound had nearly closed; from only being able to swallow a little cream I could now take more substantial food, and was allowed to sit up an hour or two in the verandah to enjoy the cool aromatic breeze travelling hither from the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains. Every kindness was shown me by Mr. B. and his family, and I received many kind messages from the ladies of the neighbourhood, who sent me nosegays every day; so that I should have felt perfectly happy had not my mind been troubled with the thought of being away from my comrades, and had not, moreover, the frequency of the Federal scouting parties crossing the Potomac rendered it dangerous that I should remain, my presence having become much more widely known in the vicinity. After postponing my departure several times I at last took leave of my kind hosts, and started off in an ambulance which General Robertson had placed at my disposal, accompanied

* The same story was published afterwards in the Northern papers. "The big Prussian rebel, who was Stuart's right arm," they said, "had been killed at last, and his body buried at Upperville."

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by a courier who had been detached to me, and by Henry with my horses. The journey to Culpepper was a tedious one, and the jolting of the ambulance along the rough roads was so painful, that I had to ride on horseback the greater part of the way. I arrived, however, without accident, except, indeed, the upsetting of my vehicle in the swollen waters of the Hazel river, through which I lost all my traps, with the exception of my arms and a little bag in which I kept my diary, and which I saved by jumping into the foaming stream at the imminent peril of my life. Leaving Henry with my horses behind me at Culpepper, I went in a hand-car to Orange, and thence by rail to Richmond, where I met with a kind and cordial reception under the hospitable roof of Mr. P., which for some time was to become my home. With the heat of the month of June my sufferings commenced, and were greatly aggravated by the conflicting rumours which reached me from Lee's army after the battle of Gettysburg. I could scarcely draw my breath, and coughed continually night and day, bringing up quantities of blood with small fragments of the shattered rings of my windpipe, and pieces of clothing which the bullet had carried along with it. I was frequently attacked with fits of suffocation, which sometimes came upon me while walking in the street, and were so violent that I had to be carried home in a state of insensibility resembling death. At last my doctor, who had but little hope of my recovery, recommended me to try the effects of country air; and having received pressing invitations from my friends at Dundee, in Hanover County, I went there towards the end of August. The very day after my arrival, my attacks, accompanied by severe fever, became so violent, that I was prostrated on a sick-bed for two long months, every day of which my kind friends expected would be my last. The natural strength of my constitution, however, carried me through all these trials; and about the middle of October I was allowed to leave my room, but reduced to a skeleton, having lost ninety pounds in weight, and so weak I had to be carried about in a chair. On the first day I left my bed, I was startled by the report that a body of Federals was approaching the house; and dreading the danger of capture more than the consequences of exposure, I insisted, against the earnest entreaties of my friends, on immediate departure. A fatiguing ride in a buggy over eighteen miles of rough road to Richmond, produced, as was anticipated, a relapse, and I was again laid prostrate for nearly two months, during which I received the kindest attentions from the inhabitants of Richmond, principally Mr. and Mrs. P. and their family, at whose house I was staying, and who nursed and tended me as though I had been their own son. I had frequent tidings from General Stuart and my comrades, and received from the latter letters full of friendship and affection. In one of these he said: "My dear Von, my camp seems dull and deserted to me since you left. On the battle-field I do not know how to do without you, and I feel as if my right arm had been taken away from me." My chief had, even before I was wounded, tried to have me promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship, to which rank he considered me entitled, in consideration of my services, and the facility with which on several occasions I had shown I could handle large bodies of troops. These recommendations for promotion were approved by General Lee, and desired, I am proud to say, by all the officers and men of the cavalry corps; but the repeated applications made by my General with this object were as often rejected by the officials at Richmond, who hesitated, as it

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seemed, to promote a foreigner too rapidly. Great satisfaction, however, was afforded me by the public acknowledgment of my insignificant services, which took place during the month of January 1864, in the form of a joint resolution of thanks by both Houses of the Confederate Congress. Lafayette was the last foreigner to whom this honour was accorded in America, and out of courtesy the resolution was couched in the same words as had been used on that occasion, and which were as follows:—

"Whereas Major Heros Von Borcke of Prussia, Adjutant and Inspector-General of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, having left his own country to assist in securing the independence of ours, and by his personal gallantry on the field having won the admiration of his comrades, as well as of his Commanding General, all of whom deeply sympathise with him in his present sufferings from wounds received in battle, therefore—Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, that the thanks of Congress are due, and the same hereby tendered to Major Heros Von Borcke for his self-sacrificing devotion to our Confederacy, and for his distinguished services in support of our cause. Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to Major Von Borcke by the President of the Confederate States."

This document I received with a very flattering autograph letter from the President, which was followed by hundreds of congratulatory epistles from my comrades in the army, and from friends in all parts of the country. My health was progressing but slowly, although I daily gained strength, and I was gradually recovering the use of my left arm, the revivification of which, however, was attended with severe nervous pain. The winter in Richmond passed gaily away amidst a succession of balls, dinner-parties, and private theatricals; and being in my invalid state an object of sympathy, I had the luxury of being much petted by the fair residents and visitors of the capital. I had frequently the pleasure of seeing Stuart during the winter months, and once or twice visited him in his camp near Culpepper, where I was received on all hands, from the General down to the last courier, with so much tender attention that I was deeply touched, and felt it hard to tear myself from the gallant fellows to whom I was attached by so many ties of past association. As my health grew stronger I tried repeatedly, after the opening of the spring campaign, to take the field again, but each time I was severely punished for my imprudence by being thrown upon a sick-bed for weeks, and I had to confine my ambition to the discharge of office duty in Richmond, while General Lee was fighting the grand battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, and Stuart was adding to his fame by new victories.

On the morning of the 11th of May 1864, Richmond was thrown once more into a state of excitement by the rapid advance against it of the Federal cavalry under General Sheridan, who had managed to march round our lines. Several brigades of infantry hastened from the south side of the James river to the defence of the city; the militia was called out, and all expected that the outer lines of fortifications would every moment become the scene of a serious combat. Everything continued quiet, however, in that direction until about eleven o'clock, when a sudden cannonade sounded in the rear of the enemy—the indefatigable Stuart having followed in their track, and with the small force, which was all he had been able, owing to the rapid marching, to take with him, being now enabled to cut off the Federal line of retreat. The sound of our light guns, which I recognised so well, did not fail to rouse me into a state of excitement; and as an old war-

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horse prances and curvets at the shrill ringing of the trumpet, I felt the blood pour like electric fire through my veins, and rushed about in feverish uneasiness. I fancied I heard my sword rattling in its scabbard to summon me to the scene of conflict by my General's side; but, as I was separated from my own chargers, I tried to borrow a horse for the occasion from one of my many friends. All my endeavours to this effect, however, were in vain; everybody had already hastened to the front, and, unable to bear the suspense any longer, I impressed by force one of the horses from the first Government team I came across, and, throwing my saddle on its back, hurried off to the scene of action. The animal I had laid hold of was a miserable little pony, but I managed to spur him forward at a tolerably swift pace; and rapidly passing our double line of entrenchments, I soon reached our last infantry pickets, where I endeavoured to ascertain the exact position of our own troops and of the enemy. As the hostile force lay immediately between ours, it was not easy to get this information; but a road was pointed out to me with such assurance that it would take me to General Stuart without bringing me into collision with the Yankees, that I galloped along it with very little precaution, and had just crossed over a bridge, when, from the woods on the right and left, a scattered band of Federal cavalry bore down upon me with loud shouts, firing their revolvers at me, and demanding my surrender. I immediately turned my pony's head round and galloped off to the rear with all the speed I could, and an exciting chase now ensued for several miles, till it was put a stop to by the fire of our pickets, whom I reached completely exhausted, and thoroughly surprised at my narrow escape. It was sufficiently evident, by the sound of the firing, that Stuart was hardly pressed, and I hastened at once to General Bragg, commanding our infantry, which, from a succession of reinforcements, was now of considerable strength, begging him at once to advance several brigades to the assistance of Stuart. The cautiousness characteristic of that general, however, induced him to resist my appeals, and finding further effort useless, I slowly retraced my steps to Richmond. The rapid run and the excitement of my pursuit had proved too much for my strength, and I had scarcely reached the outskirts of the town, when, as I approached a friend's house, the blood began to stream from my mouth, and I was carried, half fainting, to my temporary domicile at Mr. P.'s, where I was immediately put to bed. After a long and refreshing sleep, I was awakened suddenly about daybreak by the voice of Dr. Brewer, Stuart's brother-in-law, who informed me that my General had been wounded severely, and carried during the night to his place, where he was anxious to see me. Forgetting my own condition at these sad tidings, I dressed myself in a few minutes and hastened to the bedside of my dear friend, whom I found in a small room of the Doctor's house, surrounded by most of the members of his staff. He received me with a smile, saying, "I am glad you've come, my dear Von; you see they've got me at last; but don't feel uneasy. I don't think I'm so badly wounded as you were, and I hope I shall get over it as you did." He then recounted to me all the incidents of the combat, and the manner in which he had been wounded. Hoping every hour to hear of General Bragg's attack, which in all probability would have resulted in the annihilation of the whole force of the enemy, he had successfully resisted their efforts to break through his lines, and for more than six hours had fought with eleven hundred men against eight thousand. At about four o'clock, the Federals succeeded by

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a general charge in breaking and driving back one of our regiments which General Stuart was rallying in an open field. When continuing their advance, the enemy were met by the 1st Virginia and driven back again in confusion. Seeing near him some of the dismounted Federal cavalry, who were running off on the opposite side of a high fence, Stuart rode up to them calling on them to surrender, and firing at them as they continued their flight. He had just discharged the last barrel of his revolver when the hindmost of the fugitives, coming close up to the fence, fired his revolver at him, the ball taking effect in the lower part of the stomach and traversing the whole body. Stuart, finding himself severely wounded, and the enemy at the same time renewing their attack, turned his charger quickly round and galloped half a mile further to the rear, where he was taken from his horse nearly insensible from the loss of blood, and sent in an ambulance to Richmond. During the early part of the morning, the General felt comparatively easy, and the physician entertained great hope that the wound might not prove fatal. Towards noon, however, a change took place for the worse, and our fears began to be greatly excited. About this time President Davis visited the prostrate hero; taking his hand, the President said, "General, how do you feel?" He replied, "Easy, but willing to die if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny and done my duty." As evening approached mortification set in, and no hopes could any longer be entertained. He became delirious, and his mind wandered over the battle-fields where he had fought, then to his wife and children, and again to the front. Mrs. Stuart was absent with her children in the country, and several messages had been despatched informing her of her husband's state, and urging her instant return to Richmond; and in the intervals of relief from pain and delirium, the General frequently inquired if she had not yet come, beginning now to doubt the possibility of his recovery. About five o'clock the General asked Dr. Brewer, his brother-in-law, how long he thought it possible he could live, and whether he could survive through the night; and being told that death was rapidly approaching, he nodded, and said, "I am resigned, if it be God's will; but I should like to see my wife. But God's will be done." He then made his last dispositions, and took leave of us all, I being the last. I had been sitting on his bed, holding his hand in mine, and handing him the ice, which he ate in great abundance, and which was applied to his burning hot wounds to cool them. Drawing me towards him, and grasping my hand firmly, he said, "My dear Von, I am sinking fast now, but before I die I want you to know that I never loved a man as much as yourself. I pray your life may be long and happy; look after my family after I'm gone, and be the same true friend to my wife and children that you have been to me." These were the last connected words he spoke; during the next few hours the paroxysms of pain became more frequent and violent, until at about seven o'clock death relieved the suffering hero from his agonies. Poor Mrs. Stuart arrived an hour after the General's death. Of all the messages sent to her, my telegram alone had reached; but the operator hearing, after I had left the office, that Stuart was getting better, altered the words "the General is dangerously wounded," and substituted "slightly wounded." The poor lady arrived at Dr. Brewer's house, unaware of her husband's death; and when, on asking if she could see the General, and receiving an affirmative answer, she rushed upstairs, expecting to find him alive, it was only in the most cruel manner, by the spectacle of her husband's cold pale brow, that she learned the terrible misfortune

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which had befallen her and her children. I myself mourned my chief as deeply as if I had lost a beloved brother; and so many of my friends being soon after called away, I really felt possessed with a longing that I might die myself. On the evening of the 13th, in the midst of the roaring of the enemy's cannon, which reached us from Drewry's Bluff, we carried Stuart's remains to the beautiful cemetery at Hollywood, near Richmond, where he lies in a simple grave by the side of his beloved little daughter Flora. Of a calm summer evening I frequently rode out to this quiet spot, sitting for hours on my leader's grave, recalling his excellent qualities, and musing over the many glorious battles through which we had fought side by side.

General Lee announced the death of General Stuart in the following order:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, *May* 20, 1864.

"The Commanding General announces to the army with heartfelt sorrow the death of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, late Commander of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. Among the gallant soldiers who have fallen in this war, General Stuart was second to none in valour, in zeal, in unflinching devotion to his country. His achievements form a conspicuous part of the history of this army, with which his name and services will be forever associated. To military capacity of a high order, and all the noble virtues of the soldier, he added the brighter graces of a pure life, sustained by the Christian's faith and hope. The mysterious hand of an all-wise God has removed him from the scene of usefulness and fame. His grateful countrymen will mourn his loss and cherish his memory. To his comrades in arms he left the proud recollection of his deeds, and the inspiring influence of his example.

"R. E. LEE, General."

My grief at the death of Stuart, and the excitement of the last few days, had a very injurious effect on my health for months afterwards, and again I had to resign the hope of once more taking the field. During the month of June, General Randolph wrote to General Lee in the name of several prominent citizens, by whom, as well as by himself, it was considered a measure of safety for the capital, requesting that I might be put in command of a brigade of cavalry, to be stationed near Richmond. This application was strongly seconded by General Hampton, Stuart's worthy successor, and by General Lee himself, but it was rejected at the War-Office, on the score of my health, and an infantry officer was afterwards put in command of the same troops. Under these circumstances, instead of doing service in the field I had to spend the summer and autumn in light duties, inspections, &c., filling up the rest of my time with visits to friends in the mountains in Virginia, where my poor suffering lungs had the benefit of the cool aromatic breezes. As winter approached, a proposal already mooted several times—namely, that of sending me abroad on Government duty, but which, till then, I had always refused, hoping soon to be able to go into active campaigning—was renewed. There being very little chance of active service during the cold weather, and General Hampton, General Lee, and President Davis, urging me to go on a mission for the Government to England, I at last yielded to their wishes, hoping to be back for the spring campaign. My commanding officer had in the mean time urgently requested that my rank should be raised to that of Colonel, and the day before my departure I had the gratification of receiving my promotion from the hands of the President. After a tedious journey of four days and four nights, I reached Wilmington on

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I'm a [illegible] and dry,
[illegible] sour;
[illegible] with jaundiced eye,
What [illegible] a joyous hour:
[illegible] my little Bill,
[illegible] boys to flog,
[illegible] ME—to *prevent* YOU—
[illegible] a glass of grog.
Yes, I have my little Bill, &c.

I'm a [illegible] used up,
[illegible] the shelf;
[illegible] You still dine and sup,
[illegible] myself;
[illegible] this little Bill,
[illegible] sets us now agog,
[illegible] ME—to *prevent* YOU—
[illegible] a glass of grog.
Yes, I bring out this little Bill, &c.

[illegible] means enough
[illegible] a pipe of wine;
[illegible] a glass of humbler stuff
[illegible] when you dine;
[illegible] my little Bill.
[illegible] well my prog,
[illegible] ME—to *prevent* YOU—
[illegible] a glass of grog.
Yes, I use my little Bill. &c.

[illegible] drink a sober drop,
[illegible] the bottle drain;
[illegible] don't know when to stop,
[illegible] to "abstain;"
[illegible] I've my Permissive Bill,
[illegible] suits a drunken dog,
[illegible] ME—to *prevent* YOU—
[illegible] taking a glass of grog.
O! yes, I've my Permissive Bill, &c.

[illegible] well a man behaves,
[illegible] joys he now must lose;
[illegible] a lot of fools or knaves
[illegible] them, or abuse:
[illegible] you'll see a bigger Bill,
[illegible] the total hog,
[illegible] ME—to *prevent* YOU—
[illegible] Mirth as well as Grog.

[illegible] a big Permissive Bill,
[illegible] the Total Hog,
[illegible] ME—to *prevent* YOU—
[illegible] Liberty, Mirth, or Grog.

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IV.

A man may own a large estate,
  Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth, but honest worth,
  Be thrice a man for a' that:
And Donald herding on the muir,
  Who beats his wife, and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
  Nor half a man for a' that.

V.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
  The truth is old, and a' that
"The rank *is* but the guinea's stamp,
  The man's the gold, for a' that."
And though you'd put the minted mark
  On copper, brass, and a' that—
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
  And will not pass for a' that.

VI.

For a' that, and a' that,
  'Tis soul and heart and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
  And not his crown and a' that.
And man with man, if rich or poor,
  The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect, in self-respect,
  And acts the man for a' that.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

A NEW SONG.

"PRAY, what is this Permissive Bill,
  That some folks rave about?
I can't, with all my pains and skill,
  Its meaning quite make out."
O! it's a little simple Bill,
  That seeks to pass *incog.*,
To *permit* ME—to *prevent* YOU—
  From having a glass of grog.
    Yes! it's a little simple Bill, &c.

We both just now may eat and swill,
  Or let the last alone:
And each is free to have his will,
  And spare or spend his own.
But this is a Permissive Bill,
  To impose a little clog,
And *permit* ME—to *prevent* YOU—
  From having a glass of grog.
    O! yes, a more Permissive Bill, &c.

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If I'm a Quaker sly and dry,
Or Presbyterian sour;
And look on all, with jaundiced eye,
Who love a joyous hour:
O! here I have my little Bill,
You naughty boys to flog,
And *permit* ME—to *prevent* YOU—
From having a glass of grog.
O! yes, I have my little Bill, &c.

If I'm a fogie quite used up,
And laid upon the shelf;
Who grudge that You still dine and sup,
As I was wont myself;
Then I bring out this little Bill,
Which sets us now agog,
To *permit* ME—to *prevent* YOU—
From having a glass of grog.
Yes, I bring out this little Bill, &c.

If I have wealth or means enough
To import a pipe of wine;
While You a glass of humbler stuff
Must purchase when you dine;
O! then I use my little Bill,
While wetting well my prog,
To *permit* ME—to *prevent* YOU—
From buying a glass of grog.
O! yes, I use my little Bill, &c.

If You can drink a sober drop,
While I the bottle drain;
And as I don't know when to stop,
I'm ordered to "abstain;"
O! then I've my Permissive Bill,
Which suits a drunken dog,
To *permit* ME—to *prevent* YOU—
From taking a glass of grog.
O! yes, I've my Permissive Bill, &c.

However well a man behaves,
Life's joys he now must lose;
Because a lot of fools or knaves
Dislike them, or abuse:
And soon you'll see a bigger Bill,
To go the total hog,
And *permit* ME—to *prevent* YOU—
Having Mirth as well as Grog.

(*Chorus*)—O! yes, a big Permissive Bill,
To go the Total Hog,
And *permit* ME—to *prevent* YOU—
Having Liberty, Mirth, or Grog.

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THE POLITICAL CRISIS.

Before addressing ourselves to the crisis at which public affairs have arrived, with a view to discover some way of escape from a pressing difficulty, if escape be yet possible, it is necessary that we should take a rapid survey of the causes leading up to our present position, and especially that we should advert to the direction into which the debate on the Franchise Bill fell, just before, at an early hour on the morning of the 29th of last April, it came to a close.

The crisis in the government of this country in which we find ourselves at this moment involved may be attributed directly to three main causes. First, to the inordinate exclusiveness and self-conceit of the present head of a Liberal Administration; second, to the false position, aggravated by lack of temper and judgment, in which the present leader of the House of Commons stands; and, third, to the control over public affairs which, in consequence of these two incidents, the Radical or advanced section of the Liberal party have succeeded in establishing. In regard to the first of these causes, it may be sufficient to observe that, had Lord Russell been, more than he is, a man of the world—had he lived, as the Prime Minister of England ought to do, and as his predecessor did, with people of all shades of political opinion—had he even cultivated the best of his own colleagues, Sir George Lewis, for example, the late Duke of Newcastle, and Sidney Herbert, while he had them to cultivate—nay, had he been modest enough when starting upon his new career to feel the pulses of the Westminsters, the Lansdownes, the Fitzwilliams, and suchlike, he would have discovered that neither the Whig governing houses, nor the middle classes, nor the best of the working men of England and Scotland, have any love at all of revolutions for their own sake; and that a measure of Parliamentary Reform, since some measure of the kind had become, for him, a necessity, could not be made too mild to suit their tastes, or too conservative of the legitimate influence of property to command their willing support. Indeed we may go farther. If Lord Russell's power of looking out of himself had not been the most contracted that ever fell to the share of a public man, it seems incredible that he should have failed, after the experience of the last seven years, to discover that the great Whig families, his natural and hereditary allies, were perfectly satisfied with their own constitutional settlement of 1832. They might, and probably did feel, that their personal influence over the constituencies, which the settlement in question had created, was not so preponderating as it ought to have been, or as it was intended to be. But, attributing the circumstance rather to mismanagement in high places than to any deliberate inclination among the ten-pounders to lapse into Toryism, their sole anxiety was to find leaders with tact enough to manipulate the House of Commons as it existed, not to undo the work of thirty years ago, at the risk of being drifted in the process they knew not whither. If proof were required to establish that fact, Lord Russell might have found it in the relative positions of himself and of Lord Palmerston towards the Liberal party, and in her Majesty's Government. Lord Russell is a Whig of the purest water, the descendant and representative of him who, as Liberal historians tell us, died upon the scaffold, a martyr to the cause of liberty. Lord Palmerston was nothing of the sort. A Tory of the Tories during the best portion of his days, he passed over in

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middle life to the Liberals, and gradually but surely supplanted in their confidence the very man who won for them the commanding position which they still hold in the State. By sheer dint of practical ability, by consummate knowledge of the world, and marvellous adroitness, Lord Palmerston supplanted Lord John Russell among his own set, and worked himself up to become, not only the chosen of the Whigs, but the most popular, as well as the most powerful, Minister of recent times. And he achieved that proud station, and kept it, not only without bringing about any further changes in the constitution of the country, but by skilfully evading the attempts of others to force them upon him. Parliamentary Reform was no nostrum of his at any time. He had seen enough of it in 1832, and fully understood that it had gone out of favour with all the natural chiefs of his new party. He was never averse, indeed, to make use of it as a weapon wherewith to restrain and defeat the Tories; but he no more entertained a serious thought of staking his own political existence on the fate of any particular measure than he meditated transferring himself, as he transferred Lord John Russell, from the turmoil of the House of Commons to the comparative repose of the House of Lords. Now, Lord Russell either could not, or would not, see all this. He could not be made to understand that he was himself the main cause of that decadence in influence of which the Revolution houses so often complained, but, attributing the circumstance entirely to the ingratitude of the ten-pounders, he could think of no other remedy for the evil than that which he now seeks to apply to it. Hence his repeated efforts to force Lord Palmerston into a course of legislation which that sagacious old man knew very well the country did not desire. And hence that *furor* for lowering the franchise with which, ever since he ceased to be Prime Minister for the second time, he has been possessed. He could not see that his own lack of administrative skill — his own inability to understand public opinion, and to direct, while he appeared to follow it—lay at the root of all his failures. He attributed these failures to the loudest independence of the very constituencies which he had been the instrument of calling into existence, and he was resolved at once to punish them and to restore his own influence by swamping them with voters of a lower class, who, for his day at least, would be true to their political benefactor, whatever course it might please them to follow after he should have quitted the stage.

It may be convenient for Lord Russell, addressing his supporters in a private room, and for Mr. Gladstone endeavouring to carry the House of Commons along with him, to assign as the causes of their recent move the frequent promises enunciated by speeches from the throne and the repeated acceptance by successive Parliaments of the principle of Reform as a sound principle. Neither Lord Russell nor Mr. Gladstone can pretend ignorance of the fact that speeches from the throne are the mere announcements of policy which particular Administrations may have intended to follow, and that a pledge given by one Parliament — assuming that Parliament can pledge themselves to anything—is certainly not binding upon another. Were the case otherwise, progress in legislation would be impossible, because no pledge can be so strong as the passing of a bill into law; yet laws are set aside, and Acts of Parliament repealed, from session to session. We fall back, therefore, from these general platitudes to special facts when we say, that Lord Russell's inability to read the signs of the times has been the primary instrument of landing us where we are. In his inordinate self-conceit, he assumed

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that the great Whig families were his own—body and soul; that they could not but see things exactly in the light which it suited his purpose to shed upon them; and that the single risk of failure lay in the possible revolt of the Radicals, whom it thus became a point of the greatest importance to conciliate. And conciliated he believed them to be, when Mr. Forster and Mr. Childers became Government officials, and Mr. Goschen passed, *per saltum*, into the Cabinet. But there again Lord Russell's narrowness of vision misled him. The Radicals might be pleased, the Whigs were not. On the contrary, the Cavendishes themselves had well-nigh jibbed under the outrage; and more than the Cavendishes, as facts have since shown, condemned the arrangement. Finally, his negotiations with Mr. Bright, no longer a mystery in any quarter, offended both the self-respect and the patriotism of the best of his own party. For Whigs of the school to which Lords Lansdowne and Westminister belong, have as little appetite for American institutions as we have; and are no more disposed to be dictated to by the member for Birmingham, whether on the subject of Parliamentary Reform or any other subject, than the highest of high Tories. Hence the breach, on a late occasion, in the great Liberal party, a catastrophe for which Lord Russell has himself mainly to thank.

So much for the first of the three causes which have operated to bring about the anomalous and delicate state of things in which the country finds itself. Now for a word or two in regard to the second.

Mr. Gladstone, in spite of his eloquence—perhaps, in some degree, because of his eloquence—is not, and never has been, a favourite with the great Whig houses. In the first place, he does not belong to their set. He is neither an aristocrat by birth, nor an original professor of their opinions; and no convert to Whiggery, unless he be either a Lord or a great Commoner, need expect to be regarded by the most exclusive of all European aristocracies except as an inferior. Lord Palmerston, no doubt, was, equally with Mr. Gladstone, a late convert to Whiggery; yet he rose, after a while, as we have just shown, to be the recognised leader of the party. But then through Lord Palmerston's veins the blue blood of the Temples circulated; and we must not forget that the Temples, though in his branch of the family Tories for sixty years and more, had all originally been Whigs. Mr. Gladstone could advance no such claims upon Whig acceptance as these. The son of a successful merchant who began life in a shipbuilding house at Leith, Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament in 1832 under the patronage of Sir Robert Peel, whose adherent he continued to be, in Opposition, throughout ten long years—whom he aided to eject a Liberal Administration in 1842, and with whom, as a Tory, he co-operated in establishing that policy of free trade and direct taxation for which the Liberals, with astounding audacity, claim the exclusive credit. But this is not all; the Whigs know as well as we do that personal rancour had much more to say to Mr. Gladstone's conversion than any sense of duty to his country. Had Mr. Disraeli ceased after 1846 to be a member of the Legislature, Mr. Gladstone would have been seated, at this moment, on the front bench beside Lord Stanley, either as a member of a Tory Government, or as one of the leaders of a Tory Opposition. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, labours under two disadvantages, either of which would be strong enough of itself to damage the cordiality of his reception into the old Whig clique. A plebeian convert is a convert to be welcomed, but welcomed to the outer circle only. A convert on feeling is a danger-

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ous man, because the principle of his conversion being a volatile principle, he is liable at any moment to be carried away by it, either back again into the set which caprice induced him to abandon, or far beyond those limits of Liberalism which Whigs have set for themselves.

It may be objected to all this, that the late Lord Macaulay was, equally with Mr. Gladstone, a plebeian and a convert, yet that he won the confidence of the whole Liberal party, and never afterwards lost it. True, he did so, but the cases are not parallel.

Mr. Gladstone labours under more than the two disadvantages here alluded to, and in the third he offers a remarkable contrast to the late Lord Macaulay. Lord Macaulay's origin was quite as humble as that of Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Macaulay himself was, equally with Mr. Gladstone, a convert from Toryism to Liberalism. But, in the first place, Macaulay's conversion occurred before he entered public life at all; and in the next, it was not attributable to jealousy or personal dislike of a rival. As to his pedigree, it may suffice to explain that his grandfather, an honest and industrious man, lived and died in obscurity on the estate of Balachulish in Appin. The son made his way to London, where in due time he became Zachary Macaulay, Esq., one of the leading merchants of the city, and the friend and coadjutor of Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Buxton in putting a stop to the slave-trade. So far, therefore, Tom Babington's start was a better start than that of Mr. Gladstone. His father's politics, moreover, were Liberal Toryism—very liberal for the age in which he lived. His connection was with the saints—at all times and in all circumstances a powerful connection in this country. And as to Tom himself, his Toryism appears to have died quite out with the close of his undergraduate career. Indeed, it never went beyond a speech in the debating society of Cambridge condemnatory of the execution of Charles I., and was speedily atoned for by an essay on Milton in the 'Edinburgh Review, the earliest, we believe, which the future historian ever printed. The speech was forgotten; the article attracted a large measure of attention. The doors of Holland House were at once thrown open to the author. The Whigs took him up. Besides, Tom Babington Macaulay was not then, nor ever afterwards became, too ambitious as a statesman. He aspired to lead no party. He was content to be brought into Parliament; to speak when instructed as to do; to accept a mission to India, where he saved a good deal of money, and to join a Whig Ministry after his return, in the comparatively humble post of Paymaster-General to the Forces. His strength lay in literature, and he knew it; and the Whigs, knowing it likewise, humoured him, petted and applauded. The facts, therefore, that he was a convert and a mere *novus homo*, never stood in his way; and his advancement to the Peerage before he died, while it gratified his vanity, became a glory to the Whigs. It enabled them to boast that they had been the first to pay so marked a tribute of respect to high literary reputation. The case of Mr. Gladstone is very different. His strength is in the House of Commons. He makes politics his business, literature his amusement only. To guide her Majesty's councils, to be the leader of her Majesty's faithful Commons—these are the objects of his ambition; and his Whig allies, in spite of all that is said to the contrary in the magazines and newspapers under their control, are by no means satisfied that his ambition should be gratified. They think with fond regret of the time when Sheridan was treated by their fathers as a mere auxiliary; and

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Burke himself looked no higher than to hold office as paymaster-General. A cruel contrast to all this they find in being lorded over by an entirely new man; and he, too, *proh pudor!* only a convert of yesterday, if a convert at all, to their hereditary principles. No doubt the evil is without remedy. Mr. Gladstone has made himself a necessity to the Liberals. But no one becomes reconciled to an incident hateful in itself because it is inevitable, and very few can bring themselves to abstain from constant efforts to escape from it. Thus Mr. Gladstone, because he is Mr. Gladstone—the brilliant orator whom all admire, the great financier whom the Jews and the Manchester men, are supposed to trust—is, *per se*, anything but a pleasant accession to the Whig governing clique. And when, to all this, we add his unhappy temper, his impulsiveness, his recklessness, his unguarded freedom of speech, it may fairly admit of a question, whether he or the ostensible head of the Administration has contributed in the largest measure to bring about the unprecedented state of affairs amid which the government of the country seems to be in danger of coming to a dead-lock.

If the Whigs feel Mr. Gladstone's leadership to be a yoke round their necks, Mr. Gladstone is known to be little satisfied with their ill-concealed impatience under that yoke. The consequence is, that he becomes day by day more impracticable in counsel, just as day by day the House of Commons finds him to be more impetuous and overbearing in debate. His great object with his colleagues manifestly is to make them understand that, as a member of the existing Administration, he is of far more importance to them than they to him. Is it not the fact that he might have been, had he chosen, the leader of the Tory party, at all events, in the House of Commons? Can they deny that Lord Derby twice suspended his ministerial arrangements till he could ascertain whether Mr. Gladstone was or was not prepared to take part in them? And is it to be doubted that the faintest indication on his part of a desire to go back to his first love would be hailed as a godsend by the chiefs of the Conservative party? He does not, therefore, sit among the Whigs to be dictated to, but to dictate, because they must all feel that the Government would not last a day were he to withdraw from it. Now, as in Cabinets just as in ordinary life, men are taken at the value which they put upon themselves, so the Liberal Administration has been wrought upon to accept all this rhodomontade as gospel truth. They remember no more than that Lord Derby did, on two separate occasions, make advances more urgent than was judicious to their new ally. They forget that, in the days to which their memories revert, Mr. Gladstone had by no means developed into what he now is; and they overlook the fact that, being what he is, there can be no more amicable relations, nor any advance towards them, between him and the supporters of principles which he impugns and assails on every possible occasion. Let us not forget to add, moreover, that the great gulf which now divides him from Conservatism in any form was but partially displayed till he had ceased to be the chosen of Oxford. He was still member for the University, and connected by that silken thread with the opinions of his earlier life, and with the men who continued to hold them, when he forced Lord Palmerston to accept his ill-advised measure for the repeal of the paper duties, and kept back the Government from acknowledging, in conjunction with the French Emperor, the independence of the Southern States of America. And this connection it was, and this alone, which secured for him so much of forbearance out of Parlia-

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ment as well as in it; because many wise and good men, while they condemned particular acts, forgave the actor, believing him to be staunch on points even more vital than the mismanagement of the revenue and the sacrifice of a powerful foreign alliance. It was not so with the best of his colleagues in the Administration. These would have retained the paper duties in spite of him, and acknowledged the independence of the South, just as at a later period they would have interposed to save Denmark had not the head of the Administration prevailed upon them to surrender their own judgments, just as he surrendered his, for the sake of peace. But sacrifices of this sort are not made without leaving ugly scars behind them; and Mr. Gladstone, being quite alive to that fact, took his own line, and has ever since kept it. He was aware, though others might not be, that he had broken for ever with the friends of his youth. The more aristocratic among his new friends had never been very cordial with him. They were now cold, if not positively hostile. He had only one course to follow if he desired to keep the ground which, against so many obstacles, he had won, and he entered upon it boldly and characteristically. His manifesto in favour of manhood suffrage, uttered in the last session of the late Parliament, placed him at once at the head of the democracy, and has enabled him ever since to exercise such an influence in Lord Russell's Administration as seriously to alarm those among the habitual supporters of Government who are not disposed to recast the constitution in a mould prepared for it by the honourable member for Birmingham. It was this feeling as much as anything else which induced Lord Grosvenor and his friends to oppose as they did the second reading of the Franchise Bill. For the severance of the Reform Bill into two measures was well known to be a mere concession to Radicalism, and to Radicalism aspiring to dictate a policy to the Government they were resolved to yield nothing.

Concerning the third cause of our present difficulties—the sort of dead-lock into which the Government of the country has fallen, we can hardly be required to say a single word. Every reader of this article may judge for himself as to the effect produced upon the state of parties by the expansion of ultra-Liberalism in high places ever since Lord Palmerston's death. Not that the country has ceased to be Conservative at heart. We doubt, on the contrary, whether the spirit of Conservatism has for very many years been so strong as at this moment it is among the middle and upper classes of society. But members of Parliament are distracted by the course which the Government is pursuing; and being, very many of them, new to the business of legislation, they allow themselves to be entrapped into the support of what appear to be party measures, though their deliberate judgment disapprove of them. If Mr. Bright had himself introduced the Franchise Bill, and asked the House to pass it in the terms made use of by Mr. Gladstone, can anybody doubt as to the sort of reception with which it would have been greeted? But Mr. Bright's measure, coming into Parliament under the auspices and with the advocacy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, assumes, as a matter of course, the character of a party measure; and a party measure, however full of defects, must by party men be supported, especially when an Administration goes out of its way to announce that it means to stand or fall according to the issues of a particular debate. Out of the 318 gentlemen who, on a late occasion, followed Mr. Gladstone into the lobby, two hundred at least, we will venture to say, did so, because the pressure of party

spirit was applied to them. Had the question not been made one of direct confidence, or want of confidence, in the Government, fifty or more out of these two hundred would have gone out with the Opposition. Now, a Government which has achieved a victory, and a very narrow one, by such means, is never safe. Men rarely forgive those by whom they have been humiliated; and humiliated every one of the 318 was who voted contrary to the dictates of his own judgment. This the Government cannot fail to understand, and it already begins to shape its course in accordance with such understanding. Trying to conciliate the Whigs, it is in danger of offending the Radicals. It was reckless of consequences to a fault three months ago; it is now falling into a state of pitiable imbecility. That we are taking no false view of the position any one may satisfy himself who submits to the trouble of analysing the state of parties at the late division, so as to observe of what elements both the minority and the majority were composed. Generally speaking, when the House divides, we find the more aristocratic members—those, we mean, who are either themselves connected by lineage with noble houses, or find their heartiest supporters among territorial magnates—pretty equally distributed between the Government and the Opposition. It is most desirable that the case should be so, because anything like a severance of class from class in this country would be terrible—leading not only to political, but to social, and even to bitter personal animosities. On the late occasion, however, we noticed, with little surprise but great regret, that a different order of things prevailed. Of the thirty-three Liberals who voted against the Bill, fourteen were the sons of Peers, four were cadets of noble houses, one was the heir-presumptive of a peerage, and the rest were gentlemen who almost exclusively owed their seats to the confidence reposed in them by great Whig houses. There is something in this very ominous either of good or evil. The omen would be good if we might confidently reckon on the retention by the whole band, or even by the majority of them, of the independent position which they took up six weeks ago; for in this case a nucleus would be presented round which a neutral party could gather, pledged to nothing except the maintenance of the constitution. And we are very much mistaken if a neutral party so begun would fail ere long to become of weight enough to direct the policy of whatever administration our most gracious Sovereign might call to her counsels. On the other hand, the omen will be evil in the extreme, if having so far prevailed as to compel Mr. Gladstone to show his hand, the thirty-three, or any large section of them, subside again into the condition of thick-and-thin supporters of Lord Russell's Administration. For then it will be shown that the spirit of the Revolution houses is broken, and that they prefer to be dragged at the chariot-wheels of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, rather than hand over for a while the functions of government to their hereditary rivals. We wish that we were in a condition to add that we believe the former alternative to be impossible. But the Government is well known to be using every possible device to lure back the stray sheep to the fold. We can only hope that their lures will fail, less for the sake of the tempted than for our own.

And now, turning to the great debate—for a great debate it was—we pass over speeches, especially that of Lord Cranbourne, which well deserve to be noticed, in order that we may confine our attention to the duel between the two leaders of the hostile armies, if, indeed, a duel that may be called wherein one of the combatants confined himself almost entirely to argu-

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ment—the other to passionate, and not in every instance to very wise or even candid declamation. Mr. Disraeli's speech, we do not hesitate to say, was one of the best-reasoned and most convincing that was ever uttered in the House of Commons. It utterly demolished all the nonsense that has been written and spoken about Ministerial promises and Parliamentary pledges. A Minister of the Crown may have a reform or any other policy to which he is attached, and to which he believes himself to be committed; and being committed, he is in honour bound, when the opportunity offers, to bring it forward. But failure to carry his measure, though it may constrain him to retire from office, affords no justification for perseverance in a course which Parliament has more than once refused to sanction, and for which it is impossible to get up any enthusiasm beyond the limits of Parliament. In like manner the freedom of Parliament does not consist in the freedom from arrest of its members individually, or in protection from interference with its collective debates by the Crown; but in absolute freedom of legislation—the entire right of each new Parliament to form its own judgment on whatever subjects may be brought before it, without giving more than their due weight to opinions which may have been expressed thereon by former Parliaments. It is thus, and thus alone, that the country can protect itself against the tyranny of those whom it may have once elected to frame the laws under which society is to exist. For if Philip sober is to be be bound by what Philip drunk affirmed, the more tenaciously Philip holds to his cups the better. Now Philip, meaning the present House of Commons, was not drunk at the moment of Mr. Disraeli's speaking; it was certainly not committed, either collectively or through its individual members, to a policy of Reform. On the contrary, the act of dissolution got rid at once and forever of the pledges, such as they were, under which the old Parliament had come; and the new one met to hear what the Minister might propose, and to deal with his proposals on this or any other subject just as might seem expedient, and on its own merits. But Mr. Disraeli had more to urge than this. The Government itself, at the time of the dissolution, went out of their way to explain that Reform had ceased to be the cardinal point of their policy:—

"It has been announced to us, and I would not have alluded to the fact, that before the dissolution of the late Parliament a Cabinet Council was held to consider the subject, and to decide upon the course which the Ministry should pursue. We know that the chief organ of the Government in this House, in the absence of the Prime Minister, informed us what the decision was at which the Cabinet had arrived on this subject. He told us that they had come to the conclusion that they would not go to the country on the question of Reform, or in any way pledge themselves in the matter. We know that, under these circumstances, the chief Minister issued that which in this country is looked upon as the programme or manifesto of a political party, that he addressed his constituents immediately afterwards, and that in his address even the word 'Reform' did not appear. We know also that, when the new Parliament assembled, the Government, in the exercise of their discretion, probably decided on submitting a measure of Reform to the consideration of the House of Commons, although they did not commit the House in the address from the Crown in a manner which would for a moment be construed as calling upon us for any expression of opinion on the question. Papers were promised, and it was announced that when those papers were produced the views of the Government would be laid before us. So far, therefore, as the present Parliament is concerned, every hon. member will, I think, concur with me in saying, that on both sides of the House we were perfectly free to act upon this subject in accordance with

those convictions which should guide us to take whatever course we deemed to be best for the country."

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Having thus disposed of the assumed necessity of dragging a new Parliament, at the very dawn of its existence, into a Reform struggle, Mr. Disraeli went on to deal with some of the most obvious objections to which the Franchise Bill proposed by the Government lay open; and among these he fastened with the grasp of a giant on the glaring injustice which the Bill in question would, if it were passed, inflict upon the landed interest. It would be unjust towards our readers, as well as hurtful to our own argument, as it will be our duty by-and-by to urge it, were we to give Mr. Disraeli's masterly reasoning in any other words than his own:—

"The Bill now before us proposes a very considerable reduction of the occupation-franchise in counties; and I want to show the House how that will act if the Bill, which is brought in as an incomplete Bill, is passed. And I wish to do that first, by showing the effect upon the proposed franchise in counties of the population of the Parliamentary boroughs. The House, perhaps, does not, as it ought to do, realise the increase in the population of the Parliamentary boroughs since the Act of 1832. It is very large. It is larger than the population of several European kingdoms. The increase in the Parliamentary boroughs is considerably over four millions, and the greater part of it is located without the boundaries of those boroughs. (Hear, hear.) I know it may be said that a considerable proportion of this increase is produced by the metropolitan districts. I think it is very likely that the greater part of the increase in the metropolitan districts may be comprised within the Parliamentary boroughs; although I have no doubt that the increase of the population in the metropolitan boroughs has very materially affected the contiguous counties of Essex, Surrey, and Kent. But I think it will lead to more precise results if we deduct the population in the metropolitan districts; and then there will be an increase of upwards of 3,000,000 in the population of the Parliamentary boroughs, much the greater part of which is located without the boundaries. I do not know that I could give a happier instance of this than the borough from which I presented a petition to-day—the borough which the Chancellor of the Exchequer referred to in his opening speech as a conclusive proof of the unsatisfactory position occupied by the working class in respect to the suffrage—the borough which was made the subject of comment in the admirable speech of my right hon. friend the member for Hertfordshire, and which also was made, by the hon. member for Birmingham the other night, the main ground upon which he urged the necessity of this Bill—I mean Rochdale. (Hear, hear.) I admit that when you remember the general character of the artisans of Rochdale—a most flourishing part of the country—when you remember the high reputation they enjoy for showing some of the greatest virtues which men in their position could exhibit, and when you remember the nominal share of votes which they appear from the papers before us to possess in the constituency of that borough—I admit that the case is one which immediately strikes you very much. But, sir, when I come to examine the question of the franchise, I find that the population of Rochdale without the Parliamentary borough is larger than the amount of the population contained within the boundary. (Hear, hear.) The boundary of the borough of Rochdale happens to be peculiarly limited. There is only a radius of three-quarters of a mile, and beyond that radius the population spreads over seven valleys in a most remarkable manner. It considerably exceeds the population of the town; and the great body of the workmen live in a part of Rochdale which is beyond the Parliamentary boundary. I have seen with some interest the statement that the mills belonging to the family of the hon. member for Birmingham, and some of the most distinguished establishments of that kind in the country, are all without the Parliamentary borough. They employ at this moment about 1000 hands; and I believe every one of those hands, without exception, live outside the Rochdale borough boundary. [Mr. Bright—'A great number live within the borough." ('Order.')] I am not going, sir, now to pursue this point with reference to

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the borough franchise, because that is really of little importance to my present argument; but it is with reference to the county franchise that it has to be considered. Here is a population of 40,000, 50,000, or even 60,000 without the boundary of the borough of Rochdale; and this is the population which is to produce the county voters under this Bill. (Hear, hear.) Remember that they will have only to live in £6 houses. If a man has a £6 house there—and a £14 house is, I believe, not a rare thing in that part of the world—but if he has a £6 house, with an accommodation field of £8 annual value, he may be a county voter. (Hear, hear.) No one would object to such persons having the suffrage; but is it not proper and just that they should vote where their capital exists and their industry is exercised? In the community of which they are members, and to which they are bound by every political and social tie, ought they not to be electors of Rochdale, and ought they to be electors for Yorkshire or Lancashire? That is the question, and I put it to every candid man whether this is a state of things that ought to be allowed to continue. (Cheers.) I believe the hon. member for Birmingham was once member for Rochdale [Mr. Bright—'No']—at all events he may be (a laugh)—and I put it to him what he would say if, at three o'clock, when he was not much ahead on the poll, and was a little anxious, a stalwart body of Lancashire farmers were to ride into the town, and, on the faith of some old-fashioned franchise, should give their votes in Rochdale election. Why, we should soon hear, I am sure, from the hon. member a new argument for Parliamentary Reform, to put an end to such an injustice. (Cheers.) Well, now, all the boroughs of the north, as a general rule, are in this condition; the boroughs of most of Lancashire, the boroughs of the West Riding, the boroughs of the county of Durham, and the boroughs of Cheshire are all in the same condition. (Hear.) It is not easy to get precise information upon this subject before the House, because we have not authentic returns, but then that is the very thing of which I complain. (Cheers.) But we have it every now and then in our power to illustrate the case. Now, I will take the case of the town of Halifax. The population within the Parliamentary borough of Halifax is [illegible] and there is, fortunately, a more real political creation than the Parliamentary borough—there is the municipal borough, and we have a return of the boundary of the muncipal borough of Halifax, and of the population contained in it. The population within the Parliamentary boundary is as I have said, 33,000, but the population within the municipal boundary is 60,000. (Cheers.) It is this difference of 22,000 which is to feed the county constituency; and I want to know, is that a state of affairs which is to be tolerated when you have before you a scheme of Parliamentary Reform? (Cheers.) But, sir, this is not peculiar to the north. I will take the borough which the hon. gentleman certainly represents—the borough of Birmingham—and what is the state of affairs there? Why, much more monstrous even than Rochdale and most of the northern towns. The population beyond the Parliamentary boundary of Birmingham,—and mind you, when I say beyond the boundary, you would not perceive that boundary if you were walking about—it is like London and Westminster, a homogeneous community, having the same interests,—the population beyond the Parliamentary boundary is immense. In the suburb of Aston alone, according to a statement which I have here from a person whose word cannot be questioned, and who has every opportunity of knowing the facts—in the suburb of Aston there are 2000 persons who could qualify under a £10 Franchise, but who do not vote for the borough of Birmingham, which they ought to vote for (cheers); but 1400 of these will, he says, immediately qualify under the new Bill as county voters. (Cheers.) Now, is this a state affairs which ought to be permitted? If you pass this Bill with all these anomalies left unremedied, what, I ask, will be the condition of the county constituencies?"

Of Mr. Gladstone's reply—not to Mr. Disraeli—for with Mr. Disraeli's argument the Chancellor of the Exchequer never attempted to grapple—but to Mr. Lowe, to Lord Cranbourne, and to one or two incidental remarks which fell from other speakers, it is not worth while to take much notice. Mr. Gladstone's reasoning, whenever he con-

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descended to reason, amounted to this — that times are changed, that population has increased, that a great measure of Reform had become a necessity; and that all who opposed the Ministerial scheme were adverse to Reform in any shape. To that succeeded a defence of the assumed coalition between her Majesty's Ministers and the member for Birmingham. Not a syllable escaped him condemnatory of the terms in which that honourable gentleman had described the House of Commons itself. It was nothing to the leader of the greatest assembly in the world how many libels should be written or spoken of it. He wanted help to carry his measure, and he would seek it wherever it was to be found. He must propose such a measure as there should be a fair chance to carry, and he would consult about it beforehand with whom he chose. "It has been made a charge against the Government that they are identified with my honourable friend; that we are the nominal Ministers of the Crown, but that he is its irresponsible but real adviser. To that charge I shall make no reply." This was magnanimous. It neither admitted nor refuted the charge, but left the House and the country to come to what conclusions they preferred; these conclusions were nothing to him. Again, his account of himself—his early career as a Tory—brought up at the feet of Canning, and coming, late in life, to sue *in forma pauperis* to be received into the bosom of the great Liberal party, was not only in wretched taste, but, begging his pardon, it was substantially incorrect. We do not deny him the credit, such as it is, of having gone over to Liberalism, like a pauper, late in life; instigated thereto by no lofty principles, but partly by bitter hatred of a rival statesman, partly by personal ambition: but we deny point-blank that he ever was or pretended to be a pupil of Canning. This subterfuge, advanced for the purpose of bridging over the gulf between himself as he once was and himself as he now is, will not hold water for a moment. Canning was the consistent advocate of Catholic emancipation, and desired to throw open the doors of Parliament to men of all religious opinions. Canning, long before the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, advocated, as far as he was able, religious equality before the law. Mr. Gladstone, five years after Canning's death, published his well-known treatise 'On the State in its Relations with the Church,' wherein every one of Mr. Canning's opinions was refuted; and it was proved mathematically, or attempted to be proved, that the State and the Church being in fact one, the State cannot, consistently with its own sense of right, recognise so much as the existence of any other religious body than that with which it is identified. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, when as an undergraduate he denounced the Reform Bill and the Reform Ministry of 1832, proved himself to be a foremost pupil not of Canning but of Lord Eldon—a Tory of that school which Lord Liverpool's weak Administration initiated; the *pluckless*, which years ago we denounced over and over again, and to which, and to its blind obstinacy, in almost equal shares with Whig recklessness, the country is indebted for most of the convulsions which it has since gone through.

Mr. Gladstone's speech closed the debate, and the Government, which had been beaten in argument, carried the second reading of their fragmentary Bill by a nominal majority of five. We say a nominal majority, because of the 318 votes recorded in favour of the Bill, nine were delivered by Cabinet Ministers themselves. In point of fact, therefore, so far as the opinion of the House could be expressed, there was a majority against Ministers of four—a condition of things which at any other

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time, and in connection with any other set of politicians, would have led to the immediate resignation of the Government. Liberal Governments in general, however, are wonderfully tenacious of life, and Lord Russell's Administrations in particular take as much killing as a cat. The Government did not resign; it never thought of resigning for a moment. But it did what served Mr. Gladstone's purpose quite as well—it abandoned at once every position which, at the opening of the debate, he had ostentatiously taken up in his own name and in the names of his colleagues. There was to be no more mystery in regard to redistribution of seats, the adjustment of Parliamentary boundaries or any thing else. Before going into committee, the House was not only to be informed of the intentions of Ministers in reference to these matters, but bills were to be introduced to settle them; while Scotland and Ireland were in like manner to be dealt with, not piecemeal, as was at first proposed, but in the lump. Now, we would respectfully ask of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Russell, why was not all this agreed to at the outset? What need was there to begin with announcements so entirely contradictory of the results to which, at the eleventh hour, we have been carried? And if the need existed in March, and was a real and substantial need, and not a mere caprice, what has occurred in the course of April and May to get rid of it? We will answer for her Majesty's Ministers. Their majority of five, including nine Cabinet Ministers, would have been converted into a minority of twelve had they persisted in abiding by their original programme; and so, in order to avoid a defeat, and to keep their places a little longer, they surrendered, or promised to surrender, everything for which throughout the first part of the session they had contended.

We come now to the promise itself, the first noticeable feature in which is, that, as it was most reluctantly and under strong constraint given, so it has been, in more than one important part, very inadequately fulfilled. In the bill for the redistribution of seats which was submitted to Parliament on the seventh of last May, there is not a clause, nor the skeleton of a clause, defining the boundaries of boroughs, or enunciating the principle on which, or the machinery by which, such boundaries are to be defined. All that is said on the subject amounts to this—that, for the purposes of the bill, the limits of each Parliamentary borough shall be considered to be conterminous with those of the municipal borough, and that, as populations extend themselves, it shall be competent for persons living beyond the line to apply for admission within the municipal or Parliamentary limits, which permission the municipality may award if it be so disposed. Now, this is the merest mockery of legislation. An overture which turns upon the voluntary agreement of two parties alike competent to accept or reject it, may be a bargain; but it is not a legislative settlement. The latter part of the clause is, therefore, a dead letter; and the former, though it might have served some purpose had the old ten-pound franchise been preserved, and had another point been conceded of which we shall take occasion presently to speak more at large, can only tend to aggravate a thousandfold the injustice which the measure of 1832 is admitted to have inflicted on the land. On this head Mr. Disraeli was remarkably happy; and as we could not hope to improve upon his reasoning, and should probably weaken its force by reproducing it in other than his own words, we subjoin an extract from the 'Times' report of the speech delivered by him at the second reading of the Redistribution of Seats Bill on the fifteenth of last month. He was referring to the undue influence already exercised in the elections for counties

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by voters resident in Parliamentary boroughs, and to the hopes held out by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that means would be adopted to ameliorate the evil, when he said—

"I was told at the time that when this Bill was brought forward we should find an arrangement which would meet objections of the kind. But I must say I have been entirely disappointed in that expectation. The argument of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on that point has been utterly unsatisfactory. (Hear, hear.) I stated that the Parliamentary boundaries is the second great cause why the character of the county constituency is perverted. It is difficult to contend against that with a high occupation franchise. But when you lower the franchise you aggravate all the sources of injury, and at the same time you offer no remedy whatever for the evils which exist. Now, what do I find? The Government repudiates altogether a general revision of the boundaries of Parliamentary boroughs. But it says, on the other hand, 'We have a great scheme, and that is, that the boundaries of Parliamentary and municipal boroughs should be identical.' [Sir G. Grey was understood to express dissent.] I read in the Bill that the municipal and Parliamentary boundaries were to be identical. (Hear, hear.) It is a slight matter, but, at all events, having gone through all the clauses—I won't trouble the House with details, for I have taken up too much of its time already—I must say, if the remedy is as I fancy, the result must practically be that the Parliamentary and municipal boundaries are to be identical. These questions, however, are so rare that they won't at all affect the main issue, nor will they remedy the grievance of which we complain. According to the rest of the scheme connected with municipal boundaries, you propose to call the extra municipal population into the centre of the Parliamentary borough, if that population desired it. But that they would desire it, that the extra municipal population would become Parliamentary, appears to me very doubtful, because the reason why people build their mills and their houses without the municipal boundary is that they should not be subject to municipal rates. (Hear, hear.) As the desire of the extra municipal population is to be the centre-point of the arrangement, I believe that very little will be done. (Hear, hear.) Now, these are the two heads under which the great evil of which we complain is aggravated. That great evil is, that since the boundaries have been settled there has been an increase of 3,500,000 in the urban population, and with that population the county electors are to be qualified by this new Bill. (Hear, hear.) It is no answer to the case I have put to say that that is to be done only with the towns where the majority of the population is beyond the Parliamentary borough. But there was an extraordinary argument used by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I allude to it because it is another instance of the false analogy in which he indulged. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said,—

"'Take care how you revise the boundaries of Parliamentary boroughs. Take care not to press the matter too far. If we revise the boundaries of Birmingham and the great northern towns, we must revise the Parliamentary boundaries of other boroughs in England to which agricultural districts have been appended.'

"Sir, that is no answer whatever. What I say is this, 'Support the settlement made by the Reform Bill.' The 'balance of power,' as I may call it, the balance of influence that was settled by the Reform Bill, is what we want you to maintain. (Hear, hear.) That settlement was not made in favour of the Conservative party. It was made by a Liberal Government—a Liberal Government supported by an immense Liberal majority, and therefore we have a right to conclude that very little favour was shown to us. (Hear, hear.) We find that the boundaries in 1832 have in the large towns practically been entirely violated, and violated to the injury of the legitimate influence of the county population. (Hear, hear.) And what is your answer? Where the population has not increased, because in that part of the country in which the boroughs to which I allude are situated the population has not increased, in answer to us, who are seeking to maintain the settlement of 1832, and to save ourselves from the violation of our boundaries, you reply, 'Oh! we must examine the boundaries in the other parts of England where those boundaries have not been violated.'"

ought, both in boroughs and in counties, but especially in the latter, to be exercised by the owners and occupiers of land. We cannot believe that constitutional Whigs will, any more than Conservatives, assent to the passing of so crude a measure. Without all doubt the Government will be compelled, in committee, to adjust the limits of Parliamentary boroughs before it takes on itself to modify the franchise.

Looking now to the means by which, in the Bill before the House, the Government undertakes to readjust the political influences of the country, we find that, in order to add to the representation of certain populous counties and boroughs, as well as to confer the right of returning members to Parliament upon a few populous places heretofore unrepresented, no such cruelty as the direct extinction of any small borough is to be committed; but a line is to be drawn separating smaller boroughs into two classes, one of which having a population of 8000 and upwards is to retain its own privileges, whatever these may be, while the other must submit to a process of grouping, the most grotesque as well as the most arbitrary that the imagination of man can conceive. This process of grouping is not to be effected by gathering round each small borough a cluster of towns lying contiguous to it, and braces one, two, is to send to P member to rep Now, in the firs considering the this procedure, Government has of 8000 as entitli tain the full m leges? In this a lation an impart find that 10,000 convenient line an impartial look case, see only on Turn it round, ar by some caprice showing a popul and downwards able majority of i ed by Liberal r boroughs of 10,0 upwards, until yo tuencies as Birm ter, and the met are, in a very su stances, represen tive members. P assert that the Exchequer had s him when he drew at 8000. Still t suspicious; and Gladstone are th world on whom i in matters of t should rest.*

* The indefatigable Mr. Dudley Baxter has suggested some

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But the scheme is objectionable on other grounds than this, and Mr. Disraeli shall state them.

"In the first place I would remind the House that grouping is altogether foreign to this country (cheers); in the second place that the grouping of representative boroughs is altogether foreign to this kingdom. (Cheers.) The House is well acquainted by this time with the grouping of boroughs proposed by the Government, and with its consequences upon the representation. My objection to this system of grouping, which consists entirely of grouping representative boroughs, is that it aggravates anomalies, and that by a process of wanton injustice. (Hear, hear.) It succeeds only in producing an incomplete and imperfect local representation. In the first place, view it with

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So that, in percentages,

The Counties will possess—

38½ per cent of the Members.

The Boroughs will possess—

61½ per cent of the Members.

Is this a concession sufficient to meet the justice of the case?

Its effect is, that the boroughs, with nearly two millions less population than the counties, are to return 112 more members.

On the face of it, can this be called an equitable and fair division of parliamentary representation and a proper settlement of the question? Further, will it enable the counties to hold their own in questions where they may be at variance with the strong wishes of the boroughs?

But, on examining more narrowly the constituencies which are to return the new members, with due allowance for the alterations proposed by the Franchise Bill, fresh doubts arise. On the first glance the boon seemed inadequate. On inquiry it appears a little questionable.

It is borrowed, almost word for word, but with a few additions, from Mr. Bright's Schedules of 1859, which were published as a portion of his promised Reform Bill. I extract the schedule, omitting only the columns of population and electors.

SCHEDULE I.

English Counties and Divisions of Counties to have Eighteen additional Members:—

	Present Members.	Proposed Members.
West Riding of York, 2 Divisions	2	6
South Lancashire, 2 divisions	2	4
York, North Riding	2	3
North Lancashire	2	3
South Devonshire	2	3
West Kent	2	3
South Stafford	2	3
West Cornwall	2	3
North Essex	2	3
South Essex	2	3
Lincolnshire, parts of Lindsey	2	3
West Norfolk	2	3
East Somerset	2	3
West Somerset	2	3

Every one of these names is contained in Schedule D of Mr. Gladstone's bill and, strange to say, in every case but South Lancashire Mr. Gladstone gives the identical increase of members proposed by Mr. Bright. The only difference in the names is that Mr. Gladstone has added the following constituencies:—

Chester—North.
South.
Derby—North.
Durham, North.
South.
Kent, East.
Surry, East.

In fact, Schedule D of Mr. Gladstone's bill is a copy of Schedule I of Mr. Bright's bill, with these seven additions.*

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* Among the "curiosities of literature" must certainly be reckoned the wonderful resemblance which Mr. Bright's Schedule of New Boroughs bears to Mr. Gladstone's. Here is Mr. Bright's:—

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regard to expenditure—a most important consideration. (Hear.) When you come to group representative boroughs, you are grouping societies, all of which have organized parties, have traditionary politics, have committees and agents, that for a century and more have managed the political interests of the society in which they live. When you address these grouped societies, this group of boroughs, you are, in fact, involved in a treble expenditure. (Hear, hear.) Instead of curtailing the vast expenditure which entrance into Parliament unfortunately entails upon a member, you are legislating in a mode that must greatly increase it. (Hear.) Hence you not only pursue a system which must greatly increase expenditure; but you aggravate anomalies, and that by a process of what I would call unnecessary and wanton injustice. I will take a case, because after all, there is nothing like an illustration; and I will take a borough which is represented on both sides of the House. Dorchester returns two members to Parliament, and it is to be grouped with the borough of Wareham returning one member. Dorchester and Wareham, now represented by three members, are to be represented by only one. The united population of those places will be 14,500, represented by one member and losing two. But close by them only look at Poole, being just above the magical number of 8000, and it is represented by two members! (Loud cheers.) Take again the case of Bridport, Honiton, and Lyme. These three boroughs are represented now by five members, and their united population will amount to 15,000. Instead of five members they are to be represented by one; and close to them will be the borough of Tiverton, which being also above the magical number will be represented by two members. (Loud cheers.) This is indiscreet and wanton injustice. (Renewed cheering.) I can understand your taking away one member or two members from these three boroughs, and to attain a great public object I can understand your taking away three or even four members; but what I cannot understand is why the boroughs called on to make such immense sacrifices should find their united population of 15,000 represented only by one member, when a borough close by with 8000 inhabitants has two. (Loud cheers.) A small borough may be considered what is called an anomaly, and an ancient Constitution will be always full of anomalies. But, at any rate, this must be said for the small boroughs that they are ancient, and that they are convenient; but these groups are neither prescriptive nor convenient. (Hear, hear.) The only result is that you create great jealousies, that you aggravate anomalies, and that you produce a constituency which is not homogeneous, and which can be only appealed to by the most costly and complicated means, partly of corruption. Because, though corruption, unfortunately, prevails in too many of our existing constituencies, what will result from grouping them but the caucus system of America? Some able man will devote his energies—and this will become a profession—to securing a majority in two of the boroughs; he will then make his arrangements with the candidate, and the third borough will be neither consulted nor represented. (Cheers.

SCHEDULE H.

England—New Boroughs, 7 in number to have Members.

	No. of Members.
Gravesend	1
Leamington	1
Stalybridge	1
Burnley	1
Birkenhead	1
Chelsea	2
Kensington	2
	9

The number of boroughs is the same, and the boroughs printed in italics are the same. The only difference is that Hartlepool, Middlesborough, and Dewsbury are substituted by Mr. Gladstone for Birkenhead (now a borough) and Leamington, and that Chelsea and Kensington are thrown into one by the present Bill, and have two members instead of four.

There is a similar resemblance (though less in degree) between Schedule G of Mr. Bright's and Schedule 4 of Mr. Gladstone's Bill.

And the limit of population of the boroughs to be summarily dealt with is 8000 in both Bills.

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The Chancellor of the Exchequer in dealing with this question was immensely influenced by the example of the Scotch burghs, where this system of grouping is successful. But I think the Chancellor of the Exchequer committed an error—which I shall also have to advert to on another subject—he reasoned, I think, from false analogy. There is no analogy between the grouped boroughs of Scotland and of England, as proposed by this Bill. In the first place, our boroughs to be grouped are represented boroughs (hear, hear), and in the case of Scotland they were unrepresented boroughs. (Cheers.) And the difference is very considerable. One of the great mischiefs in England will be the great distances at which some of these boroughs thus united are placed. No doubt, in Scotland, the distances are as great, or greater; but observe this difference between the two countries. Between the boroughs grouped in Scotland there is nothing but the country, but between the boroughs grouped in England there are flourishing and rising towns (loud cheers), which, many of them, far exceed in wealth and importance the boroughs that are thus grouped. All these towns may have submitted for a considerable time, and might yet submit, to what they deem to be the ancient Constitution of the country. But if you choose to change that Constitution (hear), they naturally say, 'Do not have recourse to so violent and fantastic a scheme as this, the combining of represented towns, thirty miles apart, while we, in the interval, are left utterly unrepresented, being all the time persons who, in point of population, of property, and of the future that awaits us, are the persons that ought to enjoy representation.' I come then to the conclusion that any system of grouping founded on the grouping of represented towns must prove a complete failure, will disappoint all expectations, and is one that this House ought not to sanction."

To this most unimpeachable argument Mr. Cardwell endeavoured to reply, by pointing to Greenock as a large town intervening between two branches of the Ayr burghs; and by boasting that against the returns for Scotch burghs no petitions are ever presented on the score of bribery. Has Mr. Cardwell forgotten that the Scotch burghs were grouped so long ago as the reign of Queen Anne, and that Greenock, which was then a mere fishing village, has grown into its present respectable condition only since the beginning of the current century. Can he point to a second large town intervening between the bounds of any other cluster of Scotch burghs? The Selkirk burghs, for example, or the Nairn Burghs, or any other group? And as to his assumption that because Scottish burghs are immaculate (a premise, by the by, which may admit of being questioned), English boroughs grouped must become immaculate also,—on that head, we apprehend, he will get very few gentlemen, even on his own side of the House, to agree with him. Popular representation in Scotland is a thing of only thirty years' standing. It came in with the Reform Bill, and has scarcely as yet had time to mature itself into venality; but popular representation in the small boroughs of England is as old as the Constitution, and being firmly based upon influence, and built up amid rioting and feasting, it soon settled down after elections became the affairs of a single day into more or less of bribery and corruption. We see no reason to expect that bribery and corruption will be stifled by the process of throwing together into one, three or four sets of constituencies, each accustomed to dispose of its votes to the best bidder. Mr. Cardwell's defence of this most absurd proposal made no impression on the House, and he wisely abstained from noticing the substitute for it which his eloquent antagonist had recommended. We beg to supply the omission of which he was guilty by presenting our readers, in the words of Mr. Disraeli, with the Conservative view of the point under discussion:—

"As a general rule, I should say, in periodically, but not too often, review-

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ing our representative system and making our borough representation more complete and safe, the true principle is in moderation and discretion to reduce the representation of the old boroughs, and to apply that redundancy to the representation of new boroughs (hear, hear), so that no place shall be perfectly disfranchised. It has always been our custom in this country, and one which I trust we shall not depart from, to treat with kindness prescriptive rights, and I am quite certain that any Minister who dealt in that spirit with the old boroughs would receive a more sincere support than he possibly can attain by anything so violent and fanciful as the scheme of grouping represented boroughs which is placed before us. But am I therefore an opponent of the system of grouping? Far from it. I think it is one that well deserves the earnest consideration of the House; it is a powerful and an efficient instrument, if used with vigour and discretion. But where I think it might be of great advantage would be if we were to leave the present boroughs alone, and yet avail ourselves of their redundant representation, applying the principle of grouping to our unrepresented boroughs. (Hear, hear.) Now, I am quite certain if that were done, as I say, with vigour and discretion, you would add considerably to the efficiency of the constituencies, and at the same time you would go a great way towards the solution of those immense difficulties connected with the county franchise which beset every Ministry who attempt to deal with this question, and which the present Ministry have not attempted to encounter. (Cheers.) Let me give a striking illustration of what would be the effect of adopting the system of grouping our unrepresented towns. I don't know that the advantage of the system could be put in a more striking manner than by reference to some places with which the House is familiar. Now, take the first of the new boroughs to be enfranchised—and I willingly and cordially approve the proposition to enfranchise them. Let me take the town of Middlesborough, in Yorkshire—a town which has very recently risen into existence, principally from the ironstone of the Cleveland hills. In 1859 it was impossible we could give a representative to Middlesborough; but it is now a town of 19,000 inhabitants, and, no doubt, it is increasing rapidly. That population is not so very large and extensive that its claim to a representative, if there was not a convenient opportunity for entertaining it, would disturb the country by the agitation of a measure of Reform. (A laugh.) I don't, however, find fault with the Government for their proposal to enfranchise it, because I have great confidence in its future; but close to Middlesborough is that important and most flourishing town, Stockton-on-Tees, with its population of 14,300. I would join the two, which would make up an electoral population of 12,500. That is the way in which I would treat Middlesborough. (Cheers.) Will the House now allow me to call attention to Dewsbury? I mention it because it is the only one of these places—with the exception of Middlesborough, which did not exist—that I, as the organ of Lord Derby's Government, did not propose to enfranchise. I was perfectly well aware of its claims, but its population did not warrant such a proposal then. Even now it is only 18,100. There, again, you would not agitate the country by a measure of Parliamentary Reform to give a member to Dewsbury; but you will find that it is the centre of a cluster of towns engaged in the same industrial pursuits, and distinguished by the same energy. I would take all these towns, the furthest of which is not, I believe, more than five or six miles from Dewsbury. They are almost conterminous—Batley, with a population of 7,200; Birstall, 4,300; Cleckheaton, 4,721; Heckmondwike, 8,600; Morfield, 9,263; making in all a population of 73,289. Joining them with Dewsbury you would have a population of 91,389. (Cheers.) Why, that is what I call grouping. You would do more by such a system to improve the representation of the people than you can possibly do by those fantastic arrangements through which you are attacking ancient prescription. (Hear, hear.) Let us come then to Burnley. It is our old friend; it was introduced by us in the Bill of 1852; and every one has been trying to enfranchise Burnley ever since. Burnley had only about 20,000 inhabitants when Lord Russell commenced with it. It has now 28,700—no doubt a very respectable population, but

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nothing very extraordinary. You have near it Clne, with a population of 6,500; Padiham, 6,500; Accrington, 13,800; Todmorden, 11,800,—37,500. Add these to Burnley, and you will have a population of 65,200. (Cheers.) That is the way to group. (Hear, hear.) Take a fourth borough, one which we have all proposed to give a member to. The population of Staleybridge has increased during the last seven years; but the population of towns near it—which were of importance in 1859, but not of sufficient importance to justify us in dealing with them—has also increased. There are three towns intimately connected with Staleybridge—Glossop, with a population of 19,000; Hyde, with 13,700; and Dukinfield, with 15,000, or with a united population of 47,700. If you join these towns to Staleybridge you will have a population of 72,700. (Cheers.) I will say nothing about Hartlepool, because I believe that it is proposed to unite the two Hartlepools, and I am sure that such a constituency will send us good men. Then I would add Dartford to Gravesend, and, the population of the former being 5500 and that of the latter 18,800, you would give a population of 24,100. (Cheers.) By grouping in this way I think you would obtain a very considerable accession to the constituency; and I believe that if you dealt with the question in such a manner you would have the friendly co-operation of the old boroughs themselves."

To describe the statesman who gave utterance to these sentences and the party which supports him as anti-Reformers, is simply to abuse the English language, neither more nor less. Mr. Disraeli's views are at once far more comprehensive and far more practicable than those of either Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright. Like Mr. Gladstone he is loath to part entirely with small boroughs, because he understands the important part which they play in sending to Parliament men representing the attributes of the country as contradistinguished from its industries; but, committed as the new Parliament is to sacrifice a portion of this advantage, he will accept the sacrifice provided it be made at once honestly and openly, and some measures are adopted to mitigate, if they cannot wholly avert, the evil:—

"When we find that the complete representation of this country in its various attributes appears to have greatly depended upon this system of small boroughs, should we not very carefully consider the steps which are taken in regard to it? Thus, if we either destroy or greatly qualify their privilege we should at least supply some adequate substitute. That is the only point I wish to impress upon you. Well, by this bill it is proposed to deal very extensively with this small-borough system. The measure proposes to disfranchise 71 seats. The assertion that the disfranchisement is not complete is simply a quibble; it is a disfranchisement in disguise."

Mr. Disraeli is too sagacious not to understand that the disfranchisement is disguised for a purpose. It was hoped that the members for the threatened boroughs, though they could hardly be expected to consent to their own absolute extinction, might yet be prevailed upon, in consideration of the fragment of privilege left to their constituencies, to surrender all the rest. And in this hope the precious grouping scheme was propounded: not, however, till the idea had been ventilated in more than one journal, which wrote against the Franchise Bill as a distinct measure. We hope, and are sanguine enough to believe that, in many instances at least, the concocters of this transparent plot will find themselves deceived. At all events, if they must sign the death-warrant of their respective boroughs, members have now a choice submitted to them between delivering over the constituency, bound hand and foot, to be used for the worst party purposes, or immolating their exclusive rights on the altar of the country by making each existing borough a nucleus round which a body of electors may gather, homogeneous in their feel-

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ings with the old electors, and in force sufficient to satisfy the appetite for numbers of the most voracious of reformers.

Of course Mr. Disraeli has an object in all this, and it is a legitimate object. He desires to keep as much as possible from interfering with one another the county and the borough constituencies. As he would consent to no arrangement which should throw open the right of voting in Rochdale to the stalwart yeomanry of the West Riding, so he is determined, if the House will support him, to guard the yeomanry of the West Riding from being overpowered by shoals of freehold and copyhold voters coming down upon them from the town of Rochdale. And, in justification of this resolve, and, as it were, supplementary to the declaration which he made on a previous day, and which we have already quoted, he points out how entirely ignorant the Government has shown itself to be in regard to the share possessed by the working classes in the county constituencies:—

"The papers which the Government hurriedly placed before us with regard to the borough franchise produced a considerable sensation in the House, because they proved—and proved, I think, conclusively—that the working classes already possessed a considerable *status* in the borough franchise. (Hear, hear.) But her Majesty's Government, though they gave us no papers respecting the county franchise, did frankly and explicitly give us the result of their deliberations on that subject, because the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the chief organ of the Government in this House, and especially on this subject, informed us that in the county franchise the working classes were an infinitesimal quantity; and, in fact, that no papers were produced as to their position with regard to the county franchise, because, in their opinion, they possessed no share in that franchise. You remember the expression of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I, in an unhappy moment, not wishing to give any offence, made an observation across the table—I will never make one again (laughter)—and on account of that observation I was violently denounced by right hon. gentlemen, and, in fact, I was almost afraid of my life. (Cheers and laughter.) 'There may,' he said, 'be some few working men in your county who have votes, but in county constituencies the working man is as the fly in a pot of ointment.' Those were his words—and I never shall forget his look. (Laughter.) Well, sir, from that moment I have been engaged, with the assistance of some gentlemen who are most practised in such matters, in endeavouring to obtain information upon this subject. . . . We did—I won't say thoroughly, but we investigated the subject, and we had communications from many parts of the kingdom. We received them from men in official position who could give us authentic information, and I am bound to say we have received that information from gentlemen of Liberal opinions as freely and as generously as from gentlemen of Conservative opinions. We have only had one object, which was to arrive at the result; and the result which we have arrived at is this—of course the details are in some respects imperfect, but in others they are very ample—the result is this, and I believe it will eventually be demonstrated if the Government, as I hope, will give orders for an official verification or investigation into these matters—that the working men of England have a larger share of the county constituency than they have even of the borough constituency, and by which the Government were so startled. (Cheers.) I ask the House, then, is not this another evidence of the immaturity in which all these matters have been dealt with? (Cheers.) Let me sincerely say that in dealing with this portion of the subject—viz., the county franchise—a Government who really believed that the working classes had no share whatever in the constituencies were scarcely qualified to address the House in the manner in which we have been addressed, and told that if we did not pass these measures instantly Parliament should never be prorogued."

There remain but two more conditions in the Ministerial device for perpetuating the ascendancy of Liberalism in the House of Commons, to which we consider it necessary on the present occasion to advert,—we mean the proposal to give three members to each of our

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tain populous boroughs and counties in England, and to transfer seven Parliamentary seats from England to Scotland. With respect to the latter of these proposals, it is scarcely necessary, we should think, to say one word. England will never consent to the wrong. If Scotch towns have outgrown the representation, give them, if you please, seven, or even ten, seats more. But do not take away from the representation of England in order to effect that object, thus raising the question as to the desirableness of rendering Parliament more unwieldy than it is. You will probably find that to any such project reasonable men on both sides of the House are opposed. On the same grounds we must object to giving a member to the Scotch universities, unless you either erect them into an additional constituency, or find room for them in your electoral list by disfranchising some Scotch county or group of boroughs. Looking at the subject in an abstract point of view, we should be glad to see, not only the Scotch universities and those of London represented, but the University of Durham likewise, and even Sir Robert Peel's godless colleges—the Queen's University in Ireland. But then we protest against doing all this at the expense of that English constituency, which forms now, as it has always done, the backbone of our system of Parliamentary government. The proposal to bestow a threefold representation upon Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, South Lancashire, and one or two counties besides, deserves a larger share of attention, which we will endeavour to give to it, as far at least as this may be done within the limits still at our disposal.

Mr. Disraeli is perfectly right in objecting to the device with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has favoured Parliament, on the ground that it is inconsistent with our electoral system, which "recoils from plurality of voting." He is right likewise in asserting that no benefit could accrue from it to the local interests of places so represented. But this is not all:—

"If you once adopt the principle that the population and property of places are only to be considered in apportioning members, you cannot stop at three, and the small constituencies may be by degrees entirely absorbed. You will have trains and troops of members coming from one county and one place to this House. It is absurd to see six members for South Lancashire walking into this House, six members for only one Riding of Yorkshire, and three members for this town and three for another. By this system the members will be so increased that, instead of this being a classic senate, it will have something of the turbulent character of a Polish diet." (Laughter and "Hear, hear.")

All this is quite just, and we hope that when the time comes for discussing the question in Committee, Mr. Disraeli's views will be affirmed; but if they be for any reason rejected, then it will become the duty of moderate men, wherever they may sit in the House, to see that, in order to gratify these favoured localities, injustice be not done to all the other constituencies in the kingdom. And a gross injustice it will be if the electors of Liverpool and South Lancashire be allowed to give three separate votes to three separate men, while the electors of Canterbury and East Kent are allowed to give two votes only. On the other hand, the principle which "recoils from plurality of voting" will be amply guarded, if, in these three-cornered electoral districts, you put the same restraint upon the exercise of the franchise which you have established in other places. Whether Liverpool return three or only two members, each elector will in this case be restricted to one vote, which he may either plump in favour of the candidate whom he prefers, or divide between two; but by which it will not be in his power to give a third section to a third candidate. Mr. Mill, if we recollect right, has written in favour of some plan which should allow minorities, as far as possible, to be represented; and here are the means ready prepared by her Majesty's Ministers for partially trying the ex-

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periment. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We are no advocates of the representation of minorities for its own sake. We infinitely prefer the good old English custom which recognises two members for each borough, and for each county or the division of a county. But if in any case a third member be forced upon us, we recommend Whigs as well as Tories to fight for such third member becoming the representative of the minority—to whatever party the minority may belong.

And now a few words, before quitting the subject for the present, respecting the course which the Government has been constrained to adopt, and the obvious duty thereby imposed, not so much on the Opposition as on the House of Commons generally. We are to have in the end what we ought to have had in the beginning—a measure complete in itself, which is to provide for—first, the lowering of the franchise in counties to £14, and in boroughs to £7; next, for the grouping of small electoral boroughs together, so as to enable seventy one seats to be transferred to larger constituencies; and, lastly, for settling the boundaries of boroughs upon a principle which is not settled, and scarcely professes to be settled. Every one of these three propositions demands the closest consideration, not merely as involving points of the highest importance separately, but as bearing with such immense force one upon another that it becomes impossible to calculate with any degree of fairness what the consequence of each will be, except by looking to the effect which it must inevitably produce upon the whole in combination. Consider, for example, what the effect must be upon county constituencies of letting in upon them shoals of £14 occupiers from all the outskirts of the populous towns and boroughs already represented in Parliament. Consider, too, the confusion which must inevitably occur when, for want of clearly-defined limits to special constituencies, claims are set up by some occupiers to vote in one direction,

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which new members are given will under the Franchise Bill, be swamped by town voters.

"That any measure which should fail to give a proper proportion to the counties ought not to be accepted.

"2. That, in prosperous boroughs, the town populations have far outgrown the borough limits, and are dividing with the country populations the scanty number of members allotted to the counties.

"That the remedy proposed by Mr. Gladstone is not practical in its character, and that it would be attended with serious delays, and probably have very inadequate or unfair results.

"That the Enclosure Commissioners would be a far better tribunal, with a rule that the boundaries should have as nearly as possible a radius of three miles.

"3. That the borough freeholders ought not to have votes for the counties with which they have no connection, but ought to vote for the boroughs of which they naturally form part.

"That, if it is impossible to carry this just measure, we should at least give an option to the borough freeholders of registering for their boroughs instead of for the counties.

"4. That for the same reasons the borough leaseholder clause is inadmissible.

"5. That the £14 franchise would be unfair to the counties, which have no population of a similar rental to counterbalance that of the towns, and that this franchise ought to be raised to £20.

"6. That county members sitting for boroughs are members on sufferance, and that seats on sufferance cannot be relied on in vital questions where the interests of the boroughs and counties are seriously antagonistic.

"*As regards the Boroughs*—

"7. That the Redistribution Bill scarcely modifies the conclusions arrived at in my former pamphlet respecting the large number of seats which would immediately be handed over to the working classes, and the absolute predominance which they would speedily acquire in the majority of boroughs.

"8. That the effect of an £8 franchise would be to give the working classes at once—

"Absolute majorities in the election of 48 members.

"Nearly majorities in the election of 70 members.

"And that a very few years would give them majorities for the whole of these 118 members.

"9. That the ratepaying clauses ought not to be abolished, being useful in themselves, and having been in force from the earliest commencement of our constitutional history.

"That they afford a solid reason for fixing the franchise at £8, if it is to be reduced at all.

"10. That great exaggerations are employed in describing the number of those excluded from the franchise.

"That the only class admitted by the Legislature, or proposed to be admitted by Mr. Bright to vote for boroughs, is the class of male occupiers.

"That nearly one-half of this class are enfranchised under the present law.

"11. That since 1832 the number of £10 occupiers has very largely increased in proportion to the population, so that the number of £10 electors has risen from 23 to 34½ per cent, showing that the £10 franchise is an expansive one, and must be bringing in a constantly increasing number of the working classes.

"Such are the conclusions which, without further comment, I place before the public. I trust that no bill will be suffered to pass which is not a perfectly fair bill, remedying the present anomalies, and making a just and permanent settlement of this great question."

The peroration of Mr. Disraeli's great speech may well serve as a fitting *pendente* to this most lucid statement. The assertions which he hazarded are as strictly true as the advice which he tendered is sound. If Ministers be wise they will follow that advice; thus keeping their places, though they cannot save their reputation. If, in their obstinacy, they persist in bringing conclusions to an issue, they must lose one, and may not improbably lose both.

"Sir, ignorance never settles a question. Questions must be settled by knowledge, and it is not the vexation of an Opposition, from whichever side of the House it may come, that prevents this bill from advancing. It is that we none of us see our way—I say it with a frankness that I trust will be pardoned. I don't believe the question of Parliamentary Reform is thoroughly understood by

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the country (hear, hear),—is thoroughly understood by this House (hear, hear); and, although I dare only utter it in a whisper, I don't believe that it is thoroughly understood by her Majesty's Government. (Cheers and laughter.) I recollect a passage in the classic Plato where the great sage descants upon what he calls "double ignorance," and that is where a man is ignorant that he is ignorant. (Cheers and laughter.) But, Sir, in legislating there is another kind of double ignorance that is fatal to proper legislation. There is, in the first place, an ignorance of principles, and, in the second, an ignorance of the facts upon which those principles are based. And that is our position in dealing with this important question. There is not a majority in this House that can decide upon the principles upon which we ought to legislate in regard to this matter; there is not a man in this House who has at his command any reliable facts upon which he can decide those principles. (Hear, hear.) But then the question arises—What are we to do? I admit the difficulty. I do not shut my eyes to the position in which we are placed. The country, the House of Commons, are—it is a classical although it may seem an idiomatic phrase, as it was used by Dean Swift—in a scrape. (Cheers and laughter.) And I should despair of escaping from this perplexity and this predicament had I not an unlimited confidence in the good nature and the good sense of the house of Commons. We must help the Government. (Cheers and laughter.) We must forget the last two months. The right hon. gentleman must re-cross the Rubicon, he must build up his bridges, and we will supply him with vessels. The right hon. gentleman is in a position in which he can retire from this question of Reform for the moment with dignity to himself and to his colleagues. He must not sacrifice his country, his party, or his own great name to a feeling of pique. (Hear, hear.) He is still supported by a majority; he is not in the position of a Minister whose reputation and the fortune of whose Cabinet are staked upon individual measures in a House wherein it is known that he is in a minority. That has been the unfortunate position of others, but it is not his. He occupies a far different position in deference to what I believe to be the wish of the country and the desire of the House of Commons. See what has he to do? It seems to me that the most advantageous and the most dignified course for him to adopt would be this:—Let him at once give intimation that complete and accurate statistics shall be prepared with regard to the borough franchise—not hastily, but with time and with attention, and in an impartial manner, so that no party shall be able to rise and say that we were called upon to legislate upon the question upon facts which are utterly untrustworthy. Let him, recognising the unfortunate admissions which the Government made under the mistaken views which they adopted with reference to the county constituencies, give immediate orders that the most ample information should be acquired as to the share which the working classes of the country possess in the county franchise; let him direct that such information should be provided with care and discrimination. I think that such inquiries may be trusted with safety and security to those persons who have provided us with the information we now have relating to boroughs, and which I believe to be imperfect merely on account of the hurried manner in which it was produced. Let the right hon. gentleman, then, to-morrow, after consultation with his colleagues, give orders that the commissioners, acting under the Endowment Commissioners, should visit all the Parliamentary boroughs of England and examine and report upon their boundaries. (Hear, hear.) Let the right hon. gentleman give up this scheme of grouping represented boroughs, which he must see is entirely repudiated by both sides of the House; let him boldly acknowledge that the proper way of dealing with the subject is to appeal to the spirit of justice of the represented boroughs to spare him a few members from their superfluity; let him prepare a well-digested and complete scheme, which will give representation, where required upon the principle of grouping the unrepresented towns of the country; and, having done all these things, let him consider the results with his colleagues, and when Parliament meets again he will have the opportunity—which I am willing to give him every credit for—of submitting to our consideration a measure which will command the sympathies of the country, and which will obtain the sanction of Parliament."

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