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THE

RICHMOND ECLECTIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE,

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

EDITED BY

REV. MOSES D. HOGE AND REV. WILLIAM BROWN.

VOL. II.

MAY 1867, TO NOVEMBER 1867.

RICHMOND, VA.

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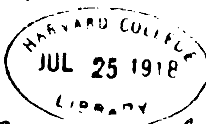

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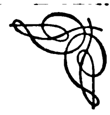

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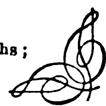

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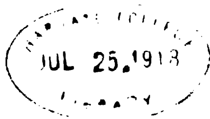
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The Richmond Eclectic Magazine.

Vol. II. MAY, 1867. No. 1.

P Per R 533

[*Leisure Hour.*

ISAAC TAYLOR.

The breadth and catholicity which distinguishes the religious literature of England is due, in no small degree, to the fact that so many of her most eminent theological writers have not, as in other countries, been ecclesiastics by profession. The freedom from the trammels of ecclesiastical position and authority has done much to promote vigour of thought and freedom of expression. In this succession of lay theologians the names of Sir Thomas Browne, Francis Bacon, John Milton, Robert Boyle, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge stand foremost. During the last thirty or forty years the chief place in the hierarchy of laymen has been occupied by Isaac Taylor, the well-known author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," the first of a long series of eloquent and profoundly thoughtful works which have issued from the secluded retreat at Stanford Rivers, where the veteran recluse passed the last forty years of a laborious and useful life.

Isaac Taylor belonged to a family in which literary capacity has been hereditary. His grandfather, Isaac Taylor, the first of four who in lineal succession have borne that name, came to London in the early part of the last century, won for himself considerable repute as a copper-plate engraver, and assisted materially in developing and bringing to its present pitch of excellence the art of line engraving, at that time only in its infancy. He was the father of three sons—Charles, Isaac, and Josiah. Of Josiah Taylor all that need be said is, that he became eminent as a publisher of architectural and illustrated works, and realized a large fortune.—Charles, the eldest, was the learned and indefatigable editor and translator of Calmet's "Dictionary of the Bible"—a fact which, in his lifetime, was known to few, owing to his reserved and secluded habits.

To this great and ably-achieved task, Charles Taylor devoted the unwearied labours of fifty years. When quite a youth, he accidentally discovered, among the treasures of a second-hand book-stall, a copy of Calmet's "Dictionnarie Historique et Critique de la Bible." This work, the only one of the kind then

in existence, immediately arrested his attention, and he very soon formed the resolve of bringing it out in English, appending to it the gleanings of his own studies in Biblical literature. At this task he toiled for fifteen years before he ventured to submit the first specimen of his labours to the judgment of the learned public. The unknown editor received abundant encouragement to go on, and five thick quarto volumes appeared in due course, and were speedily reprinted. In the year of his death a fifth edition of these quartos was carried through the press. The work had been produced anonymously, and the modest and unambitious editor persisted in retaining his secret to the end. Content with the plaudits and praises of biblical scholars, his study, his books, and his work were enough for him, and he cared very little for mere literary notoriety.

His brother Isaac, also an artist and engraver, was a man of similar character. He also possessed unwearied industry and varied attainments in literature and science. These acquirements he devoted to the education of his numerous family. His two eldest children, Ann and Jane, were the authors of the widely known volumes of ***Original Poems, Nursery Rhymes, Hymns for Infant Minds***, and other similar works, which have found their way into so many families in England and America.

Of the two sisters, Jane Taylor is by far the more widely known; her writings, though not perhaps possessing the force of her sister's, are distinguished by their delicate playfulness and their keen insight into the subtle springs of human character and motives. Of her prose writings, "Display; a Tale," has passed through several editions; while "The Contributions of Q. Q.," a series of papers which originally appeared in the "Youth's Magazine," continue to this day to find a large circle of readers and admirers. Two of these papers, "The Discontented Pendulum," and "How it Strikes a Stranger," have been inserted in so many volumes of selections from English literature as to have become almost classical. Of the poems for children, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," "I Thank the Goodness and the Grace," "My Mother," "Pride, Ugly Pride," "Little Ann and her Mother," and several more, are perhaps as widely known, wherever the English tongue is spoken, as any writings in the language, with the sole exception of the Bible, Shakspeare, and the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The real services of these two wise and noble women to the young of three generations can hardly be appreciated in these days of sensational and ephemeral literature. They regarded the poetic talent that was in them as a sacred trust to be used for the good of others, and not as an instrument or a means of gain. They were actuated in writing by a purpose, not by any weak ambition; the good of those for whom they wrote was their great object, and they were nobly disre-

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gardful of the advantages of money or reputation which might incidentally accrue to themselves; in short, they felt that theirs was a worthy vocation, and strove by every means to discharge it with conscientious diligence.

The father of these two gifted women lived for many years at Lavenham, a retired village in Suffolk, where he reared a numerous family, and where Isaac, his eldest son, was born in 1787. His wife was a singularly sensible and well-informed woman, and devoted herself most laboriously to the assistance of her husband in the education of their large family; late in life she also became an authoress, and her memoirs, written for her grandchildren, are remarkably interesting from their naive simplicity and graphic description of home life.

For a long while Mrs. Taylor greatly disliked the idea of her daughters becoming authoresses: she had a prejudice common in those days against ladies appearing before the public in print. But literary honours were forced upon her girls, and she soon recognised their gifts and assented to what was evidently their true vocation.

The eldest son, Isaac, though meditative and thoughtful beyond his years, had the greatest difficulty in surmounting the first step of the ladder of learning. His mother, after fruitlessly attempting to teach him his letters, at last sent him in despair to a dame's school in the neighbourhood, where he was regarded for some time as a hopeless dunce. In common with several other members of his family, he was trained to his father's original profession. Almost the first undertaking was to design and engrave a series of illustrations to "Boydell's Bible." These are highly prized by collectors, and are now not easy to obtain. But though, as the designs amply prove, he was gifted with much artistic genius and no inconsiderable powers of expression, yet the mechanical details of his profession were distasteful to his mind, and he soon abandoned these pursuits for the more congenial labours of stated authorship. The earliest ventures of his pen were published, in conjunction with his sisters, in some of those books for children which have enjoyed such an extensive popularity. But an entirely new direction was given to his literary tastes and pursuits (as in the case of his uncle Charles) by the accidental discovery of a copy of the works of Sulpicius Severus on a London book-stall, which turned his attention to the problems presented by the history and corruptions of the Christian Church, and led to the gradual accumulation of a library containing everything worthy of note in the whole range of patristic literature. A somewhat similar acquisition of a copy of Lord Bacon's treatise "De Augumentis," which occurred about the same time, gave a new direction to his studies. He became an enthusiastic admirer and student of the works of the great founder of our intellectual philosophy; and in the combination of these two lines of

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study, seemingly so incongruent—the Baconian and the patristic—may, I believe, be found the key to his whole literary life. Long after, he thus himself described his acquisition of the first of these books:—

"About five-and-forty years ago, it chanced that late one sultry afternoon I was going from shop to shop in Holborn and Middle Row, among the dealers in old books. I was inquiring for some volume, I forget what, not very often asked for. The young man behind the counter, to whom I put my question, was perhaps busy in attending to a more important customer; and then it is likely that he had to make search for the book I had named upon some out-of-the-way shelf of the back shop. Meantime, there was on the counter a volume of which I then knew nothing. I took my seat, and, just to pass away the time, I opened and read up and down in this volume. The neat, perspicuous style of the writer was its first charm, but then the substance and the animus of the book were a still greater attraction. Until that summer evening I had believed that I knew as much perhaps of Church history as there could be any need to know. I had read or had listened to Mosheim and Milner, and perhaps a book or two beside; but, if so, and if it be Church history in its reality—that is contained and treated of in those heavy books—if so, then what may be the meaning of this book? To me this casual reading was the sudden lifting up of a veil, so that the veritable things of the third and fourth century might be gazed at and rightfully understood; and so an inference might be gathered. I do not now remember whether the young man at the shop in Middle Row found the volume I had first asked him for; but it is certain that I eagerly paid him his price for a copy of the extant writings of Sulpicius Severus. This book is now on my table; a little book it is, but it has been the harbinger of many folios."

About the year 1818, his friend Josiah Conder, who was at that time the editor of the "Eclectic Review,' induced him to become a stated contributor to that periodical, which was then at the zenith of its fame, numbering as it did among its most zealous literary supporters the names of Robert Hall, John Foster, and Olinthus Gregory.

During this time he had been living at Ongar, in his father's house, a picturesque old place called the Castle House, in the garden of which stood the castle mound surrounded by a deep moat, and surmounted by the ruins of the ancient fortress.

But too close confinement to his books, and too zealous prosecution of his literary labours, brought on a state of confirmed ill-health. His life was almost despaired of, and, as a last resource, he was ordered into the milder climate of Devonshire. He was accompanied by his sister Jane, whose health had never been robust, and who had always been the chosen companion of her brother, and the sharer of

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his thoughts. The year or two which they passed in Devonshire completely restored his health—the threatening symptoms of decline passed away—and for thirty years he never knew a day's illness. It was otherwise with his sister—her health declined, and she died in 1824, at the age of thirty-nine.

·She had constituted her brother Isaac her literary executor, and the guardian of the unpublished papers which she left behind her. To prepare these for publication was a labour of love, and the poetical remains, accompanied by a memoir and selections from her correspondence, were published in the year 1825. A few years before his death, this memoir was rewritten by the author, and is now advertised for speedy publication as a portion of a volume entitled "The Family Pen."

This memoir of his sister was not, however, his earliest work. In 1822, two years before her death, at the age of thirty-five, he had made his first independent literary venture. This was a small educational volume, which had been suggested mainly by his Baconian studies, and was entitled "Elements of Thought." It was intended to teach the first rudiments of mental philosophy. The volume was not unsuccessful, having passed through several editions in its original form. A few years ago it was entirely re-cast, and published as an essentially new work, under the title of "The World of Mind." This first essay was succeeded by a much larger and more costly volume, a translation of the Characters of Theophrastus, accompanied by pictorial renderings of the characters, drawn and etched by the translator.

In the year 1825 an event took place which added greatly to the happiness of his life, and filled up, to some extent, the blank left by the death of his sister Jane, in the previous year. This was his marriage to Elizabeth Medland, the "young friend" to whom are addressed many of the letters in the latter part of Jane Taylor's published correspondence.

During the thirty-five years of her married life, she proved herself a true and noble woman, a devoted wife, a fond yet most judicious mother, and the beloved friend and counsellor of her cottage neighbours.

In preparation for his marriage, Mr. Taylor had established himself at Stanford Rivers, a secluded country village, distant some two miles from his father's residence at Ongar. This house, which was to be the scene of his literary labours and of his silent meditations for more than forty years, was not unfitted for the retreat of a literary recluse. It was a rambling, old-fashioned farm-house, standing in a large garden. It commanded a somewhat extensive view of the numerous shaws, the well-timbered hedge-rows, and the undulating pasturages, which are characteristic of that part of Essex; while, at the distance of about half a mile from the house, and in full view from its windows, the little river

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Roden meanders through the broad meadows. The house was speedily adapted to its new purposes. Barns and other farm outbuildings were pulled down, the garden was replanted and laid out afresh, with a characteristic provision of spacious gravel walks for meditative purposes.

Shortly after his marriage, Mr. Taylor published two companion volumes, which mark the direction his studies had been taking. The first, "The History of the Transmission of Ancient Books to Modern Times," was followed by "The Process of Historical Proof." These books form an answer to what may be called the literary scepticism of writers like the Jesuit Hardouin and his school, and show the grounds on which a rigorous criticism may accept as genuine the various remains of ancient literature, and more especially those documents which are comprised in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. After an interval of more than thirty years, these two volumes were recast and republished as a single work.

As these volumes are perhaps less known than most of the author's writings, we will give an extract from the former, showing that at this early period, and when comparatively unknown as a writer, he was not only a master of that nervous and forcible style by which he was afterwards distinguished, but that he already possessed that power of philosophical analysis, and that fondness for the solution of the religious problems presented by history, which have made his works such favourites with a large class of thoughtful readers.

This passage shows also in a marked manner the influence of that artistic training which had occupied his earlier years, and contains a sort of prevision of passages that occur in his later works. It deals with the corroborations of the accounts of ancient historians, which may be drawn from a study of the art of different nations:—

"The exquisite forms of the Greek chisel declare that the superstition they embodied, though frivolous and licentious, was framed more for pleasure than for fear; that it was rather poetical than metaphysical. They do not indicate that the religious system of the people was sanguinary and ferocious, or that it was the engine of priestly despotism. One would imagine that the ministers of these deities were more the servants of the people's amusements than the tyrants of their consciences, property, and persons.

"The Grecian sculptures give proof that the superstition to which they belonged, however false or absurd it might be, was open to all the ameliorations and embellishments of a highly-refined literature. The sacred sculptures of India are undisguised and significant representations of the horrid vices enjoined and practised by the priests. But the lettered taste of the Greeks taught their artists to invest each attribute of evil with some form of beauty. The hideousness of the vindictive passions must be hid

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beneath the character of tranquil power, and the loathsomeness of the sensual passions veiled by the perfect ideal of loveliness. Art, left to itself, does not adopt these corrections, nor do the authors of superstitious systems ask for them. There must be poetry, there must be philosophy at hand, to whisper cautions to the wantonness of art."

He then proceeds to point out the lessons to be learnt from the study of Egyptian architecture :—
"The stupendous remains which still lead the traveller to the banks of the Nile attest, in the first place, the unbounded wealth affirmed by historians to have been at the command of the Egyptian monarchs—a wealth derived chiefly from the extraordinary fertility of the country, which, like the plains of Babylon, yielded a three-hundred-fold return of grain. The mouths of the Nile became the centre of trade between the Eastern and Western world; and that river, after depositing a teeming mud in one year, bore upon its bosom, in the next, the harvest it had given, for the supply of distant and less fertile regions. Nor was the industry of the people—numerous beyond example—wanting to improve every advantage of nature. But for whom was this unbounded wealth amassed? Under whose control was it expended? The testimony of historians coincides with that of the existing ruins in declaring that a despotism, political and religious, of unexampled perfection, and very unlike anything that has since been seen, disposed of the best surplus products of agriculture and of commerce. Under these circumstances, the master of Egypt could hardly do otherwise than expend his means upon extensive structures. Such a degree of scientific skill in masonry as belongs to a middle stage of civilization, in which the human faculties are but half developed, is what the accounts of historians would lead us to expect; and it is just what these remains actually display. There is some science, but there is much more of cost and labour. The works undertaken by the Egyptian builders were such as a calculable waste of human life would complete, but not such as demand the mastery of practical difficulties by high efforts of mathematical genius. They could rear pyramids, excavate catacombs, or hew temples from solid rocks of granite, but they attempted no works like those executed by the artists of the Middle Ages. For to poise so high in air the fretted roof and slender spire of a Gothic minster required a *cost of mind* greater than was at the command of the Egyptian kings.

"A mound of earth, one foot in height, satisfies that feeling of our nature which impels us to preserve from disturbance the recent remains of the dead. But a pyramid five hundred feet in height was not too tall a tomb for an Egyptian king! The varnished doll, into which the art of the apothecary converted the carcass of the deceased monarch, must needs rest in the deep bowels of a mountain of hewn stone. More

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complete proof of the utter subjugation of the popular will in ancient Egypt cannot be imagined than that afforded by the fact that so much masonry was piled for such a purpose. The pyramids could never move the general enthusiasm of the people. They could only gratify the crazy vanity of the man at whose command they were reared. These tapering quadrangles, as they were the product, so they may be viewed as the proper images, of pure despotism. Vast in the surface it covers, and the materials it combines, the prodigious mass serves only to give towering altitude to—a point.

"The plains of Greece are burdened by no huge monuments whose only intention is to crush the common feelings of a nation beneath the weight of one man's vanity; but temples, the property of all—temples free from the characters of gloom and ferocity, adorned the whole face of the country.

"A more striking point of contrast cannot be selected than that presented by a comparison of the human figures attached to the Egyptian temples with those that decorate the Grecian architecture. The Grecian caryatides assume the utmost liberty, ease, and variety of position which may comport with the burdensome duty of supporting the pediment; they give their heads to the mass of masonry above them, not with the passiveness of slaves but with the alacrity of free persons. The Egyptian figures stand like the personifications of unchanging duration; but of the Grecian, one might think that they had just stepped from the merry crowd, and were themselves pleased spectators of the festivities that are passing before them."

The researches connected with a new and annotated translation of Herodotus, which Mr. Taylor published at this time, seem to have suggested an anonymous work of fiction entitled "The Temple of Melekartha." This book, the authorship of which was never avowed, stands alone among the productions of its writer; with great imaginative and pictorial power, it attempts to reproduce the characteristic features of the pre-historic civilization of the Tyrian race at the period of the traditional migration from the Persian Gulf to the Syrian coast. The work is pervaded by a deep ethical purpose, striving as it does to develop the untrammelled workings of enthusiasm, fanaticism, and spiritual despotism, and their baneful results on the destinies of nations.

Hitherto Mr. Taylor as an author had only been moderately successful. His works, though well received by the public, had excited no marked sensation; but at length, at the age of forty-two, he discovered the direction in which the true bent of his genius lay. The "Natural History of Enthusiasm," with which the author's name is perhaps now chiefly associated, was published anonymously in the month of May 1829. This work was a sort of a historico-philosophical elucidation of those social and religious problems which had come into

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prominence in that age of political and ecclesiastical revolution in which it first appeared. It was written with such freshness of thought and vigour of language as at once to place the unknown writer in the front rank of contemporary literature. The book rapidly ran through eight or nine editions, and still continues to have its readers and admirers.

The success which the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" so speedily attained, stimulated its author to follow it up by two companion volumes on analogous subjects. These, "Fanaticism" and "Spiritual Despotism," were both eagerly welcomed by an expectant and admiring public.

Mr. Taylor's next work is, perhaps, that which has been most in favour with the class of readers to whose taste his writings are adapted. In his character of a lay theologian, he brought forward a series of devout reflections and original speculations on some of the more recondite subjects of religious thought.—As a layman, he thought it right to leave the ordinary topics of the pulpit to their authorized expounders; and under the title of "Saturday Evening" he claimed to deal only with such matters as might be regarded as a preparation for the more formal teaching of the Sunday. This work has been regarded by a numerous band of admirers as a storehouse of profound thought, expressed in that massive and harmonious language of which the writer was a master.

One of the detached speculations on "Saturday Evening," was soon afterwards expanded into a volume, under the title of "The Physical Theory of Another Life." This work has gone through several editions, and still finds numerous readers.

This book in many respects stands alone among its author's works.—He indulges in a more speculative and vaster flight of the imaginative faculty than in either his previous or his subsequent productions. The book has consequently had a class of readers of its own, for whose minds the character of its speculation had a fascination.

Shortly after the publication of the "Physical Theory of Another Life," its author was reluctantly persuaded to relinquish that anonymous shield under cover of which this series of works had been produced, and which in his own opinion enabled him to write with a freedom and a power to which he had before been a stranger.

In 1836 a vacancy occurred in the Chair of Logic in the University of Edinburgh. The anonymous author received an urgent requisition from some of the electors to stand for the vacant chair. This flattering proposal, involving as it did a surrender of his cherished habits of seclusion, was at first decisively declined; but the request was repeated with such urgency that he was at last induced to reconsider his determination.—As the day of election approached, all the other competitors withdrew, with the exception of Sir William Hamilton, who was ultimately suc-

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cessful by a small majority. This contest, the issue of which the defeated candidate never regretted for a moment, laid the foundation of valued friendships with Dr. Chalmers and other prominent men at Edinburgh who had warmly interested themselves in his behalf.

Another result of this contest was that, on several occasions in after years, Mr. Taylor received similar invitations to compete for chairs in Scotch Universities and Colleges, and on one occasion a prominent position of the kind was placed at his option. But he never again consented to stand, believing that a college teacher should have received a college training, and believing also that his own habits of thought, and of free utterance on philosphical and theological topics, would not have been in harmony with the intellectual atmosphere of a Scotch university. His own marked enjoyment of the country, and his decisive preference for a secluded life, joined to his conviction of the superior mental and physical health attainable by a family residing in the country, combined to retain him in the retired rural home in which he had deliberately chosen to cast his lot. At this time he had seven young children around his table. The methods which he pursued, and the thoughts which suggested themselves while superintending the education of his own family, are recorded in "Home Education," a volume published in 1838. The beneficial influences of a country life, the educational value of children's pleasures, and the importance of favouring the natural growth of a child's mind instead of stimulating the mental powers into a forced and unnatural activity, are among the topics insisted upon in this volume, which has had considerable weight with parents in inducing them to promote the enjoyments of their children as one of the best of educational influences. His next effort was of a very different character, and involved him in a literary controversy of a kind from which his retiring nature sensitively shrank.

We have already given his own account of his chance discovery of a copy of Sulpitius Severus on a London bookstall, and of the effect produced by this incident upon his own mind. The interest thus awakened in patristic literature was not transient. He took every opportunity of making acquaintance with the writings of the early Christian fathers, and he gradually accumulated on his shelves a costly array of folios, comprising nearly everything of note in the whole literature of Christian antiquity. "Fanaticism" and "Spiritual Despotism" were the first fruits of these studies, but they were now to be turned to still further account.

From the independent perusal of these early writers, he had formed for himself a conception of the doctrine and practice of the Nicene Church, differing widely from that which he found presented in any of the then accepted writers on church history. Milner, and even Moshiem, he put from him with a kind

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of indignation, as presenting an utterly untrue and distorted version of the facts of the case. Holding as he did this belief as to the practices and doctrines of the early church, he was deeply interested in that great movement in the English Church of which the "Tracts for the Times" were the exponents. The avowed objects of the tracts was to bring back the Church of England to the theological beliefs and the ritual usages of the Nicene Church. Mr. Taylor's researches had led him to the belief that almost the whole of the errors of mediæval Rome existed in a more or less developed form in that church of the fourth century, which the Oxford writers were holding up to view as the standard and pattern for ourselves. In this belief he stepped forward with a reply to the tracts from the point of view of a layman, unembarrassed by the entanglement of ecclesiastical interests or subscriptions.

The first part of "Ancient Christianity, compared with the Doctrines of the Tracts for the Times," appeared in the beginning of the year 1839, and drew down upon its author an unwonted storm of virulent and unscrupulous opposition. The parts continued to appear at intervals for nearly three years. and had a very extensive circulation. The author had reason to believe that, while he had confirmed many waverers in their old allegiance to the Church of England, he had succeeded in proving to others that their only consistent course was that which they soon adopted, of joining the communion of Rome.

About this time Mr. Taylor delivered four lectures on "Spiritual Christianity," to a distinguished audience assembled at the Hanover Square Rooms. He himself always regarded these lectures as one of his happiest efforts. A somewhat similar course of four lectures was addressed to the working classes, under the title "Man Responsible." But occupations of a very different nature now began to engross his thoughts. From his boyhood his leisure hours had been much occupied with the invention of mechanical devices. One room in his house was always appropriated as a laboratory and carpenter's shop.

His most ingenious contrivance was a machine for engraving on copper. This beautiful invention was applied to the production of the numerous plates which illustrate Dr. Traill's translation of "Josephus;" and shortly afterwards it was adapted to the purpose of engraving the copper cylinders which are employed in calico-printing, and having been patented in England, Scotland, and America, it was brought into operation on a large scale in Manchester and elsewhere. This machinery, ingenious and mechanically successful as it was, proved, financially, most disastrous to the inventor, and involved him in heavy difficulties, from which he only escaped in the latter years of his life. As has often been the case, the invention, though ruinous to the inventor, realized large returns in the hands of others

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who possessed the requisite capital for making it commercially successful. These mechanical pursuits were the main occupation of the seven years which followed the completion of "Ancient Christianity." The hours which were not devoted to bringing the engraving machinery to perfection were spent in literary labour, though not of that independent kind which had hitherto engaged him. He contributed, at intervals, many thoughtful articles to the "North British Review," from the time of its first commencement, in 1843, and expended much heavy and well-nigh fruitless toil in editing Dr. Traill's translation of "Josephus," writing the historical and topographical notes which accompany that work. In 1849 he again published a volume "Loyola and Jesuitism," in which he endeavoured to apply to our special epoch of church history some of those general principles which he had propounded twenty years before in the pages of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm" and "Spiritual Despotism."

Some two years after the appearance of "Loyola and Jesuitism," he published a companion monograph, entitled "Wesley and Methodism," intended to illustrate a phase of religious history little less important than the enterprise of Loyola. These two volumes, however, excited less attention than the preceding works from this author's pen. Wanting, as he constitutionally was, in literary ambition, he now gladly availed himself of an opportunity of returning to the privacy of anonymous authorship, which, he felt, always enabled him to wield his pen with a freedom and power which he was sensible had been more or less wanting ever since that reluctant avowal of his name, which had been extorted from him in 1836.—The result fully justified this belief, and "The Restoration of Belief," a volume on the Christian argument, which was published anonymously in 1855, has always been regarded by his admirers as one of the most profound and powerful of all the efforts of his pen.

The works of his remaining years may be briefly enumerated. "Logic in Theology," and "Ultimate Civilization," are the titles of two volumes of characteristic essays.—The last is a sort of Religio Laici, and contains a more detailed expression of the writer's mature belief than can be found elsewhere in his writings. In this essay he sums up the *credenda* which a thoughtful and devout man may, in these days of scepticism, accept as things which may be believed "without controversy." In truth as he advanced in life his early aversion to the acrimony and necessary one-sidedness of religious controversy returned with increasing force, and he often regretted that the feebleness of increasing years did not allow him to recast the one controversial effort of his life—"Ancient Christianity"—into a form which should be free from that atmosphere of partisanship in which it was, from the necessity of the time, originally produced.

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Mr. Taylor's last work of any importance was a volume which arose out of a course of lectures originally delivered at Edinburgh, on "The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry." This volume was published in 1852, and it contains passages of great originality and beauty, showing that age had not abated the power of the veteran writer, though it may have mellowed his tone of thought, and chastened his somewhat exuberant style. In this work the writer depicts with wonderfully graphic force those physical characteristics of Palestine which render it a land unique among all lands, and which tended probably to make it the birthplace and the earliest home of ancient poetry.

The last published production of Mr. Taylor's pen was a series of "Personal Recollections," which appeared in a popular periodical in 1864.

In the spring of 1865 he was attacked by a violent access of the chronic bronchitis which had troubled him for many years, and this malady was soon complicated by dropsical symptoms, and a derangement of the action of the heart.—For three months he endured great sufferings, with characteristic fortitude and noble Christian patience, his only wish being to pass away and be at rest. For weeks before his death he was obliged to be propped up in a sitting posture, night and day, a recumbent position invariably bringing on the cough with exhausting violence.—It was touching to hear his expressions of gratitude for the services rendered to him in his helplessness by his daughters, who nursed him devotedly. His greatest comfort was to listen to one of those psalms concerning which his pen had so recently eloquently discoursed.—At last the strong frame was shattered by continuous pain and sleeplessness, and on the 28th of June, 1865, he passed away to his well-earned rest.

He was buried in Stanford Rivers churchyard, by the side of two daughters who had gone before, and in the same grave with his beloved wife. In a few weeks he would have completed his seventy-eighth year.

At the time of his fatal seizure he was engaged in writing an essay on the religious history of England during the fifty years of his own literary life. This fragment is now, we learn, being prepared for publication by his eldest son, and it is hoped will very shortly be given to the world.

His career affords a noble example of the highest intellectual gifts being devoted, with a single eye, to the highest purposes. Great as were his powers, they were equalled by his humility, and were ennobled by his faith, and brightened by his hope.

Like his uncle Charles, and his sisters Ann and Jane, Mr. Taylor was singularly destitute of literary ambition. It was always his greatest pleasure and reward to believe that, in his use of the gift entrusted to him, he had been able in any degree to be useful in his generation. It is not often, perhaps, that

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so voluminous a writer has shrunk so persistently from personal prominence and literary notoriety of every kind. It was always most painful to him to be brought forward as a "literary man." He resolutely held aloof from mixing in literary circles; general society was distasteful to him; and though he hospitably welcomed, at Stanford Rivers, his few chosen friends, yet he was never truly happy and at ease, save in the deep seclusion of his country retreat, pacing up and down the walks of the old-fashioned garden, or setting forth for prolonged rambles in those retired lanes and by-ways where he could feel most secure from encountering strangers. His social enjoyments he ever sought in the bosom of his own family. He always believed that the domestic happiness with which he was so greatly favoured was not only a strong stimulus to literary exertion, but exercised also the best influence on his own intellectual judgment; and to the seclusion of his country life he attributed much of the health and catholicity of his religious feelings, and the calm judicial tone of his literary tempter.

In his personal habits he was simple and regular. For the greatest portion of his life he rose at six daily, wrote during the forenoon, and walked in all weathers from four to eight miles.

In person he was below the middle height, compactly and firmly built. A broad and massive forehead, and exquisitely chiselled Grecian nose, expressive features and snow-white hair, brushed erect, gave him a noble and striking appearance—one that, once seen, could never be forgotten.

[*Chambers's Journal.*

THE TOWER AND ITS TENANTS.

Beyond all question, the most interesting building in Great Britian is the Tower of London. There are other places remarkable for this and that historial association; for deeds of high-handed oppression; for memories of lifelong persecution; but none of these possess a record equal in interest to that of any one of the score of dungeons in that gray isolated pile, in which our kings have lived, and our nobles have perished for so many hundred years. Each one of its many towers is a long chapter of our history, full of violence and blood, and yet not without some noble incidents also; each stone-walled chamber is a page out of human life more romantic than

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novelist would dare to paint. What scenes have those old walls witnessed! What groans have they heard! A royal palace; a state prison; a slaughter-house where the noble and base have perished by the indiscriminate axe; a burial-place of murdered queens! And yet how little we know about this wondrous spot, that lies at the very door of so many of us. Who visits it save humble country-folk, who "do" it and the Thames Tunnel in the same afternoon. How few of us since our boyhood, when we visited it with some benevolent uncle, who "gave himself up" to us for the day, and offered us the choice of the Tower, or Madame Tussaud's, the very extremities of self-sacrifice, as he considered them, have ever cared to venture so far eastward as Tower-hill.

A cheerful nod, as we have passed it on our way down the river, in the whitebait season, and the remark, "This is Traitors' Gate," is all the attention we Londoners of the better class—as we consider ourselves—are accustomed to pay to the Tower of London. If it cost half-a-guinea a piece to see the place, perhaps we that are of the Upper Ten Thousand should go; but to be mixed up with a crowd of people at sixpence a head, and lectured by a professor of History in the shape of a beef-eater, exactly as if we were at a waxwork, is what we are not likely to put up with, and don't. The meagre, wretched guide-books of the place, too, quite carry out the waxwork notion, and until lately, they have been the only accessible sources from which topographical information—the identification of locality with event—could be procured. This last objection, however, has now been removed, by the publication of *Memorials of the Tower*, by Lord de Ros, its present Lieutenant-governor, a book which all should read before they visit the place, and which few, let us hope, will read without the desire of visiting it. Then every stone will have, if not a sermon in it, at least an epitaph; and if we must still run with the beef-eater, we need not read by the light of his intelligence.

The Tower, as every one knows, is situated on the Middlesex side of the Thames, a little below London Bridge, and the buildings which compose it present the appearance of a small fortified town of Germany or Flanders. Its wide, deep moat, though kept dry for sanitary reasons, is capable of being flooded, and though of course as a fortress the place would be easily reduced by the modern appliances of war, is still a formidable hold. The "Ballium" roinner, wall, is immensely thick, and varies from thirty to forty feet in height. The only vestige of the royal palace, finally demolished by Cromwell—is the buttress of an old archway adjoining the Salt Tower—to the south-east—but most of the buildings have stubbornly resisted the attacks of Time.

That portion of the place which is most familiar to our ears is no doubt the Bloody Tower, opposite

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the water-entrance, and so grimly associated with the murder of the two young princes by Richard III. As the fact of this atrocity has had some doubts lately cast upon it by some of those sceptics who busy themselves in this age with white-washing the villains of history, as well as with depreciating its heroes, Lord de Ros has gone into the matter at some length. The generally received tradition runs that Richard, after giving all necessary orders for his elder nephew's coronation (there is evidence that even his robes were prepared), suddenly sounded Sir Robert Brackenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower, upon the subject of doing away with both lads. Brackenbury, who is said to have received this instruction while engaged in the singularly *malapropos* occupation of divine service in St. John's Chapel in the White Tower, declined the dreadful office. James Tyrrell was therefore appointed to temporarily supersede him in his post. This being arranged, Tyrrell employed Dighton and Forest to do the deed; and the bodies of the childred were buried in the Tower, and not a syllable said about them. There was not the slightest attempt to account for their disappearance in any way. That every contemporary believed that the princes thus met their end seems certain, and hence the general disbelief in England of the authenticity of the claims of Perkin Warbeck. It was always a sequel of the tradition of the murder, "that the priest of the Tower" had buried the bodies in some concealed place—Shakspeare makes Tyrrell confess to the fact—"and surely it is not unreasonable to infer, when two children's bodies, corresponding in age and period of decay with the date of the murder, were discovered in Charles II.'s time, by some workmen, at the foot of a staircase, about seventy yards from the Bloody Tower, that these were the bones of the princes. There were two consecrated burial-grounds within the Tower, besides that of Barking Church on Tower-hill close by; and what likelihood was there, under these circumstances, of two boys being buried in this sequestered nook, under a staircase, unless with a view to secrecy and concealment." Charles II., a by no means credulous prince, had certainly no doubt of the matter, since he went to the trouble and expense of having the remains removed, with all due respect, to the vaults of Westminster. By his orders, as it is said, a mulberry-tree was also planted upon the spot where the bones were found; and so late as 1853, a warder of the Tower was alive who remembered seeing the stump still imbedded in the landing of the stairs. The extraordinary rewards paid to the assassins for value received (but not acknowledged) must also be taken into account. Tyrrell was appointed governor of Guines, near Calais, and further received three rich stewardships from Richard in the marches of Wales. Dighton was made bailiff of Ayton, with a pension. Forest's widow had a pension given her on

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his death, shortly after the murder; and "ample general pardons were granted them, whatever villainies might be laid to their charge, all under the royal hand and seal, not naming what offence, but covering any and all." Surely *qui excuse s'accuse* is a remark that applies here. According to Miss Strickland, indeed, Tyrrell actually confessed to the murder, and Dighton also, the latter with the addition, that "the old priest had buried the bodies first under the Wakefield Tower, and a second time in some place of which he had no knowledge." That the Bloody Tower was the locality of old assigned to this crime, is certain; for in a complimentary oration to James I., with which the authorities of the Tower received him upon his first visit thereto, express mention is made of it as such. Indeed, it seems probable from the nature of the case, since the chamber credited with the wicked deed closely adjoined the governor's house, where so many prisoners of rank were confined, when security, rather than severity, of imprisonment was the object in view.

With the exception of this stain, however, the Bloody Tower has by no means so bad a reputation as others of his brethren; such as the Beauchamp Tower, where many a brave man and gentle lady dragged out years of misery, from which they were only freed by the axe's edge; or the White Tower, in the vaults of which still exist "the Little Ease" and "Cold Harbour" —very significant chamber-titles— and in whose turret Matilda the Fair is said to have been poisoned by the command of King John, whom she refused to receive as her wooer. She is said to have been slain by means of a poisoned egg (which seems, for the Tower, to have been quite a humane attention), and out of that egg, according to one historian, was hatched the British constitution, her murder "completing the exasperation of the English barons, who flew to arms, for the purpose of avenging the honour of the most distinguished among their class, Lord Fitzwalter," her father.

The Wakefield Tower (adjoining the Bloody Tower) is, by comparison with the preceding, quite an innocent place of residence. Its large hall, however, has the reputation of being the spot where Henry VI. was murdered by Richard (then Duke of Gloucester); and certainly in the vault beneath it, sixty or seventy of the Scotch prisoners, in 1745, were confined, with so little attention to fresh air and food, that more than half of them perished. The Tower, indeed, seems to have been a stronghold of abuses, as well as to have enjoyed a bad reputation in respect to murders and the like, for the constables appointed from time to time only considered how money could be screwed out of those over whom they were set. They sold the wardersships, allowed public-houses to be built all over the place, and filled every corner with paying tenants. No prisoner was too low

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or too high but that they put *their* screw on—even if the thumbscrew was omitted in the treatment prescribed. When the Princess Elizabeth was in custody here, the constable, Sir John Gage, actually took toll of the provisions supplied to her, until the Lords of Council forced him to admit her own servants to superintend her commissariat. Her imprisonment was sufficiently harsh, without Sir John's pilfering. Mass was constantly obtruded upon her. For a whole month, she never passed the threshold of her chamber; and even when she had obtained permission to take the air, she was always attended by the constable, the lieutenant, and a guard. Even a little boy of four years old, who was wont to pay visits to other prisoners as well as herself, and bring them flowers, was suspected of being a messenger between her and the unhappy Earl of Devonshire, an inmate of the Tower from twelve years of age, "lest he should avenge his father's wrongs"—the reason for his committal absolutely assigned—and who only enjoyed two subsequent years of liberty. The child aforesaid was actually bribed with promises of figs and apples, to furnish ground for accusation against the princess and the earl.

In reading Lord de Ros's little volume, indeed, no one can fail to be struck not only with the injustice and cruelty of those old times, which, certain foolish persons persist in calling "good," but with the baseness and cowardice of "the authorities," from the king or queen downwards. Base and brutal as was Queen Mary's conduct, that of Elizabeth was even viler, inasmuch as she was more causelessly vindictive. We do not know at what precise period chivalry is supposed to have been at its best and palmiest, but certainly modern times offer no parallel in the way of downright meanness to the conduct pursued by such a gallant knight (for instance) as Henry V. We have all heard of the respect paid by that noble prince to his prisoners after Agincourt; but it is not so generally known that he afterwards behaved to them exactly as our Italian and Chinese brigands conduct themselves towards *their* captives. If the ransom—always an extravagantly enormous one—was not very soon paid, his noble prisoners in the Tower began to feel it in restrictions and privations. The Dukes of Bourbon and Boucicault died there, since their urgent appeals could not extract from the tenants of their exhausted lands the requisite sum set upon their release; and Charles of Orleans languished in those alien walls for a quarter of a century.

With whatever high-flown courtesy, too, women were treated as "queens of tourney," and on great public occasions, in private and in prison, their sex was no protection; the cowardice and cruelty of their jailers and of those who ruled their jailers, were beyond anything that is heard of now, except among the most brutalised of our peasantry, and towards some wretched lunatic half-ignorant of her wrongs. Think

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of Anne Askew, for instance, so late as the days of "bluff king Hal," bullied by Bishop Bonner, worried even by the Lord Mayor about her religious opinions, next committed to Newgate, and then sent to the Tower, to be racked by the Chancellor himself, "so that her limbs were so stretched and her joints so injured that she was never again able to walk without support!" Lastly, she is taken to Smithfield to be burned alive in the presence of the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Bedford, one of whom, learning that there was some gunpowder about the fagots (placed by some good soul to shorten her agonies), "became frightened lest any accident should happen to *himself*." Anne Boleyn, by a strange refinement of cruelty, was placed as a prisoner in the same lodging she had occupied previous to her coronation; and when Smeaton had been induced to accuse her falsely, by promise of his life being spared (in despite of which promise they hung him), she was taken out, and beheaded in the courtyard, and her body thrown into an arrow-chest. For the execution of Lady Jane Grey—whose autograph may be read on the walls of the Beauchamp Tower—there was, perhaps, in those turbulent times, enough of excuse; but nothing can palliate the behaviour of Elizabeth towards Lady Catherine Grey, Jane's sister—Elizabeth, a woman herself, but twenty-five at the time in question, and who knew from experience the bitterness of captivity. For the crime (?) of marrying Lord Hertford, this young lady, with her husband, was committed to the Tower: by no means, however, in his company; she bore her first child in solitude, and heard it pronounced illegitimate, and her marriage to be null and void. "This monstrous decision was not, of course, likely to affect the sentiments of the parties concerned; after a time, by persuasion or corruption of their keepers, the doors of their prison were no longer secured against each other, and the birth of a second child rekindled the anger of Elizabeth." A double fine was imposed upon Lord Hertford, and they never met again notwithstanding petitions to her Majesty, setting forth "how unmeet it was this young couple should thus wax old in prison."

The Lady Arabella Stuart was another involuntary tenant of the Tower, whose only faults were her royal birth and having wedded the man she loved. Her cousin, King James, forcibly separated the happy pair and they formed a plan to escape to France, and there be reunited. In this they committed a crime. The husband succeeded in his design, but Arbella failed, and was committed to the Tower, where, after some years, she died, as well she might, distracted with her miseries. This daughter of a line of kings—but far too much out of the direct succession to create reasonable alarm—was buried by night, and without any ceremony, in Westminster Abbey, "because to have a great funeral for one dying out of the king's favour, would have reflected upon the king's honour."

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The king's *honour*, of whom his own son said, that "he was the only man who would have shut up such a bird as Raleigh in a cage:" and such a cage! A cell in the White Tower, now shewn to every visitor, was the limit allowed to the greatest navigator of the globe, for eight long years. The story of his subsequent release, expedition, and legal murder—perhaps the most audacious ever committed under the shield of law— is well known; but not so well James's answer to Lady Raleigh, when she complained to him that he had given her husband's estate away (on pretence of a flaw in the title-deed) to his favourite Robert Carr, and besought him not thus to make their child a beggar. He received her harshly, and merely repeated "I maun have the land; I maun have it for Carr."

The only tenant of the Tower who seems to have been able to move the heart of the king or queen in his favour, was one of the greatest scoundrels it ever contained, namely, Colonel Blood, who stole the Regalia. Nobody knows why Charles II. pardoned him, or rather released both him and his accomplices without trial. The enterprising colonel even became a hanger-on upon the court at Whitehall, where he does not seem to have been held a greater rogue than the rest, for he had eventually a pension given to him, as well as some confiscated land in Ireland. Edwards, on the other hand, the keeper of the jewels, who had almost lost his life in their defence, died unrecompensed. From the Conqueror's time, indeed, until that of James II., the annals of the tenants of the Tower form one long history of injustice. The single gleam of sunshine that strikes through these dark records is the narrative of the escape of Lord Nithsdale from the governor's house in February 1716, the evening before the day on which he had been doomed to die, and it is exceedingly well told by our author. The devoted resolution of his countess overcoming the apprehensions of the timid, and stirring the phlegmatic into action; her admirable address at the moment of her husband's flight; her presence of mind when he had got clear off, in imitating her lord's voice, that his guards might imagine he was still within his chamber; and, finally, her return to Scotland, at the forfeit of her life, to fetch the buried family title-deeds, for her child's sake, make up a spirited portrait of a noble woman.

We have not spoken of the Tower as a fortress, though more than one king and queen were besieged within its massive walls; Richard II. twice, who, on the latter occasion, had the mortification, after parley with the rebel leader in the council-room, of being compelled to surrender his old friend and tutor, Simon Burley, to the vengeance of his enemies. It was from the Tower stairs, ten years before, that Richard took boat, and addressed his angry people with vain words of peace; and from its gate that he rode forth to meet Wat Tyler. No sooner had he passed the draw-

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bridge, than the mob rushed in, and, besides treating his mother, widow of the Black Prince, with great brutality, tore the Archbishop of Canterbury, and others, from the very altar of St. Peter, and beheaded them in the courtyard, so often the scene of scarcely less lawless executions.

St. Peter's Chapel is, in one sense, the chief focus of interest among all the Tower buildings; for, in whatever portion of the place the prisoners languished, they were most of them laid *there* at last, generally shorter by a head than when in life. Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, Lord-deputy of Ireland, is one of the few who is interred there undecapitated—he only died of a broken heart, upon hearing that his son, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald (commonly called Silken Thomas), had inherited the family disease of Rebellion, and declared war against the king, Henry VII. His foreboding was a just one, for Thomas soon came to be a prisoner like himself—in the Beauchamp Tower—and was hanged, one fine morning, with no less than five of his uncles, upon Tyburn Tree. The father of this old Lord Kildare was a chronic rebel; he could not possibly help having a hand in whatever rising happened to be taking place; and yet he kept his head on his shoulders to the last, and, simply because he was such an unparalleled scoundrel, received the highest honours. When accused before the king in council of burning the cathedral of Cashel, he admitted the soft impeachment, but defended himself upon the ground, "that he was positively assured that the archbishop was inside of it." This reply was considered a very excellent one; and, "since it seemed all Ireland could not govern this earl," Henry said "this earl shall govern all Ireland;" and accordingly made him its Lord-lieutenant.

Besides the great historical characters who have been involuntary tenants of the tower, there have been a few others who have had temporary lodgment there previous to execution; among these, notably, Lord Stourton, whose determined murder of the Hartgills, father and son, forms a very curious chapter in this history. He was the first peer who ever "took silk"—claimed the privilege of being hung with a rope of that material, and he richly deserved it. Our author takes occasion to remark that this was not altogether an empty distinction, since such rope being stronger than vulgar hempen cord, is slenderer, slips more easily upon the windpipe, and so shortens matters. His Lordship's servants were of course supplied with the usual article, and subsequently "hung in chains"—an expression, by the by, which only meant that *after* hanging in the ordinary way, "a stout canvas dress, well saturated with tar, was put upon the body, and then a light frame of hoop-iron fitted to the frame, with the object of causing the remains to hang together as long as possible. At the top of this framework was an iron loop which went over the

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head, and to this was secured the chain by which the corpse was finally suspended to a lofty gibbet made of oak, and studded with tenter-hooks, to prevent any one from climbing up to remove the body."

The last criminals received within the Tower walls were the Cato Street gang in 1820. Thistlewood was a tenant of the Bloody Tower; Ings and Davidson (a negro) of St. Thomas Tower; Harrison, Brunt, Tidd, Monument, and Wilson in the Bynard and Middle Towers; and Hooper in the Salt Tower. The first five were all hung: there was not the slightest sympathy from the spectators upon their appearance on the scaffold, but "when each head was cut off and held up, a loud and deep groan of horror burst from all sides, which was not soon forgotten by those who heard it"—so distasteful to our people has the sight of blood become, which was at one time shed in such torrents upon that most historic eminence in Britain, Tower-hill.

Interesting as these memorials are, and advantageous as must be the position of their author for investigating hidden matters of great moment, we do not envy Lord de Ros the habitation to which his office entitles him. In the day-time, the governor's house is doubtless comfortable enough; but at night, if one were the least inclined to be nervous—yet his Lordship is a soldier, and doubtless not afraid. "More than one sentry, however," he admits, "has deposed to hearing horrible groans proceeding from the apartment called the Council Chamber," where (among similar cheerful events) Guido Fawkes underwent the application of the rack in its severest form. We dare say it was "only fancy," but—only fancy!

[*Chambers's Journal.*

SECRET WRITING.

There are few persons who read the advertisements in our daily papers who have not been often puzzled by seeing, in the second column of the *Times*, some such mysterious announcement as the following: 6· 10 18 16 17—16, 2, 2—22 12 18—17, 12, 1, 24, 22, &c.; or, oggv og cv ejotkpi etquu. To those who have never given their attention to methods of secret writing, such an enigma as that presented by either of the examples given above, is too difficult and mysterious to be even thought of in any way but as a paradox. When, however, we have gone carefully into this matter, we find that it is usually a mere matter of time solving these problems, they being never utterly insoluble. It is surprising to find, very often, how little skill has been displayed in forming the hieroglyphics that are

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expected to defeat the curiosity of those who may feel disposed to inquire what there is hidden in these mysterious numbers. In time of war, when most important communications are transmitted from one officer to another, and when great disasters might result if an enemy were to become acquainted with the information contained in these communications, considerable care is taken to adopt what are called "cipher" communications, of such a nature as to be of no use to any one except to him who possesses the key. To construct or arrange a method of writing which is excessively difficult to unravel, is not a very arduous undertaking; there are numeorus methods by which this can be accomplished, and that method may be considered the best which occupies the longest time to find out; but as we before remarked, to arrange a means of communication which *cannot* be discovered, is almost impossible. In order to be an accomplished "expert" at solving hieroglyphics, we ought to be well acquainted with the construction of various languages, and to know the peculiarities of each. Let us take an example from English and French, languages generally known, and deal with the peculiarities of these. In English, there are three words of only one letter—namely, a, I, and O, the last very seldom used, but the former two are of very frequent occurrence. In French, we only know of a and d', used as a verb, or as a prefix to an article or pronoun. In both languages, the vowels are used oftener than any other letters; and in English, especially, we have the letter e more frequently repeated than any other; next comes a; then o.

By examining any long sentence or series of sentences, we can then at once almost fix upon these two letters, and thus obtain a key to the principles adopted. Then we can look out for words of three letters which are either terminated or begun by one of these, and we may then conclude that the word ending in e is "the," that beginning with a is "and:" we then have a guess at the letters t, h, n, and d; and we can try, by substituting these letters for the signs, numbers, &c., in the hieroglyphics, whether we are on the true track. In, an, at, if, it, is, be, or, we, on, as, by, of, to, do, are all common words of two letters that are ever recurring; thus, when we find a repetition of two signs or numbers, we may attack these first, and thus obtain a probable meaning for each sign. Thus, first taking single letters, then double, we begin with a few, and then increase our stock as we go on. In the case of figures, we may first try whether certain figures do not stand in place of certain letters, using in our trials the most simple forms first, the more complex afterwards, and thus, by the exhaustive process, hunt down the method used. Let us adopt this plan with the first numeral hieroglyphics given in the commencement of this paper. Let us assume, first, that it is the English language used, and we then

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find that either a or I ought to be represented by 6. In the first place, we will try whether the very simplest form has been adopted to blind us—namely, to number the letters of the alphabet, and then, instead of writing letters, put numbers to form words. We will first take these in order, and assuming 6 to represent a, we should have e represented by 10, m by 18, k by 16, and l by 17; and 6, 10, 18, 16, 17, would be aemkl, out of which no sense would be apparent. Before resigning this plan, however, we will suppose that 6 represents I; then, taking the alphabet in order, we should have 10, 18, 16, 17, representing m, u, s, t, and the sentence seems to commence "I must." We next have 16, 2, 2. Now, 16 is s, and 2, 2, the same letter repeated, suggest at once double e. We have then "I must see." In the next word, 22, 12, 18, we have the last letter u, represented by 18; and "I must see you" is at once suggested—22 and 12 meaning y and o respectively. The next word is 17, 12, 1, 24, 22, of which we have thus much, to l, 24, y. Comparing this with the previous portion of the sentence, we are at once led to "to-day" as the word, and the whole sentence therefore is, "I must see you to-day." Upon writing down these numbers under the letters, we shall find that the plan adopted was to commence numbering the alphabet at D for 1, and so on to the end; then putting the numeral under each letter, instead of the letter itself, the sentence was formed, and no doubt was considered very complicated by the lady or gentleman whose wants were thus expressed in mystic language.

This is a very simple case of hieroglyphics, and one which is only likely to be puzzling in consequence of its brevity. The next specimen we have given is also very simple; but this case comes at once under the head of the beginner's alphabet, for the two g's in the centre of the word, and the g terminating the word of two letters, at once directs us either to "good" or "meet." Good is the least likely word with which to commence a sentence; but if we take o as g, and g as o, we have "good go" for the first two words. If, however, we take g as e, then we have "meet me" for the first two words, and t for the termination of the third word, which would therefore most probably be either "it" or "at." The last word of these five ends with a double letter, and this would most probably be double l; and "shall" is the word at once suggested to us; but shall is an unlikely word with which to finish a sentence, and we are, by the beginning of the sentence, induced to look for the name of a place at which an appointment is to take place, and thus we search for another word ending in a double letter, and are at once reminded of cross, five letters ending in double letters. If our guess be correct, then e means c, t means r, q means o, and u means s. "Meet me at *cj*ar*kpi* cross" is now the sentence, the italics indicating the unknown

letters. A very little imagination at once leads us to the supposition that "Charing" is the word indicated; and thus "oggv og cv ejctkpi etquu," is nothing more than "Meet me at Charing Cross." By substituting the false letters under an alphabet, we find that the plan adopted in this case was to write c under a, and then to continue in succession until the alphabet was used up; a not very complicated system to adopt. In this case, we worked out the problem from starting, on the conviction, that e was the most common letter, and that the language was English; but in so short a sentence, such a test might be fallacious, for the shorter a sentence, the less clue is there given to the examiner on which he can work; and the repetition of the e in small sentences may by chance be avoided. "Go on with my work," was a sentence in numerals that puzzled us for a short time; three o's in five words induced us to believe that this letter was an e, until we discovered our obtuseness in not at once discovering that e rarely ever in English begins a word of two letters; and thus, as it was most probably a vowel, it must be either a, i, or o; and as a and i rarely finish a word of two letters, ma and pa being the exceptions, and i never being used, we were at once brought to o; then "to of," "do of or on," "go of or on," &c., were the probable meaning of these words, and we therefore selected "go on" as probable. Then came a word of four letters with o in the second place; this might be word, work, hold, &c. We selected "work," and thus guessed at w, which led us to "with." Then the "my" became a natural inference; and we had from this one sentence twelve letters as highly probable: and these letters applied to the remaining sentences immediately solved the mysteries of the cipher communication.

The fact that e predominates most in English, and afterwards a, o, i, in order, and that there is no word without a vowel, gives us at once a clue not only to every arrangement of numbers to represent letters, but to any system of ciphers used for secret writing. Then, again, a vowel, and therefore e, a, o, i, or u, almost invariably begins a word, or occupies the second place in a word; the exceptions being when an h, l, p, r, t, or w are used: there are very few words which will not come under these exceptions.

Let us examine the last hundred words preceding this paragraph, beginning at the last sentence ending "exceptions;" the hundred words reach to "and." We find seventy-two words either begin with a vowel or have a vowel in the second place, and no less than fifteen words where the vowel is preceded by h, in the second place. There are seventy-eight e's; whilst of the next vowel (a) there are only thirty-two; there being also thirty-two o's, and twenty-nine i's. About the e, there could be no mistake, its number at once revealing it, whether it happened to be represented by a cross, a dot, a

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numeral, or anything else. To distinguish the a from the o, we must remember that o is frequently the termination of a word of two letters, such as to, go, no, do, so; whilst a is more seldom used in this way, but is more often used to commence words of two or three letters, "an," "and," being very common; so that we can first decide upon our probable vowels, and then select the vowels themselves. The fact of the predominance of e is a great key, for there are many words in which double e occurs, and also words of four and five letters in which there are two e's—such as "deep," "seen," "keep," "been," "sleep," "meet," &c.; and also "were," "where," "there," "here;" all of which may be at once selected and tried, in order to discover h, r, w, t, and other letters which are used with these. Thus we should find there were very few words which would not be considerably broken up by this process, and leave us but little for guess-work, or much choice for option as regards our word.

Among the consonants, d and h are the most common, then n, s, r, t; so that after we have failed, by the aid of e, a, o, i, to discover words, we can recount and ascertain which sign is most likely to represent h or d. Again, when we have guessed at an o, we may examine for a word of three letters, and with o in the centre; this let us guess to be "you;" then we may try whether by substituting y and u in various words where they occur, we obtain satisfactory results. We will now take a simple case of substitution, by which the principles of discovery mentioned may be practiced, and from this we will advance to more complicated problems; but in each there is the same means open to discover the vowels and the most prominent letters. Here is a communication: 2 8 7 3 j 8 7 3 1 j 8 g 2 3 5 1 7 b 13 5 g 4 c 8 i 1 10 5 4 d j 8 c 13, 8 11 7 3 3 j 7 3 5 c 13 8 11 2 1 g j 2 8 7 3. In this sentence, there are seven 3's, eight 8's, six 7's, three 13's five j's, three 2's, three c's, four 5's, four 1's, &c. The greatest number of any here is 8, but we are disinclined to accept this as representing e, on account of 8 c appearing; and thus we take 8 to represent o, and 8 c would be either on, of, or. Then we come to the seven 3's, a number which we at once select as representing e, and 7 3 3 j may be seen, keep, or meet, &c; but 7 3 immediately following, leads us to accept 7 3 3 j as meet, 7 3 as me—j is therefore t; 7, e; and 8, o. By substituting these letters in the first word, it stands thus, 2ome, which may be either come or some; the next word being "to" (j 8), come is the more likely of the two; thus, "come to me" are the first three words. 7 being m, 1, 7 can be only am; thus, 1 being a, 1 j becomes "at." Then 8 g 2 3 becomes, from our previous knowledge, ogce, and g is therefore n. 5 can only be I, to make sense; and we next find b 13 5 g 4, of which we know 5 and g. 13 we may guess at from 13 8 11, which

is most probably you. Thus we may write, byin4, which may be dying or lying, but dying seems the more probable, from the I am before it. c 8 i must be for "for;" l is a; 10 5 4 d j becomes 10ig*d*t; and sight is the word suggested, with ig in the middle, and t at the end. "Meet me if you can't come," is the remainder of the sentence—not by any means a complex arrangement; the plan adopted having been to write 1 under a, a under b, 2 under c, b under d, and so on, and then spelling out the letters in order.

A much more complicated system is that of which the following is a specimen: ·pqr·o vn·pq·km r·o ·j·k·p nj·o·u ·pqn·nn knr·jp v·k·nn l·kv· lurlj·pr·k·j jk·k·q·p r·p.

It is at once evident, from looking at this, that very few letters are used, and thus that each letter must have a double meaning. First, we find there are a multitude of dots, too numerous to mean any one letter, therefore these must indicate something else, probably when one letter means differently from the same letter without the dot. Next we find there are eight p's, four q's, three v's, six j's, eight n's, eight k's, six r's, three o's, three l's, &c. We are at once induced by the number of n's to put this letter down as the representative of e, more especially as we find in the sixth word two n's without dots in it. There is also no word which has not in it either j, n, r, ·k, or ·q, and therefore we will select these as the probable vowels, especially when we find that out of eleven words one or other of these letters occupy the first or second positions.

Starting on the supposition that n is meant for e, we will attack the word ·pqn·nn, which might be "where," or "there." If we take where as the word, then ·p means w, and we have a single word of two letters, r·p, and no word of two letters ends in w. If, however, we take it to mean "there," then rp might be "it;" and we at once guess at t, h, r, and i. Assuming these letters to have been correctly guessed, we have the first word, ·pqr·o, standing thi·o, and "this" is at once the word suggested, ·o being the representation of s; and this will hold good for the word r·o, which becomes "is." We next come to ·j·k·p, a word of three letters, preceded by "is," and terminated by t, and "not" is at once presented to us as highly probable; and ·j and ·k are n and o; v.k.nn then becomes *vore*, and v must be b or m, m being the more probable. Next, we may select vn·pq·km, in which we may substitute the letters already known as follows, metho*m*, and m should therefore be d.—Another word, knr·jp becomes, by substituting known letters, keinp, and "being" is a very likely word to come from this, k and p being b and g respectively.

Out of our selected vowels j, n, r, k, and ·q, we know n is e, r is i, k is o; j and ·q are therefore a and u. We don't know which represents a, however, until we find the word jk·k·q·p, which, from what we know of k·k·p, becomes jbo·qt. If, now,

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we suppose j is u, and ·q, a, this word becomes uboat; but if j be a, and ·q, u, then "about" is the word.

We will now attack the long word l·kv·lurlj·pr·k·j, and this, from what we know, becomes *l*om·lui*l*ation. Here are two l's without a dot; most probably, therefore, the same letter is meant. Beginning at the commencement of the alphabet, we may try *b*om and *b*ation, which seems unsatisfactory. The next letter, *c*om, *c*ation, only requires pl to be added to make sense, and complication is the word. Thus, the whole sentence is solved, for nj·o·u is by the three known letters n, j, and o, as well as by the context, shewn to be "easy," and the meaning becomes—"This method is not easy, there being more complication about it."

We have thus shewn how, by the exhaustive process, by speculating as to the vowels, counting the letters, and by trial, we may solve almost any method which can be constructed for secret writing, although the systems for complications may be so arranged as to be very puzzling. By another method than any yet mentioned, however, we can manage to communicate in a manner which may fairly be said to defy detection. It is as follows: Two persons procure each a dictionary similar in every particular. This dictionary may be artificially paged, so that page 90 is marked page 1, and so on: then the word meant is counted either from the top or the bottom of the page, and numbered accordingly; thus (97,6,) would mean 97th page of the book, and the sixth word down. In order, again, to avoid detection, it might be agreed upon, that if the date of the communication were given, the reader should count on 10, 15, &c., pages before he numbered page 1 in his dictionary—this extra variation rendering discovery very improbable.

In the olden time, when postage was very expensive, much ingenuity was adopted to cheat the Postmaster-general—writing in milk, with a lemon, and in other ways which were invisible, until submitted to a great heat. Another very simple plan was to dot under each letter in the leading article or police report, and thus mark out words and sentences, the stops being indicated by a short line instead of a dot; and thus many communications were passed between lovers or friends who were too poor to pay the then high rate of postage, or with whom there were obstacles in the way of communications.

Referring, again, to the mere cipher problem, we will submit one which for a very long time defeated us; it was as follows: owew emtn gate itnia enll ewtx ofke htr ere otinosa uoydl. Upon counting the letters, we found 8 e's, 5 o's, 3 i's, 3 a's, 6 t's, 3 w's 3 l's, &c.

Taking e to mean really e, in consequence of the preponderance of e's, we were at once defeated by ere; neither would c do for o, nor for any single letter. htr again puzzled us, for if t, as seemed probable were a vowel, we knew of but few likely words with a vowel in the middle of these letters, except

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that vowel were u or o; and these would not suit.

After an endless variation of trials and failures, we always came back to the uoydl, and we were attracted to this because uoy is you backwards. We seemed, however, to be no nearer the mark than we were, even with the aid of uoy; but we determined to turn the words round, when the sentence stood thus: wewo ntme etag'ainti llne xtwe ekfo rth ere asonito ldyou. This was very little more intelligible than the former wording, with the exception of the word you, to which we were still attracted.—The you, however, left ld unaccounted for, and this *might* give us a key. It did do so, for ld belonged, we guessed, to *to* of the former sentence, and "told you" became apparent. No sooner had we reached this point than the mystery was solved; two letters of the following word were attached to that preceding it; making simply this alteration, the sentence was intelligible as follows: "We won't meet again till next week, for the reason I told you."

The arrangement was marvellously simple, and yet effective.

A most difficult arrangement to solve is the following. Write down the alphabet A B C, &c.; then under each letter write other letters of the alphabet three or four deep; thus

A	B	C	D
o	p	q	r
j	k	m	l
s	r	t	v

Then, when a message is to be sent, shew by the first four or five words, according as is arranged previously, from which of these columns the respective words are used; the order of the letters in the first few words shewing the order of the changes. Thus, klmn, jlki, &c., would indicate that the first word was made from the first row of letters below A B C &c.; the second word from the second row; the third from the third; and the fourth from the fourth; klm following in proper order. Then the next word, jlki, shews that the fifth word was taken from the second row; the sixth from the fourth, because l comes before k; the seventh from the third, because k is third in order; and the eighth word from the first row again. This method avoids the repetition of vowels, and, when skilfully drawn out, almost defies solution. Here is a specimen: L·M·N mnl nlm: t·lt·h thw qhqd qx ewmbb qt fdgq je nbxx.

To solve this write first the common alphabet; then under a write p, and under each subsequent letter write q, r, s, &c. in order, omitting L, and call this column l. Then under a, again, and below p, commence with t, and write the alphabet; call this column m; again, under t commence with m, and write a third alphabet. The commencement of the sentence, L·M·N mnl, &c., shews that the first word is formed from column L, the second from M, the third from N, the fourth from m, the fifth from n, and the sixth from l. If this arrangement will be tried, it will be

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found that the message is this: "Ever and ever we shall be true to thee;" a sentence of nine words with no less than nine e's in it; and yet by this arrangement the excess of this letter is not shewn, the letters t, x, and q respectively meaning e in columns L·M·N.

Here, then, is a means by which the ardent lover may communicate with his loved one in safety, the patriot with his fellow-patriot, and the anxious merchant with his companion; but all such persons should beware, for the trial may be hit off by an "expert;" and the slightest footprint will give a clue, and cause the vast mystery to be unravelled, and read as easily as common writing. There is, however, a considerable amount of skill to be shewn in the formation of a secret code, and still more in the unravelling of the same; and thus to the mere investigator or lover of paradoxes, secret writing and hieroglyphics may not be without interest.

[*The Quiver.*

RICHARD WHATELY, D. D.

The recently-published "Life and Correspondence of Archbishop Whately," by his daughter, has brought up for public notice and review the life of one of the most remarkable men of this century. Of these volumes themselves, their chief merit is that, as far as is possible, the late archbishop's letters, and the simplest record of facts, are allowed to tell the story of his life. There were great temptations, arising from the relationship and affection between the biographer and the archbishop, to induce her to indulge in explanations and reflections, which would have seriously spoiled the work. Miss Whately has, however, kept clear of these faults, and the result is two of the most valuable and really interesting volumes of biographical literature which have been published for a long time.

Richard Whately was born in 1787, at Nonsuch Park, Surrey, the residence of his father, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Whately, who combined in himself the offices of Vicar of Widford, Prebendary of Bristol, and Lecturer at Gresham College.

Those who have seen the manly tall form of Dr. Whately, in the prime of manhood, must be surprised to read that in early childhood he was so diminutive that when "weighed against a turkey he was found wanting." Having been educated at a private school at Bristol, in 1805 Whately went up to Oxford and entered at Oriel College. Fortunately, his tutor, Dr. Copleston, was a man of penetration; and beneath the rough, eccentric exterior of the young undergraduate he recognised the elements of true genius and power. In Whately's own opinion his tutor

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at Oriel was the person to whom, above all others, he was indebted for having "chipped the shell," and thus enabled to expand his mental powers.. Having obtained a prize for an English essay, and taken a "double second," in 1811 he was elected to a fellowship in Oriel. At this time the common room of Oriel was thronged by men destined to make their college famous, and to add lustre even to the ancient university itself. There was Newman, who is now the ablest divine of whom the Roman Catholic Church can boast,—There, too, was Arnold, the lifelong friend of Whately, and the future Head-Master of Rugby,—the first who showed to England what a divine thing it was to be a teacher, who preached sermons in chapel to which the schoolboys actually listened with intelligent delight, and who taught the wild-brained young lads of Rugby that Christianity was the truest manliness. Another of the Oriel set of this time was afterwards to give the name of "Puseyite" to a church party, of which he was the ablest, most energetic, and most remarkable leader.

One other name which was to be known more widely than any of the former was that of Keble. Who shall write of the list of lives that have been made holy, and hearts that have been made glad, and waverers that have been strengthened by his "Christian Year!" Away with the profane hand which, now that he is gone, would by unauthorised alterations turn into the shibboleth of a party that which was left as a rich legacy of praise to the whole Christian Church. Go back in thought half a century to the old common room of Oriel, and see that group of five young men together—Keble, and Pusey, and Whately, and Arnold, and Newman. What an influence are they destined to have upon this nation of England and the Church of Christ! These five students have exercised a wider sway—some for good, and some for evil—over religious thought in England than all the Church leaders during the last fifty years!

In this brilliant intellectual coterie Whately was able to shine brilliantly. Arnold was the only congenial soul amongst the set. From the views of Pusey and Newman the acute, vigorous, masculine mind of Whately instinctively recoiled. In 1822 he was appointed to the living of Halesworth, in Suffolk, and in 1825 Lord Granville elevated him to the principalship of St. Alban's Hall, at this time one of the most neglected and least frequented of the Halls of Oxford; but which, under the vigorous management of Dr. Whately, became one of the most flourishing and popular. Having held for a very brief period, as successor to Mr. Senior, the professorship of political economy, he was suddenly raised to the archbishopric of Dublin. For this post we must confess he was ill suited; he knew nothing of the business of a diocese, or the peculiar people amongst whom he was from henceforth to reside. We will give his own description of his

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unfitness for those duties, which will serve at once as a specimen of his lively, pleasant style of writing, and the keen accuracy of his expression.

"You have known me too long not to know how harassing it is to me to have to make up my mind on a hundred different points every day, instead of concentrating my mind on a single pursuit, which is to others the severest kind of labour. What is properly called *business* is the specific poison to my constitution, and, I apprehend, will completely wear me out in a few years, especially from the want of long vacations to recruit. And what is most provoking is, that rank, state, pomp, precedence are to me just so much additional plague. I would rather work with Paul at his trade of tent-making, or have to go out fishing with Peter. And a formal dinner-party, even at Oxford, is a bore which I would gladly commute for nine-and-thirty stripes. I do not know that I have less vanity than the rest of mankind, but mine is all of a *personal* kind (I do not mean in respect of bodily person), not connected with *station*. The *offer* of archbishop was gratifying to my organ of approbation; the *acceptance* of the office of martyrdom.

His disregard for rank, state, and pomp, which he expresses thus decidedly, he evinced all through his life in Dublin, by his neglect of all the state which naturally belonged to his exalted station. This was evidenced even in trifles. He seldom wore his order of St. Patrick, one of the honours attaching to his office. At King William's levee, His Majesty asked, "Is the Archbishop of Dublin ashamed of his *order?*" And on another occasion the Marquis of Anglesea, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, offered to arrange the blue riband properly, which his Grace was wearing in some extraordinary careless fashion, to which the archbishop happily replied, "If I had earned mine as your Excellency has yours, I dare say I should think more about it." The "good sayings" of the archbishop might be counted by the hundred. So remarkable was he for wit and point that it soon became the fashion in Dublin to attribute every new joke or *bon mot*—bad or good—to his Grace. He once wittily remarked upon this practice, "I think I had better walk about with a notice-board upon my back, 'Rubbish shot here.'" Speaking on one occasion of the persecuting spirit which has so repeatedly been shown by different religious parties in England, he remarked, "It is no wonder that some English people have a taste for persecution on account of religion, when it is the first lesson that most are taught in their nurseries." When the person to whom he was speaking denied the truth of this, Whately responded, "Are you sure? What think you of this—

"Old Daddy Longlegs won't say his prayers.
Take him by the left leg, and throw him down stairs!"

Morrow's library being the most popular in Dublin for the supply

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of novels and light literature to the fashionable world, and the Rev. M. F. Day being the eminent minister of one of the most fashionably attended churches, the archbishop asked, "Why are the ladies of Dublin remarkably inconsistent?" to which he answered, "Because they go *to Day* for a sermon, and *to Morrow* for a novel." Again, at a dinner-party given shortly after his chaplain, Dr. Fitzgerald, had been elevated to the bishopric of Cork, the newly-made bishop, in a fit of thoughtfulness, forgot to pass on the decanter, upon which the archbishop readily called out, "I say, you're not to stop the bottle now, because you're Bishop of *Cork*." But his wit, of which these are a few trivial specimens, selected at random from memory, was not always a mere play upon words, it was sometimes keen, trenchant sarcasm, expressing the most masterly, vigorous common sense. The following remark upon "mobs" may be apropos at present. "I mean," said Dr. Whately, "a *mob*, a *large collection of people of whatever rank*, for then they always heat like new hay, and are governed by passion instead of reason. I verily think five common labourers deliberating together would be more likely to adopt wise and temperate measures than five thousand gentlemen." His advice to some young clergy may, also, perhaps, at present be quoted with significance. "My younger brethren, if at any time you find your preaching productive of good, and that your congregation value your exertions, beware of being puffed up and losing your balance. Self-respect is valuable and useful, but as *there will be a sufficient growth each day, cut it close every morning*, and when through the goodness of God you are successful in your ministry, enter into your closet, fall down on your knees before the Throne, and to the Lamb ascribe all the praise, the power, and the glory."

His division of orators into two classes, those who are sunshine and those who are moonshine, is admirable. "When the moon shines brightly we are taught to say, 'How beautiful is this *moonlight!*' but in the day-time, 'How beautiful are the trees, the fields, the mountains!'—in short, all the *objects* that are illuminated; we never speak of the *sun* that makes them so. The really greatest orator shines like the sun, and you think of his eloquence; the second best shines like the moon, and is more admired as an orator."

We have only space for one instance of the mode in which he sometimes stirred up his clergy to their duties. He was particularly anxious to encourage the clergy to learn the Irish language in those parts of his province where it was the only tongue understood by the common people. He records the following incident:—

"On my first visitation after the province of Cashel had been put under my care, I asked each of the clergy what proportion of their parishioners spoke nothing but Irish. In many cases the proportion was

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very large. 'And do you speak Irish?' I asked. 'No, my lord.' 'I am very sorry to hear it,' I replied. 'Oh,' the clergyman always replied, 'all the Protestants speak English.' 'That is just what I should have expected,' I replied; 'under the circumstances of the case, it would be strange indeed if any who only spoke Irish were Protestants.'"

We have no space now to speak of Dr. Whately's public life and writings as Archbishop of Dublin: in a future paper we may have opportunity to do so. We have here written only of Richard Whately, D. D., the man; and to this paper, therefore, a few words of the closing scenes of his life will be the more suitable conclusion. After many years of a distinguished and honourable career, the great archbishop was attacked fiercely by a disease which had long threatened him, and, in great suffering, he lay down to die. Mr. Dickenson, who was for years his chaplain and intimate friend, has given us, with much feeling, an account of these last days. His growing inability to discharge any of his duties was what weighed most on him. One day in the August before his death, when Mr. Dickenson entered his study, he said, with tears in his eyes: "Have you ever preached on the text, 'Thy will be done?' How did you explain it?" When Mr. Dickenson had replied, the archbishop said, "Just so—that is its meaning," and then added in a voice choked with tears, "but it is hard—very hard—sometimes, to say it."

Some time later, Mr. Dickenson says: "While the perspiration streamed down his face from agony, he restrained every murmur of impatience, and said to us repeatedly, 'Yes, yes: I know you do all you can. The pain cannot be helped.' During the night I heard him often murmur, 'Lord have mercy on me! O! my God, grant me patience!'"

On the 14th September he received for the last time the Lord's Supper. A calm, earnest attention and solemn grace rested on his face; he spoke little, but evidently the soul was communing with God. A little before this, one of his friends in attendance on him had remarked that his great mind was supporting him. His answer most emphatically and earnestly given, was: "No, it is not that which supports me; it is *faith in Christ. The life I live is by Christ alone.*" Then, with accents of childlike, simple faith upon his lips, and trusting only in his Saviour, the great and splendid genius passed away, on October 8th, to the larger lights above.

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[*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE INNERMOST ROOM.

I have a little chamber, dressed and swept
And silent, where I sit alone,
Evermore quiet kept,
Open to all and yet to none.

My friends come by that way;
But when I pray them enter at the door,
Lingering they look, and turn away—
Pass by, and come no more.
Though there be some, whom longing, I have prayed,
On bended knees wellnigh,
"Come sit with me awhile," have said,
"And let the rest go by."
And one upon the threshold step has stood,
Then laughed, and gone his way;
And one, in angry mood,
Has chid me that I stay;
And one, with wistful glances, has essayed
To enter, but in vain;
And one a moment's visit made,
Then fled as if in pain.

While ever lonely in my closet left
I leave the door ajar,
Still dreaming, though of many hopes bereft,
Surely some travellers are,
Could I but find them, would come in to rest,
And sit and talk awhile.
Whom, serving with my best,
With song and tear and smile,
I should show all my treasures, fallen so long
To rust, and out of use;
Serve them with tale and song,
Their travel-shoes unloose,
And bring the sacred oil, and pour the wine;
And when the hour was sped,
With farewells half-divine,
Dismissed, and companied,

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See them go forth into the infinite earth,
  Or heaven more infinite—
Into the darkling splendid night,
Into the daylight's mirth;
Nor grudge, as with a peevish mind,
That they went forth, while I but stayed behind.

Such comers come not: they who seek me out,
  Content with scantier part,
Dwell in the other rooms about,
  Know not the chambers of the heart.

And yet sometimes a child or two,
  With rush against the unbarred door,
My solitude will seek,
And clasp my neck and kiss my cheek,
Then without more ado
  Rush back to play once more.
Sometimes a homely tender woman, moved
  By Nature's bounty free,
As I were one beloved,
  Will soft come in to me;
Scanty and few the words that she will say,
  Brief moment can she lend
From all the busy labours of the day,—
  "How is it with thee, friend?"
Soft in the doorway standing as she speaks
  By a sweet instinct kind,
Her voice the tremulous silence breaks,
  And fills the lonely mind
With a forlorn yet human cheer,
As one who knows a friend is near.

But in the other days 'twas otherwise:
  Silence itself conveyed with tender breath
That thrill of sound wherein the difference lies
  'Twixt life and noiseless death;
In the soft air then rose a murmur sweet,
  A hum of voice and words,
A sound of coming feet,
  A ring of soft accords,
That, entering in, filled all the inner room
  With friendly faces bright,
Where there were ceaseless whispers in the gloom
  And laughters in the light;

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And save some sudden thought fantastical
Might flutter in a maiden soul,
There all was known to all,
And shared, both joy and dole;
Making divine the common days
With dearest blame and sweetest praise.

Hush! in the other chambers now the board
Is spread—the guests are dear;
Kind Nature's charities afford
Sweet greeting, cheerful cheer;
Shut not the door in any churlish wise.
I greet you, oh my friends!
Although the daylight in your eyes
Has missed the ray that lends
Their sweetness to the early skies;
Although the entrance you have lost
For ever to the innermost
Though that still chamber never any more
May harbour tender guest,
And life, its dearest utterance o'er,
Dwell silent, unconfest,—
Yet come, the outer chambers fill,
And I will love ye how ye will!

But ever silent in my closet lone,
I leave the door ajar,
If mortal visitors be none,
Haply some travellers are,
From the sweet heights of heaven may come unseen,
Filling the solitary place
With those dear smiles of which I dream;
Or one sublime and radiant Face,
Dividing the great glooms, may sudden shine,
And say my name as He
Said "Mary" in reproach divine;
When such guests come to me,
Heaven opens with the opening door,
Though they are silent, silent evermore.

And if *thou* wilt, draw near, oh unknown friend!
Thou, somewhere in the world apart,
To whose sole ears ascend
The outcries of the heart;
Thou all unknown, unnamed, and undivined,

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Who yet will recognize
That which, mid all revealings of the mind,
Was meant but for your eyes.
If you should e'er come sudden through the gloom,
In any shape you list to wear,
I wait you in this silent room,
With many a wonder for your ear.
For you the song is sung, the tale is told;
For you all secrets are,
Although it was not thus of old;
And the door stands ajar,
To let you lightly in where I alone
Wait in the silence, oh my friend unknown!
Who, in the noon of life, when gladness ends,
Are nearer than all friends.

M. O. W. O.

[*Edinburg Review.*

FRENCH SOCIETY UNDER THE DIRECTORY.

No one can deny the gigantic power evinced by France in the first years of the Revolution. It was a time of terror, of ferocity, a time hideous and appalling to contemplate, a time from which we may turn in disgust, but a time characterized by *force*. Force was everywhere—strength of nerve and purpose. The aggressors were strong and so were they whom they attacked. Haughty in their defeat were the assailed, unconquerably resolved the assailants; but the measure of their strength was equal; the boldness with which the former met death equalled the unrelenting ferocity with which the latter condemned them to it. Old age was as strong as youth, women were as strong as men, menials as strong as their masters, and nowhere, whilst the struggle lasted, was a deficiency of power to be perceived. But this force outlived its aim. When the scaffold had taken the place of the throne, when the supremacy of insurrection was acknowledged, when nothing remained that required an effort to overthrow,—on what then was to be expended that force which had been aroused to such appalling and preternatural efforts? The object that had evoked it was no more, but it still endured and sought to endure. Then it was, that all the energies were brought to bear upon enjoyment which had until then borne upon destruction. Rampant in its strength, the France that had just escaped the Reign of Terror, rushed upon the banquet of pleasure with the same monstrous

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appetite it had sought to satisfy at the banquet of time. Let no one think that France turned to debauchery from lassitude. It was strength, not weakness, led her to excess: the weakness was the effect, not the cause. The period of the *Directoire* is the saturnalia of enjoyment, as the *Terreur* is the saturnalia of crime; but the one is only explicable by the other, and both are necessary to explain the 18th Brumaire.

On the eve of the 9th Thermidor, whilst the streets of Paris were yet echoing to the roll of the death carts employed to feed the guillotine,—whilst the implacable logic of St. Just and Robespierre still held sway sufficient to cut down that flower of poetry André Chenier, whose death-sigh, "*il y avait quelque chose là!*" still floated on the air—whilst these things were doing and being—what was the Parisian "public" about? where was "all the world?" It was at the *Théatre Francais* then (*Théatre de la République*), listening to a very bad tragedy, entitled "*Epicharis et Néron*," when suddenly at the words,—

"Voila donc ces grands cœurs que devaient tout souffrir!
Ils osent conspirer et craignent de mourir!"

it took fire, and with one spontaneous, irresistible, unanimous shout of applause, affixed the sense of the two verses to its tyrants, and rose as with one accord to protest against the tyranny. On the morrow one cry rings through France, "*mort aux Jacobins!*" and the Jacobins *did* die. The Reign of Terror was not over, but "all the world" was coming to that point when the execration rapidly mounting from the heart to the lips would be openly proclaimed, and prove too strong for the strength of the power thus execrated to resist it.

A few days after the 9th Thermidor, "all the world" was assembled at the theatre of the *Cité Variétés*, and a new piece was to be played by a young author whom no one knows or has ever heard of, a certain Citizen Ducancel. In all the horror and confusion, in all the first heat of the act which has violently trampled out Robespierre and his associates from the very threshold of existence, a young man was sitting at dinner with a party of other young men, talking loudly and freely of all they knew of the Revolutionary Committees. After attending to them silently, but breathlessly, for some time, the guest alluded to starts up, and with flashing eye and fevered cheek exclaims, "I have heard too much, my brain is too full—I must ease myself of this load—I will write a comedy!" "But you never touched a pen, did you?" asks one of his companions. "No, but I will do so now!" is the reply, and thereupon the speaker disappears.

For a week or ten days no one heard of the individual we have here described; he never left his room or his inkstand, and his friends forgot entirely what he had said; but within a fortnight from the 9th Thermidor, a comedy, in three acts and in prose, was an-

nounced at the theatre of the Cité Variétés, under the title "L'Intérieur des Comités Révolutionnaires, ou les Aristides Modernes." "All the world" was there, but without anticipating anything extraordinary. The curtain drew up, and the scene represented a Comité Révolutionnaire presided over by Aristides and his colleagues Scévola and Caton. The first words are enough, and the audience perceives at once what is before it. The tyrants and the nation are face to face, and the latter is full of courage now, and hails them with all its hate. As each actor speaks, "It is he!" cries the public, applying another name to the name of the personage in the piece; and as scene after scene goes on, "It is they!" shout the spectators, and amidst thunders of applause and peals of vengeful laughter, that one word rises clear and distinct above all the tumult of the angry crowd, pointing with its thousand outstretched arms towards the stage: *Les voilà!* They are represented in their littleness and in their degradation: they are inflated with vanity, mean, corrupt, ignorant, miserable in their desires, flat-souled and cowardly, ridiculous, and provoking less anger even than scorn.

Dijon was the place chosen as the scene of the comedy, because the Revolutionary Committee of Dijon alone had dared after Thermidor to send an address to the Convention calling those men "conspirators" who had overthrown Robespierre. The spectators of this satire upon the interior of the *Comités Révolutionnaires* had doubtless all of them more or less in their memory the echo of the famous words by which the *Représentant du Peuple*, Priory, had just given an idea of its powers to the *Sóciété Populaire* of Poitiers: "You may do and exact anything; *vous pouvez tout casser, tout briser, tout renfermer, tout juger, tout déporter, tout guillotiner, et tout régénérer!*"

In alternate paroxysms of laughter and enthusiasm, the piece went on. When Dufour, the principal object of the wrath of the Committee, exclaims, "France is now but a vast wilderness, inhabited only by wolves that devour and lambs that are massacred," the walls of the theatre shook with thunder-claps of applause, and men embraced their neighbours for joy; when, at the end of the piece, the gendarmes pounce in upon the tribunal, and execute the decisions of the 10th Thermidor, never did the *dénouement* of one of the tragedies of antiquity—the *Persæ* of Æschylus for instance, enacted before assembled Greece, and showing the possibility of the Nation's escape,—never did, never could, it have so deeply impressed the inmost heart of an audience, or have so amply satisfied its passions, as did this apparition, at length, of justice and of law—this arrival, however tardy and lame, of punishment in the midst of the *comités révolutionnaires*.

The author of this strange piece was nearly as much carried away

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as the public by the storm his own work had raised. He expected a run of a few nights; instead of which, not only more than a hundred consecutive representations drew the entire population of Paris to the *Variétés*, but no theatre throughout France would give the time necessary to get up *Les Aristides Modernes*, and the smallest provincial companies played the comedy half learned and half rehearsed. The Government attempted to forbid the piece—impossible: several attempts of the kind were made, but public opinion had spoken too loudly—the *coup d'état* had succeeded. A month after its first representation, the Convention, against its will, decreed the suppression of the odious word *Comité Révolutionnaire*.—"This piece," says our author, "is the pillory to which the Jacobins are bound, the stake at which the *bonnet rouge* is burned."

This was the temper, this the eagerness for emotion, of the public before whom M. Ducancel gave his piece; and when the curtain dropped on *Les Aristides Modernes*, a man mounted upon one of the pit benches and with a gesture of arm and hand stopped the outcries of the audience. "I propose,"—he exclaimed and the whole house listened attentively,—"I propose that a vote of thanks be addressed to the courage of the man who, under the eyes of the sixty Revolutionary Committees of this town, has not feared to immolate them upon that stage." The truth is, that the crimes and follies of 1793 and 1794 were viewed with as much abhorrence and contempt by a considerable portion of French society at the time when they were committed as they have been, ever since, by the rest of mankind.* All that was wanted to arrest the horrors of the Revolution was the courage to expose its follies and to resist its violence, and, in spite of the moral prostration of the country, this courage came at last from desperation.

On the morrow of the first rep-

* So much has been said upon the pecuniary purity of the men who headed the Revolution,—we have been so repeatedly told that their probity and incorruptibility were to outweigh their cruelty and their crimes,—that it is not without interest to see how little in general they merited even this praise. In the first place, with very few exceptions, the so-called "men of the Revolution" made their fortunes, and considering the state of distress to which the country was reduced, this of itself requires explanation. One of the chief sources of wealth lay in the shameful frauds practised upon the stores contracted for, for the army. This has been comparatively but little exposed, but the newspapers of the time and some official documents,—such, for instance, as a certain "Rapport au Conseil des Cinq Cents" by Montpellier (De l'Aube), in the name of a special committee, disclose a startling amount of knavery and rapine between the austere Republican Government and the army contractors. Gaiters for the troops, proved to have been about big enough for a doll: shirts, which the grenadiers ended by making into night-caps: shoes, soled with paste-board; forage composed of bulrushes; 60,000 bomb-shells obliged to be sold at a rate of 18 livres the thousand; 48 bronze cannons sold to an ironmonger from the arsenal at Metz, and 150,000 muskets got rid of as old iron. The list of these sort of things is too long, but it serves to show us how doubtful it is whether the despots of the revolutionary era did, to the extent that has been sometimes supposed, link even "one virtue" to their "thousand crimes."

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resentation of *Les Aristides Modernes*, the struggle against *Robespierrism* was nearer to success by a whole army, and that army was *all* the Parisian youth of the year III.

This rush from the scaffold to the ball-room is too immediate not to disturb the sense of congruity; some time and some reflection are required before one sees how inevitable it was, that a whole people with whom death was in communication on all sides, should seize upon life with frenzied hold, and—merely because it was life—ask from it whatever it could give, above all, what was most lively and diverting. The pleasure to which France, when she began to seek for pleasure, turned, was the pleasure of young nations and savage nations, as the most natural manifestation of activity and strength—it was dancing. This became a rage and a necessity, and all France danced as one possessed. In the winter of 1796 there were in Paris six hundred and forty-four public balls! Every locale was appropriated by these ardent votaries of Terpsichore, from the palace of royalty, from the hall of justice, up to the cloistered solitudes of religious study and monastic contemplation. Nay, even the home of the dead was not respected: the cemetery of Saint Sulpice was transformed into a salle de bal, and whilst those who understood them, might read the words, "Has ultra metas beatam spem expectantes requiescunt," engraved upon the entrance arch, the crowd saw only, "Bal des Zéphyrs," written in letters of light upon a rose-coloured transparent canvass, and the crowd hurried on and danced, night after night, upon a flooring of graves!

The Faubourg St. Germain danced at the so-called *bal des victimes*, and what was entitled "good company," though somewhat mixed, danced at the Hotel Longueville, at the Pavillon de Hanovre, at the Vauxhall of the Rue de Bondy, and at many other places where the price of admission (by subscription or not, as the case might be) was put at the very high rate of five francs. But descending in the scale, and leaving at the top this Almack's of the exclusive, we learn what was the respective cost of these pleasures to the entire population of Paris. For thirty sous, clerks and shopmen danced with dressmakers and grisettes; for twenty, apprentices, hair-dressers, upholsterers and tailors' "boys" danced with needle-women and ladies' maids; for *two sous*, locksmiths and carpenters, journeymen-joiners, and cobblers' drudges, danced with fish wives and tavern-scullions. Nor was this the lowest or last step; there was lower still: there were the balls of the *canaille*, the barns, where, by the glimmer of a rushlight stuck into an iron candlestick, and hung by a cord from a rafter, a foul-smelling, noisy, ragged, hideous throng, jump, stamp, swear and scream, tumble, plunge, squeeze each other to suffocation, and drown in the din they make the

wretched squeak of the hurdy-gurdy that is supposed to play to what they call their dancing!

Not two years before, as we have shown, the out-of-doors life of "all the world" was perpetually traversed by some scene snatched from the private life of the individual, some revenge instantly taken for a private wrong; now, private wrongs are sought to be forgotten, and the sense of what in mere expression is identical, is altered as to the feeling it conveys. At the *bal des victimes*, the sons, daughters, brothers, sisters of the guillotined, were all dancing furiously. Once the little short bow of recognition made, which goes by the name of the *salut de l'echafaud*, and is meant to simulate the inclination of the head upon the block (!)—once the several pairs made up, the whole room is in a whirl, and the pages of a contemporary publication relate what went on in the pauses of the dance:—"I saw a handsome young man,"—Polichinelle is the narrator,—"and he came towards me and said, 'Ah! Polichinelle! they have killed my father!'—'What?' I cried, 'they have killed your father!'—and I drew my handkerchief from my pocket. I was overcome; but he, the handsome young man, was deep in a Rigaudon!"

And all this time they who do not dance are starving, for they may literally be said only to abandon pleasure when their physical strength is exhausted by positive want: and they do not desist, they drop off from the Bacchanalian whirl because their head turns, and their feet give way, and they have eaten nothing for weeks, except what they picked up in the gutter.

No wonder that human reason could not resist the successive shocks of an existence when almost every hour brought with it the excess that most contrasted with the excess of the hour before. Nor did it resist, and the sovereign attribute that had been worshipped as a divinity—la Déesse Raison—soon forsook her tottering throne. Just after Thermidor, upon the Quai d'Orsay, the famous baths called les Bains d'Albert were decorated with a huge placard announcing that to the ordinary baths were now added "medicinal" ones, established "to help in curing the state of mental distraction (l'état d'égarement d'esprit), into which had fallen so vast a number of persons of both sexes since the Revolution."

What wonder that it should be be so? Everything was at cross purposes. Never was a time so really "out of joint." Men's vision was distorted, and not more so in one respect than in another.—The sense of beauty was lost; consequently there was no perception of the right, of the pure, of the true. From politics down to taste in dress or in furniture, people submitted without resistance to the crooked, the ugly, and the false.—When all the villas and chateaux around Paris were smoking, and when its environs had little more to present than a heap of ruins

made by fire, a journal gravely ennunciated the doctrine of what it called the "policy of incendiarism," and said that "however fools and interested parties might exclaim against incendiaries, their operation from a political point of view was excellent."

The insanity of taste was as evident as the insanity of conscience. One cause for believing that the Revolution had really superinduced in the generality of the French nation, a state of moral and intellectual alienation, is the falseness of its perceptions in every respect, not more in respect to the greater than to the lesser objects offered to its judgment. The ugliness of disorder seemed to have ceased to disgust and to repel; it was manifested equally in the glaring sensualism of manners, in disregard to the conduct of man or woman, and in hideous and indecent absurdities of outward attire.

All urbanity of manners, all politeness was destroyed; and the abrupt, disagreeable, under-bred tone and general air of what is sometimes erroneously termed fashionable society in Paris is, after all, but the prolonged tradition of a period when women allowed young men to address them with their hats upon their heads, and turned into ridicule the older ones who attempted to show them a degree less of disrespect. All interchange of the smaller amiabilities of life was done away with. What says a publication of the moment, entitled Les Semaines Critiques? "Pick up a woman's fan, and she never dreams of thanking you; bow to her, and she does not return your bow; if you are handsome, she stares you out of countenance; if you are ugly, she bursts out laughing in your face." To this then it was that the vices of royalty, the impatience of a few, and the incapacity of all, had reduced the social France of the 17th century—the social France which, whatever its faults, its shortcomings, its weaknesses, was penetrated through and through with respect for talent, for glory, for virtue, respect for the authority of old age, and for the innocence of youth. The instinct of respect was as remarkable in the French society of the 17th century as the total absence of it after the catastrophes of 1793.

There was, as we have said, a total absence of respect, wherever respect becomes a proof of the elevation or refinement of him who pays it. No respect for family ties; none for man's honour or for woman's purity; no respect for parental sway or for the sweet helplessness of a child; for the fresh fair ignorance of youth in either sex no respect; and indeed why should there be? for youth had no ignorance, no freshness, no fairness. Respect was everywhere wanting, but so were the things to be respected, wherever at least their representatives were human. Death itself had lost its solemnity. Read the "Reflections on Public Worship" of La Réveillière Lepeaux, and you will see that the mortal form of what in life

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was the most dearly loved, is, "when once reduced to the state of a corpse," nothing more "than what might be the remains of *any other animal*, which it is requisite to remove as quickly as possible *et uniquement par voie de police!*" Funerals were not a usage of the Republic. Fathers and mothers even went to their last homes unattended, and street children might be found playing at various games round the coffin, which its porters would set down upon the pavement, whilst they entered some tavern to drink!

The sense of the beautiful was so totally numbed in France during the four or five years of the Directory, that French Society ceased not only to be decorous, or elegant, or urbane, but it also ceased even to be clever; its wit and its intelligence were extinguished, and in the rapid growth of its perversity it lost even its *esprit*. It is curious to remark how all delicate and refined perceptions being joined together in one chain of sympathy, that society which was incapable of refinement in the moral and intellectual spheres, was equally so in the regions of material enjoyment. Upon the groaning banquetting tables of the Lucullus of the hour there was no trace of the ingenious combinations that with our neighbours have raised cookery to an art.

It is not too much to say, that during this deplorable period France perceived nothing rightly, and did nothing *well*. She ceased even to talk. Instead of conversation, in the first years after Thermidor, all Paris talked as upon "Change," screaming out what it had to sell, and beating down to the lowest level what it had to buy. Out of doors and in doors, men and women were traders only; their hands and their pockets were crammed full of samples of what they had to dispose of—jewels, wine, salt, bread, gunpowder, cloth, linen, iron, butter, copper, lace, soap, tallow, oil, pepper, coffee, charcoal. Every house was a shop, the "ground floors were bazaars. The ante-chamber might be perhaps filled with cases of salt; in the library you would find heaps of tallow candles; boxes of lace would be lying in the bed-rooms; as to the *salon*, the approach thereto was often guarded by double ranges of casks of wine, and boudoirs are choked up with bales of cotton, and guests are obliged, before they can sit down, to clear chairs, sofas, and stools of loaves of sugar and rolls of cloth."

Ducancel, the author of Les Aristides, produced another piece upon the Paris stage, entitled the Le Thé, in which this possession of society by the demon of speculation and gain, this hideous transformation especially of women into vile traffickers, ravenous for profit, were so flagellated, that the vice did not long survive. At the close of the piece one of the actors had to say to some of the personages in it: "Mesdames, believe me, abandon your scandalous practices, which in the end only help to devour the public substance, and throughout degrade human nature.

You have been endowed with charms and graces at your birth. Try to use them in the endeavour to embellish social equality, and the effort to render it more pleasing than it is." Of course the public applauded enthusiastically, as the public always does when the time is come at which it chooses to hear condemned the vices and foibles in which until then it has participated. *L'agiotage*, upon which "all the world" had been living till then, was suddenly decreed by "all the world" to be ignoble and unfitting—*l'agiotage*, in its then actual form, went out of fashion, but it still maintained its hold upon the people's hearts. All the "scandalous trafficking" satirized by Duncancel in 1796, is nothing more than the universal explosion of a thirst for gain, the first symptoms of which may be traced to what Lady Mary Wortley Montague called the "abject slavery" to money-making of the Court society in the days of the Regent d'Orleans.

[*London Society*.

SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH BENCH AND BAR.

THE JUDGE OF THE DIVORCE COURT.

The ladies would never forgive us if we were to forget Sir James Wilde, the judge of the Divorce Court. And perhaps we could scarcely begin our sketch of him better than by giving a little story of him, told by a lady; and which is in itself a very good sketch of his character and manners. A lady—the wife of a Queen's Counsel and a Member of Parliament—(who told the writer the story) met at dinner a gentleman whose name she did not happen to hear and whom she did not know. She sat next to him, and found him a delightful companion. He was young looking, and hardly seemed one who could be called even middle-aged. He had fine dark eyes—good, regular features—a keen, yet kindly expression of countenance; spoke in a quiet, agreeable tone of voice—was rather lively in conversation—was evidently accustomed to society, had rather the tone and aspect of a man of fashion, and spoke freely on lighter topics, such as ladies are likely to be familiar with—the latest novel or the last new opera. "How did you like your companion, my dear?" asked her husband, later in the evening. "Oh! he is delightful—who is he?" "He is Sir James Wilde," answered the gentleman. "What!" cried she, "the judge of the Divorce Court! Well, my dear, I had *no idea he was a lawyer!*" The fact is, he was so pleasant and agreea-

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ble a man, so at home among the lighter topics of the day, and with so much the tone and air of a man of fashion, that she could not imagine him to be even a lawyer, still less a judge, and judge of that court which, above all others, appears so fearful and so formidable to the female mind.

From this it will be manifest that Sir James Wilde is, as he ought to be, a man of the world; and a man of sense and intelligence; and a man of society, not less than—perhaps we might say more than—he is a lawyer. For the peculiar nature of his judicial duties these are really more important qualities than mere knowledge of law. As a lawyer he is, to say the least, respectable, and fully of the average judicial standard; while in ability he is certainly above the average. There are few judges on the Bench more able than Sir James Wilde. He has not some of Sir Cresswell's great qualities, but has others perhaps better. He may not be so good a lawyer, and perhaps not quite so quick, so clear-headed, and so keen. But he is shrewd and sensible enough—full of sense and intelligence, and if not quite so *clear* he is not quite so *cold*. He is not *ice*, as Sir Cresswell was.—He has not that cold, calm countenance, that seemed to freeze you with its cool, chilling glance of those clear blue eyes. Sir James has a face warmer and more alive to human sympathies and passion. It is a face which reveals feeling as well as sense, shrewdness, and intelligence. It is not so cold and so hard as Sir Cresswell's; there is a fulness and brightness in the fine, dark hazel eyes, quite attractive.

The voice, too, has a fine mellow, kindly tone in it, utterly unlike the thin, clear, cold, hard tones of Sir Cresswell. You would say at once that the man had "more of the milk of human kindness in him." He has not been soured, as Sir Cresswell they say had been, in early life, by disappointed affection, the bitterness of which had turned to cynicism. Sir James, on the contrary, has gone through life socially as well as professionally, with happiness. Marriage has made his fortune, and matrimony gives him fame. He married a daughter of the Earl of Radnor, a lady of the great Whig house of Bouverie; and that (with his reputation for ability) got him the judgeship of the Divorce Court; and thus having made his own fortune (and, let us hope, her happiness) by a good marriage, he passes his time pleasantly in determining upon the follies, or the woes, or the miseries of those who have not married so happily.

As a judge he is very much liked. He is calm and clear-headed, and sufficiently quick and sensible, while he is not so sharp and snappish as Sir Cresswell was. He is a perfect gentleman and a most amiable and agreeable man. He is patient and attentive, candid and considerate, and if he ever errs, it is rather on the side of lenity and forbearance than of over severity. He is disposed to take as lenient a view as possible of matrimonial naughti-

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nesses and a very sympathising view of matrimonial miseries. In a man who has himself married happily this is natural and amiable. He *has* erred; and erred seriously, for instance, as most men believe, in the case of Mrs. Codrington, in taking an unfavourable view of her case; and in poor Mrs. Chetwynd's case, in not allowing her to have her children.

But however he may err, you see that he does his best to do right; and there is so much evident anxiety to do so, that whatever his errors, one cannot be angry. He expresses himself on all occasions with exquisite propriety: his diction is admirable; his delivery quiet and unaffected, but with much subdued earnestness—sometimes eloquence—a great contrast to the coldness of Sir Cresswell. If he is not so acute a judge as Cresswell, he is one far more amiable, and when he is a few years older he will be fully as good and as great a judge. He has a larger mind than Cresswell, one far more comprehensive and philosophical. He does not take so cold and hard a view of human life, especially as regards the matrimonial relation; but for that very reason there is reason to believe that he will, at all events, when his mind has become opened and matured by experience, take a sounder view of it than his great predecessor. Sir Cresswell had been disappointed and soured in early life, in the very matter of marriage, and that gave a cynical turn to his mind, particularly on that very subject. He has been happily described in a poetical portraiture, in these lines:

"With brain as clear as crystal, and with manner
As cold and chilling—Cresswell seemed to stand
In isolation from his fellow men."

Then the poet asks—

"Was his temper
So from the first? Nay; but his life was soured
By one keen disappointment of the soul,
Which turned his days to bitterness."

The poet proceeds to tell the story of Sir Cresswell's blighted hopes, and he tells it beautifully:

"The story
Is commonplace; but not less true—of love,
And pride that overmastered that strong love.
And a stolen flight, and then a desolate hearth,
And an overwhelming sorrow and distrust;
And so his life thenceforward was a desert.
Yet let his name be honoured. All forgotten
That sharp sarcastic tone and curl of lip
And scornful eye—that seldom smote but when
Pert folly called them forth; for Truth and Justice
Arrayed in Learning's grand imperial robe,
Were ever by his side upon the bench,
Guiding his judgment when he spake the law."

Now Sir James Wilde has all his predecessor's judicial excellencies and good qualities, except the great judicial experience which Sir Cresswell had already had before he came to the Divorce Court; and except, also, the extraordinary acuteness which distinguished him; to counterbalance which, Sir James is free from the one great defect of Sir Cresswell, his soured and cynical spirit; and, moreover, as he has greater warmth of nature, so he has greater breadth of mind, and, as we

have said, in a few years he will probably be found as sound, and perhaps a greater judge than Cresswell. He has had nothing certainly to sour his nature. His own happy and auspicious marriage has rather, as already observed, tended to give him that warm sympathy with the matrimonial relation which the judge of the Divorce and Matrimonial Court ought surely to possess. Already on more than one point his opinion has been deemed by the profession sounder than Sir Cresswell's. The fact is, Sir Cresswell's mind though acute was narrow. The magnificent address delivered by Sir James Wilde at York alone would suffice to show him a man of enlarged and philosophical mind. Sir Cresswell could no more have delivered such an address than he could have flown. And very likely he would have sneered at the man who delivered it. His mind was cramped as well as soured by the cold, cynical spirit which possessed it. Were he alive he probably would have joined with those who sneered at some of Sir James Wilde's judgments as "weak" and "sentimental," because he betrayed a belief in the possibility of reconciliation and reunion between married couples who had quarrelled. But the experience of future years will perhaps prove that Sir James was right after all; and the probability certainly is in his favour; for he is a married man, and has actual *experience* in the matrimonial life, whereas poor Sir Cresswell never knew it, and looked at it only through the distorting medium of a soured and disappointed spirit. Sir James Wilde is, as the judge of the Divorce Court should be, a married man, and a man happily married, and one who has practical experience of matrimony. Partly from this cause, he goes far more largely into society, especially female society, than a judge who is unmarried possibly can; and he knows infinitely more of the inner life of married people, the aspect of domestic life, the character of women, the causes which make or mar their happiness; the sources of disagreement or dislikes; the trumpery causes which sometimes lead to dissension and separation; the tendency of former affection to revive and yearn for its original object. All these, and a hundred other things, Sir James, going largely into society with his wife, must learn, and hear, and observe; of which poor Sir Cresswell, in his miserable isolation, must have been ignorant. Sir Cresswell knew "the world," no doubt, in a certain sense; but it was a hard, cold world—the world which lawyers see, not the inner world of married life, and the sacred circle of home, with all its domestic cares, and joys and duties. To all this he was a stranger; yet for a judge of the Divorce and Matrimonial Court, this was the most important knowledge of all, as enabling him to enter into and understand the disputes of married people and the chances of their reunion. Happier than his predecessor, Sir James Wilde has this knowledge in its

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fulness, and therefore he is, we think, a better judge of that Court.

He admirably upholds the decorum and dignity of the Court, and has a perfect control over the Bar there, and this without anything severe, snappish, or sarcastic; but simply as himself preserving on all occasions a perfect air of self-possession, calm, gentlemanly good breeding, and a quiet dignity of tone and manner, which commands the entire respect of the Bar, especially as it is blended with the most thorough amiability and constant courtesy. On the whole Sir James Wilde is an admirable judge of the Court over which he presides, and it is a pleasure to see him sitting there.

The following passage may be taken as a good specimen of Sir James Wilde's judicial style, his justness of thought, his purity of diction, and his felicity of expression—

"The shape or form that the petitioner's misconduct in married life may take, its degree, the length of its duration, its incidents of mitigation or of aggravation, its causes and effects—all these have, or may have, a bearing on the petitioner's claim to relief, and yet are capable of such infinite variety and intensity that they escape a distinct expression, refuse to be fixed in a positive and distinct enactment. The duty of weighing these matters has therefore been cast upon the Court; and when the cases arising have been sufficiently numerous to unfold any rules of general applications, this Court may be enabled to guide itself and others, in these more narrow limits, by further definition. But until then the same reasons which have served to make the legislature express itself with latitude, ought to make the Court cautious in restricting itself by precedent."

Or, again, take the following—a masterly definition of the term "desertion," as applied to the matrimonial relation. We make no apology for introducing these extracts, because they are not only happy illustrations of judicial style, but also on a subject of great interest to our fair readers.

"It is not easy to define 'desertion.' To desert is to 'forsake' or 'abandon.' But what degree or extent of withdrawal from the wife's society constitutes a forsaking or abandoning her? This is easily answered in some cases, not so easily in others; for the degree of intercourse which married persons are able to maintain with each other is various. It depends on their walk in life, and is not a little at the mercy of external circumstances. To some, it is given to meet only at intervals, though of frequent occurrence. It is the lot of others to be separated for years, or to meet only under great restrictions. The fetters imposed by the profession of the army and navy, the requirements of commercial enterprise, and the call to foreign lands which so frequently attend all branches of industrial life, make these restrictions often inevitable. But perhaps in no class do they fall so heavily as on those who de-

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vote themselves to domestic service for the means of life. *And yet matrimony is made for all; and matrimonial intercourse must accommodate itself to the weightier considerations of material life.* From these considerations it is obvious that the test of finding a home for the wife, and living with her, is not universally applicable in pronouncing 'desertion' by the husband. Nor does any other criterion, suitable to all cases, present itself to the mind of the wife. To neglect opportunities of consorting with a wife is not necessarily to desert her. Indifference, want of proper solicitude, illiberality, denial of reasonable means, and even faithlessness, is not desertion.—Desertion seems pointed at a breaking off, more or less completely, of the intercourse which previously existed. Is the husband then bound to avail himself of all means at his disposal for increasing the intimacy of this intercourse on the peril of being pronounced guilty of desertion? On the other hand, is he free from that peril so long as he maintains any intercourse at all? The former proposition is easily solved in the negative. It may be doubted whether the latter ought not to be answered in the affirmative. But it is enough for the decision of this case. So long as a husband treats his wife as a wife, by maintaining such degree and manner of intercourse as might naturally be expected from a husband of his calling and means, he cannot be said to have deserted her."

Nothing, it will be seen, could be more sensible, more philosophical, or more true. Our readers may easily recognize the good sense of a man of the world, the enlightened ideas of a philosophical mind, and the calm reflective spirit of a judicial temperament, with the happiest, most pointed, and most expressive judicial style.

Unless a cold, severe, and cynical nature is a proof of infallible wisdom; and unless human judgments are necessarily to be less merciful and charitable than divine, who shall say that Sir James is the worse judge because he has the warmer sympathies for human nature, a kindlier feeling for its faults, a truer sense of its mixed character, and therefore a more enlarged and philosophical view of its real character, than a colder and a narrower mind would adopt? What verdict do our readers pronounce upon the present judge of the Divorce Court? Is he guilty of too much lenity because he has more sympathy? Is he necessarily weaker than his predecessor, or may it not be that in such matters he is wiser? If Sir Cresswell was the colder judge, may not Sir James be the better? We think our fair readers will decide in his favour.

MR. JUSTICE WILLES.

We associate Mr. Justice Willes with Sir James Wilde because, not long ago, when there was a rumour of the removal of Sir James to the post of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, it was also rumoured that

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Mr. Justice Willes was to succeed him in the Divorce Court; and because he alone, of all the common-law judges at all resembles him in his judical character, or would be likely or qualified to succeed him, which, indeed, may have been the ground of the rumour referred to. He may fitly enough therefore be associated with Sir James Wilde, and his fitness for the office it was supposed he was to fill may perhaps in some degree be estimated from our sketch of his judicial character.

A single glance at the countenance of Mr. Justice Willes will show you that he is a man of intellect, of calm and philosophic mind, and of great study and learning. It is a countenance somewhat of the same general class or character as that of Sir James Wilde: a regular oval face, finely-cut features, rather inclining to be sharp, a thoughtful, reflective aspect, a look at first rather of quiet reserve. There is this difference, however, that Sir James Wilde is dark, Mr. Justice Willes is fair and light. There is some resemblance, too, in general manner and demeanour—an air of quiet self-possession, an aspect calm, composed, and reflective; an inclination to be, if not taciturn, at all events sparing of words among strangers, and to speak with terseness and neatness of expression; and at the same time beneath an exterior of rather cold reserve, a great capacity for the enjoyment of general and refined society. As regards society, however, Sir James Wilde has probably gone much more into society than Mr. Justice Willes, who has led more the life of a student. These two words, society and study, mark as much as possible the great difference between the two men. Sir James Wilde is more a man of society, Mr. Justice Willes rather a man of study. The latter has read far more than the other, the former has seen and heard much more. The one is more an adept in learning, the other in real life. For this reason, probably, Mr. Justice Willes might not make, in some respects, so good a judge of the Divorce Court as Sir James Wilde, not having so much knowledge of life, of human nature, and of the world. Each, however, is characterised by a large and enlightened mind and philosophic and reflective disposition. Perhaps a physiognomist would say, looking at their countenances, that Mr. Justice Willes had the larger measure of intellect, the most acute and capacious mind, and certainly it has been most enriched, enlarged, and expanded by acquired learning.

There probably never was a judge who more rigidly practised the great gift of taciturnity than Mr. Justice Willes. He always was distinguished for it, and he sits in a court which is remarkable for it. There he sits by the side of the grave and solemn Byles; they are rare listeners and seldom interrupt; but none, is so taciturn as he is; and when he speaks it is sparingly and tersely, and often with a queer, quaint pointedness, which he rather affects. He seems to pride himself upon expressing the most pointed meaning in the shortest possible form of

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words, and, if possible, in a single word, which he often succeeds in doing. Thus, the other day a young counsel had been rather copiously, dogmatically, and vehemently urging a certain view. When he had exhausted himself, the learned judge simply said in his quiet tone, "I concur." This is the formula used by judges to express their concurrence with each other, and it was adopted evidently to convey, in a delicate manner, a slight touch of satire on the dogmatic tone taken by the young counsel, who at once saw and enjoyed the satire.

On another occasion, when a counsel, in the heat of argument, made a statement obviously exaggerated, "Rhetoric," said the learned judge, quietly, "rhetoric." It was enough. The learned judge is of a kindly disposition and a thorough gentleman, and when he has to convey a rebuke, he does it in some delicate and refined way like this. Thus once on a circuit a young barrister, counsel for the prosecution in a criminal case, who was breaking down, feeling rather in a hobble, wished to get out of the difficulty by putting it on the judge, and said to him, "I will throw myself upon your lordship's hands." "Mr. ——," said the learned judge, quietly, "I decline the burden." On another similar occasion the counsel asked if he should take such and such a course; to which the learned judge dryly replied, "No one is allowed to ask questions of the judge except her Majesty and the House of Lords." On some occasions the scholastic, almost pedantic, turn of Mr. Justice Willes' mind leads him, when he desires to be emphatic, into queer and quaint expressions, which sometimes appear incongruous or have a humorous sound. Thus once in delivering an elaborate judgment, "I hope," he said, with emphasis, yet with his usual hesitating manner—"I hope that on all occasions I shall be *valiant* in upholding the powers of the court." On another occasion, when a *dictum* obviously wrong was quoted from a Nisi Prius report, "I am sure," he said, "the learned judge never said what the reporter has been"—hesitating as if for choice of an expressive phrase—"*malignant* enough to put into his mouth." There is this dry, scholastic manner about the learned judge which sometimes has the aspect of pedantry; but it is not so, and is only the result of much study. It is impossible to imagine a greater or more striking contrast than between Mr. Justice Willes and Mr. Justice Blackburn, or Mr. Baron Martin. He so quiet, so taciturn, so sparing of speech, and so studied in his words, they so voluble, so pliant, so vehement; he so fond of reflection, they of discussion and disputation. His whole judicial manner and character more nearly resembles those of Sir James Wilde than those of any other judge on the Bench; but his quaintnesses of expression are so peculiar to him that there is not another judge on the Bench who could possibly have uttered them, or to whom they would ever be ascribed. There is something ex-

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tremely characteristic in those idiomatic phrases made use of by a man, especially if he be one of strong mind or peculiar character. They mark the man's mental traits or peculiarities as strikingly as the features of his physiognomy, and often much more so. They embody in a single word or phrase the whole idiosyncrasy of the man, and hit him off, so to speak, as a photograph does, in an instant.

There is something in the utterance and manner of Mr. Justice Willes exactly what you would imagine in a man not physically strong, with a voice somewhat weak and a constitution impaired by excessive study and enormous practice and severe intellectual labour; with a spirit greater than his strength; with a nature exceedingly sensitive; with a mind scholastic and all but pedantic in its tone, and only redeemed from pedantry by the force of his intellect; with a taste extremely fastidious and refined; with a turn for taciturnity and terseness of expression; and with a singular mixture of modesty and self-sufficiency, the effect at once of consciousness of intellectual power and knowledge, and a constant sense of the beauty and propriety of humility.

The result of all these physical and mental traits is that he speaks at first in a nervous, hesitating kind of way, which, however, as his ideas flow forth freely from his well-cultured memory and richly-stored mind, and as his intellect feels its force and mastery of his subject, becomes more rapid, though still with a nervous kind of manner, and every now and then with a hesitation not the result of any deficiency of words, but of a fastidious choice of an expression, the choice being often, as already illustrated, exceedingly peculiar. The delivery is hurried and ineffective, and never loses its air of hesitancy; but his manner is so earnest and emphatic, and withal so calm and impassioned, so thoroughly intellectual in its tone, its correctness so obviously the result of much thought and study, deep reflection, and strong and clear conviction, that it always makes an impression: though far removed from oratory or eloquence, there is no man on the Bench who conveys so much earnestness with such perfect quietness, such strength and clearness of conviction without the least approach to vehemence. His style of speaking is the most purely intellectual of any judge on the common-law Bench, and, to revert again to our previous comparison, it reminds one more of Sir James Wilde than any other judge, except as to its nervous, hurried manner of delivery; for Sir James Wilde is firm and fluent: and though both alike are, as already observed, disposed to be terse in expression, he is more copious than Mr. Justice Willes, whose style is somewhat more severe and restrained; and again, Mr. Justice Willes is far more formal in his style.

Mr Justice Willes' formality of manner and fondness for allusions to ancient learning sometimes add to the air of pedantry; but there

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is no man in reality more free from it. His learning is genuine, and there is no judge on the bench who so happily, in his mind, unites ancient wisdom with modern enlightenment, and blends the experience of the past with the philosophy of the present. He has gathered from the learning of past ages all its richest treasures, and he applies and improves them to the practical uses of the present time. It was this property of his mind which made his labours so valuable as a Common Law Commissioner in improving our system of civil procedure.

There is one trait in the judicial character of Mr. Justice Willes which will commend him to our fair readers and to all generous-minded men, and perhaps goes a great way to qualify him for the Divorce Court, and that is a chivalrous feeling for woman, a deep sense of her worth, a warm sympathy for her trials, a kind indulgence for her failings, and a strong feeling of indignation at her wrongs. Let any man who has in any way behaved badly to a woman beware how he comes for trial before Mr. Justice Willes, for it will go hardly with him. He is never more severe in his sentences than in such cases. He always "leans to a woman's side," and if the case is doubtful, is disposed to give it against the man. He is "to her faults a little blind, and to her virtues very kind." He always remembers that she is the "weaker vessel," and that it is for man to protect her, not to wrong her or injure her; and if a man, in his opinion, has clearly behaved badly to a woman he will do his best to punish him for it; not, of course, by warping the law, he is far too conscientious and strict in his ideas of law to do that; but if there is no doubt as to the facts, and it is plain the woman has at all events been badly treated, it will go hardly with the man if tried before Mr. Justice Willes.

He is always where women are the prosecutors, especially if young women or girls, exceedingly tender, considerate, and delicate in his tone toward them, and while perfectly just, he does his best for them; and this is so whether the matter be civil or criminal. In this he differs greatly from some other judges, whose tone toward women on such occasions shows that they don't believe in women, and that their disposition is against them.—Very far otherwise is it with Mr. Justice Willes. The inclination of some of his brethren is always to treat woman as the tempter; he is more disposed to regard her as the sufferer, and as falling a prey to the temptations of the stronger sex. On one occasion a most remarkable case of breach of promise was tried before Mr. Justice Willes, where the excuse was that the young man's mother did not like the girl. "Gentlemen," said the Judge to the jury, "if a man has promised to marry a young woman, *he ought to marry her*." What could be more simple, and, to read, what might be supposed to be more tame? But these few simple words were uttered with all that peculiar air

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of suppressed feeling which is so characteristic of him, and they had an immense effect, as the verdict showed, for the jury gave £2500 damages, one of the largest ever known. Those instances may suffice to show that Mr. Justice Willes has that sympathy for the fair sex which men of generous minds usually have, and which certainly that sex will consider, to say the least, no small qualification for the office of Judge of the Divorce Court, especially as it is controlled by a most severe and perfect sense of justice.

[*The Sunday Magazine.*

THE METAPHORS OF ST. PAUL.

III.—ANCIENT AGRICULTURE.

BY J. S. HOWSON.

Rapid transitions from one metaphor to another are characteristic of St. Paul; and this remark may be used for connecting the present paper with the two which have preceded it, in December, 1866, and February, 1867.

One transition of this kind is to be found in the eighth verse of the tenth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. St. Paul has been using language drawn from the incidents of a campaign to describe the course which he himself might be compelled to adopt, if those to whom he writes, or others, were to persist in their disobedience. In such a case he might be compelled to put all his spiritual power into action, and to "pull down" their "strong-holds" of arrogance and pride, just as the rock-forts of his native Cilicia were destroyed in the Roman wars with the pirates. Such a course of procedure would be a cause of deep regret of him: for, as he says in the verse before us, the "authorrity" which "the Lord had given," was intended for purposes of "edification" or building up, not for purposes of "destruction" or pulling down. This is the last echo of the military image,—or rather not the very last echo,—for the identical pharse is found again at the very close of the Epistle,—but it *is* an echo of the military image, though in the English version it is muffled, as it were, so as to be almost inaudible: and the fact to which attention is invited is the close juxtaposition in one sentence of the military and the architectural metaphor.

Another instance of rapid transition may introduce us directly to the subject of the present paper. The *agricultural* metaphors of St. Paul are not by any means the

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most prominent, but they constitute a sufficient topic for one occasion. "Ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building," he says to the Corinthians, in the ninth verse of the third chapter of his First Epistle. The agricultural and the architectural image are here side by side, as, in the last case, the architectural and the military. We have already given our attention to the architectural allegory which follows this point of transition.—Our subject now is the agricultural allegory which precedes it. "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth: but God that giveth the increase. Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one: and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour. For we are labourers together with God: ye are God's husbandry."

Paley points out very acutely the delicate yet perfectly unconscious harmony of this passage with what we read in the Acts, and uses it as an argument for the authenticity of both the Epistle and the History. Not only must Paul have been at Corinth before Apollos, but Apollos must have been there in the interval between the Apostle's visit and the writing of this letter. This is not our subject now, except so far as this, that it leads us to notice more closely the Providential sequence of one teacher after another in God's gracious work of preparing and maturing his Church.

This image of a large cultivated garden, in which many are employed, is indeed a most apt, a most copious illustration of nearly all the main characteristics of the Christian Ministry. There is first the succession of which I have spoken,—the tasks assigned now to one and now to another, according to the law of the seasons and the will of the great Master of the garden—one beginning when another has left off—one completing what another has prepared. At the same time there is justice to each: "Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour." And yet all the work is one. Though many hands are employed, according to their aptitude, and the time when they are required, the progress is one through the advancing year to one result: "He that planteth and he that watereth are one." All, too, is entirely dependent on an unseen power: "Neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth: but God that giveth the increase." Then there is all that lesson of cheerfulness, hopefulness, and patience; that habit of not looking for immediate results; but at the same time that confident expectation that in spite of adverse weather the flower and fruit will come at last, which is necessarily associated with the very thought of a garden, and which should be diligently fostered by every Christian Minister in his own heart and mind. And lastly, there is the duty of giving diligent heed to the young plants. How much may be expec-

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ted, if they are vigilantly and carefully tended at first one by one! "Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth."

It has been said before, that the references to nature in St. Paul's writings are almost entirely to nature in connection with human labour; not to its beauty and to the impressions which the mind passively receives from it, but to its useful and beneficent processes under the work of cultivation.—There is hardly any mere natural imagery in his Epistles. We find more of this kind of imagery in the one short Epistle of St. James, than in all the writings of St. Paul. What we read in the fifteenth chapter of the first letter to the Corinthians:—"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory," is no real exception to this. This is not an outburst of adoring admiration, like those of a Psalmist "when he considered the heavens, the work of God's fingers, the moon and the stars, which he had ordained." It is really the continuance of the preceding argument, and a new illustration arising out of that which he had used before. He had been speaking of the difference between "bodies terrestrial," or the organization of beings like ourselves adapted to an existence on earth; and "bodies celestial," or the organization of beings, like the angels, adapted to a heavenly residence. And nothing is more natural (if I may so speak) than that this contrast should suggest another connected with the heavens themselves. The sun, the moon, and the stars, though they all give light, are very different among themselves, and each is suited to its own place and its own function. So above he had said that among the organizations of animal life on the earth there are great varieties, each according to its office in the economy of God's world. "All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds." Now, going backwards again along the line of the Apostle's illustrations, we have the passage which I am aiming at: "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body." Here we have that reference to nature in its connection with human labour and its productive operations rather than its mere phenomena, to which allusion was made just now. As, in speaking to the uneducated Lystrians, St. Paul had urged "the rains from heaven and the fruitful seasons" as an argument for gratitude and a lesson against idolatry, so here he

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presses on the speculative Corinthians the facts with which they were familiar in the sowing and reaping of every year, as one reason for casting aside all theoretical objections to a resurrection of the body. The grain and the corn plant, the seed and the harvest, are the same, and yet not the same. They are so connected as to be identical, and yet a wonderful change of form and organization has taken place under the operation of mysterious laws. Why should it be otherwise with our frames? He returns to this illustration again, after deviating, just rapidly to touch the other illustrations: "So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." We have here then what I think may truly be termed an agricultural allegory. The appeal is to the universal experience of man in the work of husbandry. And if there is just one Jewish touch where the subject is first approached in this chapter, "Christ the first fruits, afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming," this is quite what we should expect.

This image of the harvest, in various applications, as we know, pervades the whole of Scripture, from its very earliest portions, from the dreams of Joseph or of Pharaoh, and the gleaning of Ruth and her mother. But St. Paul uses it so pointedly, and so much in a way of his own, that I think it may be included as an element in his characteristic style. The progressive change of organization along with absolute identity of being, has just been adduced in connection with the Resurrection. How solemnly is this train of thought applied (in the sixth chapter of Galatians) to the ultimate results to ourselves in eternity of the life which we had in the moments of our time! "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Here is the principle of inevitable retribution, the growing and growing, according to irresistible laws; the moral organism passing into new forms without losing its identity, just as the rich waving harvest is developed from the poor shrivelled grain. And clearly here the human side of the subject, the actual agricultural process, is a very prominent part of the image and the lesson, whether it be viewed in the aspect of warning or of encouragement. And the same train of thoughts meets us in a nearly contemporary Epistle, in reference to another subject,—namely the blessing, "twice blest," of generous giving. "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly: and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bounti-

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fully;" "God loveth a cheerful giver." It is written of such a man that he "disperses abroad—he gives to the poor"—and yet he is no loser—his "righteousness"—or rather it ought to be his liberality and beneficence, his power of doing good—"endureth" still. A man is no loser by sowing his grain, in faith, with an open hand; he secures the harvest, and he secures a larger supply of grain than ever, for sowing in future over wider fields. In the beautiful verses which conclude the passage, I will not stay to inquire whether the true reading gives the Apostle's words in the form of a promise or a prayer; for indeed promises and prayers in the apostolic writings run into one another, so that we can hardly distinguish them, even as the readings of the manuscripts do in such passages. "Now He that ministereth seed to the sower"—in the world of nature and in the work of agriculture—"may He multiply (or He shall multiply) your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness,"—or rather, as before, "your liberality and beneficence,"—"being enriched in everything unto all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God." No imagery could set before us more vividly the rich and increasing reward which waits upon faithful and generous service on our side, or the overflowing blessing on God's side, which gives life and abundance and growth to all honest spiritual husbandry.

This passage leads me to notice a word which is certainly very characteristic of St. Paul. The word "*riches*" has often been noticed as marking his style: and the same is true of the word "*fruit*," and it is not merely a verbal but also a moral characteristic. It seems to me to express that kind of exuberance, so to speak, which will never allow him to hope and believe by halves. The former word is a metaphor from the market, the latter from the cornfield or the orchard. He desires to visit the Romans that he may have "some *fruit* among them also, as among other Gentiles." Writing to the Philippians of the precariousness of his life, he says (so I understand him) that he valued this continuance "in the flesh," as the condition of bringing forth "*fruit*" in his work. Writing to the Collossians, his expression concerning the Gospel is that in all the world it is ever "growing," and ever "bringing forth fruit." And this I notice (unless I am mistaken) as a mark of St. Paul's way of using this word, that he always applies it to what is good. And that this should be so seems to us very appropriate and very beautiful.—The blessedness of the righteous man is that, planted as he is "by the waterside," he "bringeth forth his fruit in due season," whereas the ungodly is "like the chaff which the wind driveth away." The passage which most naturally occurs to us here is that in the Galatians where the fruit of the spirit is contrasted in detail with the works of the flesh. It is a contrast very similar to that which we find else-

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where between the wages of sin and the gift of God. Nor is that passage in the Galatians a solitary instance. We find the same in the Ephesians—"Walk as children of the light; for the fruit of light is in all goodness and righteousness and truth,"—the force of which is very much enhanced by our noticing what follows: "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." And similar language is found in the Epistle in the Romans —"What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?" but "now, being emancipated" from that dreadful master, sin, and "become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." Sometimes the phrase is applied generally, as (not to repeat again that passage concerning "the fruits of righteousness" addressed to the Corinthians) when he desires that the Philippians may be "filled" with these "fruits of righteousness" which are by Jusus Christ to the glory and praise of God," or that the Colossians may be "fruitful in every good work and increase in the knowledge of God." Sometimes the reference is specific, as when he says that he is going to Jerusalem to deliver and lay up safely in store, and to seal, "the fruit" of the liberality of the Christians in Macedonia and Achaia, or when he says afterwards of similar generosity which came to himself from Macedonia, "not because I desire a gift; but I desire fruit that may abound to your account," or when he urges in one of the Pastoral Epistles that those who profess Christ's religion must learn to maintain good works and contribute to those wants of others which must of necessity be brought before us, in order that with all this profession they "be not unfruitful." But in all these cases, whether they are general or specific, the reference is to what is good.—One apparent exception may very naturally here come into the mind, namely, that in which two consecutive verses end, the former with the phrase "bring forth fruit unto God," the latter with the phrase "bring forth fruit unto death." But that passage occurs in the seventh of Romans, and even if the image were the same, I think it would be natural to call the passage an oxymoron, and so it would really be an instance of rule, and not an exception.

I conceive, however, that the image is different, and that the reference is to fruit as the offspring of marriage. I believe it will be found true that when St. Paul applies to moral subjects the word "fruit," as derived from the cornfield or the orchard, he applies it to what is good. I say nothing of the other parts of Scripture. But it is as if he thought the term too honourable—expressing as it does the result of man's honest, useful labour, in subordination to, and in dependence on the beneficent and life-giving influences of heaven—too honourable and too cheerful to be applied to what is bad. "The root of the righteous yieldeth fruit." "He shall be as a tree planted by

the waters, neither shall cease from yielding fruit."

One particular passage—a remarkable and difficult passage—in that Epistle to the Romans, now claims a moment of close attention. I allude, of course, to the allegory drawn in the eleventh chapter from the grafting of the olive tree. The image first appears in the sixteenth verse, and (as we have seen in other instances) in close combination with another image: "If the first fruit be holy, the first leaf is also holy; and if the root be holy, so are the branches," and then it is rapidly developed with varied and pointed application, up to the end of the twenty-fourth verse. With all the great doctrinal and historical questions arising from this passage we have on the present occasion nothing to do; our concern is with the outward imagery, and in it there is this very strange circumstance, that the lesson is drawn from the grafting of branches of a wild olive-tree on the stock of a good olive-tree—the grafting of branches of a wild fruit-tree on the stock of a good fruit-tree; a process unheard of among gardners. Commentators have tortured themselves with this difficulty, and some of them have adduced instances of this process with certain supposed good results as regards the productiveness of the olive. I confess I am very sceptical on this point, and the explanation which I suggest is very simple, though I am not aware of having seen it suggested elsewhere. I believe that here partly is the very point of the parable, that the grafting was contrary to the law of nature. So strange a grafting as that which had taken place in the case of the Gentiles made the lesson far more emphatic to them. It was the very contrary to the grafting which took place in the olive grounds to which all readers of the Epistle were accustomed. This mode of artificial cultivation is indeed the basis of the parable, but it is the basis by way of contrast rather than of comparison. So our Lord, in St. Luke's Gospel, compares God to a selfish man, and an unjust judge, and makes the argument for the answering of prayer all the stronger. Or let us take another illustration. St. James says to the rich tyrants of his day, "Your gold and silver is rusted, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you." Now gold does not rust. St. James knew this very well. But here, I apprehend, is one part of the point of the image. Their very gold should become mysteriously their curse. So in the case before us.—St. Paul knew very well the processes which took place in the olive grounds, which were abundant then, as they are now, in all parts of the Levant. He must have seen them often when he was a boy at Tarsus. Boys notice all such things; and the experience of early life becomes, even in an Apostle, the basis of religious teaching. To find fault with him for inexactness seems to me very like finding fault with him (as some critics do in these days) for inaccurate applications of the Old Testament. He

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knew the Old Testament, and so did his Jewish readers, far better than we do. But we must not leave our proper subject.

And one other side of the subject must be touched before it has been handled completely. Agriculture has to do with the Animal as well as the Vegetable world; and something within this province, too, in the writings of St. Paul, will reward our careful attention.

I have sometimes been impressed with the fact, while thinking of this subject, that the critical words addressed to the Apostle from heaven at the threshold of his Christian career, were in truth an *agricultural metaphor*—"Saul! Saul! it is hard for thee." Who knows—I write it with reverence—whether at that moment the operations of ploughing might not be going on within sight of the road along which the persecutor was travelling? At all events the image is certainly drawn from those operations, as certainly as the images in the Sermon on the Mount were drawn from the lillies which grew in the field, or the birds which flew over it. All who have journeyed in the East, or even in the South of Europe, are familiar with that ox-goad, the resistance to which only increases the suffering of the restive animal, and in allusion to which the force of conscience, sharpened by God's Spirit, is depicted in the words, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." And it seems to me interesting to notice, on the one hand, that our blessed Lord's words spoken on this occasion from heaven were a parable, like the parables which He graciously uttered on earth, and on the other hand, that they are in harmony with, and might almost be fancied to have given a holy suggestion of, one class of the Apostle's own imagery.

I may remark that what was said in the earlier part of the paper, in reference to orchards, vineyards, and cornfields, has its counterpart here in reference to flocks and oxen. St. Paul's illustrative language deals with human labour and its useful results, rather than with nature viewed poetically on the side of beauty and mere expressiveness. So here the animals under the care of man are presented to us more on the industrial side than the contemplative. It is the farmer near the large town, rather than the shepherd in the wilderness, who comes before us in the pages of this Apostle. It is remarkable that nowhere, in all his unquestioned Epistles, is Jesus Christ set forth as the Good Shepherd. I do not forget those touching words in the address at Miletus, "Take heed to the flock; feed the church which God hath purchased with his own blood, for grievous wolves shall enter in, not sparing the flock." And perhaps it would be strange if no one instance were found in St. Paul of the employment of an image which is almost universal throughout the rest of Scripture. But still it is not characteristic of his style. It is very different with regard to St. Peter, in whose first Epistle these words,

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"Feed the flock; be examples to the flock," are a true echo of the words at the end of the Gospels, "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs."

With St. Paul's habit of illustration, the concourse of men where business goes on, and buying and selling, is more in harmony than the solitary mountain-side, where the sheep are following their shepherd and busily cropping the thin herbage on the rocky slopes. We see this in that passage of his Epistles when he does mention the flock. "Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges? who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof? or who feedeth a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock? the real meaning of which is this: "Who keeps a vineyard or a flock of sheep with living by the profits of the grapes and the milk, when they are brought into the market?" Here, as in so many cases, three metaphors—one military and two agricultural—are rapidly thrown together. The point on which they are brought to bear is the claim which Christian Ministers have on the support of the people, whether or not they may find it necessary or politic to use their claim. With this it seems natural to combine another passage in another Epistle (remarkable also for the heaping up of metaphors), though there the duty of the minister to labour among his people is urged, his support being assumed, while here it is their duty to support him which is pressed, his labour being assumed. "No man that enters on a soldier's career mixes himself up with the common business of life; no man, striving in the games, will obtain the prize unless he has kept the rules; the husbandman that laboureth must be first partaker of the fruits;" *i. e.*, it is the farmer that works who has *the first claim* to the profits of the produce of the farm. The idle Farmer, the idle Clergyman, deserves to starve. Perhaps the words "fruits" might more naturally seem to connect this sentence with the earlier part of this paper: but it is better to have taken it in its present connection, because of the common bearing of both these passages on one subject—the Christian Ministry—which also is the subject of the one remaining passage with which I am now about to conclude.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn." When a passage from the Old Testament is more than once quoted in the New Testament, it always seems to have a peculiar claim on our reverent attention. And St. Paul quotes this passage from Deuteronomy twice, in two Epistles written at very different periods, and each time brings it to bear on the same topic. "It is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn.—Doth God take care for oxen? or saith He it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written: that he that plougheth should plough in the hope of a harvest" (for so I conceive the true meaning of the latter words should be given).

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The eye ranges here over the whole agricultural process, from the ploughing and sowing to the reaping and threshing, and all this ought to be conducted in hope: otherwise all the cheerfulness, all the elasticity of the work is gone. The Christian people ought to be very careful that their Clergy are not weighed down by the perpetual harassing care of the maintenance of their families and the education of their children. When they see all the harvest of wealth around them, they ought, if they labour patiently, at least to have some little share of it. There may possibly, as Chrysostom says, be a hint to them—to this effect, that they do labour diligently, that they be not impatient under the irksome monotony of routine, and that they be content with, it may be, a very scanty portion of all this profusion of wealth. But the main lesson is to the Christian people, that they support the hearts and the strength of their Clergy by endowments, and gifts, and liberal payments, and still more by sympathy, and respect, and large coöperation. The Lesson is riveted for ever on the Church, in strong words, by the other passage, "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour, especially they who labour in the word and doctrine, for the scripture saith, Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." How beautifully is this large lesson of charity and justice developed out of what might seem a very trivial and unimportant precept! "Doth God take care for oxen?" Certainly He does, but He takes care for man much more. When He tells us that it is a duty to be considerate of the former, He reminds us that it is a still more urgent duty to feel sympathy for the latter. It is our Lord's argument, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father: ye are of more value than many sparrows;" and again, "Which of you shall have a sheep fallen into a pit on the Sabbath and will not lift it out? How much is a man better than a sheep?" By thus inculcating the duty of considerately caring for dumb animals, the Jewish Law really enforces the general principle, the wider duty, which embraces all things, "both great and small." Our poet's words come here irresistibly into the mind,

> "The dear God who loveth us
> He made and loveth all."

And indeed this considerate care in the minor instance is itself a training for humanity and kindness in reference to the greater. Such a suggestion as that of this little precept in the Pentateuch, furnished to a thoughtful, devout, and feeling mind, spreads out into a thousand instances, and finds its opportunities in all those relations where service on our behalf has established a claim to our gratitude.

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[*Fortnightly Review*.

MUSIC THE EXPRESSION OF CHARACTER.

There are few things that are at once so interesting and so difficult as the analysis of the mental phenomena which exist in connection with musical performances of all kinds. Next to the love of personal adornment, there is no other gratification, in which mind and sense each plays its part, that is so universal as the passion for music. It is found strong and influential in the lowest savage races, in men of the highest culture and the noblest gifts in civilized society, and in connection with every variety of personal character, of individual tastes and pursuits, and of physical temperament. Setting aside the half-legendary accounts of the musical gifts of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in more modern times we have distinguished men, so unlike as Henry the Eighth, Luther, Louis the Fourteenth of France, Frederick the Great of Prussia, and the great Duke of Wellington, all sensitive to musical influences in a high degree, in contrast with its almost complete absence in a mind in many respects most sensitive and highly organized—that of the first Napoleon; and in the large majority of our greatest modern English statesmen. The contrasts in the case of poets are as striking. The sensibility to musical sounds in Shakspeare and Milton was exquisite; in Goethe it was comparatively feeble, and rather the result of a deliberate exercise of the reflective and self-inspecting faculty, than the true spontaneous action of genuine sensibility. Still more was the perception of musical beauty in Wordsworth and Keble little better than an act of the intellect, allied with a certain fondness for melody when associated with pleasant thoughts and memories. In Cowper, the refined, the sensitive, and the lover of all moral and natural harmony, the musical faculty scarcely existed; while in Rogers, man of the world, banker and minor poet, and the most caustic of all talking satirists, it was strong and vivid to extreme old age. The same variety exists in ordinary people, but still with the qualification that very few persons are altogether destitute of all capacity for being pleased or affected by music. The number of the absolutely destitute is, indeed, so small, that, taken in company with our present improved notions on matters of art, scarcely any educated man will avow that he cares nothing whatever for music. It is almost as dangerous to imply this in talking to a stranger, as it is to suggest that he is incapable of understanding a joke, or to venture on a pun in a mixed company.

The love of music, again, and the capacity for appreciating it,

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show themselves under very variable conditions. The power of feeling, loving, and criticising the masterpieces of the great writers is frequently associated with an utter incapacity for learning to play or sing with tolerable skill. There are people whose ear for tune, when listening to the performance of others, is in a high degree sensitive, and who are yet not only unable to sing in tune themselves, but are unable to tell whether they really are or are not singing in tune. There are others whose natural musical capacities have never been cultivated either by study or by the hearing of good music, who yet are instinctively attracted only by the compositions of the great writers, and even by those which are as a rule only understood by good musicians after a considerable amount of study. This is notably the case with several of the later writings of Beethoven. It is notorious that a large number of educated musicians never thoroughly enter into and enjoy these extraordinary compositions, while of those who do comprehend them and rank them among his noblest masterpieces, very many only arrived at this conviction after long familiarity, and after training themselves to understand them by renewed critical studies of the development of his genius in his first and second periods. Still we occasionally meet with persons of genuine natural musical sensibility, but of little or no training, and prepared by no large acquaintance with Beethoven's earlier works, who are yet at once taken captive by many portions of these later wonders, and who perceive in them none of that fragmentary, crude, and abrupt character of which they were once almost universally accused. Take, for instance, the principal melody in the last great movement of his Choral Symphony, upon which it is stated that he bestowed extraordinary labour, touching and retouching its brief phrases for several days together, and at length bringing it to the full perfection that he required, with enthusiastic delight. Nevertheless, M. Fétis, one of the most accomplished, capable, and unprejudiced of musical critics, can see neither beauty, nor grandeur, nor musical fitness in this now celebrated theme. Yet to myself, and to multitudes more, it is one of the most ravishing of melodies, and combines grandeur, simplicity, and grace with that passionate intensity in which Beethoven is without a rival; and I have known various persons, whose sole power of perception lay in a delicate musical sensibility, scarcely at all cultivated, do homage to its power at the first hearing.

A question then naturally arises as to the source of the gratification thus experienced in listening to or performing musical sounds in their innumerable varieties. Is it simply a matter of study and association and habit that makes one composition appear good to one listener and bad to another? Or is there a certain real and definite differ-

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ence between good and bad music, which corresponds to the difference between good and bad poetry, and good and bad oratory and prose writing? Is it, again, simply a matter of taste, resulting solely from a peculiarity of physical organization, that makes one person like Handel better than Haydn, Beethoven better than Mozart, and the Gregorian Tones better than Lord Mornington's popular chant; just as one person likes blue better than green, or scarlet better than yellow or crimson; or—to descend to more absolutely corporeal sensations—as an Englishman likes English cookery and a Frenchman likes French cookery? Or, on the contrary, is music actually what it is often rhetorically called, a language; not only capable of being employed with various degrees of skill and originality, but a distinct reflection of the personal character of a composer, taken as a moral and intellectual whole: I say, "what it is often rhetorically called," because there are few subjects on which it is so easy and so common to talk and write not only rhetorical though somewhat vague sense, but pure rhetorical nonsense, in which the speaker or writer, not having any meaning to express, unfortunately does not adopt Lord Chatham's suggestion to the miserable gentleman in the House of Commons, when he advised him to say nothing whenever he meant nothing.

At first sight, there is undoubtedly a good deal to be said in favour of the view which deprives music of all claim to be regarded as a species of articulate language, which has its own peculiar but by no means arbitrarily chosen instrumentality for the expression of ideas. It has no instrument corresponding to the words of written and spoken language. Words, whether in their written or spoken form, represent certain special separate ideas which everybody employs with a more or less correct appreciation of their force. When a man talks of love, nobody supposes that he means anger, though the single word "love" is susceptible of all sorts of various modifications of meaning. When he speaks of walking, or running, or flying, it is impossible to suppose that he wishes to convey an idea of sitting still. He may speak with rapid utterance, and yet be discoursing about repose or sleep, and be perfectly sure of being understood. Even when he aims at conveying ideas of a more abstract and metaphysical kind, he may speak to listeners who have some sort of clue to the meaning he wishes to convey. If he employs the term "analogy," in a room full of chance acquaintances, probably a good many would think he meant simply "likeness," but no one would think he meant absolute "difference." And all this, because spoken language is nothing more than a vast collection of articulate sounds, which the whole race who speak it have agreed to associate with certain definite ideas. In musical sounds, on the contrary, whether those of melody

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or harmony, nothing of this kind exists. There are no definitely agreed upon successions or combinations of sounds which necessarily recall certain clearly understood ideas to the mind. We cannot express love by a major third, or anger by a minor third, or describe the skies by arpeggios, or gardens and fields by a diminished seventh. The means by which musical combinations are made to express anything at all are so subtle and difficult to handle, that it is only to the sympathetic understanding that their existence can be made comprehensible. To the ordinary observer their various qualities seem a pure hypothesis, and to have no objective existence whatsoever.

Further, it is not to be denied that vocal music, when stripped of its words, loses that precise definitiveness of meaning which appears to be its great charm when sung by a competent performer. The music itself is said to have no real meaning of its own, because it is incapable of conveying precise intellectual conceptions without the aid of articulate speech. So, again, it is argued that there is no appreciable difference between sacred and secular music, and that it is by a mere conventionalism that some compositions are called religious, and others non-religious.—What is the difference between sacred and secular music, we are asked, except that one is grave, slow, solemn, and apt to fall into the minor key? Strip it all alike of its words, and nobody can tell which pieces are fit for the church and which for the concert-room.—The very phraseology of musical terms, we are reminded, betrays the inherent unmeaningness of all music. Handel's oratorio *Sampson* is certainly a sacred composition, but here, in its introductory instrumental portion, is a movement called a minuet. In the lists of popularly accepted sacred music, too, there are not a few pieces which most of the English music-loving public delights in as being truly pure, elevating, and "Scriptural;" and yet it turns out that these are nothing but airs from Handel's operas, adapted to Biblical words, and sung in all simplicity in churches and cathedrals, and in Sabbatarian reading-rooms on Sunday evenings, when nothing but "Sacred Music" is considered lawful. How can music, it is asked, be anything more than a mere sensuous gratification of the ear, when the same melody which is a charming love-song, as "*Dove sei, amato bene,*" on the stage, proves an edifying sacred song in the shape of "Holy, holy, Lord?" and when an air, sung to the words "Lord, remember David," proves quite as delightful in its original shape, as "Rendi'l sereno," in the opera of *Sosarmes?* Then, too, there are those curious adaptations of Roman Catholic hymn tunes to Protestant purposes which are so popular in this country. If there is a flagrant contrariety between an operatic love ditty and a verse from the Psalms, what is to be said for the innate truth of expression of hymn tunes that do duty equally to the satisfaction of

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singers as expressions of the Catholic doctrines of Transubstantiation and the worship of the Virgin Mary, and of the extremest Lutheranism and Calvinism of Dissenting congregations? In Low Church and Nonconformist compilations of hymn tunes, few are greater favorites than the melodies known as "*Tantum Ergo*," "*Alma*," and "The Sicilian Mariners' Hymn." Yet their original words are as utterly Roman in their meaning as any hymns in the Missal or the Breviary.—And the latest popular adaptation is the oddest of all. In Dr. Monk's "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," is a tune which, with an amusing appropriateness, is termed "Innocents," which is nothing more or less than a somewhat vulgar "Litany of the Blessed Virgin," very popular, like a great deal of other bad music, among English Catholics. Seeing, then, that one may go any Sunday into a London Anglican Church, and hear a congregation singing with delight a half-dancing sort of a tune to a Calvinistic "Olney hymn," and then cross the street and listen to the same strain sung with equal gusto to the invocation, "*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis*," with what reasonableness can it be contended that music is anything more than a pleasant succession of sounds, destitute of all real expressiveness of their own, and waiting to be galvanized into temporary life by the addition of some sort of words, operatic or theological, Papistical, High Church, or ultra-Protestant?

In arguing, then, in defence of the inherent and true expressiveness of musical sound, it is, in the first place, necessary to say what is thus meant, and how far it can be adequately described as an actual language, corresponding to, and expressive of, the intelligent and emotional nature of man. That it possesses, apart from some accompanying words, the definiteness which attaches to articulate speech, is not to be maintained. Those who contend for its wonderful and unapproachable powers of expressing and influencing the feelings, are often misled into confounding force and depth with exact distinctness of intellectual conception. Seeing and delighting in its capacity for producing effects unattainable by other means, they claim for it an attribute to which it cannot pretend. It must be fully admitted that the ideas and emotions that are called into vivid action by the music of the greatest masters are less distinct in their outline, so to say, than those which are expressed by spoken words, and in their own peculiar range, by painting and sculpture. If we take the most powerfully expressive pieces of dramatic music, and sever them from the words which they were written to express, it cannot be denied that they would, to a certain extent, suffer as exponents of human feeling, human thought, and human character. Yet, on the other hand, they have a real meaning of their own, which it would be as absurd to deny, as to assert that laughter, as such, is not the expression of enjoyment. Take

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for example, the following, which are among the greatest masterpieces of writers of different periods.— The "*Che faro,*" from Glück's *Orfeo,* is a song scarcely to be surpassed in the intensity of its tragic pathos, which is felt even by those who scarcely understand a word of Italian. To those who do understand it, the appropriateness of every phrase is manifest, and its effect is proportionately increased. But to adapt any other words which should convey ideas not practically corresponding with the original, and should yet be felt to be a natural vehicle for the music, would be an impossibility. If they did not express emotion substantially the same with which the half-maddened husband is supposed to watch the lifeless body of the stricken Euridice, the musical sounds would strike one as inappropriate and unmeaning. Take next another masterpiece of tragic passion and pathos, Handel's "Deeper and deeper still," with the song "Waft her, angels," to which the recitative leads up; if these wonderful notes were sung to words dissimilar in character, the effect would be simply ludicrous. The emotions expressed must be more or less identical with those attributed to the despairing Jephtha, although, no doubt, the circumstances which are supposed to arouse them may be varied. Or try the experiment of adaptation upon the *Ave verum* of Mozart, or the concluding phrases of the *Recordare* in the same composer's *Requiem,* or on the last song in Beethoven's *Lieder Kreis,* or on his *An dir allein,* that sacred song in which he expresses the emotions of religious penitence and exultation with the same extraordinary intensity with which Mozart expresses those of adoration, love, and hope in the *Ave verum* and the *Recordare.*— In all these, any attempt at the adaptation of different words will only serve to show the perfect fitness of their melodious cadences and the progressive harmonies for embodying the ideas which the composers had actually present in their minds. And it is the same with such almost purely instrumental movements as the "Amen" chorus with which Handel closes his *Messiah.*

Here we have a fugue of by no means brief duration, worked up with all the resources of counterpoint, and the only syllables the singers utter through its entire length, are those of the word "Amen," which is repeated again and again with interminable variations of spinning out, as it appears to the non-musical ear, entirely without any sense at all. Yet, in reality, the artistic propriety and the fullness of meaning of this fugue are as perfect as its contrapuntal skill. It is long, and it repeats the one word "Amen" again and again, because it is the concluding movement of a long work, in which each idea in the whole narrative of the life and death of Christ is developed at considerable length. To say "Amen" once, or to prolong its repetition only through a few bars, would be out of pro-

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portion to the previous treatment of the detailed portions of the whole work. The "Amen" chorus is thus simply an expression of the gratitude and joy with which the devout mind contemplates the conclusion of the sufferings of Christ, and the commencement of his glories in heaven. The word "Amen" is a mere conventional vehicle for expressing the thoughts that absorb the Christian intelligence; and, as the composer exerts his utmost powers in working up his melodious theme till he attains the unrivalled climax (at the sixth bar from the end,) it seems as if the mind could bear no more, and exhausted with exultation, subsides at once into repose and silent thought. Here and there, indeed, it must be confessed that even the greatest writers may set music to words for which it is so ill-adapted that it gains considerably by the substitutions of others quite different in character; a fact which, however, confirms my argument, though at the expense of the composer himself. For example, there is the song of Handel's, in his opera *Ætius*, which in the Italian original is simply narrative, and of a pastoral and trivial kind. When Dr. Arnold hashed up a species of oratoria out of the great master's operatic works in general, he took this same "*Nasce al bosco*" and set it to the noble words of the Psalmist, "He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters," &c., and the result is a splendid song, in which the music is perfectly expressive of ideas which none but a very great writer could worthily embody. The recitative usually sung with the adapted song is said to be Arnold's own, and is so excellent, that for its sake, and in acknowledgment of his skill in the conversion of the air from a pastoral ditty to a magnificent religious hymn, some portion of his barbarous proceedings may be, perhaps, condoned.

Those critics who insist that the meaning of music entirely depends upon the words which it accompanies, should be further referred to one or two examples of purely instrumental works, in which a distinct intelligent sentiment is so irresistibly felt that there can be no two opinions as to what the music means. And I will take first the two men who both stand in the highest rank as composers, but whose modes, as artists, of expressing themselves were singularly unlike. It would be difficult to name two masters of the art in whom the system upon which musical sounds are employed as a vehicle for thought and feeling were more dissimilar than Mozart and Beethoven. Mozart was one of the greatest contrapuntists that have ever lived; while in Beethoven the contrapuntal faculty was but feebly developed, though as an original harmonist it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that he is without a rival. Listen, then, to the finale in Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, in which an orchestral movement of the utmost brilliancy is planned in the form of a fugue, and carried out on a scale and with a success simply marvellous; and

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then compare it with the final movement in Beethoven's last-written pianoforte sonata, the wonderful Op. CXI. The feeling of intensity, exultation, power, and almost rapturous enjoyment is as striking in both of them, as is the difference between their modes of treatment and the instrumentality by which the same result is attained. It is impossible to hear and understand either of them, and yet uphold the theory that all the meaning of music lies in the words. In their very identity of expression, too, the personal characters of the two men are revealed in the clearest light. In the utmost height of the excitement of his climax, Mozart's tendency to serenity, sweetness, and enjoyment is vividly felt; while from the simple announcement of his slowly moving theme, up to the agitated trills in which Beethoven's excitement culminates, we are ever conscious that with him repose was the result of the forcible control of passionate emotion.

As for the popular notion that there exists an essential difference between secular and sacred music as such, it is as superficial as it is untenable. It is as unreal as the corresponding theory that religious emotions and ideas are the product of one set of faculties, and secular feelings and knowledge the product of another set. Love is love, and joy is joy, and hope is hope, whether the objects which arouse them are Divine or human; and they therefore express themselves in similar language, whether spoken or sung. The idea that religious music is in its nature unlike all other music, is of a piece with the preposterous but equally prevalent belief, that when we speak on religious subjects, especially when men are preaching from a pulpit, it is proper to adopt a conventionally solemn tone of voice, and to use a conventional cast of phraseology. Of course, as there are certain ideas and emotions which never enter into acts of religious worship or meditation, so there are certain varieties of musical expression which would be out of all character in sacred composition. Everything of the nature of frivolity, for example, is utterly out of character and senseless in religious music.—But after excluding all such ridiculous incongruities, the fact remains that there is absolutely no difference in style between the sacred and the secular works of the great masters. The madrigals of Palestrina are like his masses and motets; Bach's fugues for the clavecin are just like many of the choruses in his "Passion Musik" and his masses; were it not for the words, nobody could say whether any one of Handel's songs belongs to an oratorio or an opera; the *Agnus Dei* in Mozart's First Mass is to a great extent like the *Dove sono* in his *Figaro;* and so with all the rest of his works, and those of still later writers. And for the reason just stated, that human emotions are identical in their nature, though of course varying in their intensity and combinations, whether the outward objects which excite

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them are Divine or human. It should not be forgotten, too, that the various stages by which the the present condition of the musical art has been developed, practically correspond to the varieties of articulate language, whether past or present. All languages are not equally perfect as instruments for the embodiment of idea and feeling. Greek and Latin, English and French, Italian and German, all have their characteristics, their merits and their defects. So it is with the forms which have prevailed in the musical art during the last three centuries. The musical forms of to-day, as wrought out by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, are as unlike those of Palestrina and Di Lasso, as Greek is unlike Latin, or German unlike French. The intervening forms, again, which may be taken as attaining their highest perfection in Handel, have a character solely their own; and, like the several varieties of articulate languages, each stage in musical development is especially adapted for the perfect expression of some one class of thoughts or emotions. The English tongue has a wonderful power for poetic and oratorical expression, but who would think of ranking it with Greek or with French as a vehicle of scientific expression, or with German as a language of sentiment? And thus in music. It was not alone the genius of Palestrina, but the musical forms of the time, which make his works and those of the other great masters of the sixteenth century the most purely spiritual music in existence. At the same time, not only those forms, but the forms of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were inadequate to the production of the gorgeous splendour of the orchestra as developed in the nineteenth century. The highly cultivated and sympathetic musical intelligence enjoys every school, and finds in its works a true and natural expression of its thoughts and sensibilities; just as Homer, and Sophocles, and Horace, and Dante, and Goethe, and Moliere, are the cherished companions of the highly cultivated Englishman.

In every musical school, too, there is that other capacity to be recognised which is to be noted in every spoken language. The personal character of the writer displays itself in the works of a great composer as distinctly as those of a writer in ordinary prose language. The peculiarities of the man Mozart are as clearly revealed in his music as in his letters and in the records of his life. It is the same with Beethoven; the same with Mendelssohn; the same with Handel and Haydn. In Handel's writings there is to be found the expression of every human passion; but it would be ridiculous to pretend that the tenderness, the sweetness, the mingled joyousness and sadness, which are almost always present in combination in Mozart, are to be found prominent in the universally gifted Handel, who even in his lightest moods impresses us with a sense of force and power.—It may seem, perhaps, a whimsical notion; but yet it is hardly ex-

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travagant to add that in Handel, as in Shakspeare, we seem to be in company with a prosperous man.

That the two men were prosperous in the trade of money-getting, and, wonderful to add, as theatrical managers, is a fact which everybody knows, and which ought ever to be enforced on the attention of those prosaic people who imagine that there is a sort of incompatibility between the gifts of genius and a capacity for business. However this much, I think, cannot be denied, that as nobody would ever imagine, from their works, that Shakspeare or Handel were unfortunate, melancholy men, so nobody would ever imagine that Beethoven was the reverse; or again, that Weber was a thriving, jovial man of the world, or that Rossini waged a fruitless struggle for bread and for health. In the great Sebastian Bach's writings, too, I see the revelation of the peculiarities of his history, as distinguished from that of his great contemporary. Fiery passions, with their conflicts, find no expression in any of the works of the quiet, contented, domestic musical director of Leipsic. Even in the most jubilant and triumphant bursts and climaxes in his Mass in B minor,—the noblest mass ever written, and by a Protestant, too—the clear, bright, genial, and self-possessed nature of the man is still manifest; and he goes on pouring forth his streams of brilliant, interlacing harmonies, with a fertility and a sense of enjoyment that bespeaks at once a mind at ease and an imagination as exuberant as it was powerful and well-instructed. Altogether it seems to me as impossible to deny that musical sound is a voice speaking from the mind, as that the written styles of Addison and Macaulay, and the spoken style of Johnson, were the natural products of the peculiarities of their several characters.

SCIENCE AND ART.

WHAT IS GREAT IN NATURE.

Peeps Through a Telescope.

Let us turn a telescope of some power on our nearest neighbour in the sky—the queenly ruler of night. The mass of the community so little comprehend the solid evidence on which modern science is founded, that we have no doubt many are still sceptical as to whether there are great mountain ranges traceable on the moon's disc, with volcanic craters of a breadth to which we have nothing similar in this lower world. A glance even with an ordinary street telescope, especially when the moon is about half full, will for ever dispel all doubt

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upon the subject. Quite an aggregation of projecting peaks and of circular holes may be seen, like a great blistered patch, on one side of the luminary; or, better, perhaps, like those lichens one so often meets with, all studded over with cup-shaped fructification.—One feels that he can look a certain way into the interior of a crater almost as easily as he can down the drinking vessels on a tea-table, while the great elevation of some of the mountains at once appears from the fact that their peaks are seen lighted up at some distance from the illuminated portion of the moon, like the scattered islands called Sporades off the coast of Greece. After gazing for a time at the moon's disc, the thoughtful mind puts to itself certain inquiries, founded on the information it has obtained. Has this luminary an atmosphere like our own? Does water exist on its surface? Are there plants and animals, and a race like man? No decisive responses come back to assure the mind on these points. Much is still conjectural. There may be an atmosphere, and some, indeed, have fancied they obtained proof of its existence; but if so, it is wonderfully inconspicuous. It is believed that water does not exist in the moon. If this assertion be correct, then, oh, what a world it must be! Water being absent, plants and animals could not, we should think, live, or any being like man. But is the moon in the state in which it was designed ultimately to be? Had intelligent observers looked from some planet or other at the surface of our earth during any of the vast geological epochs now brought to a close, how little could they have suspected that it was one day to be inhabited, and subdued by man, and though in all essential matters retaining its primitive character unmodified, should yet, superficially at least, be changed by its human lord in a variety of ways? Could any one who saw it at the time when brutal forms constituted the highest types of life yet existent on its surface, have conceived of the Assyrian, or Greek, or Roman empires, or of the Jewish patriarchs or prophets, or of the scene on Calvary, destined to be the theme of praise to angelic and to ransomed natures while eternity should run its course? In turning from the moon, the queen of night, to the glorious ruler of the day, we require to pause for a moment, and reflect how vast is the disproportion in magnitude between the two bodies, so often named together, and to superficial observation so much akin. The moon's diameter does not much exceed 2000 miles: that of the sun is nearly 900,000; and it must not be forgotten that the diameters require to be twice multiplied by themselves to ascertain the entire mass. When the calculation is performed with the exact numbers, it is found that the sun is about seventy millions of times the size of the moon, and considerably more than a million of times as large as the earth. There is a reason why the central luminary should be of dimensions so colossal.

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Without it the planets could not be kept in their orbits, or the beautiful regularity of the solar system maintained. When each planet was brought into existence at first, it was not simply laid down in that part of the heavens which it was designed to occupy; but was flung with a velocity perfectly inconceivable by man, and which, if unchecked by any counteracting influence, would have carried the newly-formed body on and on, through the limitless regions of space to all eternity, unless indeed it had been at some time or other shattered to pieces by coming against a wandering star like itself. The force divinely appointed to modify the erratic action now described was that of gravity; and to create this, a vast mass of matter required to be placed in the midst of the moving planets. The necessity was met by the creation of the sun, which, acting with instantaneous effect on the departing bodies, made them move, not as they would otherwise have done, in straight lines, but in elliptical orbits. Of course it was needful for the Great Architect of the universe to place the central luminary in the exact spot where it could properly fulfil the functions now described. This was done by assigning it a place in what is mathematically termed one focus of the ellipse described by each planet in its orbit. Or, to state the matter in perfectly unscientific language, the figure called an ellipse, which is shaped very much like an oval, has not a proper centre. If we desire to describe a tolerably correct mathematical ellipse, a convenient way of doing it is to stick two pins into a sheet of paper, to twist a piece of thread into a loop, and put it loosely over them, then to insert a pencil and make the thread guide its course till a line of the form required is described. The position chosen for the sun was that corresponding to one of the pins on the paper.—Again, it was needful that the size of the sun should be such that it should exert neither too much nor too little influence. If it were not large enough, the planets would break loose from its influence, and depart on their lonely journey. If its magnitude were too great, it would unduly neutralise the force of the primeval impulse, draw the planets one and all to itself, and finally ignite and consume them.—But need it be added that the calculation of forces, like the other operations of the divine mind, was perfect, beyond the possibility of improvement, so that the solar system is the very type of regularity and order; its machinery has worked for untold ages, without requiring alteration or repair, nor does there seem valid reason for expecting defect in the future when it has been so markedly absent in the past. In the very infancy of astronomical science, the inspired Psalmist was taught in some faint measure to understand how notably the glorious ruler of day showed forth its Creator's praise. "In them (the heavens) hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his cham-

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ber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heavens, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof" (Psalm xix. 4—6.) Here the proper chord is struck. If we understand the mechanism of the heavens better than the inspired writer, or the other men of the age in which he lived, let us not, if we can avoid it, fall short of him in the depth of religious emotion excited by a view of the celestial vault. The idolatry of the creature coupled with forgetfulness of the Creator, is a sin from which not even the highest minds are exempt. The patriarch Job frankly confessed that he was not wholly insensible to the power of such a temptation. "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand: this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge; for I should have denied the God that is above" (Job xxxi. 26—28.) Let us be on our guard, lest the very splendour of the two great heavenly luminaries lead us to think more of them than of that Great Being whose handiwork they are.

Of all the lesser lights of heaven, none is more lustrous or beautiful than the planet Venus. It is regarded with peculiar interest by those who have had much to do with eastern night-travelling.—When all is dark around, and no friend walks by one's side with whom converse may be held, one not unfrequently finds employment in gazing at the starspangled vault conspicuously displayed to view. At length the night draws to a close, and in many cases the mind has forgotten the brilliant exhibition overhead, and is occupied with its own wayward fancies when suddenly it reawakes to consciousness of its situation, and directs itself again towards the sky. But O what a change has taken place since it looked upward a few minutes previously! Of the many twinkling lights that gave such a look of life and of interest to the ethereal concave, not a single one now remains: the only heavenly body that has lingered behind is Venus, which shines forth with a soft beauty peculiarly its own, and reigns for a considerable period the undisputed mistress of the sky. But as earthly dynasties tend to come finally to nought, so does this queenly star at length pale away and expire, when the rising sun casts his first decisive rays upwards from the eastern horizon, terminating night and establishing in its room all-glorious day. The inspired writers did not fail once and again to make allusions to this fair star. "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" was the exclamation of a prophet on witnessing the fall of the great Babylonian tyrant from whom the people of God and the Gentile nations around had suffered so severely. And to make the words more piquant and powerful, they are not given forth by the prophet in his own name, but are made to come (doubtless in sepulchral tones)

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from the abodes of the dead, uttered by a crowd of those kings whose lives had been prematurely terminated by the oppressor, and who never could forgive their murderer for thrusting them into Hades before their time. The sweet planet of early dawn is alluded to again in more pleasing circumstances when the Divine Redeemer says of himself, "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star." Before Gospel day was fully established, Christ was like the star in the east which afforded sure presage that glorious sunrise was at hand. Then the type being slightly modified, He figured next as the splendid luminary whose province it was to reign unrivalled in the heavens, dissipating night and the heavy vapours of night, and substituting in their place unclouded day.

The size of Venus is very much the same as that of the earth, and if we suppose it to be inhabited by beings like men, then our earth will be to them the brilliant planet adorning the night sky which the globe that they inhabit is to us.—One difference, no doubt, there will be. As our earth is to them a superior planet, that is, one further from the sun than they are, it will not present phases like those of the moon, as Venus from its position does when viewed through good telescopes by observers upon the earth.

The huge planet, called by way of preëminence Jupiter, though from its remoteness less conspicuous than Venus, is still at times a very noteworthy object in the night sky, and some of the telescopes in observatories open to the public are quite powerful enough to show the four satellites. Those tiny illuminated specks have helped astronomers to obtain information on a point of no slight interest, the velocity with which light travels. When a flash of lightning irradiates the sky and is followed after an interval by a peal of thunder, one can without difficulty learn that sound moves somewhat slowly, but no information is furnished as to the rate at which the light transmitted from the flash found its way to the eye. But observations made upon the occultations or eclipses of Jupiter's satellites furnished data from which satisfactory results bearing on this point could be drawn. It was discovered that, according as the planet was comparatively near the earth, or on the contrary was far distant from it, the time of the occultation of any one of the satellites, as ascertained by observation, was sooner or later than the calculated period, which could only be accounted for by supposing that light required a certain number of minutes to travel from the remote planet to ourselves. Hence it was inferred that light moves at the inconceivably rapid rate of 200,000 miles in a second of time. Quick as is the electric telegraph, it is not for a moment to be compared with the velocity of light, which would only require a single second to engirdle the earth eight times round. But to return from the

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satellites to the planet. The diameter of Jupiter is about 11 times, and his mass 1281 times that of the earth. What a mighty globe to be whirled round upon its axis, as it is once every ten hours or less, and to be sent careering along the heavens at a rate so rapid that it completes an ellipse whose longest diameter is nearly 1000 millions of miles in less than twelve of our years!

Only a shade less remarkable is Saturn, which has a diameter of 73,000 miles, against Jupiter's 88,000, rotating, too, only a little less rapidly, and traversing its orbit, nearly twice that of its rival in extent, within a period of less than thirty years, eight moons all the while attending it on its way.

Uranus has a diameter only about half that of Saturn, and is believed to have six moons. The planet Neptune, with which the names of Le Verrier and Adams will be forever associated, is about as large, and has one.

Having been insensibly led on to speak of these larger planets, we have omitted some of the smaller and more familiar ones. It is now requisite that we return and glance for a little at the tiny Mercury, gliding nimbly along on his course, like the fleet-footed herald of the gods described in Grecian and Roman fable. Mercury has a diameter of less than 3000 miles, a period of rotation nearly the same as ours, and an annual revolution occupying eighty-seven days. Of course from his nearness to the central luminary he has phases like Venus or like the moon, but these, and indeed the planet himself, generally escape notice, the feeble light not attracting the eye, owing to the constant proximity of the great central luminary. Nor should we forget to mention Mars, the planet immediately beyond us, as Venus is our neighbour on the side of the sun. The planet deriving its name from the god of war is, as might be expected, ruddy in hue, like some people of choleric temperament. Nay, Mars is not all red, the remarkable fact has long been known that around the two poles of the red planet are unmistakable belts of a white colour, irresistibly suggesting the idea that the arctic and antarctic zones are a mass of snow and ice, like the inhospitable regions around the poles of our own world. If so, then there is water or something akin to water there, and plants and animals may also be assumed to exist, or at the very least their existence is possible. We should like to know more of Mars, but the vast space that separates us seems to place an eternal bar in the way of our acquiring real knowledge on the subject.

What can the reason be that in the void between Mars and Jupiter, and very much in the place where a planet of respectable magnitude might be expected to be, there should not be a single body, but a whole multitude of them, like the wreck of a shattered world? Was a planet actually dashed to pieces in some great collision, occupying a similar place in the annals of celestial travelling to some of those melancholy

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railway accidents of which we so frequently read in the newspapers of this lower world? Or did it please the Creator to call into being in this part of the solar system a multitude of tinny bodies, performing certain mazy movements, like insects sporting in the sunbeam? It were hard to say. He that giveth not account of his matters could alone throw light on the origin of the remarkable assemblage of starlets to which it is customary to give the name of Asteroides.

With all that has been ascertained regarding the solar system, a great many points still remain obscure. If, despite their aberrations, the comets—that seem to make the sun one goal around which, like chariots in the old Olympic games, they may drive as rapidly as is consistent with safety—are properly deemed *attachés* of the solar system, then the census of the bodies attendant on the sun must embrace a host of vagrants which, like some nomad races in our own land, are apt to be omitted by enumerators; and any thought of exactitude of numbers must be abandoned, if it be ultimately decided that a place should be assigned to that great revolving ring of meteorites, dense at one place and rare at another, in regard to which so much interest has been felt since the date of the splendid star-shower in November.

Sometimes when one sojourns for a little in a village, he is struck with astonishment at the zest with which the simple inhabitants enter into the petty affairs of the locality where they reside, as if these were all in all, and no movements on a grander scale were in progress in the world. To beings of intelligence superior to ours, a similar pettiness may be discernible in the prominence we assign to the solar system. If, as analogy would lead us to infer, every one of the trembling stars that nightly illuminate the firmament, is the centre of a series of planets, then how unimportant the solar orb and its attendant group of bodies must be, compared with the numbers numberless of the heavenly host marching on to execute the fiat of their Creator and Lord. In all likelihood our sun itself is, in one sense, a satellite, if it be true that it is moving forward towards a point in the constellation Hercules, as if describing an orbit around some body more glorious than itself. But whether this be so or not, it is beyond dispute that were some of the stars we nightly see as near us as the sun is, they would look inconceivably more glorious than he. Several of them must be splendid bodies if they stand out as stars of the first magnitude, though incalculably far away. When first a telescope of considerable power is turned to the fixed stars, say for instance, to those in the belt of Orion, great disappointment is experienced. One who has not reflected on the subject, naturally expects that the celestial bodies to which he points his instrument should appear greatly magnified—in reality, they are unmistakably diminished in size.—

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Looked at with the naked eye their dimensions are exaggerated, the discs being confounded with the rays, that surround them : the telescope strips off the fictitious glory, and shows us the discs in their naked simplicity, reduced to small shining points. The only indisputable assistance the telescope gives is, that it makes stars visible that could not be detected by the naked eye; and this is of very great advantage. Doubtless when one or two ancient astronomers had catalogued about 1000 stars, they fancied that they had obtained a tolerably accurate estimate of the number of worlds existing. But this tendency to narrow the infinite received a rude blow when even such feeble telescopes as those with which Galileo was wont to scan the sky came into use. There is no fear of any one now suspecting the limits of the universe have been reached, when with each addition to the power of the telescope an incalculable number of new worlds are discovered. In place of the thousand stars, of old deemed a respectable reckoning, we have a single observer registering the positions of no fewer than 50,000; while another, the celebrated Herschel, estimated those seen through a very powerful instrument, in one small region of the heavens at an equal number.

But it is perhaps the nebulæ that give the most vivid impression how infinitely numerous the star-worlds must be. Not many years have elapsed since the nebular hypothesis of La Place still retained extensive currency; and it was supposed that the numerous patches of thin, faint light scattered over the heavens might be stars in process of formation. Suppose rotary motion established in the thin luminous matter, gravity meanwhile drawing its etherial particles together, and a sun of somewhat solid material might at length be formed. As it revolved rapidly rays of light might be flung off from it at various distances, which might ultimately settle into planets, and these again might fling off similar rings, from which satellites might be evolved. But when powerful telescopes, like that of Lord Rosse, were turned upon the nebulæ, lo! one, and another, and another was resolved into an infinite multitude of stars, whose collective light had made so slender an illumination, simply because of the vastly remote distances they were from the observer's eye. If it be so, as it would seem, that all the ordinary stars may together constitute only one such assemblage of suns as is termed a nebula; and if even some years ago, no fewer than 2000 nebulæ were known, then how vast in number the hosts of heaven must be, beyond what any finite mind can conceive! Probably the Psalmist did not know of more than 1000 stars in the heavens when, speaking of God, he used the language, "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names. Great is our Lord, and of great power; his understanding is infinite" (Psalm cxlvii. 4—5.) But the words he was guided into using possessed a

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depth of meaning far beyond what he knew, and we can feel their force to an extent which the imperfect state of astronomy in his age forbade the possibility of his doing.

One element more must be taken into account in conceiving how vast is even that fragment of the universe visible with the aid of certain appliances from this world—we mean the distances of the fixed stars. Most persons are familiar with the process employed by those who avail themselves of the science of trigonometry to calculate the distance of places not accessible to actual measurement. A base line is drawn on the ground, the angles formed by lines drawn from its two extremities to the place whose remoteness it is desired to ascertain are carefully noted, and from these elements it is easy to calculate the precise magnitude of every unmeasured side or angle in the triangle. It is found that the accuracy is greatest when the angles approach 45 degrees, and the liability to error is at its maximum when the base is very short in proportion to the sides. In obtaining a base whence to calculate the distances of the fixed stars, the largest one is, for the reason above stated, the best; hence the largest base man can measure, namely, the greater diameter of the ellipse described by the earth in its annual revolution round the sun, is that universally chosen. It amounts to about 190 millions of miles. For a long time it was supposed even the nearest fixed stars were so distant that, when it was attempted to ascertain their situations by the ordinary trigonometrical process, the vast base line now described shrunk in a mathematical point.—Of late more accurate measurement has shown that it is not quite so bad as this in the case of at least a few fixed stars; but even they are found to be so remote that it is scarcely worth while to name the millions on millions of miles they must be from us. No human mind, not even one of the greatest power, could take the number in. Do the statements of Scripture regarding the creation, or the fall of man, or redemption through means of a sacrifice offered by the Son of God himself in this world, or the prominent place the ransomed occupy in heaven seem less creditable, when our ideas become more enlarged with respect to the vastness of the universe? There is not any reason why they should do so. The very considerable size of this world, as ascertained by modern navigators, in no way disproves the historic evidence on which we receive the narrative of the great achievement at Thermopylæ, nor does it make us incredulous when, passing over a series of fields in Belgium not otherwise of special interest, we are arrested by a voice which says with the poet, "Stop, for thy tread is on an empire's dust." At the time which was preëminently the hour and the power of darkness, the infernal hosts may have been drawn together from we know not how many worlds to make an asssault on the Son of God, then present here on a mission of benefi-

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cence. When that attack was repelled, and the souls whose eternal destiny was suspended on the result of the contest were for ever saved, then the little planet on which we dwell may have acquired, among all the intelligent beings throughout the universe to whom the news of the great victory came, an interest far surpassing that which attaches to the scene of any merely patriotic struggle: for, after all, contests fought out on earth with material weapons, can do no more at the furthest than deliver an oppressed nation from foreign or from domestic tyranny. The Redeemer's great agony achieved a nobler triumph: it saved, not a nation, but numbers numberless of every people and kindred and tongue, and saved them not from oppression simply, but from sin and from eternal woe.—*Sunday Magazine.*

What is Small in Nature.—Peeps Through a Microscope.—In a perfect eye the telescopic and microscopic powers are equal. When one, partly from bodily weakness, partly from looking too much at small objects, becomes near-sighted, his eyes lose in telescopic and gain in microscopic power. With reverence be it spoken, it is as if God had said, "You have decided that in future you mean to use your eyes more as microscopes than as telescopes; therefore at once, in punishment of your error, and to aid you in carrying out your plans, I withdraw the telescopic power which you have failed to appreciate, and in lieu of it increase the microscopic power which you consider of value." Let it not be thought fanciful that we see the hand of God in the defect of vision now spoken of, and gain new proof of his infinitely beneficent character, and the tenderness with which He acts towards His creatures.—Nought that has been said precludes investigation into the cause that produces that change in the lenses or humours of the eye, from which near-sightedness arises. The physiological and the theological inquiries can be prosecuted side by side, like parallel lines in a mathematical figure, which by the very nature of things cannot traverse each other at any point. Reflection for a moment on a similar case will help to make the matter plain. Certain changes in the bodily organization of the drunkard tend to bring his life prematurely to a close. Medical men carefully inquire what these are, and in the most satisfactory manner account for the fatal result when it comes. But this does not in any way preclude theologians from citing the drunkard's death as a proof of the righteous indignation entertained by God against sin. Nor on the other hand does the explanation of the case given by the theologian prove the slighest bar to the fullest inquiry on the part of the physiologist. Each pursues his own course entirely unimpeded by the other. We repeat, then, that we gain new insight into the Divine character and mode of operation by a study of the phenomenon of near-sightedness, and with the same

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result as in all other cases; that is, that we are constrained to regard the All-wise and Infinitely-beneficent Being with increased veneration and love. But ah! how feeble are our emotions even when we most reverently adore! Though a near-sighted person feels great difficulty in recognizing his friends across the street, and though the distant landscape is to him undefined in outline, if it be seen at all, yet he can perceive minute objects which his companions, with more perfect eyes, fail to discern. When they request him to give his opinion in regard to half-a-dozen copies of a photographic picture, he rejects one on account of a minute mechanical defect perfectly visible to him, but which they would never without him have managed to see. It need scarcely be added that when he looks at any of the works of God—we care not which of them it be—he sees no mechanical or other defect, or aught but absolute perfection. A three-and-sixpenny pocket microscope with three lenses gives further insight into the world of minute existences on which he has entered, but a compound instrument of similar character, costing some guineas, is requisite fully to throw that world open to his view.

The microscope has not yet thrown any considerable measure of light on mineral bodies, or on the purely inorganic rocks of the world. These latter are composed of minerals, in some cases occurring singly, but more generally combined by mechanical or chemical means into a composite body. The microscope can point out the relations in which these stand to each other, clearly distinguishing the granules in rocks of a compact and apparently homogeneous structure. As has been well remarked, what the flowers and fruit are to a plant, that the crystals are to a mineral; they give us no slight aid in identifying it correctly. When one of the uninitiated takes up a book on mineralogy, hoping to find it easy reading, he is disgusted to meet with page after page of mathematical figures, as if he had stumbled on a work treating of the geometry of solids; and so indeed he has, for it is distinctly by the principles of that department of abstract science that crystals are to be explained. There is an interest connected with small crystals that does not to the same extent attach to those of larger size, for the former are generally more perfect in shape. Those minute pyramids, or prisms, or rhomboids, or other mathematical bodies so much conform to rule, that it has been thought worth while to measure their several angles correctly, and record the amount in degrees and minutes. A point of much interest connected with crystals is the bearing some think it has on the question—What is the form of the ultimate particles of matter? Perhaps our younger readers may require an explanation of this term. Matter may be divided, and divided, and divided again ever so long, without one feeling assured that the process cannot be carried further. Micro-

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scopes can enable an experimenter to go a certain distance, and then his skill is baffled. But it is scarcely possible to conceive that there should be no limit to the divisibility of matter; let it be conceded that there is one, and then that incalculably minute portion of matter which cannot be still further reduced, is called an ultimate particle. It is natural to think that the ultimate particles of different minerals must vary from each other in form, else it is difficult to understand how the crystals which they severally form should be of diverse shapes.—Assuming it to be so then, looking from the theological point of view, one may suppose such a process as this to take place when the Great Architect of the universe builds up a crystal. There are lying about, we shall suppose, in some watery solution, an inconceivable multitude of minute particles of matter, which if properly placed would constitute (say) a pyramid. At the divine fiat these, as if instinct with life, arise from their places, move towards each other, and take their stations in the exact spots requisite to constitute the mathematical figure just named. To our apprehension the greatness of the Creator stands forth transcendantly in the apparently unimportant operation of forming a crystal. When men have an edifice to erect, they give orders to human beings like themselves, who understand what is required of them and carry it into execution. God issues his mandate, not to intelligent beings, or even to organisms possessed of life, but to dull and inanimate particles of matter. But these no sooner hear the Divine voice than they hasten to obey. That the infinitely skilful Worker is himself unseen while He performs this wondrous deed, ought undoubtedly to add to our conception of his greatness, and make us stand over-awed in presence of his power. It is the most lamentable perversion of reason if, failing to recognize His presence because He is unseen, we speak only of natural law, and have not a thought left for the Lawgiver. Nor is it merely a departure from right reason, it is a moral delinquency the same in character with that of the old idolaters, who "worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator." Nay it is a sin aggravated beyond theirs, for they had ignorance as an excuse for their error; whereas those among ourselves who are most prone to deify natural law, are in many respects the most enlightened of men.

Another thought in regard to the ultimate particles of matter, will place the inconceivable greatness of the Creator in a yet clearer light. It is that it requires as much power to annihilate one of those minute atoms, as was needed at first to give it birth. When we think of impregnable works reared by the hand of man, the mind turns to elaborately constructed granite forts, or iron-girt ramparts, defended by the heaviest ordnance. Yet military engineers say that no fort is really proof against assault.

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Let there be a secure basis of operations, a beleaguering force sufficient thoroughly to invest the fort, reserves to keep that force at its original strength, effective batteries, proper courage and fortitude, and lastly, a skilful general; and sooner or later the besieged place will fall. When God would erect a fortification sufficient to defy the might of all the armies in the world, He does not condescend to rear a massive rampart, or dig a broad deep fosse; He deems it enough to lay down a single atom of matter. That really is impregnable. Not one man—not many men singly putting forth effort—not all mankind confederated together, could possibly destroy it. It will never cease to exist, unless He who formed it at first should give forth the mandate for its extinction. "Lo, these are parts of His ways: but how little a portion is heard of Him? but the thunder of His power who can understand?" (Job xxvi. 14.)

Advancing from the inanimate to the animate creation, we meet for the first time with the principle of life. But so mysterious a thing is it that no microscopic research, whether directed towards the vegetable or towards the animal world, has made any considerable approach to explaining its nature. All that has been done has been to throw light on some of the modes by which it operates.—There is no part of a plant unworthy of examination. How remarkably varied, for example, are the seed-vessels and the seeds in the several species! If they were formed by man, we should say—How elaborate the workmanship!—how perfect in every part! How remarkable that the smaller and less important species have had as much attention bestowed upon them as those of a more conspicuous kind! How wonderful to find it so also with those designed to pass their existence in obscurity. The poet truly says—

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Yet is every such member of the vegetable kingdom as perfect in all its parts, even to the minutest, as if it had been designed to grow in a flower-pot placed in a palace window, and have every change it underwent carefully watched by a young princess's eyes. It is just the same with the relics of now extinct vegetation which was in its glory during some preadamite period of this world's history. Is wood from any unknown tree belonging to the highest class of the vegetable kingdom (the *Exogens*) dug up from some geological stratum, deposited long anterior to the existence of man? you will probably find it to have medullary rays, like an infinite number of nearly parallel lines, traced on the hard chart quite as clearly as you ever saw them on a mahogany table.—And if the microscope be applied, no great difficulty will be experienced in detecting, where they occur, those minute dots that distinguish the wood of the firs and

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other trees of similar character from that of the arborescent exogens of more ordinary type. The minute structure of the next class, the endogens, and of the next again, the acrogens, can in similar manner be ascertained. Among the interesting discoveries which have flowed from the employment of the microscope on wood, recent and fossil, not the least noteworthy has been the detection of vegetable tissues in pieces of coal, which to the naked eye appeared purely mineral.

The examination of the minute structure of those tissues tends to establish the opinion amply supported by evidence from other quarters that vast forests of flowerless trees and shrubs, arborescent ferns, club mosses, and horsetails, overspread our own and many other lands during the carboniferous or coal period ; and, perishing, gave rise to the numerous seams of black combustible mineral, or rather vegetable matter, packed away for our benefit, by the Divine forethought, ages before we appeared upon the earth. In connection with this subject of flowerless plants, every one knows that great difficulties meet the student. As in other cases, he naturally turns to the fructification in the hope that it will throw the most important light on the structure of the plant. And so it does when he understands it, but it is long before he can say he comprehends it, even in the feeblest way. Linnæus felt himself so puzzled to unravel the difficulties attaching to the investigation, that he termed the flowerless plants cryptogamia, that is, of concealed nuptials, like people who contract marriages, not in the face of the Church or even in presence of a registrar, but in some occult way, so that none of the public can say they have been present at the ceremony. To the Divine mind, however, nothing connected with this or any other subject is obscure, but all that we characterise as hidden stands forth as in a blaze of light. Any book of botany, illustrated by figures, is sure to exhibit the elastic ring surrounding the small capsules that contain the spores or seeds of ferns. The fructification of the several small orders approaching ferns is also likely to find place in such a work. One of these is the *chara* family, whose seeds, which we have frequently seen fossil, constitute globes of minute size, marked with spiral channels, beautiful objects under the microscope. A glance over such a work as Hooker and Taylor's "Muscologia Britannica," will show how beautiful under moderate microscopic power are the little capsules or cups, fringed around the margin, and for a certain period carefully fitted with lids, which constitute the resting-place and protection to the spores of mosses. Yet more varied are the lichens, the fungi, and the algæ but all these three orders contain species so low in organization and so diminutive in size, that much must still be done before the obscurity that now hangs over them can be in any considerable degree removed. The

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last of the three orders, the algæ is especially difficult, for it touches the very confines of the animal kingdom. Nay, were that all, the task would be a comparatively light one; what specially causes perplexity is that there are many tribes of minute organisms so difficult to classify that opinions still differ as to whether they should be referred to the vegetable or to the animal kingdom. The lowest types of algæ, called by the general name of confervæ, have been termed the opprobrium of botany, inasmuch as here that science has been most at fault. If it be permissible to use such language, we would say that of all portions of the vegetable kingdom this part, instead of being the opprobrium of the Creator, is his greatest glory, for here He has executed the most splendid work on a scale of such exquisite minuteness that without the microscope it could not be seen at all. Let one study the figures in any illustrated work on these minute organisms—for example, in "Ralf's British Desmideæ," and note the manifold forms which these tiny plants exhibit.

Triangles and ellipses, and long rectangles transversely marked, and other figures of more complex form remind us of a kaleidoscope in which, turn as we like, nothing will ever appear but a shape of beauty. Whence have these exquisitely formed and richly coloured plants been derived? Perhaps from that green oozy slime which we saw on some slippery rock by river or by sea cliff, and contemptuously passed by. Wondrous, indeed, are the thoughts and ways of God beyond all human thoughts and human ways. As if to show how completely exhaustless are His creative resources, He flings forth with prodigal hand millions on millions of admirably formed bodies amid the slime which man treads under his foot. Centuries on centuries elapse before the discovery is made by the creature of limited knowledge, who complacently calls himself lord of creation, what evidences of Divine skill may be derived from objects apparently too humble to merit examination. At length the great discovery is made. Man, on being told of it, listens languidly, soon forgets what he hears, relapses into thoughtlessness, and occupies himself, as before, with the concerns of the day. Has the Creator's purpose in producing these tiny plants been thwarted by man's neglect and want of appreciation? Assuredly not. Clinging to naked rocks, perhaps a little before heaved up in some fierce volcanic convulsion, they gradually disintegrate them into fragments, and by this and by their own decay, prepare a soil which yearly becomes better adapted to less humble forms of vegetation, till at length the once barren rock is able to nourish grass, and flowers, and trees, and finally man takes possession and finds soil capable of profitable cultivation, where at one time barrenness and desolation had reigned supreme. If it be permissible to adapt to nature what was prima-

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rily meant of providence and grace, we would add, in the words of the prophet, "This also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working," (Isaiah xxviii. 29).

Advancing next to the animal kingdom, we find the microscope assists us even in investigations which might appear beyond its province. Take the following illustration. When Harvey announced his great discovery of the circulation of the blood, and was met by scepticism, if not by absolute unbelief on the part of his professional brethren, what would he not have given had he been able to show his opponents the actual movement of the blood in the body of a vertebrated animal? Yet this sight can now be witnessed. If a frog be fixed in such a position that its leg is in the focus of a powerful microscope, which can be done without in any way hurting the animal, then the motion of the blood in the vessels at the foot will be plainly discernible. At a *conversazione* held some time ago in London, a friend exhibited this strange spectacle to all and sundry, and it was pleasing to witness the interest which the phenomenon excited, even in minds with no marked leanings towards science.—To plan and execute so elaborate a system of hydraulics would give one a national reputation. Yet how little do the generality of people think that the great Creator, prodigal of his treasures, has placed an apparatus of the character now described in the foot of a despised reptile!

But, as in the case of the vegetable world, it is not till we descend to the minuter organisms that we gain even a feeble conception of the Divine skill. If one were to give much attention to an insect so common and so slightly regarded as the house fly, most people would look down upon him as wholly given over to frivolity. But there is no part of nature unworthy of notice; and a naturalist, studying the structure of a creature so little exalted as the domestic fly, has soon ample reason for feeling himself face to face with the all-present God. To economise space, we confine ourselves to the eye. Multitudes of insects have two kinds of eyes, the one kind simple, and constituting small elevated shining black specks on the top of the head; the other sort, two in number, just where we should expect to find them, and composite in structure. Boys sometimes purchase or receive as a present a bit of cut glass, so shaped as to have a multitude of facets. When this is put to the eye, every facet presents a highly-coloured image, and the general effect of the whole is in no slight degree beautiful. When God would construct the apparatus of vision for a fly, He adopted a similar principle: He cut a lens, if it may be so worded, into no fewer than 4000 distinct facets; and, as in the case of honeycombs, that He might economise space, He made each of them a hexagon, that mathematical figure being capable of filling an area without leaving any interstices. How utterly would

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it be beyond the power of the most skilful workman successfully to place 4000 facets side by side within the minute space occupied by the eyes of a domestic fly! Yet this has been done by the Creator. Nay, He has effected even more than this. A facet of an insect's eye is, after all, nothing more than an optical instrument capable of informing the little animal possessing it of what is passing within that portion of the landscape which it sweeps. But, in order that this intelligence may be transmitted, it is needful that a nerve connect the instrument with the brain of the insect.

As might have been expected, the infinitely wise Worker has made provision to meet this necessity; for, virtually speaking, 4000 telegraph wires connect the several optical instruments with the brain, thus transmitting intelligence from the spot where it first became known to the central office. How vast beyond all finite conception the wisdom and the power that have been brought into requisition for the benefit of tiny existences, on which most persons do not condescend to bestow a single thought! The microscope sets limits to our admiration for man's mechanical skill. Let it be turned, for example, on a fragment of the smoothest paper, and the object will appear covered with coarse felt, like a white hat. Let it next be directed towards any work of God—we care not which it be—and, instead of old beauties vanishing, a crowd of new beauties will appear.

As in prosecuting the inquiry, we descend to a lower platform in the pyramid of animated beings, the transcendant greatness of the Divine architect of nature increasingly shines forth. Nowhere is it more manifest than when investigation is made respecting the animalculæ, called infusoria, from their being found occasionally in various infusions. Some exhibitors of powerful microscopes profess to show these minutest of yet ascercertained existences, and make good their word. But as all is not gold that glitters, so it is not every animal passed off as one of the infusoria that is really worthy of the name. They are not always easily procurable; in which case, some being of higher grade is made to do duty for them, and with the undiscerning part of the public, answers almost equally well. We remember once seeing thus exhibited two small creatures, the one manifestly the larva of a gnat; the other, one of those small crabs called cyprides, which not merely abound at present, but which have also had representatives in many geological periods. The forms of the real infusoria (recent and fossil), or, at least, what are regarded as such, are so often figured in geological and other works, that deception on the subject should be difficult.

As in the case of the lower orders of the vegetable kingdom, so here again we note the great variety of forms which it has pleased Him who does all things well to bring into being. Triangles, cylinders,

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girded round with rows of rings, wheels, spherical bodies like globes mounted, rectangles so connected as to make a series of zig-zags, and other forms too numerous to describe, illustrate the variety to be met with in this neglected portion of nature. Some animalculæ are known of a size so minute, that a million of them would do no more than occupy the space covered by a grain of sand! Yet is each one of these inconceivably minute creatures possessed of organs perfectly adapted to its mode of life! "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself," was a charge brought by the All Holy God against some of the morally depraved in the Jewish Church. If any persons are in danger of supposing that the great discoveries of modern science have perceptibly diminished the distance between man and his Maker, and are inclined to think God not infinitely exalted in all-formative skill above the most gifted of his creatures, a study of facts like those now mentioned will dispel such an illusion. The scientific triumphs of our age have undeniably been great, but just as the diameter of the earth's orbit dwindles into a mathematical point, when astronomers try to use it as a base line, whence to calculate the distances of the fixed stars, so the intellect and skill of the most highly gifted mortal are diminished to nothingness and disappear when viewed side by side with the similar attributes of God revealed in the Creation.

It is related of a great man that when dying he expressed his regret that he had seen so little of this beautiful world. It was a perfectly legitimate source of grief. But even had he travelled far, and visited many countries, he might still have made the same lamentation when life began to draw to a close. For how little of this beautiful world can any see during the brief limits within which human life is confined! Not merely is the globe too vast for us to traverse it in every part, but the minutest speck of organic or even of inorganic matter has in it secrets to disclose, had we only the time and ability to interrogate it aright. In reflecting on these matters, we feel ourselves driven to the thought, which meets us at every turn, that human life is far too brief to permit of our here doing anything effective to understand the works and the ways of God. As we sit sadly musing, an exceeding longing for immortality comes over our spirits, and we increasingly appreciate the glorious gift of an eternal and happy residence above, purchased by Christ for those who seek salvation through his blood.

Another thought ere we close. It has been well remarked that had we possessed the telescope alone, its revelations would have been apt to destroy our faith in the consoling truth that our Heavenly Father watches over us with more than parental care. "No," we should have said, "it cannot be that He who has worlds on worlds to guide in their courses, troubles Himself about the welfare of creatures like

us." The discoveries made by the microscope, however, entirely take away the force of this distrustful reasoning. Our argument now can be, "Assuredly He who did not think it beneath him to form and adjust to each other the many thousand lenses in insect eyes, and to provide for the welfare of animalculæ so minute that millions of them could be crowded into the smallest space, will not deem that He is condescending too far in watching over us." The thought is a most consoling one, that the unseen God, whose name and whose nature are love, is perpetually looking upon us with tender and compassionate eye. "Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him; but he knoweth the way that I take" (Job xxiii. 8—10.) "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding" (Isaiah xl. 27, 28.) "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.—Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows" (Matt. x. 29—31.)—*Sunday Magazine.*

MISCELLANIES FROM FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

"Was Lord Bacon an Impostor?"—Last January, Baron Liebig furnished an article for *Fraser's Magazine* with the above title. The editor replied to the Baron, pointing out to him numerous misquotations and misrepresentations in his attempt to substantiate his charges against Bacon.

The April number of *Fraser* contains a rejoinder from Liebig, which he ends by saying, "Now, were I asked whether my ideas about Bacon are likely or not to produce any effect in England, I should say the English are a singular people; all I know of them is that they are friends of light and pure air, but that no foreigner is able to prophesy what Englishmen may think about a certain matter six months or six years hence."

A lame and impotent conclusion to such an assault.

The Coal of England.—The last number of *St. James's Magazine* contains an article from the pen of Dr. Henry Spencer on the coal deposits of the United Kingdom, in which he says that the collieries of Britain yield annually 110,000,000 tons; an amount so vast that it can scarcely be

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realized, except by mathematicians, unless put in some other form.

A recent writer has calculated that with 100,000,000 tons of coal a wall might be built around the globe three feet wide and seven feet high. Now, whether it is held with Mr. Hall that the British coal deposits will last a thousand years, or with Sir W. Armstrong that they will be exhausted in two hundred years, there is every reason to believe that with the disappearance of the coal the greatness of England as a manufacturing nation will pass away forever.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* asserts that after all that has been written, complained of, and lamented on the subject, the fact remains that, to this day, there is no satisfactory grammar of the English language, no adequate dictionary, no complete history of its origin and development.

LIFE IN LONDON.—The *Sunday Magazine* says: Some weeks ago, the Rev. Isaac Taylor, incumbent of St Matthias, Bethnal Green (son of the distinguised author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm,") printed a statement of the condition of that parish which created deep interest at the time, and has most probably had a share in originating measures for the relief of the destitution described. The parish is less in size than Russell or Belgrave Square, yet contains between 6000 and 7000 inhabitants, — silk-weavers, descended many of them from the exiled Huguenots whom France drove from her shores. Seven to twelve shillings a week seems to be the ordinary earnings of these poor weavers, who, to make one inch of velvet and one penny of earnings, have to throw the shuttle 180 times, work the treadles 180 times, insert the wire 60 times and withdraw it 60 times, pass the knife along the work 60 times, and press the chest against a heavy beam for compressing the work 60 times: being 600 operations in all. Women and children work hard to increase the family earnings. Infants of three or four years toil at making lucifer-match boxes, a child of four having been found who made several hundred boxes a day, and who had paid the rent of the room for a year. She had never so much as seen a tree, a daisy, or a blade of grass. A poor, sickly thing, she was evidently destined to fall an early martyr to her terrible life. Not one family in twenty possessed a blanket, and not one in twelve a sheet. Yet with all their wretched poverty, the people were wonderfully uncomplaining and self-reliant, and absolute vice and professional crime were all but unknown in the parish.

The view taken by the Church of Rome of the situation in Great Britain may be gathered from the following statement in the *Westminster Gazette*, a new organ of the body:—"The spontaneous abandonment by so many Protestant congregations of the liturgy pre-

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scribed by their Church, and the adoption in its stead of the ritual belonging to Roman Catholics, is, perhaps, one of the strangest among the many extraordinary events of the day. It is, indeed, wonderful that the change should already have excited so much public interest and elicited so much discussion, or even that it should have provoked the judgment and condemnation of some of the Established Church authorities. The present movement is singular on many accounts, and widely differs from all that preceded it. Originating in the bosom of the congregation itself and its pastor, and without external force or pressure of any description from any quarter, or any previous discussion of merit or expediency, commencing on a small scale and gradually extending on all sides in spite of all opposition, it appears in many churches to have effected so great a change that, in external worship, at least, between the Protestant and Reformed Church of our day, and the ancient and unchangeable Roman Catholic, the distinction is almost untraceable. Roman Catholic places of worship, into which within the memory of the present generation no Protestant was known to enter, are now frequented by many."

The *Weekly Register* asserts that duirng last year, a thousand persons in the Westend of London have joined the Church of Rome. On the other hand, it is affirmed by a correspondent of the (High Church) *Guardian*, that in some rural districts members of the Church of England are attaching themselves to one or other of the bodies of Protestant dissenters.

Anecdotes and Gossip About Clubs.—*London Society* in an article on these popular British institutions tells us that, the Kit-Kat was the great Whig Club of Queen Anne's time, and at its commencement was composed of thirty-nine members; amongst whom were the Dukes of Marlborough, Grafton, Devonshire, Richmond, and Somerset; the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston; Lords Halifax and Somers; Sir Robert Walpole, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Granville, Addison, Maynwaring, Garth, Stepney, and Walsh. In later days it numbered the greatest wits of the age among its members.

The poet of the Kit-Kat *par excellence*, was Sir Samuel Garth, the physician and friend of Marlborough, with whose sword he was knighted by King George I. He is poetically known in these days chiefly by his "Dispensary," a satire upon the apothecaries. He was a jovial member, and a witty man.—One night, being at the Club, and in love with the wine and the company, he had completely forgotten the fifteen patients whose names appeared on his list of the day, but whom he had so far left unvisited. When it had become too late to call upon them, he excused himself to his brethren of the Kit-Kat by declaring that it was no great matter whether he saw them

that night or not, "For nine of them," said he, "have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them;" and the other six have such good constitutions, "that all the physicians in the world can't kill them." The *laissez faire* of such a speech it would be difficult to beat.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH: OR GLIMPSES OF THE INNER LIFE OF OUR LANGUAGE. By M. Schele De Vere, LL. D. London. Trübner & Co. London. 1867.

The *Saturday Review* in an Essay on this work says: Dr. De Vere is Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia, an office which he tells us he has held for many years. The founder of that University, no other than the famous Jefferson, "appreciating," as Dr. De Vere truly says, "with rare foresight, nearly fifty years ago, the importance of a scientific study of the English Language, inserted Anglo-Saxon among the subjects on which a course of lectures was to be delivered by the incumbent of the chair of Modern Languages." This piece of wisdom was very remarkable in a man of Jefferson's generation, and, we may add, of Jefferson's temper. We should not have looked for much heed to antiquity in language or anything else from a man whose theory was that no law ought to remain in force for more than nineteen years, because one generation has no right to bind a later generation. It was then the more creditable for Jefferson to see, what few people of his age did see, that the scientific study of any language must begin at the beginning. One would be curious to know how the provision has worked; what kind of lectures were delivered, for instance, in Jefferson's own time. It would be still more curious if we had any means of comparing its results with those of what we suppose was then the only other foundation having the same object. Dr. Rawlinson's "Anglo-Saxon" Professorship at Oxford was older than Jefferson's foundation by many years. But there is this difference between them, that Rawlinson's object seems to have been simply antiquarian, while Jefferson clearly contemplated something like Comparative Philology. To realize that the study of English in its earliest form was not a purely antiquarian matter, but an essential part of any thorough knowledge of Modern Languages, was a remarkable achievement indeed in the days of Jefferson.

Dr. De Vere's book is chiefly valuable as showing that the students of the University of Virginia have for many years been receiving instruction in English philology which even now is above the average, and which, when Dr. De Vere first began his course, must have been very greatly above the average.

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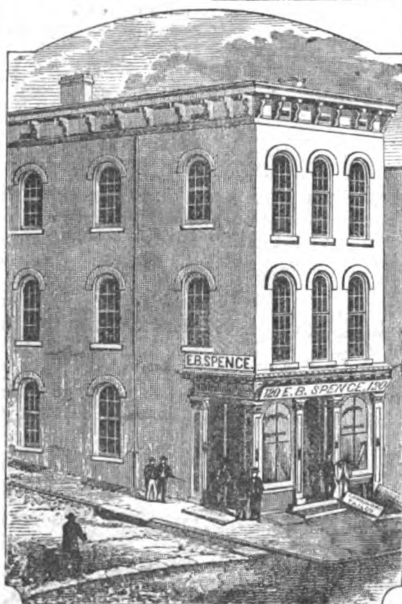

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THE

RICHMOND ECLECTIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE,

Religious and Secular.

EDITED BY
Rev. MOSES D. HOGE,
Rev. WILLIAM BROWN.

Vol. II. JUNE, 1867. No. 2.

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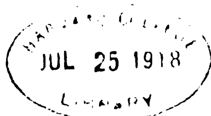
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[*Chambers's Journal.*

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO FIND THEMSELVES FAMOUS.

[We abridge from "Chambers's Journal" an essay, evidently by an old editor, which is so full of practical hints to young writers that we give it a place in our Magazine. Although ours is an Eclectic of Foreign Literature, exclusively, and its editors therefore not liable to the trials complained of by the writer of the essay, yet we insert it in the hope that it may be of service to the conductors of Periodicals which are filled with original matter, as well as to inexperienced writers, who are seeking to obtain an honest livelihood by literature.]

Once upon a time, there was no such profession as Literature; a Golden Age, when not only no books were printed—not even "trajective" primers—but no manuscripts were written. Again there was a later time, the Silver Age of soft-speaking dedications to grandees, when men of letters were almost as distinguishable a body as men of war; when no other calling encroached upon theirs, nor did they (with few exceptions) pay to literature a divided allegiance.—And now, behold, matters are so changed, that out of every ten educated persons there is at least one who secretly nourishes the design of appearing in print: besides a very considerable percentage of the uneducated. This estimate is by no means a high one, and will certainly not be gainsayed by those few persons (namely, Editors) who alone are in a position to judge.—The present writer is an editor of long standing; has been a contributor to everything under the sun (although not to the SUN) and knows very well what he is talking about. Therefore, it behooves those concerned in the matter to listen.

This last epoch, or Brazen Age, wherein so vast a multitude think

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themselves qualified to write, was without doubt brought about by the intervention of periodical literature. At the beginning of the present century, there was scarcely any such thing; and such monthly publications as there were, employed but a few pens at a low price. Nay, in the early days of our serials, contributors were often not remunerated at all; "the circumstances of our new venture being at present such as must preclude any pecuniary recompense." Such was the delicate rejoinder, in at least one instance, (as I have good reason for knowing) to an author's demand for payment. The proprietor dispensed praise, but no pudding. Articles were "communicated"—a suspicious phrase, that even now smacks of the gratuitous—and editors, as a rule, were much more civil to their correspondents than they now trouble themselves to be. On the other hand, to appear in print was something to talk about in those days, and contributors, of a certain sort, were well satisfied. Nevertheless, the well-known proverb respecting the small value of things one gets for nothing, was very applicable to those "communicated" articles, the majority of which would now-a-days find great difficulty in being accepted by any moderately good periodical, even at their own modest price, namely, 0. The few good original articles were paid for (although at a cheap rate), or were written by men of letters who had an interest in the publication: the rest of the magazine—the "padding," as it is now called—was made up of extracts from books or newspapers.

As magazines and periodicals of all sorts increased, competition began to shew its usual symptoms.—Those which did not keep on a level with the front rank, got all the dust of the better-stepping—that is to say, their rejected articles. Many dropped so far behind, that, one by one, they were lost to sight altogether; one fine morning—which happened to be its day of publication—each, sooner or later, omitted to appear on the literary horizon at all. Generally speaking, they deserved to die; for the cause of the decease could be commonly traced either to bad editorship or to parsimony in their pecuniary management: but some, victims to sudden veerings of the aura popularis, and unable to put their helms about in time, lost way in a really pitiable manner, and are even now neither unremembered nor unregretted. In the meantime, the little body of literary militia which had once been sufficient to perform magazine duty, swelled to a great standing army. (I am speaking solely of the contributors to literary periodicals.—Newspaper writers and critics form a cohort of their own; although it is true that many of them take service with the other troops.) Each publication got to have its own staff: persons, that is, whose special qualifications were known to the editor, in whose hands he placed particular subjects for manipulation, and upon whose trustworthiness he could (or flattered himself

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he could) rely. The Brazen Age had not come even yet. Literature was still a profession, although it had vastly increased, since it included the periodical writers as well as the authors; at that time, two distinct classes. But presently began the Great Literary Volunteer Movements, compared to which, the little exhibitions at Brighton or Wimbleton sink into numerical insignificance. Everybody who would read had already begun to take in the magazines; everybody who could spell (and some who couldn't) now began to write for them. The contagious disorder called cacoëthes scribendi broke out in Great Britain (and even Ireland), and spared neither sex nor age. It overran the whole United Kingdom with unexampled rapidity; and it is foolish to imagine that it will ever leave it. We cannot "stamp it out," like the cattle disease, by rejection; nor can it even be mitigated by inoculation—that is to say, by Good Advice. It only remains for us to deal with it as an admitted fact, and make the best of it.

This desire for appearing in print, besides being as natural to some persons as hunger and thirst, is far from being without its redeeming points. It may be, and often is, the offspring of the merest vanity. The examples of it (as we '*We's* well know) are often mean and vulgar to a sad degree; it sometimes owes its existence to no higher motive than that which prompts Jones to carve his uninteresting name (and even address) upon the bark of a tree or the wall of a summer-house. He likes to see it there, and (especially) that other people should see it there. But there are many who really find themselves prompted to express their thoughts, and some of these thoughts are found by the patient editor to be, with some assistance from his winnowing-machine, very well worth printing. It is true that some magazines will even now admit no volunteer contributors at all, entirely relying upon their staff; but this—although it spares the editor a world of trouble—is, in my humble judgment a mistake. The staff could not have been born in that position, any more than an aide-de-camp is born with a cocked-hat and spurs, but must have served some sort of apprenticeship themselves; and, again, the exclusive employment of the same writers—however excellent—gives, in time, a monotonous character to a publication. However small the percentage of "accepted" among our volunteer contributors, it is worth having; and however great the trouble of sifting the chaff from the few grains of wheat, it should, I think, be undertaken, for the grains are sometimes really fine, and may produce whole harvests. However, the following words of advice are not addressed to editors, but to their contributors, and especially to that very much more numerous class, their would-be contributors.

What an army it is to whom I speak! I was talking to an editor of a periodical of the cheaper

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class, on this subject, and he told me that the average of rejected prose contributions he received *per week* was twenty-five (the verse was not only numerous but innumerable); about five of these unsuccessful writers—not more—tried their luck with him again, either of their own free-will, or encouraged by him to do so; so that this one serial numbered one thousand rejected contributors *per annum!* Some of these unfortunate persons had, without doubt, been knocking at other doors in vain before, or went from his office elsewhere; going about from magazine to magazine, seeking admittance, and finding none, to the end of their days. But the vast majority were probably satisfied with their first editor, and, once floored, threw up the sponge. There are at least twenty respectable literary periodicals in London alone—I am speaking much within the mark—and each of them, I suppose, has its greater or less tale of victims of this sort. Imagine, therefore, the sum-total—the holocaust offered up at the shrine of periodical literature by those high-priests the We's! It is not only to this unhappy multitude that I propose to address a few words of advice (and mayhap comfort), but to those more fortunate few who have obtained some footing on this or that literary chariot, and hope to find it firmer. It is very unpleasant hanging on behind like a footman, with the spikes of possible rejection close to one's calves. I do not, of course, propose to supply intelligence to those who are without that absolutely indispensable qualification for a writer; I can put no weapon in the hands of the volunteer; but if his regulation rifle is furnished with the proper ammuniton—that is, if he has wits as well as a pen—I can shew how to use it, and tell him why it is he so often misses fire.

Mr Lewes has lately given to us (in his *Fortnightly Review*) a very philosophical exposition of "the Principles of Success in Literature;" but his essay will scarcely be of much service to the gentlemen and ladies I have in view. His ideas, indeed, are a little too highflying for most of us. The fact is, that although men of real genius are without doubt called to the profession of letters after a nobler sort of fashion—more instinctively, and of their own proper motion—than men are called to the bar (for instance) or to the practice of physic, yet they are not to be considered as mere spiritual folk, actuated only by sublime motives: they have the like wants and necessities—or, at all events, their wives and children have—in the way of meat, drink, and clothing, as mere material lawyers and surgeons. There is an immense deal of twaddle talked upon the subject; and under the pretence of treating these gentleman as etherial beings, there have been several attempts to starve them. A judge on the English bench had once the effrontery to state that no law of copyright should exist, because Fame was a sufficient re-

ward to any person of genius.—His lordship was probably sufficiently self-conscious to know that there was no chance of his losing his five thousand pounds a year by ever coming under that category himself. The labourer in the fields of literature is as worthy of his hire as any other labourer; and although Genius can afford to be its own reward in the case of a young gentleman who indites "promising" poems or essays under his father's roof; when he comes to be a full-fledged *littérateur*, with a wife and an increasing family, he may want a little money from his publishers. Moreover, it has been ascertained by experiment that all contributors to literary periodicals are not persons of genius, although most of them have some talent. And in the case of this rank-and-file of the literary army, they take service for pay at least as much as for the glory that belongs to the calling. Thus, far from being virtuously indignant when a contributor tells me he writes for bread, whether for others or himself, I think it is the most natural thing in the world, and see nothing disgraceful in the confession. "By all means," says that well-known contributor to the oldest periodical in England, Samuel Johnson, "let us clear our minds of Cant."

Writers to magazines comprehend all classes—all conditions of men and women—from archbishops to convicts, from peeresses to washerwomen. Those examples of extremes I cull from my own personal experience. One archbishop, two convicts, one peeress, one washerwoman, were among the would-be contributors to the magazine I had the honour to conduct: the contributions of the peeress and of one convict were rejected; those of the others were accepted. There is no profession in which the competitors are so numerous and varied; and the reason is pretty obvious. The outfit for this calling, a goose-quill and a sheet of foolscap (absit omen), is very cheap, and easily procured. The desire of seeing one's self in print has become an universal one; and almost everybody has some story of their own, some (to them) interesting reminiscence, or (more rarely) some ideas upon a particular subject, which they believe to be of utility. Above all, five-sixths of these good folks imagine that they are born poets and poetesses. Volunteer verse is the great trial of the editorial profession: only about one poetic contribution in fifty being really good. The fiftieth, the acceptable poem, is, however, very good. Compare the magazine verse of to-day with that of half a century ago, and you will find a vast improvement in this respect. I could select a volume of poems from certain modern periodicals—not from all, for some editors don't know what is poetry and what is not—every one of which shall have the ring of the true metal.. The motives, however, beside this supposed inspiration of the Muse, which cause such a large proportion of the human family to become would-be contributors to magazines,

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are as various as are their positions in the social scale. Those which principally actuate them may be thus stated. First, Vanity, which, it must be confessed, moves the great majority. Secondly, Necessity, or rather a wish to add to a scanty income by doing pleasant work in leisure hours. [At the same time, nobody (not even the archbishop) has any intention—and small blame to them—of working for nothing.] Thirdly, fitness.

I shall not, I hope, be considered ungallant, when I now add that by far the most numerous section of would-be contributors are ladies. Not necessarily because they are more vain than men: we must remember that they have more spare time, and also less money. Next to the ladies, clergymen are the most numerous class. Then lawyers—briefless barristers, or youthful attorneys, into whose web no flies have as yet been enticed. Fourthly, persons of humble life; artisans, not small trades-people. Fifthly, naval and military men, and doctors. Sixthly, the aristocracy. And lastly, the criminal classes.

Having thus classed my audience, I propose to tell them why it is they fail in the object they seek; and how, supposing that they really possess the materials for success within them, they use them to the best advantage.

In the case of most professions which persons propose to themselves to follow, they take some pains to ascertain what it will require of them, or, at all events, comply with the initiatory Regulations which that calling has laid down. When a man determines on being a barrister, for instance, he is not so foolish as to imagine that he has only to buy a wig at second-hand, and stand at the corner of Chancery Lane in an attitude of expectancy. There are sureties, and examinations, and dinners, and benchers, and all sorts of animate and inanimate obstacles to be surmounted before he can assume that position; and he makes himself acquainted with their nature, and overcomes them if he can. But I am sorry to say that these ladies and gentlemen who condescend to favour editors with their lucubrations, often do not think it necessary to pay any attention to the rules—simple as they are—laid down by the periodical to which they aspire to contribute.

A young gentleman, possessed, as he imagines, of a light and pleasant vein of satire, has dashed off in a moment of inspiration an essay, which he decides upon sending to the *Westminster Review*. Setting aside the manifest unsuitability of the matter to the proposed channel—for *that* is a consideration but very rarely entertained—what shall we think of this gentleman's intelligence when we find him addressing his manuscript to the "Westminster *Magazine*?" Nay—what is of more consequence—what must the editor think of it before he breaks the seal of that misdirected document? Can he augur well of the judgment, the carefulness, of even the trustworthiness of a per-

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son who has not even troubled himself to discover the proper address of the serial in whose columns he wishes to appear? Moreover even an editor is human, and does not like that which he conducts to be miscalled; resents it as he would resent any one giving him the name of another man. What surpassing ignorance not to know that his periodical is not a magazine, but a *Review!* Thus, to begin with, the young gentleman has not conciliated his editor. If the contents of the manuscript did not happen to be as inappropriate as their address, the author would have already somewhat diminished his chances of success; and I think deservedly.*

Again, most magazines have some simple regulation addressed to contributors, and printed in every number; they are very easy to comply with, and if not complied with, contributors (doubtless unconsciously) give a world of trouble and some expense. I allude to "writing upon one side of the page only," "placing their name and address upon the manuscripts themselves," "enclosing stamps for retransmission;" &c. These are little things, but those who neglect them exhibit great folly, and have nobody to blame but themselves if all their labour goes for nothing, and their papers into the wastebasket. It is the troublesome conduct of these foolish persons which has caused many magazines to publish a statement that they will not return rejected manuscripts *at all!* We consider this, however, a harsh and unjustifiable step;† for the trouble and expense of returning papers—supposing the above regulations are complied with—are very small in comparison with the loss thus occasioned to the author. Of course, the rejoinder—"We don't *want* his writings; we can do without the one possibly available contributor out of the hundred incompetents"—is unanswerable. But it is also rather brutal, and does not speak well for the refining qualities of editorial pursuits. However, we may say in confidence, that the bite of these Unremitting Gentry is not so bad as their bark. They *do* return manuscripts—sent with proper precautions—although, to defend themselves from the incursion of a crowd of foolish folk, they print the terrible words, *Rejected papers cannot be returned:* just as a landed proprietor puts up his notice-board of *Man-traps and Spring-guns* in some beautiful spot he wishes to be sacred from Excursionists, but which, if you respectfully request permission to view, leaving your card in the usual manner, you will be treated with courtesy, even if not actually admitted. It would, however, it must be confessed, be much more honest, as well as dignified, if these magazine notices were made to run thus:

* This carelessness in the matter of addressing a manuscript is not made more venial by an accompanying note stating that the writer has been a subscriber to "your esteemed periodical" for a quarter of a century.

† In the case of newspapers, this rule is of course not only excusable, but necessary.

"We receive no volunteer contributions at all." At present, they imply that, though they make use of any possible advantage that the volunteer system may confer, they decline all its responsibilities and duties.

Large as is the class of would-be contributors who exhibit such gross carelessness as I have described, there is another section, almost as large, who err in what may be called the opposite direction. Instead of not taking pains to make themselves acquainted with the style and nature of the periodical they favour with their attentions, they take a great deal too much pains. They seek out such individuals as may be the common friends of the editor, or even the proprietor, and send their manuscripts through their hands, instead of by the usual channel. They could scarcely make a greater mistake; for, taking an extreme case—namely, that they themselves are the private friends of the editor, and that upon that ground they (more or less) claim to be his contributors, what an invidious position are they placing him in! Their contributions must be either fit for insertion or unfit. If the former, why is it necessary to remind the editor of the private acquaintance which happens to exist between themselves and him? If the latter, they are simply endeavouring to make him act contrary to his conscience, and to the interest of his employers and the public. Mr. Thackeray's stereotyped reply to such applications, while he conducted the *Cornhill*, was: "My dear sir," (or madam, as the case might be), "editors have no friends." Of course, private friends of editors have as much right to contribute to his periodical as any other folk, but they should forward their proposed contributions as others do, and when rejected, instead of making it a matter of huff and quarrel (as they often do,) they ought to be well aware that the fault must lie wholly with themselves, since it is only reasonable to suppose, had it been a case of doubt—whether or not the article in question should be accepted—friendship would have turned the scale in their favour. What a lesson is read to this class of would-be contributors in the life of the late Miss Proctor, who, though an intimate friend of Mr. Dickens, never sent her charming poems to his periodical in her own name, or written in her own hand, lest she should cause him embarrassment in rejecting them.

It cannot be too emphatically stated that, in the case of any well-conducted magazine, intrinsic merit is the sole thing that causes a paper to be accepted. If it is well conducted, personal acquaintance may have its weight, of course; but that magazine is not destined to be long-lived. The reasons which writers put forward for the acceptance of their papers, independent of literary merit, are almost incredible. One writes that he is only just sixteen, and although he is aware he is not fully

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master of the principles of prose composition, he hopes his youth may be taken into account. A mother forwards a contribution from her offspring, written before he has attained his tenth year. A young lady takes the liberty of enclosing "a fragment recently thrown off by her grandfather (as if he was suffering from ossification,) who is actually in his ninetieth year." Now, however interesting these lucubrations may appear to those who are aware of the circumstances under which they are composed, unless they are in themselves meritorious (which they are not), they have necessarily no chance of being accepted. The general public cares nothing about such phenomena, even if it could be persuaded to believe in the statements aforesaid. Similarly, the plea of poverty is totally idle and irrelevant, when it is used for this purpose. A case of genuine distress may be a reason why the editor (if he can afford it) should send his guinea by return of post; but the manuscript, unless it has something else to recommend it, must be sent back with it; otherwise, the editor has performed an an act of charity indeed, but at his proprietor's expense, and perhaps to the serious depreciation of the thing committed to his charge. It is scarcely necessary to add that this plea is not bettered by the fact of it being made on the behalf of another person or object than the actual contributor. Clergymen's wives sometimes demand for their lucubrations admittance upon the ground that the chancel of their church is under repair, and money is wanted to pay for it. Quite a number of persons claim to be accepted contributors upon the ground that they have "subscribed" to "your interesting periodical" from its earliest commencement. Warnings against folly of this sort will doubtless be considered superfluous by many who read this paper, but that is only because they are not editors.

Some young gentlemen are good enough to write that they purpose to become contributors, but beg that they may be favoured by return of post with congenial topics to write about. They don't know the style of articles suitable for your columns. These are extreme cases of stupidity; but it is extraordinary what little care is taken, even by otherwise sensible writers, to assimilate their productions to the description of articles usually found in the desired channel of publication. I dare say *Punch* receives plenty of theological disquisitions, and the *Mechanic's Magazine* a good many indifferent jokes.

With respect to this choice of subjects, it is, first of all, necessary that a writer should know his own mind; what style—grave or gay, cynical or didactic, graceful or learned—is most suited to his genius or acquirements. No editor can tell him *that*. If, however, the writer is young, it is probable (unless he writes very dismal poems, chiefly on Memory and the Past) that his style will be lively.

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Let him beware, then, of taking for genuine humour what is only flippancy, and for wit what is mere "comic writing"—a very different thing. A continued effort to be "smart" is only too perceptible in the early productions of this class of persons. If they have really anything in them, however, this fault soon disappears; and he who can drop all vulgarity, and yet reflect his own high spirits in his contributions, will not be long among the "rejected." As to literary advice, it cannot be expected that editors should accord it to all who make application; and to give reasons for rejection is, as a general rule, out of the question. The term "unsuitable" must be translated according to the fancy of the writer who has earned it: it would not be good-manners to write "rubbish" outside a rejected paper instead of "with thanks." On the other hand, in my own early days, I have had many a helping-hand in the way of advice and criticism stretched out to me by editors of whom, personally, I knew nothing. Literary men have their jealousies, but they are for the most part a very kindly race. If it were not a breach of confidence, I could name more than one still living editor who, in return for the very considerable trouble I cost them, gave the most patient attention, the most useful suggestions, and, above all, wrote words of encouragement such as were the very life-blood of a young writer. They touched my trembling ears with praise that seemed divine. To one in particular, an author dear to all who speak the English tongue, am I grateful; and not for my own sake alone. I know from personal experience as his contributor how kind and painstaking he was; how prompt to give the precious pearl of praise; how loath to censure, and graceful and considerate even in *that*. But it was only when I became an editor myself, that I discovered how extensive was the practice of his benevolence. Again and again have young contributors called upon me—very poor folk some of them—and in course of talk they have produced from their breast-pocket, carefully hoarded there, a letter—worn by age, like a holy relic often kissed—the handwriting of which was familiar to me also. "That was a letter he wrote to me himself," says the poor fellow, flushing with pride, as some private soldier might wear his scarlet in his cheek when he narrates a pleasant word or two spoken to him by his commander-in-chief on some occasion. How well I knew those sensible, kind, hopeful words; and yet the man who wrote them, as he had once done to me, and is now doing to scores of others, could ill "spare the time," as the world phrases it; and every sentence so written in the cause of human fellowship, and for the love of his own calling, but yet, as it is called, "for nothing," might have been exchanged for gold. Such an example should shame meaner men into some sense of duty; and I hope it was not altogether thrown away upon myself.

The responsibility of an editor

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is certainly very considerable; and he should at least remember the days when he was but a contributor himself, and not a faultless one.—On the other hand, as I have said, he cannot give advice to every one; although there are cases of literary promise which it is his bounden (moral) duty to encourage. Sometimes, again, though rarely, he is called upon to discourage. "I am very poor," writes a humble contributor, evidently without talents; "tell me candidly, from the enclosed specimen of my composition, whether I shall ever make my living by literature, or had I better give it up, and take to some less intellectual but more suitable calling." The truth must then be told. Sometimes, instead of this reply (although so urgently requested) being taken in good part, the recipient, who has only made a pretence of humility, gets exceedingly wroth. Mr. Thackeray once related to me an editorial experience of this kind, which occurred to him on his first taking the *Cornhill*. Some young gentlemen had forwarded to him, with almost a bushel-basket full of manuscripts, a letter setting forth his social position; "very small means," "others dependent upon him," &c. The kindly editor spent half a morning in wading through the papers, but found no grain of wheat among the chaff. He accordingly sat down and indited quite a long epistle of the admonitory sort, honestly exhorting his correspondent to give up literature, for which he was manifestly unqualified, and to take up with some less ambitious calling. In return for this, he got the most insolent and vituperative letter it is possible to imagine, hinting very broadly that he, Thackeray, had attained his own position "at the top of the ladder" (I remember that very graceful trope) by luck, or a worse method, and that his (the writer's) fondest hope was one day to see him found out, and at the bottom again. The author of Vanity Fair must have smiled very grimly over that composition, which had a great deal more "go" in it than had the rejected papers. Thus, you will observe the relative position of editor to contributor is not always that of the Wolf to the Lamb, but sometimes vice versa.

A short private letter (a long one is worse than nothing) may, however, with advantage be forwarded along with a first manuscript: at least, I know it never did my contributors any harm. And where the question is asked, Shall I go on writing or not? the answer should not be too decidedly "No," unless, as in the above case, the grounds for it are certain. A first manuscript is almost always full of faults. Perhaps I was somewhat tender-hearted for an editor; but there is too great a disposition, I fancy, on the part of established literary persons, to discourage young beginners, and to warn them off the paths of literature. Walter Scott's saying about the danger of trusting to that profession solely, instead of using it as a walking-stick—a mere assistance—has passed into a proverb, but it has not the significance

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now that it had in his day. Only a very few even of qualified persons could then hope to gain a subsistence by their pen, whereas it now affords a fair income to hundreds; and yet the remark is thrown at youthful aspirants as much as ever. It was Lockhart's custom to temporise with young people of this sort. "You must go and fill your basket, sir," used to be his stereotyped reply; a very wise one, but unsatisfactory enough to one who was desirous to fill his stomach on the instant.

I have said that a private letter can do no harm; but I do not say the same of a personal visit. The time of editors is much taken up, and whatever requires to be stated can be written far more briefly than it can be spoken. I am not philosopher enough to deny, indeed, that the visit of a lovely young lady may incline one to think twice before telling her that her "Lines to a Faded Lily" (or to anything else) are sad nonsense, but I put in my protest against the system. If the magazine is an illustrated one, and she will sit for a wood-cut, that is another matter.

The writing of verse, as a means of subsistence, or even as an auxiliary to it, is absolutely useless.—The pay can never be proportional, even in the most prosperous periodical, to the time and thought expended; and moreover (although the reverse does not hold good,) all persons who write good verse can write good prose.

Next to translation, articles upon foreign travel are least likely to find acceptance. Unless they treat of some very out-of-the-way region, or are of really exceptional excellence, they are refused, because the editorial desk has already too many such papers. Everybody goes abroad now a days, and almost everybody entertains the delusion that his "Journal," so much admired by private friends, must be very gratifying to the public. Now, even a stiff and guide-book-like account of Timbuctoo might be readable, when an article by the same hand upon Paris or Madrid would only excite a yawn. To write well and strikingly upon what is well known, is given to very few folks indeed.—Not only was I myself overwhelmed by these accounts of foreign travel, when I was a We, but I noticed this class of article, more than any other, had gone through a good deal of home travel. The manuscript often bore marks—such as an editor can never mistake—of having sought for admission at one or two other places previously, and failed. These marks, I would recommend volunteer contributors carefully to erase before retransmission. Of course, what may not suit one periodical may very well suit another; and editors are not always infallible in their judgments. Still, it does not prejudice one in your favour to perceive so clearly that other critical persons have declined your obliging offer. The neglect of such an obvious precaution is also by no means an indication of intelligence. These marks often consist in the mere crumpling and soiling of the manuscript; but

there are certain figures, and even initials, well known to the initiated, by which they know the very office which has rejected it. [Very amusing it used to be—though rather humiliating to one who entertains lofty views of humanity—to get a contribution thus disfigured, accompanied by a letter, hinting in no vague terms that the paper was compiled with a particular eye to its suitability for "your magazine," and no other.] To cut the corner off that contains these objectionable symbols, is quite useless; for We know why it has suffered the amputation very well. It is worth while to rewrite the first page. Of course, a really good editor is one who will judge you solely by your merits; but there are editors and editors.

While speaking of such minutiæ I may add that legible writing is a very important element of success. It is too much to expect that an editor should trouble himself to decipher hieroglyphics; and let your pages be accurately numbered and united together, so that they may be easily turned over. The folding of manuscript in a small hard roll is most objectionable, since the paper always remains circular, and difficult to read.

With regard to spelling, I have known one man of real genius, though in humble circumstances, who could not spell; and very fortunate, I afterwards thought myself, that I got over my prejudice against his first contribution, which was full of blemishes of this disgraceful sort; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, those who cannot spell, cannot write.

It is generally useless for a young hand to attempt reviews. These require, more than almost any other sort of writing, ripe judgment and well-seasoned brains; and moreover, they are usually intrusted to "the staff." There is not much demand—if I may use a commercial term with respect to a matter that was once supposed to be something very different from any Trade, but which is becoming marvellously like it—for Essays. Their day is gone by. People prefer to think for themselves on this, that, and the other, and do not desire other men's "views" upon them.

The only line of business, indeed, in connection with literary periodicals, (once more let it be understood that I do not refer to newspapers at all) that can be said to be very remunerative is the writing of Fiction. Heaven forbid that I should encourage unqualified persons to swell the number of those who already inundate our magazines with stories, often themselves of doubtful merit. But the fact of indifferent narratives being accepted, shews how difficult it is to procure really good ones to meet the increasing demand for this class of composition. Whether for good or ill, whether it is "healthy" or otherwise, the British public are determined to recreate themselves with fiction. Philosophy and religion themselves, when in monthly numbers, cannot pick up a subsistence without it; even the *Fortnightly Review* and *Good Words*

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must have their novels. The same is true of the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Family Treasury*, and the *Quiver*.

Yes: Fiction is by far the most remunerative branch of our calling. Even now, its gains are respectable; in some cases, what certain journals denounce as "enormous;" although in no case—not in that of persons of genius, to whom all of us are indebted for laughter or for tears, for aspirations, for instruction, for all sorts of benefit—in no case, I say, is this grudged remuneration equal to what scores of parliamentary lawyers—none of whom would leave a gap which could not be filled up just as well by some other "learned brother" to-morrow—are accustomed to receive. It will not be so a generation or two hence.—When the law of copyright is established in America, the English novelist will be a merchant-prince. Even now, what an improvement has taken place in his prospects through periodical literature. I have said that there are about twenty respectable periodicals in London alone; the adjective is a vague one; I will write twenty periodicals that pay their novelists. The prices are very various; one, pays, or did pay (for the praiseworthy experiment has not been repeated), *L*.7000 for a work of fiction: *L*.5000, *L*.4000, *L*.2500 ("in two places," as the auctioneers say), *L*.2000, *L*.1500, *L*.1000, *L*.800, *L*.500, *L*.350, *L*.300, *L*.200, *L*.150, *L*.100, down perhaps to *L*.50. Most of these sums I know, from my own personal knowledge, to have been paid for novels within the last ten years by various magazines. All of these periodicals have had novels continuously passing through their pages during that period. Imagine, therefore, the sums paid for that branch of literature:

Forgive me, good would-be contributors, if I have made your mouths water. It is not given to everybody (I am glad to say) to compete with these gentry, who are skilled to

> Make the thing that is not as the thing that is.

Be not too covetous of such a position. There are lees in the successful novelists' wine-cup, believe me. There is a sect called *Saturday Reviewers* who have (vainly) sworn to extirpate them, and who do actually ill-use them in a most inhuman manner. I am the last person (as I have shewn, I hope) to wish to see you robbed of your just dues; but don't be offensively greedy after money. To write to an editor, as many do, coolly requesting to know what are his usual rates of remuneration, is a piece of gross impertinence. If he has accepted any paper of yours, that is another matter: you may intend to put your own price upon it, and not to let it go for less; although, if I was in your place (and I am quite familiar with the position) I think I should not make such an inquiry at all: but having received the fruit of my labour at his hands, and found it insufficient, simply work for him no more.—Sometimes—not to speak of the

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Dignity of Labour—folks get better paid than they expect.

It does not occur to me to give you any further advice. I have told you what to do, and (particularly) what not to do. The rest of the matter lies in your hands. I do not say "Never despair;" because, after experiencing many rejections from more than one periodical, and acceptance nowhere, the truth should begin to dawn upon you that Literature is not the vocation for which either art or nature has intended you. But, on the other hand, do not be easily discouraged. The object of imitation I recommend to all would-be contributors, with anything really in them, is Bruce's spider. Their motto should be, "Better luck next Time."

[*Saturday Review.*

THE PRIVACY OF THE DEAD.

Most persons who have read the autobiography of Goethe will remember the passage in which he describes the anxiety of his acquaintances, after the publication of Werther, to discover the lady from whom he borrowed the character of Charlotte. Tormenting inquiries upon the subject pursued him all through his life. And, looking back on them, the author of Werther wanders into a slight digression about the way in which the public treats those whose mission it is to write for public instruction and amusement. Perhaps a man who publishes his own autobiography is not the person to complain of intrusions on his privacy. Those who, like Goethe or Rousseau, deliberately choose to "pose" in public, and to invite the microscopic attention of the curious, ought not to object to being stared at or even jostled by a crowd. In general, famous people are supposed at any rate to have a right to shut out the world from their drawing-rooms and their dinner-tables. Princes and princesses are believed to be an exception. Like the lions in the Zoological Gardens, they are national characters; and the public, which pays for them, wishes as far as possible to watch them even at their meals. Whether one Royal personage is on the best of terms with another, what is the exact level of matrimonial felicity among the princes and princesses who are grown up and what the little princes and princesses who are not grown up say to the doctor who attend them for the measles, are topics of conversation at every village tea-table in the country. But, apart from such exceptional cases, a modified sort of privacy is

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permitted to great men during their lifetime. Occasionally the "Flaneur" of a daily paper hunts them down at a club or an evening party, and regales his readers on the length of one hero's hair and the whiteness of another hero's teeth; but such impertinences are blamed and discountenanced by educated men and women. As soon, however, as a hero dies he loses his claim to the protection of good manners. Naked the literary giant came into this world, and naked he goes out of it. He leaves behind, for the inspection of the world at large, his character and his clothes, his manners and conversation, the cut of his coat and the colour of his hair, his acquaintances, his amours, and the exact shade of his theological opinions. All that he has had or enjoyed in life becomes the property of the literary harpies of the next age. Nobody thinks it wrong or indecorous to study the minutiæ of his appetite, or his personal habits. The slaves of the lamp of one generation are always busy over the private affairs of their predecessors, the slaves of the lamp of the generation before. Not to know the chronological order of Lord Byron's intrigues, the secret history of Mr. Shelley's marriages, or the authentic details of Mr. Coleridge's opium-eating is a sort of blot upon one's literary cultivation. The thoroughly-educated man is as much at home at Mr. Fox's dinner-table as at his own. It is the aim and objects of our early studies to teach us to be able to button-hole all the illustrious dead—to call Tommy Moore by his Christian name, and to be facetious and omniscient about Mr. Wordsworth's stout coarse shoes. For the slave of the lamp, when he is buried, there is no more privacy. The more secluded has been his life, the greater the crowd which flocks to him when he is dead, and inquisitive biographers think no more of taking up their permanent quarters among his papers than the active tourist does of picnicking at the Pyramids or on the site of Veii.

An eminent Lord Chancellor is said to have once told the late Lord Campbell that his Lives of the Chancellors had succeeded in adding an additional terror to death. It may perhaps reasonably be doubted whether contemporary fame is an adequate compensation for the prospect of having one's life and letters subjected to the curious scrutiny of posterity. The two greatest poets that the world has ever known are singular in being an exception to the lot of their fraternity. Nobody knows anything about Shakspeare, and Homer—if there ever was a Homer—may at all events lay claim to the proud distinction of having successfully baffled the erudite efforts of biographers. But, with few exceptions, most great writers have been so dug over and explored that any privacy which they may have desired during their lives is utterly lost and sacrificed at their decease. The question is whether posthumous fame is worth this. One can well conceive of a great genius

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who calmly considered the matter in all its bearings, and who fully understood the eternal fuss that would be made by future ages about his neckhandkerchiefs and his juvenile indiscretions, coming deliberately to the conclusion that he preferred dying in obscurity. To be called Tommy to all time, and to have one's conjugal affection and one's capacity for toadyism canvassed by coming ages, is a prospect which would have made Mr. Moore think twice about writing Lalla Rookh. Even Dr. Johnson might have hesitated about the wisdom of composing Rasselas, and of conversing familiarly with Boswell, if he had been forewarned that his voracious way of eating, his difficulty about early rising, and his admiration of Mrs. Thrale would have been as immortal as Rasselas itself. The truth is that glory and immortality are by no means unmixed blessings. They entail upon defunct heroes a long course of literary persecution. The Stellas and Vanessas of a great author haunt him long after they and he are gone. There is no corner appropriated to the dead in which they can hide their precious secrets, and every lock of hair that the poet or the satirist conceals among his most cherished treasures, before many years are past, will inevitably be exposed upon the housetop.

It is a consolation to be able to believe that the dead whose privacy we overhaul so unceremoniously have usually died in profound ignorance of all the honourable publicity that was to be conferred on them. The most sanguine of them anticipated perhaps that their compositions or their achievements would endure, but they never dreamed of the zealous curiosity with which people would enquire into all their domestic affairs. Lord Nelson possibly expected that his fame would survive together with the history of the battle of the Nile or Trafalgar. He hoped for Westminster Abbey, but he did not know that Lady Hamilton's name would cling to him as closely as if it were his own epitaph. It is, however, one of the undoubted misfortunes of celebrity that it sheds a brilliant light, not merely on the hero, but on the hero's foibles, on the follies he has committed, and the false idols he has worshipped. Briseis lives as long as Achilles, and Frederika as long as Goethe. When we are all dead and buried, future antiquarians will rummage the historian's house at Chelsea, and the Poet Laureate's garden in the Isle of Wight. The question, therefore, cannot but suggest itself occasionally, whether it is desirable that the dead should never be protected. Nobody of course can claim any rights except as far as they are consistent with the interests of society. As the rights of property are subordinate to the welfare of the community at large, the rights of individual privacy depend upon the ultimate advantage of the world, and it may be that the interests of mankind and of literature demand that all the secret history of famous people

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should ultimately be laid bare to the noonday. The question, however, is one well worth settling. As it is, most people investigate all the mysteries of the past without the faintest scruple, but also without having definitely asked themselves whether in so doing they are acting on a justifiable principle. There must be some rational and sound argument one way or the other upon the subject, and it is as well to consider what it is.

Reserved and sensitive writers who object to this system of posthumous exploration must recollect, in the first place, that the system is one introduced by literary genius itself, not forced upon genius by a prying and inquisitive world. The fault rests with literature rather than with society. The bones of authors might sleep in peace but for the activity of other authors who come after them. But the past, as far as literature is concerned, seems so deeply interesting to the present, that writers are never satisfied with letting it alone, and a large percentage of the volumes published in one age are devoted to exhuming the memory of writers who have published volumes in the age before. The smallest anecdotes about one literary man supply materials for the pen of another, and thus literature is protected against running dry at the expense of the privacy of the dead. At the first blush of the matter, of course it seems hard that, because a man has composed a great poem or compiled a great history, his wife, his ménage, and even his cuisine, should be destined to be common possessions for all subsequent literature to deal with as it pleases. Give the world an inch and it asks an ell. Contribute to its progress a book, an invention or a feat of arms, and it straightway drags from you, and devours with greedy curiosity, all that you did not propose to contribute to it, the story of your inner life and the secrets of your most private memoranda. So common and universal a custom cannot be without a good plea in its own defence; and the limitations imposed by common opinion upon such publicity help to throw light on the reasons why in general the privacy of the dead should be so little respected. As long as there are those living whose personal feelings are involved, the memory of the dead, by general consent, is regarded as a sacred thing. A deceased man's children are thought to have a claim to be considered, and any one who can honestly say that the violation of the privacy of the dead will wound or annoy the living invariably commands attention. Accordingly, private papers are often withheld from publication until the generation whose reputation or sensitiveness they might offend is gone, and no biographer who was not a brute would divulge the confidential secrets of any human being who might be injured by his disclosures. This sweeping exception to the rule of publicity shows on what principle the line is drawn. The

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dead as such, and except so far as they share their biography with those who are not yet dead, are considered to be the property of society. They have been transferred into the domain of history, and history recognises no right paramount to its own. The axiom on which its view rests is that it is a good thing for mankind that it should find out all it can about the past, and that no one should be able to cover up under a cloak of secresy his most hidden motives. Human prejudice may be offended by such a law, but it is not easy to point out anything in it inconsistent with the best and highest interests of humanity. The only use of which a man can be to his fellow-creatures, when once he is no more, is to furnish them with the truth about himself. If he is not able to be either an exemplar or a warning, he can be a specimen and a study—one more contribution to natural history of poets or philosophers, or whatever else his line in life may be. When we ask ourselves what just cause or impediment there is why this should not be so, there is really nothing to urge except a sort of blind and selfish instinct within us, that tells us it would be pleasanter to have some reminiscences at any rate buried with us in the grave.—Pleasanter for the individual it certainly would be, but this is no proof at all that it would be better for the race. It may perhaps be said that, by a parallel course of reasoning, one might show that it was the duty of every good citizen to bequeath his body to the dissecting-room, in order that he might be of some service to science, when he could no longer be of service to anybody besides. The analogy, however, is not complete. First of all, such a destination of the remains of the dead would often be a shock and an outrage to the feelings of the living. But secondly, apart from all questions of private sensibilities, it must be taken to be an accepted fact that civilized communities find it more to their advantage to treat the remains of the deceased with pious reverence than to deal with them for purposes of science. There are cases in which the claims of science are ordinarily admitted ; but most moralists will allow that experience and argument are in favour of the custom which at present obtains.—If that custom were merely founded on individual caprice or instinct, it would not be worth much, but the instinct or caprice happens to be one which it is desirable and useful to preserve and foster. It is different with regard to the dead, who by lapse of time have become disconnected with the current affairs of the living. It is not what they would have liked that is to be considered, but what upon the whole is best for all of us. And reason tells us that it is best that the dead should have no vested interest at all in what they leave behind them, whether it be their money or their name and fame.—It is therefore a misnomer to talk of the privacy of the dead. The dead have no privacy, no secresy, no

reserve. They bring nothing into the world, and must take nothing out.

On the whole, we do not doubt that this principle is a sound and moral one. Above all other considerations the welfare of society ought to predominate; but if there ever was a case in which society has the first claim, it is where her cause and that of truth are identical. It is not for the good of the world that the motives and inner characters of famous men should perish with them. Every effort made by them to obtain some protection against the curiosity of the future is either a proof of weakness or morbidity, or worse. Human instinct is on their side, but human reason is not. It is by having their inmost confidences laid bare to future ages that great men, despite of themselves, are compelled to destroy the illusions they have fomented about themselves, to give up the deceptions behind which they have taken refuge, and to repair something of the harm they have done. As far as the living are concerned, hypocrisy has been said to be the tribute vice pays to virtue. When we come to deal with the dead, be they good or be they bad, the best tribute they can pay to virtue is, not hypocrisy, but truth.

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VICTOR COUSIN.

[Translated for the Richmond Eclectic from the Journal des Debats.]

One of the most illustrious lives of our day became extinct at Cannes on the 14th January last, after shining nearly fifty years with a lustre which seemed to increase annually. It cannot be said Mons. Cousin died of old age. He ended his career full of vigour, I had almost said blooming with youth, despite the seventy-five years his baptismal certificate showed he had attained. Gratified in a wish I have heard him express more than once, he was struck down standing—he was removed from life at one fell swoop, and not limb by limb. It was one of the privileges of that strong nature to know neither age's weaknesses, nor the weight of fatigue, nor the disenchantments of experience, but to remain to the very portal of the tomb glowing with the fire of noble passions.—Faculties, apparently the most opposite, existed in his mind without collision, without neutralising each other, free from all constraint exercised by one over the other. To them we owe that intellect which was at the same time fickle and obstinate, impetuous and thoughtful, enthusiastic and critical, who, without forgetting one single instant, philosophy which he made the great object of his indomitable activity and whose priesthood and government he attributed to himself, devoted himself alternately—Heaven knows with what ardour—to erudite researches, to literature, the fine arts, politics and history. He even turned his attention to strategy, and compared the military genius of Napoleon, and of the great Condé. I remember he called the battle of Essling a petty Rocroi, and a few days before his last departure for Cannes he told me if the Emperor should consult him on the reörganization of the army, neither his Majesty nor France would be the worse for his advice.

All the movements, all the contrasts of Mons. Cousin's soul and mind were depicted on his countenance. I still see before me that admirable head, whose strongly marked and virile features expressed the energy of will, while his eyes full of fire seemed to enflame and at the same time pierce the listener through and through. Add, besides, a smile full of archness and grace, an inexpressible air of imperious grandeur about his whole person, a penetrating voice and animated gestures which supplied or added to the power of speech. How should not Mons. Cousin have possessed the gift of eloquence, master as he was of these rare qualities?

But before describing Mons. Cousin in the professor's chair and on the floor of Parliament, it is

not useless to show by what path he reached his excellence and to recall briefly to those who are too young to have followed them, the principal events of his public life. I attach more importance to the collection of the private and necessarily fugitive impressions which he made on his friends in daily intercourse; for, despite the passionate judgments of them who did not know him, the man was not inferior to the author. Son of a watchmaker, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, with whom he has more than one point of resemblance in the warmth of his style and even for substance of his ideas, Victor Cousin was born in Paris in 1792. He scarcely knew what infancy was, or, at least nobody remembers to have seen him a school-boy, for from the boarding school, as Mons. Damiron says in his souvenirs, he had already that spirit of proselytism which made him seek disciples for everything, even for translations and compositions. In 1810, after a series of brilliant successes, crowned by the prize of honour at the general examination (the prize of honour is not always a deceptive omen) he entered, almost celebrated already, at the Ecole Normale recently established, and two years afterwards with the modest title of pupil-tutor he was one of its most popular masters. Nevertheless, the subject of these first lectures was not the theme which gave him most influence on men's souls. His subject was ancient letters, and especially Latin verse. So it was not until later, when he was allowed to lecture on philosophical questions, he entered upon possession of himself and of his young auditors, who were even yesterday still his schoolfellows.

But the pupils of the Ecole Normale did not long enjoy the privilege of listening to him. Mons. Royer Collard, having entered public life, confided to Mons. Cousin, then scarcely three-and-twenty, the difficult task of filling his Chair in the Faculty of Letters and Professor of the History of Philosophy. It was in the half ruined chapel of the old College du Flessis, where the Faculty of Letters then was domiciled, the young deputy professor made his first appearance before the public. It happened to him, as it happened to Savonarola, when he preached his first sermon in St. Marc's chapel, Florence.—The sombre building became too small, and they were obliged to open, to the continually increasing throng, the vast amphitheatre of the Sorbonne. For Mons. Cousin's speech showed, from the very outset, what it would subsequently be, ardent, inspired, almost prophetic, and at the same time, under control, disciplined, sure of itself, as the speech of an earnest master should be, who knows his superiority, quasi auctoritatem habens.—The audience were surprised and charmed by those glittering images which gave movement and life to the boldest abstractions of metaphysics, without marring them.—Then the questions were lofty, and the doctrines new and elegant.—Laromiguiére, who possessed an

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elegant and acute, but superficial mind, never went beyond the question of the origin of ideas, and scarcely quitted Condillac's doctrine, which he nevertheless shattered while believing he perfected it. Royer Collard declared open war on this same doctrine, which seemed for a moment to have risen to the rank of a national philosophy. He brought to bear against it the authority of his austere good sense, and the energy of his severe dialectics; but his attacks were made on isolated points, and these not many in number, namely, cause, substance, space, duration, the distinction which exists between perceiving and feeling, between knowledge and the sensation of external objects. Mons. Cousin followed neither of these examples, although he spoke with respect of Mons. Royer Collard, as the first of his masters. He joined and considered together the history of philosophy and philosophy itself. He reviewed, explained, analyzed, judged all the philosophical systems within the boundaries allotted to his chair, that is to say, all those which belonged to the history of modern philosophy, and while pursuing this course, he discussed in the name of criticism, the great questions of morals; metaphysics, esthetics and psychology, which a narrow sensualist doctrine had excluded from men's minds. It was during these five first years of his professor's career, namely, from 1815 to 1820, Mons. Cousin advanced his own peculiar views upon all the branches of the science of the human understanding and laid the foundations of his eclecticism. In his more advanced years he had but to reärrange the materials of his old lectures to give to the world his most perfect works, for instance, his history of the Scotch School, his admirable work, "The True, the Beautiful and the Good," and that profound, I may say that irrefutable criticism of Locke, which, sketched in the lectures of 1819, was taken up and carried to perfection in the lectures of 1829. I should very much like to see the empiricism of our day attempt to destroy, one by one, all these arguments, instead of proceeding, as it does, by general propositions.

Everybody knows how Mons. Cousin, after having been removed from his chair, in 1820, by the spirit of reäction, which impelled the Bourbon Dynasty to its ruin, likewise lost his place of professor in the Normale School by the suppression of this school. The seven years during which he remained condemned to silence, were not lost to philosophy. He devoted them to the publication of Proclus's works, to publishing a new edition of Descartes's Dialogues, and to travel in Germany, which he visited, for the first time, in 1817. It was during this second excursion in 1824 (the last edition of his Fragments contain a charming account of it) he was suspected of *carbonarisme* and imprisoned for six months at Berlin.

Among the works he composed at this period of time, there is,

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however, one in which philosophical thought has no share whatever. It is the "book" of an opera comique. He wrote it for Halevy, who had just returned from Rome, it was in 1822, I think, and its title was to be Les Trois Flacons. This is the same title as Marmontel's tale, which furnished the subject. The authors themselves related this anecdote to me. But as the piece itself never saw the foot-lights, and the promised music perhaps never flowed from Halevy's brain, Mons. Cousin's "book" remains unpublished.

After the appointment of the Martignac Ministry, Mons. Cousin was restored to his chair. Mons. Guizot who was likewise reduced to silence in 1825, was also authorized to appear before his audience.—Animated by the popularity which their political prosecution had given them, and by the hopes which then cheered liberal France, persuaded France had at last entered the haven, and that the reign of truth had at last come with that of liberty, Mons. Cousin and Mons. Guizot were fired with new ardour. Mons. Villemain, who had not been touched by the rigours of party, joined his exertions to theirs, and all three of them, animated as it were with the same soul, endow our country with that golden age of public instruction whose immortal souvenir may be compared to that which the most brilliant epochs of political and religious eloquence have left us. It was then, and especially in the lectures of 1828 Mons. Cousin in his own peculiar manner, explained for the first time to a French audience the ideas on which the philosophy of nature is built, (I mean Hegel's and Shelling's doctrines,) and his lectures had perhaps all the more influence on the imagination from their very lack of lucidity to the reasoning power.

I confess with regret I did not hear these memorable lectures. I graduated at the Royal College of Nancy in August, 1830, just at the moment when Mons. Cousin quitted the professor's chair for political honours and the exercise of power. He became (I scarcely remember the order and dates) Councillor of State, member of the Royal Council of Public Instruction, Director of the Normal School, peer of France, Minister of Public instruction in the Cabinet of the 1st of March, whose retirement restored him to his Councillor's place and his annual functions of President of the Fellow's Examination. How have I, who never heard him lecture, ventured to attempt to characterise his eloquence? Because I have often heard him alone, or in a small circle of friends and disciples, or in the discussions of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and his conversation was exactly like what I had heard of his extempore lectures at the Sorbonne. Besides I am not alone in my opinion. A man personally able to compare both styles, and who by the severity of his character as much as by the astuteness of his judgment merits implicit confidence, Mons. Damiron says: "Im-

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passioned and earnest, animated by a profound desire of producing and diffusing his lively and solid ideas, he was naturally eloquent; and this eloquence, the best and simplest of all because it flows from an abundant spring, he possessed, as he ought to have possessed it, as well before a few, in the company of a single person, as in the company of many; as well in company of one friend as in the presence of a crowd, and the man who could best attract a large audience was likewise the man who could best do without it. It was, before everything else, between his conscience and himself that he was an orator."

Nevertheless we must not apply to Mons. Cousin the judgment passed on Diderot's conversation. Voltaire said "That man was made for soliloquy and not for dialogue." Mons. Cousin was made for both, it depended upon whether he spoke as a master and an apostle, (which was his most frequent character) or whether he talked in a familiar manner with his friends, or with women of the day's attraction, the last new piece provided it was of sufficient character, or the last volume of an eminent author and oftenest of the author himself, or the most recent event of the political or social world. But there was no subject, however humble, which did not rise with him and strike from his mind, which was always active, the most delicate or most brilliant sallies. It was especially in walking by his side in the quarters of old Paris which are still standing, one should have heard him. With what wealth of memory and powerful impressions, carried sometimes to the liveliest emotion, he would, before crossing the portal, relate the history of the old Sorbonne, depict the widely different minds of Rollin and Pascal, as he pointed out the room in which the latter died, and the house in which the former lived, and make you measure with the eye or by a walk, a thousand times interrupted, the old possessions of Carmel, the Oratoire or of Port Royal of Paris. Had you been willing you would have instantly followed him, without thinking of the distance or the obstacles in the way, to Port Royal des Champs. During the walk, you would of course often hear the names of Malebranche, the Duchess de Longueville, of Jacqueline, Pascal, and other women's names, who attracted his attention during one of the most brilliant periods of his literary career.—After three or four hours of this continued, uninterrupted exercise, ended only because you so wished, you would return home, your mind charmed and dazzled, but your body completely broken down.

It is rare those who speak so well and so fluently know how to listen. Mons. Cousin possessed this faculty in a remarkable degree. If anybody spoke to him, or mentioned in his company subjects about which he was ignorant, but which could touch at any point his wonted meditations, his rapid gesticulation ceased with the very first words he heard, his attitude became motionless, his head was

bent forward towards the talker and his admirable eye, taking in all of the latter, seemed to try to penetrate the lowest depths of his thoughts. In this way he could remain for whole hours together, incredible as such an assertion may appear to them who have seen him in a different light.

Mons. Cousin not only had admirers, and because of that, a great many enemies; he had warm friends and all of them he ever gained, he with some few exceptions retained, because he himself had a heart open and faithful to friendship.—When once he gave his heart, he gave it with difficulty, he never took it back again, and I have known him feel returns of old tenderness for them who had abandoned him. Tenderness may seem rather an hyperbolic expression, nevertheless I do not withdraw it, provided the reader understands by the word a sentiment which appears intermittently and as it were by surprise. Kindness was more habitual to him. Those who saw him assiduously, knew to what a degree during the last part of his life he was disturbed by a disease, which gave great pain to Morin, his faithful servant. Mons. Cousin's friends inquired about him as if he had been Mons. Cousin's child, and physicians' consultations continually took place. Here is another anecdote, for whose truth I can vouch, as I was one of the actors in it. A professor of philosophy, still young, but married and the father of children, was arrested in the middle of his career, in the midst of his works, by one of those diseases for which physicians recommend, as the last hope of safety, Pisa's soft climate. The poor professor's whole fortune was the money—already half spent—he had received for the sale of his last work, a purely philosophical work and consequently wretchedly paid. He nevertheless obeyed his physicians' orders and before setting out on his painful exile went to see Mons. Cousin, who had always looked upon him as one of his favourite disciples. After several hours of an animated conversation upon the gravest subjects, Mons. Cousin said to him with a deeply agitated voice: "So now you are upon the eve of your departure, my dear child. What is going to become of your wife and your little children during your absence? What will become of you yourself in a foreign city with the resources which I know you possess? Remember there are circumstances in which it is a duty to remember one has friends. Do not spare me, I am richer than you think." The proposition was not accepted; but time has not been able to obliterate the souvenir.

This anecdote which is scrupulously true, furnishes me naturally the occasion to speak of the avarice with which Mons. Cousin was so often reproached, especially of his avarice to his secretaries. If nobody applied to him in its strict signification, the sharp line which Célimène addressed to Arsinoé—"She beats her servants and don't pay their wages;" at all events he

was accused of making his secretaries work very hard for very little pay. I have known three of them, who, after having discharged these modest functions, have, in different ways, become very distinguished men. Two of them, Messrs. Tanet and Bersot are members of the Institute, the third, Mons. Waddington, is a correspondent of the Institute. All three of them, I call them as witnesses, have retained an unalterable affection for Mons. Cousin.

Two traits which are completely distinct, have been confounded in Mons. Cousin's character, namely, harshness and avarice. He was harsh to himself, forcing his mind to obstinate labour, even when it was rebel to inspiration, eating with stoical sobriety, ignorant of luxury, denying himself even the comforts of easy circumstances, braving humidity and cold in the sombre lodgings of the Sorbonne, which he seemed to think sufficiently heated and warmed by the inner hearth always flaming in his breast. Harsh to himself how could he have avoided being harsh to others? But the best known acts of his life clear him from the imputation of avarice. Was it not he who gave us at his own expense the two magnificent editions we at present possess of the works of Proclus and Abélard? Was it not he who two years ago founded in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences a prize with an endowment double that given by the government? Was it not he who formed with his money that incomparable library where one was always sure to find that which could be found nowhere else, and which by his will he bequeathed in fee simple to the government, providing moreover an endowment for the librarian's salary? I should like to know if his detractors have done so much.

Another accusation often made against Mons. Cousin was the fickleness of his political opinions. I might content myself with replying in the words of the Evangelist: "Let him without sin cast the first stone." But I do not propose writing an apology, all I wish to say is what I know or what I believe I know. Mons. Cousin did not hold the opinion there were in politics immutable principles such as those which are the foundations of morals. He was (to use one of his friends' expressions) a latitudinarian in politics; he attributed more importance to men than to institutions, and among the men whom birth or fortune placed at the head of States, he admired all of them who have been able to accomplish great things, either by the force of their genius or by the favour of circumstances and who have governed their country in the manner best adapted to its wants. This mode of viewing events—which I am far from adopting—leaves, as may easily be understood, great liberty to the mind, and allows it without imputation of want of logic, to carry its approbation from one system of government to another, and much more naturally from one dynasty to another. When these changes took place in Mons. Cousin, they

were perfectly sincere and disinterested; for it was only his own will that he failed (as a critic ironically lamented) to die in a Senator's toga. But there were two causes to which, partly by nature and partly by principle, he always remained attached, namely the Revolution, and Liberty regulated by severe laws. He gloried in being "a child of the Revolution." He often used to say, the best organized society after all, is that which the French Revolution created.—How could such a partisan of the Revolution have failed to be a partisan of Liberty? But he was a Liberal without being a democrat, and the very word democrat never reached his ears without giving him evident displeasure.

The sentiment which predominated over all others in his breast was patriotism, was love of France, and admiration of her genius reflected in the genius of her most illustrious children, statesmen, philosophers, writers, orators, poets, artists, elegant and intellectual women, and austere penitents, voluntary victims of the cloister's solitude.

[*Dublin University Magazine.*

MY VIOLET.

I.

It grew by unfrequented paths,
  Along untrodden ways;
It glistened in the golden light
  Of balmy summer days.

It blossom'd in the sunny time,
  Beside the river's bed;
But when the snow lay on the ground
  The violet was dead.

II.

She lived in a sequester'd place,
  She trod untrodden ways;
She grew the sunlight of my life
  In those old summer days.

Among the flowers, by the stream,
  My love to her was given;
But when the snow lay on the ground
  My darling was in heaven.

ULA.

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[*The Victoria Magazine.*

UNSEEN PEOPLE.

Among all the surprises of life, I think the greatest are those arising from the glimpses we sometimes get of the true natures of people with whom we have long been intimate. I have had so many of these surprises, that I begin to think that all the real people in this world are unseen people; that we do not know men, but only phantasms which we call by men's names; that the true central individuality of almost every man is hidden from us. We associate with a person for months, perhaps for years; we speak freely to him, and he speaks freely to us; we are acquainted with his opinions, tastes, and sentiments, and we think we know him thoroughly; but at last, after many days, a moment of real revelation arrives, and we all at once become aware of hidden depths of thought, or emotion, or passion, whose existence we had never before suspected.—We thought we knew the real man, and we suddenly find that we have been completely ignorant of him, and have mistaken for him some image of our own imagination.

The effects of such a revelation upon our estimate of our friend's character, are, so to speak, chemical; not merely mechanical. Not only is an addition made to our previous knowledge; but, by that addition, the whole of our previous knowledge is transformed. It is not simply that a stone has been added to a heap, which at most, can only make the heap bigger; it is rather that a phial of acid has been emptied into a goblet of alkali, which sparkles for a moment and is changed for ever.

When, in the history of a friendship, such a moment comes, the sayings and doings of past years, which seemed commonplace, become strangely significant, and those which appeared inexplicable gain clearness in the revealing light. The moody melancholy which clouded that summer evening long ago, those wild words uttered beneath the winter moon, the strange look with which some ordinary piece of news was received, the unaccountable speech, the more unaccountable silence—a hundred things which we thought forgotten, flash into the memory with their interpretation written upon their face.

The rationale of all this is somewhat complicated. Words, too, are coarse in comparison with the subtle elements of human nature here involved.

One of the great things to be remembered is, that it is spiritually impossible for any man to reveal,

himself, his inner nature, except to certain persons; and even to them it is impossible, except at certain times. If I wish to do so, I can reveal, to any person, at any time, such portions of my nature as I possess in common with all those by whom I am surrounded; but those portions which, in a manner, belong exclusively to me, which make me for ever a unique personality in the great universe of souls, I can disclose only to my spiritual kindred. Even to them I can never reveal myself completely, though they may be able to see enough for appreciation and comprehension; for it is only to one Being that the full disclosure can be made—it is only to

"God, before whom ever lie bare
The abysmal depths of personality,"

that we can show ourselves as we are.

And so, while in one sense of the words it is true that each man knows every other man, it is true also—and this truth is the deeper one—that no man can thoroughly know another. There is a common humanity which we recognize in every man; there is also an individuality which inevitably acts as a concealing veil, and hinders us from properly seeing the mental, moral, and spiritual features of our acquaintances, and, in a less degree, those of our friends. Humanity is comprehensive; individuality is isolating. There is always something in our neighbour which we do not see; and which if we did see we should not understand. We know a man in proportion as his nature is one with our own; that is, we do not know the man, but only that portion of ourselves which exists in him; and others will be able to recognize and appreciate only that portion of his nature which is in harmony with their own. One is, perhaps, a merchant, another a painter, another a clergyman. The first sees only, or, at any rate, prominently, the commercial part of his nature, the second the artistic part, and the third the religious part.—But though these all exist, the deepest portion of the nature—the unseen personality—may not be commercial, artistic, or religious, but preëminently domestic. Thoughts and emotions connected with family life and family ties will underlie and colour all those other thoughts and emotions which have to do with business, art, or religion. In his wife's tender speech, and in his child's silvery laughter, is to be found the key-note of the varied music of his existence. To him all things are illuminated by the flame of the fire round which his loved ones gather, or shadowed by the curtains that shut out from them the darkness and the cold.

However much we know of such a man's sayings, or doings, or thoughts, however fully he unveils his heart and mind for our inspection, he himself is unseen by us until his central personality, with its one moving and controlling emotion, is laid bare. For in him—

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs [his] mortal frame,
All are but ministers—"

of the "one deep love" that super-

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sedes all other; and we can never estimate aright the character of the ministers until we know something of the master in whose service they stand and wait.

Some men are invisible to us because we are ignorant of the events which have left an imprint upon them for ever. They can only be seen in the light cast upon them by the story of a life. There are those who can look back to some seemingly uneventful moment in their history—a moment which is, nevertheless, branded into their memory by the hand of a strange destiny; and, looking back, can see that it was the supreme moment which spread a mysterious toning of joy, or sorrow, or awe over the colour of all future days; which struck the first chord of a faint yet clear undersong of existence, which, once begun, goes on unceasingly, and makes itself heard above the grave or gladsome variations played by the touch of circumstance through all after years. A letter is carelessly op ned, a chance word drops upon the ear, a strange face is seen for an instant, and though "still the days go on—go on" with the old monotony, there is a subtle internal change which changes all things; though the landscape is still the same, it is shrouded in a darkness or flooded with a "light that never was on sea or shore."

Think, for a moment, of that dreadful tragedy which overshadowed with its terror the life of poor Charles Lamb—the death of a beloved mother by the hand of a beloved but insane sister. How subtle, yet how radical, must have been the effects on Elia's tremblingly sensitive nature of that ghastly memory, and its necessarily ever-haunting terror. How much there must have been in the moods of the genial humorist that would seem strange and inexplicable to those who knew not the story of his one great sorrow; at any rate how impossible it must have been for them to see Charles Lamb as he really was. The most effective commentary on many of his writings, and the clearest insight into his character are given by the touching account of how, when one of the terrible periods of his sister's insanity seemed approaching, the brother might be seen walking with her under his arm to Hoxton Asylum, both bitterly weeping.

Stories like these are revelations of the unseen. I have seen an ingenious puzzle, which is, I believe, pretty well known, consisting of a couplet from which the letter E has been eliminated. It is the only vowel which occurs in the two lines; and, of course, when it is absent there is nothing but an unintelligible and apparently arbitrary conglomeration of consonants. The moment it is restored, not only are a certain number of vacant places filled, but what was before incomprehensible and meaningless becomes at once clear and coherent. We may be ignorant of only one important fact in a man's history; but that one fact may be the interpreter and reconciler of all the rest.

The revelation of a man's real,

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hidden, unseen self, is the revelation which is seldom made. We tell, perhaps, what we call our secrets; but they lie outside of ourselves, and the great secret of personality remains untold. It is impossible with many, perhaps with all, that it should be told save at the concurrence of certain rare conditions, which are, as I have said, a fitting person and a fitting time; to the majority of men we can never show that portion of ourselves which is deepest and truest and most really ours. We instinctively feel that there is a want of sympathising receptiveness in them that would hinder their seeing the pearl laid at their feet; and in many cases, alas! a brutal insensitiveness which would only prompt them to crush it beneath their heel. But God is merciful; He will not suffer any child of His to dwell in solitary places for ever; and sometimes in the course of a life—not often, but, I dare to believe, always once—we recognize by a divinely bestowed intuition the much longed-for, the unspeakably, ineffably, precious kindred soul. This intuitive recognition is one of the mysteries of humanity. It is the true love at first sight; when eye does not simply look into eye, but soul gazes into soul. The marvellously gifted author of the "Scarlet Letter," a man whose friendship I think I should have valued above that of any recent writer, knew well what he was about when he told how Hester, by a strange instinct, recognized in staid and sober maids and matrons secret companions in sin. Outward appearances might deceive; but there was no appeal against that mystical thrill of fearful affinity. Of the same order is the inexplicable conviction borne in upon us, perhaps by the tones of a voice or the glance of an eye in a crowded drawing-room, that we are in the presence of a being whose deepest and most hidden experiences have something in common with our own.

I think it is always with a feeling of strange delight and awed curiosity that this conviction comes. Of strange delight, because of the dawning possibility of that self-revelation without which life is a consuming and sometimes maddening loneliness; of awed curiosity, because we know that the moment of revelation will be also a moment of insight; that the recognition will be a mutual one, "a crossing line of light from eye to eye;" that the dark recesses of another's being are to be lighted up for us with all-revealing flames; that in the hour when two spirits mingle we shall know, even as we are known. Sometimes that hour comes soon, sometimes it tarries long, but sooner or later it will come—heralded, perhaps, by commonplace conversation, into which neither speaker throws his mind, still less his heart or soul—or perhaps by those not commonplace silences during which minutes often perform the work of hours of speech—it comes, a beneficent angel, with a double blessing under its wings.

The unveiling of another's inmost personality, when the process

is such as I have spoken of, is often strange, but, I think, never really surprising. Feeling runs on far in advance of knowledge; the soul is ever more sensitive than the brain. We feel that things are true long before we can prove their truth; we feel that men are good or bad long before we have sensible evidence of their holiness or impurity. In like manner we know something of the strange story which our friend has to tell us, for we have felt its shadow upon our spirits; and it seems somewhat old when it is put before us in intelligible words. More than half the revelation has to be made in this inappreciable transcendental manner. If we could only reveal ourselves by means of words, we should all be unseen people for ever. Words are sometimes inefficient for the full expression of ideas; generally inefficient for the expression of feelings; always inefficient for the full expression of conditions—by which I mean those constant states of being, those relations to all other beings, which in every person are unique.

The surprises of which I spoke at the commencement of this paper, are those arising from the perfectly involuntary revelations of the real nature of persons with whom we we have none of that peculiar and mysterious sympathy, which gives presentiments that we know will be verified. Some circumstance brings out a portion of a man's character, which may be the ruling power in his nature, and yet have been lying apparently latent for years. Though it seems an absurdly palpable remark, it is really an often forgotten truth, that nothing but what is in a man can possibly come out of him. That shrewd parson, Mr. Irwin, in "Adam Bede," says very truly—"A man can never do anything at variance with his own nature. He carries within him the germ of his most exceptional action, and if we wise people make eminent fools of ourselves on any particular occasion, we must endure the legitimate conclusion that we carry a few grains of folly to our ounce of wisdom." He might have added that these exceptional actions are often the most truly characteristic actions of our lives—the actions which enable others to see most clearly what manner of men we really are. The deepest things are those which come seldomest to the surface. The under current often runs in a contrary direction to the one which is apparent; and in this matter the currents of human character resemble those of the ocean. How often when men are attacked by sickness or crushed down by sorrow, do they discover in some friend or acquaintance a vein of marvellous tenderness which a hard or flippant manner has effectually concealed. In like manner there are testing times which exhibit a deep-seated selfishness which has been hidden for years behind a mask of showy jollity and good nature. It needs no great dis play to make the real man—previously unseen—visible to us; a single sentence, sometimes a single glance, will begin and complete in

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a moment the work of revelation. As I bring these thoughts to a close, I think, somewhat sadly, of the numbers of my acquaintances who are to me unseen people. How wondrously helpful it might be to me, if I could only gain a knowledge of their souls which should be as thorough and complete as the valueless knowledge of their faces and their manners which I have, with much expense of time, already attained. But the thought is vain. To the last they will probably remain unseen by me, and I unseen by them. Our hands meet, but our hearts are strangers each to each; eye glances into eye, but soul hides itself from soul. It must always be so in this land of shadows.

THE WEDDING-RING.

I climbed the hill and looked around:
The prospect stretched out wide—
Green vales, rich woods, and shining sea,
Beauty on every side.

So fair, so far, so boundless all,
My spirit was oppressed;
My glance roamed round, now here, now there,
And knew not where to rest.

Then from my finger, half in play,
My wedding-ring I drew,
And through that golden circle small
Looked out upon the view.

I saw a wreath of cottage-smoke,
A church-spire rising by,
A river wind through quiet woods—
Above a reach of sky.

This little picture I had made
Both cheered and calmed my soul;
True, I saw less, but what I saw
Was dearer than the whole.

More vivid lights, more solemn shades,
Such limits seemed to bring;—
My portion of the world be still
Framed by my wedding-ring.

L. C. S.

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[*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ELIZABETH AND MARY.

These two names thus linked together suggest, in the first place, one of the sweetest idyllic pictures of those matchless pastorals which cluster round the origin of our religion. But it is not the Elizabeth and Mary of Galilee, of many a painter's imagination, and of many a reverential and tender thought, whom we are about to discuss. The Elizabeth and Mary of British history are as different as can be conceived, from those two Hebrew women, whose encounter at the supreme moment of their lives is so well known and dearly interesting to us all. Yet they were women standing in a similar connection, each other's nearest relatives, the most prominent figures in the story of their time—women with the same blood in their veins, with similar energies and ambition, who might have been dear friends, and who were deadly enemies, each other's rivals, opponents, most dangerous foes. It is impossible so much as to think of the story of one, without finding involved in it fatal tangles of the life of the other. The story of their period has, doubtless, many details of solid interest unassociated with them. It was a great, probably the greatest, crisis of national life in both the Southern and Northern countries. Great national forces, vast human interests, but dimly comprehended even by those who were helping to bring them into being, were rising on every side around them; but yet amid all those heavings and convulsions of humanity, it is upon the figures of these two women that every eye is fixed.—Their personal conflicts and individual passions stand out prominent above the profounder stream of story in which the interest of millions is involved. Two more solemn chapters were never written in the great and various tragedy of life. History, indeed, has so linked them together that we might say it was but one chapter which bears this fatal conjunction of names. Had they been men, it is probable that their inevitable struggle would have been attended with those commoner elements of tumult and bloodshed which cease to be exciting by long repetition, and that their strength would have been matched in a ruder way, and come to a more ordinary and practical result. Being women, these two queens, without sacrificing in the smallest degree their importance in history, enter into a more delicate sphere. They are rivals, not only in politics, but in person, in mind, and in fortune. It is a subtle drama of individual

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existence woven into the larger web of historical narrative. All the metaphysical, all the tragic interest that belongs to personal story mingles in their persons with the vast concerns of national life. Without diminishing its grandeur, they give to it an intensity which is demonstrated by the fact that the partizans of Mary and Elizabeth are almost as ready as ever to carry their contest to extremity; and that the woman of these two who was richest in all the attractions that bind mankind, is still fought for by defenders as enthusiastic, and knights as chivalrous as if she were present to rain influence and adjudge the prize. Elizabeth has not been so fortunate. In death as in life she has been one of those women who win no man's heart, and gain no disinterested devotion; but still her champions are in earnest, and fame has not withheld from her a certain compensation. Thus there remains before us, embalmed in our national chronicles, the story of a struggle not only between differing creeds and rival successions, not only dynastic and political, but a struggle between two women, not unfitly representing at the same time the two classes of their sex between which the world is divided: the women who possess and those who do not possess that wonderful power of attraction and fascination which, beyond beauty, beyond genius, is precious to woman and interesting to man. Mary, be she innocent or be she guilty, is the woman for whom men will overturn and shake the foundations of the earth, with or without reason. Elizabeth is the woman penetrated to the heart with the certainty that no man will waste life or heart for her. There are circumstances in which it is the neglected heroine who is the most interesting to the spectator; but in this great historical episode such is not the case.—The two types stand bare and unsoftened before us—the one with little excellence to second her attractions; the other with no tenderness to touch our hearts. It is a tragedy, as all history is: and it is a tragedy which opens depths of speculation as much to the metaphysician as to the romancist. Yet the strangely typical character of the struggle, and its interest to others beside the students of history, do not in the slightest degree impair its historical importance.—It is at the same time a struggle of the old faith against the new—of the bold and lucky Tudor race against the chivalrous and unprosperous Stuarts—of an insular population tenacious of its individuality against the mazes of European intrigue and Continental influence.—The genius of Allegory never made more perfect use of its favourite medium of impersonation than Nature and Providence have done in this wonderful crisis, making the old world of romance and marvel, of brilliant self-indulgence and adventure, of love and crime and picturesque effect, fall with Mary; and the new world, with its harder every-day elements, its thrift, its industry, its aspirations, its sense of duty, its harshness and self-

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seeking, come in with Elizabeth. At such supreme moments Providence would seem to avail itself in the grandest way of a certain mighty adaptation of pictorial art, illustrating its meaning by such types and combinations as even the most ignorant must somehow understand.

The early history of these two queens is as subtly contrasted as the course of their after life.—Mary grew up in her beauty in the refined if polluted atmosphere of the French Court, a princess not only in rank, but by nature endowed with every gift that makes a woman a queen—lovely, brilliant, accomplished, trained not only in every pleasant art, but in all the deepest wiles of statemanship, fully aware of the importance of her own position, and carefully educated to fill it. Morality was not much the fashion in that brilliant world, yet even in the most depraved society a girl in her teens can scarely be much corrupted. Her powers of fascination were such that men yielded to her as if by magic, not in consequence of the craft in which the Guises had trained their niece, so much as from that sweet craft of youth and delightful sense of power, which made the fair young creature put forth her natural wiles with that pretty mingling of a desire to please and a desire to rule which makes a beautiful young woman, when she knows what she is about, and has a proportionate purpose, one of the strongest and most dangerous of powers. Notwithstanding her turbulent kingdom and orphan state, and all the unknown forces rising up against her, the youth of Mary Stuart was that of a favourite of fortune. Queen by birth of one nation—queen by marriage of another—presumptive heir, both by natural right and the preference of a great mass of the people of a third,—no woman ever held a more magnificent position. It is true that her own native people were a difficult handful for the most wise sovereign, and that Elizabeth was but little older than herself, and at that time likely enough to have heirs of her own person; but at the same time Elizabeth was in the belief of most devout Catholics, illegitimate; and with the readiness common even to the wisest, of believing in everything that favours their own views, the disposition of the English towards Mary and their indifference to her rival seem to have been held as proved in France. Mary herself, always and at all stages of her career a good Catholic, no doubt believed unfeignedly that she herself was rightful Queen of England, and with the confidence of her age was ready to confront Elizabeth, to make a triumphant progress through her rival's kingdom, and steal from her the hearts of her subjects. Nor was there anything wonderful in this confidence. She was not Queen of Scots alone, but queen of hearts; she was used to see everybody within the range of her influence yield to its wonderful fascination. Her ears were more familiar with honeyed adorations than with discussion or criticism. Even the misfortune

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which changed her position in France and drove her back to her own distracted kingdom, gave a more tender interest to her person, and awoke anew all those not unpleasing uncertainties which surround a beautiful unwedded girl. There is no particular evidence that the death of Francis moved her very profoundly; and pretty and pathetic as is the tale of her tender farewell to the 'charmant pays de France, yet Mary was too much a Stuart, and took too naturally to adventure and novelty, to be without comfort in her entrance to so new and strange and exciting a life as that which awaited her at Holyrood. The fair, fearless, bewitching creature came back to her poor kingdom with such a confidence in her own powers as is in itself a fortune. If she wept when the Scots Reformer remained impervious to her magic, the tears were tears of girlish petulance and vexation rather than of real suffering. Up to the moment when fatal passion and self-will involved her in the earliest meshes of that tragic web from which she never escaped, it is impossible to think of Mary Stuart otherwise than as prosperous and fortunate. Her career looked bright before her, full of bracing and exciting difficulties, full of a thousand opportunities for proving her courage, her skill—all the powers of which she was conscious. The finest succession in Europe, and probably the most magnificent match in Europe, were open to her. She was not afraid of the grim lords who had as yet no deadly quarrel with her. She felt herself a match, even perhaps more than a match, for Elizabeth; and there was every prospect that she might achieve great things for the cause, which, if she cared at all for any abstract cause, was that which lay nearest her heart. And she retained her light heart in the midst of her perplexities, supporting merrily the serenade of psalms given her by the Edinburgh citizens, and riding off gaily on her Highland expedition at the head of her ladies and her soldiers, not much troubled apparently by the knowledge that it was a fellow-Catholic against whom her gay and prompt little army went forth, and wishing in the exhilaration of the sudden raid that she were a man, "to know what life it was to lie all night in the field, or to walk on the cawsey with a Glasgow buckler and a broadsword." A tissue of misfortunes from beginning to end, her life has been called; but in this picture, save for the fact of widowhood—a fact which does not seem to have pressed very heavily upon the nineteen-years-old beauty—misfortune, either actually or in shadow, has little place. Indeed, if one did not know the wretched tragedy in which it ended, there would be a certain sense of exhilaration and sweet daring, and inextinguishable hope in the vision of the girl-queen, in her stormy court and adventurous life. She did not know what was coming to her, as we do. She was no more afraid of her fate than any other gay creature of her years.—Altogether, history is too stern

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about this brilliant and sweet vignette in the midst of all its stormy pictures; and we may admit that the brightness was real while it lasted, very real and very bright, and utterly uninvaded by any prophetic uprolling of the despair in which her sun went down.

Everything is changed when we turn to the early history of Elizabeth. The circumstances attending her youth were stern and troubled. Her girlhood knew no frank gaiety, no admiration and adoration such as that which attended her rival almost from her birth. The stain of illegitimacy hung over Anne Boleyn's daughter. She was hated and feared by her sister; held in doubtful honour by a great mass of her people; regarded by the European community as a heretic and a bastard. A prisoner, sometimes in terror of her life, the helpless spectator of events and movements which went far to ruin her country and throw discredit upon her own rights; shut out from all the youthful delights to which Mary gave herself so joyously; taught by long misfortune to distrust her destiny; driven out of self-confidence and promptitude by the multitude of conflicting interests round her,—Elizabeth attained her independence only in conjunction with such a host of difficulties as might have discouraged the stoutest heart. She was as brave and able as any of her race—accomplished, young, not uncomely, and with sufficient personal character to have made her in any position a person of note.—But, with all this, she wanted entirely that power of attraction in which Mary was so rich. She beguiled no disaffected lord out of his discontent, won no wavering retainer, exercised no witchery over men. Much has been made of the supposed roughness of Knox to Mary; but, at its worst, it could have been nothing to the ceaseless and persistent bullying with which Elizabeth was assailed by her brother-in-law Philip and his Spanish emissaries. These men worried her at every point of her policy; dictated to her; interfered with her; meddled with her most intimate concerns; trafficked with her disaffected subjects; did everything that pertinacity and superior wisdom could do to drive her frantic. Her kingdom was not romantically turbulent like Scotland, but full of an uneasinesss and untrustworthiness far beyond anything ever known in the little northern kingdom so inveterately faithful to its native dynasty. Elizabeth knew that to many of her subjects her title to the crown was in the highest degree doubtful. Her arms and style had been openly adopted by her rival under her very eyes, as it were, and her existence ignored; and notwithstanding this, the same rival demanded to be acknowledged as her heir, the heir of a young and vigorous woman of five-and-twenty, to whom all the happier events of life—husband and children, heirs and descendants of her own—were still fully possible. To withstand such assaults without bitterness would have been a hard task for the sweetest temper. And

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Elizabeth was a Tudor, proud, passionate, and high-spirited, and taking no credit for sweet temper.—Her foreign advisers, notably the troublesome Spaniards, took care that the precariousness of her seat on the throne should be kept continually before her, and even those of her councillors most devoted to her service could not assure her of safety or continuance. Mary had her astute uncles to back her in the beginning of her career, the alliance of France, the support of the Church, and the sympathy of all Catholic nations. Elizabeth stood alone against the world. She had to struggle as she best could to neutralize the action of France, to restrain the intrusions of Spain, to hold her own independence and that of her people in the face of all foreign intrigues and encroachments. And, save in moments of great excitement, she had the disadvantage of seeing too clearly both sides of the question, a disadvantage as great to an active ruler and practical agent as the want of this faculty is to a philosophical observer. She was the representative of the Reformation, but she was not a thoroughgoing and bigoted Protestant as Mary was a Catholic. The system which it was her duty and policy to establish was not deeply rooted in her convictions. The same great difficulty existed in most of her undertakings. She was too clearsighted to be a partisan; she could not make up her mind to support the Lords of the Congregation, because her reason perceived what a fatal precedent it would be for any one disposed to aid her own malcontents; and yet she could not desert them, for it was evidently apparent to her understanding that they were her best bulwark against the insolent pretensions of France, and the claims of Mary as the legitimate and Catholic heir.

The same mixture of motives urged her on and held her back in respect to the Protestants in France, leading her into a line of conduct which disgusted all and contented none. Thus her training, her antecedents, the oppression of her youth, the constitution of her mind, were all against her. She was as little endowed with that rapidity of decision and action in which Mary's brilliant, daring, and reckless soul was strong, as with Mary's personal fascinations. Notwithstanding the ultimate success and even wisdom of many of Elizabeth's measures she wearied her best friends with perpetual uncertainties. She was chidden, menaced and bullied on all sides, and knew herself to be little beloved and much censured. It was thus that Elizabeth began to reign. So far as this point all the advantages were on Mary's side. Her kingdom was poorer, her position less influential in the world; but nobody assailed her title, no one claimed to be acknowledged her successor. It seemed to be tacitly acknowledged on all sides that the survivorship, the heirs, all human joys and advantages, were to be hers; and yet Elizabeth was but some five or six years older, of a vigorous race, and

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in perfect health. Such tacit understandings are not unusual in the world. In humbler spheres and under ordinary circumstances, it is an affair of every day to see all the good things of life accorded as by instinct to one, and all the endurances to another. Such seems to have been the unspoken instinctive arrangement of all parties in respect to these two women. When the one to whom the harder lot falls receives it sweetly and patiently, the world does not refuse to bestow a certain sympathy; but when there is any rebellion against fate, nobody has any patience with the rebel. Such at the beginning of their respective careers was the position of these two young queens.

Their early acts do but carry out and intensify this contrast.—For Mary there was no very hard task to be done in her kingdom. In the religious question she had little to do, only to endure and tolerate—no doubt a sufficient trial, but yet distinct, and involving few complications. She had to bear with the psalm-singing serenaders, and she did it with wonderful self-command, no doubt making up for it fully in her gay little Court when the gates were shut upon the Whig mob, and the fair and gallant household was left to itself. She had to win over her intolerant lords, no disagreeable task. "I perceive by your anger," says one of the Campbells to Lord Ochiltree, "that the fine edge is not off you yet; but I fear after the holy water of the Court be sprinkled on you, ye shall become as temperate as the rest. I have been here five days, and at the first I heard every man say, Let us hang the priest; but after they had been twice or thrice at the Abbey, all that fervency was past. I think there is some enchantment by which men are bewitched." This was one of the things Mary had to do, and probably her success made up to her for the suffering involved in the abominable religious persecution to which she was subjected—a persecution very detestable to us in the nineteeth century, but not so wonderful an occurrence in the age of St. Bartholomew. The cheerfulness with which she seems to have set forth on the raid against Huntly is a proof that her light heart was not moved to disregard more weighty considerations by her preference for a Catholic.—But the two chief objects of her life were the personal objects of getting herself splendidly married and getting herself proclaimed Elizabeth's heir. These, beyond all necessities of national policy or exigencies of government, seem to have employed her thoughts and energies. A brilliant match and an unparalleled inheritance were the great objects before her—matters both, in which she had every prospect of the highest success.—With these great ideas in her mind, she does not seem to have allowed herself to be much disturbed by lesser cares. She was irritated by Knox, tantalized by Elizabeth, and made to shed tears on various occasions, with an apparent facility

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not unusual to her age; but there was nothing in these annoyances to give her any serious discouragement. And she bore with patience and a good grace the only real troubles she had—the insults to her faith and her priests. She bore them, looking forward to a day when the tables should be turned upon the stern and cruel Presbyters—an anticipation, which, according to all the ideas of the times, was perfectly natural and justifiable; and thus occupied with her personal affairs went on lightly with neither fear nor foreboding to her fate.

With Elizabeth it was very different. Her religious difficulties were not to be managed in any passive way. She had to take a bold initiative, to set her hand to the work without loss of time or failure of courage. She was not, as we have said, an earnest Protestant; but her policy, and indeed her very existence as a queen, depended upon her adoption of this cause. She set about its accomplishment in the face of the disapproval of entire Christendom, and the passive resistance and discontent of half of her people. Her bishops were worthless, her clergy insubordinate, her own heart but half in the work. Yet, notwithstanding these obstacles, and many more, she accomplished this great revolution, finally constituting and establishing the Anglican Church. And she had a world of intricate foreign complexities to manage.—She had to keep Spain at arm's length, without breaking finally with Philip, and to struggle with France for an impossible and undesirable restoration of Calais, making such a fatal and horrible muddle in the mean time of her occupancy of Havre as would have done much to harm a less lucky sovereign.—She had to maintain her own seat, to keep a wary eye on her disaffected subjects, to restrain the pretensions of Mary, and to endure the continual mortification of being called upon both by friends and enemies, to decide upon her own successor. And she too had the question of her marriage perpetually before her, but in another shape from that which pleased the imagination of Mary. In Elizabeth's case it was complicated by an unhappy and unworthy love. This woman was of flesh and blood like other women. And notwithstanding her genius, her clear perceptions, her sense of what was due to her rank and her country, she loved, as many another woman has done, a man no way her equal, neither in blood—which was in some respect an indifferent matter—nor in character. His weakness, his wickedness, his many imperfections, were fully known to her; and yet she loved him with that fatal persistence which even women who have most command over themselves sometimes display. A hasty soul like that of Mary would not have hesitated to act upon such a preference; but this was impossible to the slow, uncertain, doubting intelligence of Elizabeth. Thus the fair array of possible husbands which Mary inspected at Holyrood

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with a certain gay natural excitement mingled with deeper calculations, were passed over languidly and with more fright than pleasure by Elizabeth's preöccupied eyes. "The fair vestal throned by the west" was anything but "fancy-free." She was, on the contrary, entangled in the bonds of a passion which her pride, or her sense of duty, or her conviction of the danger of such a step, prevented her yielding to, but which disgusted her with every reasonable proposition, and kept her in a state of painful excitement and uncertainty. As for Mary, she considered the subject with more natural sentiments. She had the splendid possibility before her of wedding the heir of Spain as she had wedded the heir of France—a possibility never open to Elizabeth; and she had, in common with Elizabeth, the choice of an Archduke or two—German princes, such as have since been found so useful for royal marriages. It was Mary who was fancy-free; she looked at the subject with her bright eyes, keen as wit and intelligence could make them, and meditated her choice, while the poor English queen, lovelorn, with no such confidence in herself, turned blank looks upon the princely gentlemen, and made such pretence as she could of an abstract love for her maiden state. It was a clumsy pretence, and deceived no one. Yet it is but just to remember that Elizabeth, helped no doubt by her native indecision and lack of power to dare, was the one who did surmount her inclinations, and conquer in this most difficult struggle.

Up to this moment, however, Mary would seem to have been not only the sweeter and fairer woman, but the more successful and satisfactory sovereign. She managed her turbulent subjects more wisely than her wise counsellors in France would have done it for her. She bore with them, tolerated them, and endured their intolerance in a manner quite remarkable—as different from all the preconceived notions of what so young a woman, naturally looking upon heresy with horror, and strong in the absolutism of her age and her rank, would do, as it is possible to conceive. She had the good sense to give up, or at least to postpone, the dangerous delight of reprisals. The great object she had most at heart she pursued at least with candour and openness. To demand that your nearest relative, whom you profess to regard with affection and friendship, should acknowledge you as her heir, is not a gracious nor pleasant request; yet it was made honestly, and with all the softenings possible, much womanly caressing and tenderness, and submission of the younger to the elder. Mary was ready to marry as her good sister wished, or at least so she said—she was ready to take her good sister's advice and to be entirely guided by her—always if her own first condition was granted. Nothing that Elizabeth could ask would be too much for the Queen of Scots to give, so long as the matter was commenced by the recognition of

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her ultimate claims. This pertinacity was natural enough when the magnitude of the inheritance is considered, and it was at the same time a matter of policy, and one which rallied round her, her entire nation, unanimous, if not heroic. The idea had seized upon the mind of Scotland. The hope of uniting both kingdoms under one sway had at last entered the obstinate and pugnacious intelligence of the country; but it was a union only to be accomplished through their own dynasty. When this thought had once been taken hold of, it became the fixed idea of the Scottish mind. Even the courtly Lethington insisted on demonstrating to Elizabeth the advantages of this union, with an apparent insensibility to the fact that only Elizabeth's death, childless, could bring about so desirable a consummation. But Mary was a woman of delicate insight, and made no such mistake. She plead her own cause persistently, steadily, but tenderly. She threw herself upon Elizabeth's affection, professed unbounded devotion to her, probably felt a certain desire to please and satisfy the woman who could serve her interests so mightily. She was ready to be treated as daughter or younger sister, to receive Elizabeth's advice, recommendation, almost commands. Very possibly there was in all this submission a sting which the elder woman, not so much older after all, would feel profoundly; for in everything that was said there was an unconscious setting aside of Elizabeth, a relegation of her own person and existence into the settled, elderly, unchangeable condition, which no woman cares to recognise or to see recognised as her own inevitable lot. But there is no evidence that Mary meant this. She did her spiriting gently, and with many a profession of tenderness, giving all honour to her sister, although her own claims naturally overtopped, in her estimation, those of all the world beside.

Elizabeth's reception of all these appeals was neither sisterly nor candid. She met Mary's requests, not by a distinct negative, but by those artful compromises that were natural to her. She hung, as it were, the prize so much longed for, on an unattainable peak, which receded farther and farther, the more the eager pursuers hastened after it. On one condition or another it might or should be granted; but something always occurred to make the condition impossible, or leave an opening for escape. About the marriage she was suspicious, jealous, uneasy. Unable to come to any decision on the matter for herself, she watched the prompter counsels of Mary with mingled fear and envy, putting her veto upon every suitor who had a chance of satisfying the ambition of the Scotish queen. When she had exhausted all other means of putting a stop to these plans of marriage, she took the remarkable and unexplainable step of offering the man whom she herself loved, Robert Dudley, to her beautiful rival. Whatever her motive might be, this was the final way she took of interposing in

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Mary's concerns. Whether it was with the bitter irony of desperation, as one who would throw her last and best gift into the lap of a successful opponent—a kind of bitter outcry of Take all!—whether it was to beguile her own subjects as to her own inclination and prove her entire appreciation of the impossibility of marrying him herself; or whether it was finally the supreme self-sacrifice of an impassioned woman eager, if she could not give him the greatest, at least to secure the next greatest position for the object of her love—it is impossible to decide. But the fact is that she did offer to her cousin and rival the man whom she did not hesitate to say she would have married herself, had that been possible. Probably the offer was not meant to be accepted. At all events, it was made. "You like better yonder long lad," she said, disdainfully, comparing the stripling Darnley with the mature and princely Leicester.

It is not to Elizabeth that natural sympathy turns in all this intricate business; and yet, setting prejudice aside, there is a human interest about this woman of a profounder kind than that which attends the bright footsteps of Mary in this preface of her fate. Mary as yet is but the fairy princess, the perennial heroine of romance, born to be adored, to be the fairest of the fair, and to marry the bravest of the brave—the first primitive conception of poetry.—But in Elizabeth all the complications exist that are necessary for a higher strain of art. A tragic struggle is going on within her. Though she is supreme, she has to yield, bending her proud neck, and subduing her imperious will; she has to bear the consciousness that all the sweeter gifts are for her rival, and to take what consolation she can by making a virtue of necessity. She is mortified in her own person, mortified in the object of her affection, upon whom no man will look with such respect as she thinks his due. She has to suffer all natural and seemly opportunities of mating herself, and giving heirs to her crown, to pass by. It was her own will, yet it is not to be supposed that the possibility was relinquished without a pang; while continually it is Mary, Mary, that is being dinned into her ears—Mary, who is to succeed her, to replace her on her virgin throne, to have the love, the children, the happiness, as well as the kingdom,—Mary, who has already assumed her title, whose claim all good Catholics prefer to her own, and whose proclamation as heir would probably put into some assassin's hand the weapon which should end Elizabeth's life. She said it was like her death-knell ringing in her ears, and no one can wonder that she did so. She was not a woman to attract affection or to win hearts. She was capable of infinite dissimulation, of downright lying, and of vacillation unspeakable. She has no such hold upon the tenderness of mankind as the fair and brilliant creature in Holyrood, who steered her gentle bark

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with such skill and daring, and carried with her such a freight of hopes. Yet the deeper interest rests with Elizabeth—for within her, as around her, the agony and struggle of life was in full progress: her heart was contending with its mysteries, her will subdued, and yet struggling with its stern necessity. A higher sense of truth, a little more natural sweetness, would have made Elizabeth at this moment one of the most touching and interesting figures in all history.

The historian may well pause at this epoch of these two lives, while still all is uncertain, while yet no Fate has thrown its coming shadow upon either of these royal women. Passion as yet had not entered into the field as an active agent; where it existed it was kept in bounds by the thousand restraints which govern a mature mind, and affect a great position. If any spectator had essayed the perilous gift of prophecy, it would probably have been, according to the ordinary rules of vaticination, Elizabeth who was to fall. She it was whose politics and purposes were coloured by an attachment unworthy of her, and to which everybody about her believed she might have succumbed at any moment. She might have married Leicester any day of all those days, and nobody would have been surprised; and she might have lived to find out his unworthiness, and fall into dark plots for ridding herself of him, as her father had done. The Tower might have received a queen's husband as it had received a king's wife, or an English Kirk-of-Field might have blazed up into the midnight sky, and driven the world wild with horror. All this might have been, and probably looked like enough to the bystanders. While, on the other hand, Mary of Scotland, a sage and irreproachable princess might have chosen, from the highest motives, the most likely of her suitors, and reigned with him, knowing no delirium of either happiness or anguish. Such would have been the likeliest prognostication—for the severest wisdom seemed to preside over the Scottish Queen's matrimonial deliberations. She would have married the mad and melancholy Carlos of Spain, and the thought of it drove England and France alike into hysterics.

She had even thoughts of marrying her brother-in-law, Charles IX., should that turn out to be the best arrangement. Prudence, national policy, calm reason, was to guide this marriage. It was to be made on the soundest principles; inclination and all foolish thoughts of personal happiness being sublimely set aside. Mary discussed even the Archkukes harmless ancestors of all our German husbands, with majestic equanimity. She would even, perhaps, have married Leicester, had the acknowledgment of her rights come with him. And there was another Englishman whom it would be politic for her to marry —the long lad of whom Elizabeth had made contemptuous mention— and who, next after Mary herself, had the best hereditary claim upon the English throne. Mary dis-

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cussed young Darnley along with her Archdukes. And he was more near at hand, and could be had to look at, which doubtless was an advantage. He was the only man who could strengthen her claim upon England, that great centre of her desires, and union with him was the most startling menace which could be given to Elizabeth. All these political reasons were discussed and made apparent before the arrival of the hero on the scene; and, up to this time, every step Mary had taken, every project she had made, had been dictated by good sense and prudence. Indeed, it would be but just to believe that it was more than this— that she had been honestly trying to do her best, with ulterior designs no doubt, but such as were no shame to her, and that it was a certain sweet influence of youth and happiness which had brightened the air about Holyrood, and conciliated the nation. She had no struggle within herself to hamper her. The adversaries and the conflicts were without, and did not daunt her brave spirit. Credit has been given her at once for less and for more than seems honestly her due. She was not a perfect high-minded heroine, neither was she an artful and sensual witch. She was very daring, very reckless, very inconsiderate, and at the same time very subtle, wily, and fine. She could manage everything wisely enough but her own passions, which exploded in spite of her, and left her no time for self-restraint.— Elizabeth, on the contrary, could manage her own passions, and little else, at least in the same degree. The lesson is a trite one, but yet it is deeply marked, and gains a certain picturesque effect from the contrast of persons—wit, ingenuity, high intellectual powers, almost genius, sinking into a secondary place before the severe virtue of self-command, the chief of all gifts to one who has to command others.

But Darnley appeared, and the scene changed. Most historians seem to take it for granted that all Mary's sage plans were put to flight by her sudden passion for this "long lad;" but there seems really little foundation in fact for this supposition. She may have been frantically in love with him according to the received idea, but it is certain that his claims had been discussed along with those of her other suitors, and that, Don Carlos being out of the question, the King of France, or rather the Queen-Mother of France, indisposed to the match with Charles IX., and the Archdukes not worth the risk, Darnley was, from Mary's point of view, her most likely wooer. She married him, perhaps stimulated thereto by a violent personal passion, and daring, when she had made up her mind to it, the opposition of Murray and his party, the fury of Elizabeth, and the disquiet of all true Protestants, as lightly as if they had forbidden her a hunting party or a Court masque. This was the tide in the affairs of men which determined her fate. It had a twofold effect upon her. It changed all her polit-

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ical relations, withdrew from her her wisest councillor, Murray; began the conflict for death and life with Elizabeth which, up to this moment, if inevitable, had not fully begun; and threw her upon the sympathy and help of her foreign allies, always a perilous position for a sovereign, and doubly so to the sovereign of an insular nation, differing in so many and such complex ways from all other peoples.

And this marriage was as fatal to Mary in her personal existence as in her political. It separated her for ever from the disengaged future and innocent thoughts of youth. She had been to all public certainty, innocently adventurous, naturally lighthearted, doing much for a purpose, and a great deal without a purpose—a spontaneous woman on the whole, committed to to no sort of tragical conclusions. When all the world is still open before the mind, and no bond of fact limits its possibilities, it is perhaps easy to be innocent. The severe test of a fixed destiny and established life was now upon the Scottish Queen, and it was a test which she could not bear. For a short time her triumph, her activity, the rapid movements and joyful vigour natural to a happy outset in life, are conspicuous in her.—She springs up out of her council-chamber, out of her deliberations, with a burst of delightful freedom and audacity. Murray, who, by the encouragement of Elizabeth, had taken up arms against the match, was driven before her to melancholy rout and humiliation. She pursued him to the English border, herself riding at the head of her army with pistols at her saddle-bow. And such was her force of action and new spring of energy and influence that everything gave way to her. With her commons awed into acquiescence, her nobility, all except five exiled earls and three barons, unanimous in supporting her, and France and Spain, who were united in nothing else, giving her their joint approval, Mary forgot her prudence, forgot the better inspiration which had guided the beginning of her reign. With her victories her Catholic zeal rekindled. Everything seemed possible to her in the first flush of her triumph. She recalled the banished bravo Bothwell, who had already touched, as it were, a corner of her career, and commended himself to her as a devoted and unscrupulous follower.. She held high terms with Elizabeth, and insulted her envoy. She began to plan the reëstablishment of Catholicism, and even, with the help of the Pope and Spain, an assertion of her own and her husband's united rights to the throne of England. She joined the Catholic League. In the height of her courage and confidence she even dreamt of carrying her "raid" into England itself, and dictating terms to Elizabeth at the gates of London. She did all this while Elizabeth, alarmed and amazed, had been only taking into consideration what to do. And if it had so happened, in the course of Providence, that Darnley had been a man capable of retaining Mary's affections,

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or of himself exercising any influence in public affairs, with all Catholic Christendom to back them, and a right acknowledged by so many in England, with Mary's rapid thought and prompt action, and her power of influencing men, it is impossible to say what the difference in the history of our island, and the fate of our race might have been. But Mary was a woman, and it was at this point the individual ill-fortune stepped in to balk all her brilliant plans and defeat her ambition. There is one chapter in the chronicles of humanity that has still to be written, and that is a chapter which shall treat of the influence of Fools upon history.—If it should ever be compiled by any conscientious writer, the character of Darnley may be done full justice to. Mary Stuart had not been married for six months when she found that she was "sprighted with a fool"—"sprighted and angered worse," she might have said, and indeed did say, in action at least, in the bitterness of her disgust and disappointment. Darnley importuned her for the crown matrimonial, as a child might have done for a toy; he revolted her by his evil habits, drinking and violence.

While she was maturing her plans for the great enterprises she was about entering upon, the foolish youth, instead of sharing her counsels, wearied her with his personal requirements. She turned from him with a disgust and disdain as natural to her lively and rapid spirit as her previous love had been. She seems to have intended him no harm, and done nothing positively prejudicial to him; but she was fairly launched upon the new career inaugurated by her marriage, and in the midst of her many engagements, his childish, jealous, passionate babble wearied and wore her out. She seems to have suffered him to go his own way, and to have buried herself more and more in her plans, in all of which Rizzio, her secretary, was almost more deeply involved than herself. The Queen, as became her dignity, made no sort of wail, so far as the public were aware, over the failure she had made. She shunned the man who was unworthy of her—perhaps showed her disdain as such a woman could—perhaps shot at him those personal arrows of irony in which she was so strong. On one occasion at least "she left the place with tears" after a remonstrance which had been ineffectual. But the immediate result of her disappointment was that she threw herself more and more into the affairs of state, and the projects which were now of such magnitude and importance. Rizzio is said to have been in the pay of the Pope—he was certainly her adviser in all the steps she took towards a closer alliance with the Catholic Powers. He knew all her secrets of state, and could follow and aid her in her counsels. To seek consolation in the grand Catholic conspiracy of the age, and in her own private designs against her neighbour's crown, when the society of the fool she had so rashly married became sickening and could be borne

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no longer, was perhaps as wise a thing as a queen could have done. But of all the brutal forces in existence there is no power so deadly, no opposition so hopeless to encounter, as the blind passion of a fool. What were affairs of state, the ambition of a monarch, of the excitement of a conspirator, to Darnley in his insignificance? All that he could see in the business which absorbed his wife, was, that it was business in which a man aided her. And the prosecution of the design which had coloured her whole life appeared to the eyes of this contemptible boy as a mere pretext to cover her wanton inclinations. Thus, in the very step which secured, as she thought, her personal independence and left her free to defy her enemies, Mary had taken her first step towards the precipice. Her marriage, triumphantly as it was accomplished, brought with it all her misery, her crimes both political and social, her punishment, and her death.

Rizzio was murdered, as all the world knows, in his mistress's very chamber, clinging to her dress and demeaning himself like a miserable coward. That awful night turned Mary Stuart's blood to gall. It was an outrage not to be forgotten or forgiven. She promised her unworthy husband in her passion that she would never rest until she had given him as sorrowful a heart as she had at that moment. And with the minutest fidelity she kept her promise. From that moment the tenor of her life changed—the Queen disappeared in any large political sense. She put aside her business, her ambition, her hopes and claims.

A passionate desire for revenge took possession of her. All the guile of the Guises, all the craft which she had been legitimately enough practising in the former part of her career, suddenly came to life in its darkest form within her, and with all the more dread intensity, that it was directed not on public but on personal ends.—She was an outraged woman, an insulted wife, and her personal affairs came uppermost in this moment of supreme exasperation. When the devil takes possession of a soul, it is strange if instruments be not found to do his work, and worse devils still to spur him on. Mary had her familiar at her elbow. He had done her service ere now—most likely ere now he had conceived for her the violent and audacious passion which, to a woman bound to such a futile fool as Darnley, must have had, even in its guiltiness, a certain terrible refreshment and renewing power. When her miserable husband brought back upon her the men she had banished, and shut her up in close confinement in her own palace, Bothwell with ready wit, escaped at once and prepared to do her active service.—When she too escaped, bowing her pride to the revolting length of wooing back Darnley's affection, Bothwell, with the aid of his friends had collected an army for her succour, and once more secured her triumph. He kept by her side in the interval that followed, ever

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bold, ready, and devoted. He had been her right hand in the brilliant little campaign against Murray, with which her married life commenced. She had interfered in arranging a marriage for him, as ladies, themselves happily married, love to do for such favourites. She had decked his bride as Guenevere decked Enid. And he in return had been her most watchful and trustworthy follower, ready to fight or lie, or even die, for her, should occasion offer. He might be licentious, uncultured, even brutal, though authorities are by no means unanimous in so representing him; but at least he was a man, and Mary's lot had been to be cursed with the volatile affection of a boyish and trifling imbecile. "In fact," says Mr. Burton, in his History of Scotland, "but for the crimes which paved the way to the conclusion, the union of Bothwell and Mary would have been the natural winding-up of a legitimate romance. Remove the unpleasant conditions that both were married, and that there was a husband and a wife to be got rid of ere the two could be united, substitute honour and virtue for treachery and crime, and here are the complete elements out of which the providence which presides over romance develops the usual happy conclusion."

Thus the gradual approach to each other of these two fated souls was not so unnatural as many people have supposed. Mary began to love, probably for the first time in her life—for her attachment to Darnley, if she was in reality attached to him, must have been little more than a passing fancy.—Francis of France had been, like Darnley, a boy and a weakling.—The men who had hitherto mingled deeply in her life had been silken personages of the bower and council-chamber. Here, for the first time, was a man, a soldier, ready for her sake to dare everything, not battle merely, or death, but crime itself. The despicable Darnley did all he could to emphasise the difference between his wretched person and that of Mary's saviour and chief champion. He betrayed his associates, informed upon them, like a dishonourable coward, and swore, liar that he was, that he had no share in Rizzio's murder, an act which disgusted his friends, and scattered his last supporters from his side. "He passed up and down his lane, and few durst bear him company." He fell into the sullen despair of a weak nature, having nothing but futile reproaches and miserable complaints to make to the woman who was weary to death of his intolerable presence. And Bothwell was by, ready to carry out whatsoever plan she might suggest—prompt and fearless in her service, knowing no scruples, no conscience, no duty, except to his queen. She was won by this devotion, as was not unnatural; possibly it was a kind of comfort to her in her disappointment and rage, to feel that there was yet one man in the world who would serve her as man had never served her before, and who loved her more than honour or safety, more than life or

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wife, more than his own soul. The casket of letters about which there has been so much discussion, and which, if they are genuine, prove beyond all doubt Mary's complicity in the murder of Darnley, are yet in another sense her *pièces justificatives.* They prove her crime; but they prove at the same time the profound tragic passion which even in its deepest criminality, has something sublime.

The crime even without them is but too credible—but the bare history fills the reader with horror alone; whereas he will be hard-hearted who can read these letters without an infinite pity for the miserable woman so wonderfully gifted, so fatally doomed. Crime and outrage turned her aside out of the higher path of state which she was so busily pursuing, into personal struggles and an injured woman's revenge; and by crime and outrage she retaliated. Henceforward for a time the story leaves the high places of history. France and Spain and the Catholic League, and the English Succession, fade off from the lurid skies. Mary's misery, Mary's hatred, Mary's tragic love and aching heart, as if she were a peasant girl, whose story of the heart was all her story, become the only things to see.

While this terrible brief chronicle of marriage and murder was going on in Scotland, and the miserable drama began to shape itself to the conclusion, no personal event worth noting had happened to Elizabeth. Her life, though full of so many great interests, looks tame and flat by the side of one in which so much was happening—a difference made still more apparent by the contrast between the rapid movement and quick conclusions of Mary, and the slow, vacillating, and uncertain action of Elizabeth.—Perhaps the difference lay in character alone; perhaps the vaster concerns with which Elizabeth had to deal impeded her movement.

And yet, again, the doubtful clouds of her policy, and the still darker mysteries of her character, break and open. And this strange woman once more appears before us, surprised, by a sudden pang of nature, back again into humanity, into a sphere accessible to pity and tenderer thought. Mary's son had just been born, and the proud Scotch messenger carrying the news, went post-haste to Greenwich, where the English Court was, to tell Elizabeth of the new heir. She was in the midst of her brilliant Court, probably putting aside care for the moment, and trying to forget her troubles. When the news was told a sudden pang struck her; she fell back in her chair, and hid her face and cried out in a momentary agony. There are few things in history more pathetic than this exclamation, wrung out of her heart in her surprise and sudden bitter sense of contrast. "The Queen of Scots is the mother of a fair son, and I am but a barren stock," cried the heart-struck woman—an exclamation which no one who has ever known those sudden pangs of self-pity produced by an unlooked-for contrast, can hear, even over the

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calm distance of three centuries, without a thrill of compassion.

And here again the wonderful contrast between Elizabeth as a queen and Elizabeth as a woman cannot but strike the observer.— She was false to every principle of honour as applied to her public conduct. Yet she held for years, and in the face of countless obstacles to that sacred point of honour to a woman—the impossibility of marrying one man while she loved another. Whenever her throne and power were more than usually menaced, she made a languid fuss about matrimony and professed to be winding herself up to the pitch of marrying — the Archduke, or whoever else might be in question. But every pretence which could justify procrastination was eagerly seized. She could not give up her love. To marry him—though she made painful, pitiful efforts to sound everybody on the subject, and test the temper of her subjects whether they would bear it—she dared not. But she kept faithful to him, in spite of all the greater questions that were involved. She displayed the highest truth and constancy of romance, along with the most thorough dissimulation. She even took pleasure in deception in public matters; while in this greatest personal matter she was romantically, fantastically true. At this special moment of the infant's birth, Elizabeth had many special causes for bitterness. Not to say that the one thing of all others which she detested was that her relatives—possible heirs to her crown—should marry and multiply while she did not,—the mere fact that Mary had a son increased her popularity at once tenfold. What the nation wanted was an heir; and here was a woman who had proved herself capable of giving to the nation what it wanted. What had Mary done that she should have all these advantages? — that to her should be given to marry the man she had chosen to marry, and to produce the child whom it was so necessary to produce. Providence itself seemed in the league with the fairer, younger, bolder rival, who was but waiting the earliest favourable opportunity, not so much of succeeding as of dethroning Elizabeth. The ominous Catholic League was rising like a great shadow across the channel—her quick-witted and daring enemy lay in wait across the Border. No man could tell when these forces might join—when the disaffected half of England might rise—when the legitimate Catholic queen, with her invaluable infant, might ride to the gates of London as she had threatened, and sweep away into prison or overthrow the legitimate Protestant, who was but a barren stock. These were the thoughts that moved Elizabeth. She did not know that Providence, which she thus upbraided, was about to work for her in the most appalling and tragic way; that the days had come which changed Mary Stuart's career, hitherto so promising and successful, and set horror and fear, instead of hope and expectation, to be the attendants of her life.

The story of Darnley's murder

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is too well known to require re-description here—if indeed such a repetition would not be presumptuous in presence of Mr. Burton's clear and vivid narrative, and the wonderfully impressive picture given by Mr. Froude. We know of no corresponding event in history. Murders there have been enough in all ages, and conspiracies of as unmitigated blackness; but anything involving such a rush and whirl of human passion, has but rarely occured on this generally temperate earth. The act itself—the pale figure of the unhappy boy, on whom his death, and that alone, throws a certain interest—altogether fades before the amazing tragical excitement with which posterity for all these years has looked back upon the miserable woman who was the inspiration, the prize, and the victim of this extraordinary crime. For our own part, we find it difficult to realise even the manner of intelligence which can conclude Mary to be innocent.

In the letter written just before her marriage, it is apparent that the man for whom she had made such terrible sacrifices did not even repay her with love and constancy. She was indeed, to all appearance, as wretched with, as without this miserable villain, passionately as she loved him—a result which, perhaps, was to be expected.—There was no comfort for her after she had once taken the awful step. A whirl of passion and horror sweeps up all the incidents of this wonderful crisis into one. It is like a lurid mist through which the fatal explosion of the Kirk-of-Field—the midnight cries of vengeance in the Edinburgh streets—the dumb pause of baffled justice and paralysed power—the incredible marriage,—the Queen's elaborate public explanations, her pretended abduction, her real flight, the transports of her love, and the cries of her disappointment—mingle in one wild confusion. Even at the moment when she has attained her object, she is heard to weep, and ask for a knife to kill herself. Dreadful and heart-rending is the picture; but it is grand only because it is guilty—because this frenzy of hope and despair, this wild struggle against the impossible, is the very climax of life to the chief actor—because she has set her heart on the cast, and has staked everything—name, fame, innocence, existence, salvation. A white, angelic victim, sacrificed to a villain's plots and passions, naturally interests all gentle and unsophisticated souls. But to represent Mary Stuart in this light, is to take away everything that is characteristic, everything that is unique, out of the magnificent but baleful picture. Innocence has little to do with such grand tableaux of history. She is grand in her passion, in her struggle, in her self-abandonment, in her guilt.

This marvellous and breathless tale naturally takes the colour out of the calm progress of affairs in England and Elizabeth's unprogressive life. Not that these were calm in themselves. No

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doubt, many things were going on in England, of equal, it might be even of superior, importance in the history of the world—settlements of many weighty matters which still tell upon our actual life. But the great tragedy going on in Scotland was for the moment the point to which the eyes of Christendom were directed. Horror and amazement filled the minds of men. And other sovereigns and other nations —England and Elizabeth principally, who were the nearest and most interested—became, as it were, for the moment, spectators of this wonderful outburst of human passion. It cannot be said, however, that Elizabeth treated her rival in any ungenerous way. She was stunned, like everybody else, by the catastrophe—but, perhaps, disgusted by the extravagance of dissimulation into which her last tampering with the Scotch Lords had led her, she refused to interpose, and contented herself with offering her advice to Mary in such terms as became their relationship and her maturer age. When, however, the short fever of the marriage with Bothwell had come to an end, when Mary, for the first time unsuccessful in the field, had been compelled to yield to the Lords, to part with her villainous husband, and to yield herself up to the tender mercies of her outraged subjects, Elizabeth's conduct came to be of the most strangely equivocal character. She plead so hotly, so fiercely, so pertinaciously for her sister's liberation, that Mary's life had all but paid the penalty of her impetuosity. It was the first time the Scottish Queen had been, so to speak, in Elizabeth's power; and had she kept silent, and allowed events to take their course, it would have been all that the beautiful culprit could have expected from her.—Yet all at once we see her becoming Mary's advocate to such a point of fervour as almost to drive the Lords to do their utmost against their own Queen by way of showing their independence of Elizabeth's counsels.

There were people found to assert that the English queen exerted herself with this intent—a hypothesis of which there is no proof. What her motive was, was hidden in the depths of her own spirit.—It might be that secret longing to see the rival, the successor who had so long and sadly troubled her, cut off at once in so just a way without any responsibility of hers, might have consciously or unconsciously moved Elizabeth—an idea not at all out of keeping with her character; or it might be simply that her creed about the sacredness of princes was her motive in her fervent championship. Any how she pressed the point so hotly, that she had to be prayed for Mary's sake to desist. If, however, her motive was such as malicious critics said, the result, though delayed for years, was after all according to her wishes. For it was Elizabeth's eager intercessions on her behalf which tempted the fugitive to throw herself upon the doubtful hospitality of England, when, after her romantic es-

cape from Lochleven and momentary stand against her enemies, she finally fled after the battle of Langside. Elizabeth, who had more than once tempted the Scots Lords into humiliation and ruin by fair words and promises of support, thus played a similar game with Mary. She never seems to have intended to give real aid to either party; and when they threw themselves upon her generosity and her promises, the process of undeceiving them was a sharp and bitter one. Murray had but lately felt the smart in its most poignant shape: but even Murray's experience was nothing to that of the fugitive Queen, who went for shelter and protection, and found a judge, a prison, and death at the end.

Perhaps the severity of Elizabeth's proceedings was quickened by the fact that the north of England, still largely Catholic, received the beautiful fugitive with enthusiasm. More than a year had elapsed since the murder of Darnley; and in a year people forget many things, especially such things as have happened out of their immediate ken. And the Cumberland gentlemen showed signs of utter subjugation to this unlooked-for visitor. This had been all along the bugbear of Elizabeth's life. She had known that it would be so. Since the moment when the young widow of France had asked permission to pass through England, it had been Elizabeth's policy to keep so dangerous a visitor out of her kingdom. And now, with the great crime in which she was involved half-forgotten, and with all the interest and romance of her misfortunes surrounding her, here she was, in the most dangerous district, holding a kind of sudden court, and witching all men who approached her.—What but sure guard and strong bars should keep such a danger in check? So far as Elizabeth herself was concerned, she would, Mr. Froude thinks (though her professions are the only proof of this, and nobody better than Mr. Froude knows what her professions were worth), have received the stranger in her own court, and treated her as a sister. But her advisers were of a wiser opinion; and it was ruled that she could not be received by Elizabeth until she had proved her innocence. Various conditions were suggested and various half-bargains made, in the beginning of her imprisonment. And among other emissaries sent to her was Sir Francis Knollys, who has left the following remarkable account of the woman with whom he was thus called upon to deal:—

"The thing she most thirsteth after is victory, and it seemth to be indifferent to her to have her enemies diminished either by the sword of her friends, or by the liberal promises and rewards of her purse, or by divisions and quarrels among themselves. So that, for victory's sake, pain and pleasure seem pleasant unto her, and in respect of victory, wealth and all things seem to her contemptible and vile. Now, what is to be done with such a lady and princess, or

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whether such a princess and lady be to be nourished in our bosom, or whether it be good to halt or dissemble with such a lady, I refer to your judgment. The plainest way is the most honourable, in my opinion."

"The thing she most thirsteth after is victory." These words show a clearer insight into Mary's character than is often to be met in the observations of contemporaries. Knollys, it is apparent, had been profoundly impressed with the power and vigour and courage of the woman whom he was sent to lecture and threaten; and perhaps of all points in her character this wonderful power of continuance and self-renovation is one of the most remarkable. She had passed through the whirlwind and the fire. Passion such as few can feel had rent her very soul, and the awful stamp of murder had touched her brow. The tragedy had been played to its end, the floor had been heaped with slain. Nemesis had come forth in her sternest aspect, and the curtain had fallen—when lo! but one year after, the heroine has taken up her life again, and bursts out of the clouds as fair, as fascinating, as full of untamable force and vitality, as if these things had been a dream. But a year, and Bothwell had disappeared like a mist from her path. He had been master of her very soul and fate—the parting from him had driven her almost mad; yet but a few months' seclusion in the solitude of Lochleven, and light has come back to her eyes, and courage to her heart. Her after-life is that of a woman who has survived herself. And a certain sense of cold and self-sufficing power lying underneath that volcano comes over us as we gaze. To live on for years after the tragedy was over, to carry with her for half a lifetime the recollection of Darnley's sickbed, of Bothwell's embrace, and, after all and over all, still to thirst for victory! No poet, even the highest, dared invent such a character. It stands before us almost awful in the vitality which nothing can impair.

The story of Mary's captivity, with all its attendant schemes and intrigues, it is impossible to compress into our limited space. The circumstances of her case are quite enough to prove, even had no actual results encumbered the record, how dangerous an inmate she was. A large number of the English peers, so far as any conception of true loyalty was possible to them at all, were more loyal to her than to their actual sovereign. She set the imagination of the young aglow, and exercised upon the common people that vague witchery which beauty, misfortune, a gracious presence, and a romantic story, have over all uncultured intelligences. She was Elizabeth's natural heir, always a difficult position; and Scotland itself, her native kingdom, was, and had been at all times, but a secondary object with her in comparison with England. Even the last and worst threat to a woman, the threat of publishing her guilt to the world, scarcely could move her to give up her claim to

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that succession which had been the leading idea of all her life. That she carried on incessant conspiracies with everybody who could be tempted to conspire, at first with the most triumphant hope and confidence, being yet young and of unbroken courage, afterwards by fits and starts, with failing assurance, yet still a spirit ready to stick at nothing, cannot be disputed even by her warmest partisans. The sight is one which must, merely as an exhibition of human vigour and indomitable will, strike every beholder with a certain amazed admiration. With such awful memories lying behind her, with victims failing for her love almost at every step she takes, with the prospect before her of ever and ever a gloomier prison, perhaps a scaffold, her infinite activity of mind her brave spirit, her unbounded resources, never fail. When one attempt has been quenched in blood, on the morrow she is as ready to try again as if the deadly game she was playing was but a summer sport interrupted by a chance shower.

Nor can any just spectator blame the captive, unless it be for a certain indifference to the blood shed in her cause, and the misery made by her countless conspiracies, which was not actual indifference after all, so much as the unconscious velocity with which such a spirit, set like a planet in its orbit, rushes on by nature through the rustling vacancy of space. She was not callous to the lost heads and aching hearts that fell on her way, but her career was too impetuous to leave her much time for mourning. It was natural that she should struggle for what she conceived to be her rights. The one dreadful episode in her life which hangs like a persistent shadow over her memory, and recurs naturally to every mind when Mary's name is named, did after all occupy little more than a year of that busy and full existence; and there seems every reason to believe that it held a much less important place in Mary's memory than it does in ours. Consciences were robust in those days, and the conscience of the Queen of Scots was perhaps even more than usually robust. It seems to have glided naturally off her memory, as the peccadilloes of youth do glide. She had suffered bitterly for it and got done with it. She left it behind her as utterly as she had left Dunbar and Holyrood. At Bolton, at Tutbury, at Wingfield, wherever she was, she was the captive representative of legitimacy, of a sovereign's divine rights, of the Catholic religion. There seems no reason to suspect that she did not in good faith conceive herself to be so. Therefore her conspiracies were not only justifiable, but a glory and honour to her. Even the last, in which the assassination of Elizabeth was aimed at, if indeed she knew of this particular, was nothing to startle a woman in her position. It was but a clearer and more distinct (as became her nature) recognition of the fact which her great rival found out and acted on so soon

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after. Elizabeth and Mary could not exist in one sphere. They were incompatible each with the other. This was the plain issue to which it came at last.

Thus there was nothing unnatural in Mary's continual struggle to free herself and reclaim her position, had that been possible. But she was a shrewd inmate to the embarrassed neighbour who could neither trust her nor get rid of her. It is hard to see what Elizabeth could have done other than what she finally did to dispose safely of her troublesome guest.—In England she was, even in her prison, a centre of disaffection.—Free, she would have been at the head of a Catholic army, and civil war would have desolated the country. Whether, had she been suffered to escape to France, she might have done less harm, is a problem now impossible to solve; but Elizabeth, in her own opinion at least, would have been, as she said, acting like a fool in letting her go. And Scotland would not have her at any price. What was to be done with her? The theory that Elizabeth's revengeful passions were satisfied by the humiliation and murder of her rival—that she inveigled Mary into her hands, and tortured her slowly to the brink of the grave before she satisfied her vengeance by the final blow—is one of those primitive and simple minded conceptions which arose before the age of historical criticism. The Queen of England was no monster: she was a woman of a troublesome temper, a very uncertain mind, and immense pride, and a wonderful horror of the idea of anything or anybody outliving and succeeding herself. She stands amid the curious revelations of modern history a strange gigantic specimen of that class of managing women which keeps the world in general in so much hot water. Mr. Froude, for his part, who is considered a champion of Elizabeth, has done the most curious office by her that ever champion did for his liege lady. The world has been generally of opinion for a century or two, as many simple minded persons are at this moment, that she was the vainest, the cruelest, the most envious and malignant, but also one of the ablest of women. We have looked upon her as an ogress persecuting to the death a beautiful forlorn princess whose chief fault (beyond a few doubtful extravagances of youth) was that of being lovelier, sweeter, in every way more delightsome to the eye and to the mind, than her grim adversary; but at the same time we have given to that grim adversary all the strength and determination necessary to the character. The fact seems to have been that Elizabeth's great faculty in this world was that of making what is vulgarly called a mull of everything she touched. When she has made a move in one direction she seems to feel it necessary instantly to make a move in the opposite direction to neutralise the first. She plays her right hand against her left, makes strategic movements at one and the same moment in advance and in re-

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treat, and sometimes labours even under the difficulty of forgetting which string she pulled last, and whose turn it is to be managed. A kind of forlorn attempt to get at the middle course, which is the safe and sure one, seems to be the inspiration of her life; but in her struggles after this *juste milieu*, she drags everybody into the mire, and is herself always seen labouring out of it, muddy and halting, when any emergency happens.—Thus in the examination made into the charges against Mary after her arrival in England, Elizabeth contrives to secure a general breakdown, and the discomfiture of everybody—accusers, accused, judges, witnesses, herself included. She will manage it in her own way.—She will have the crime proved, and yet not proved; fixing Mary's assailants before the world, half as righteous pursuers of wickedness, half as rebels and false accusers, and leaving Mary herself in the anomalous position of a culprit, neither acquitted nor found guilty. As long as any good end could be served by keeping silence about so great a scandal, Elizabeth pushed on the investigation; and when the moment came that made a full and clear judgment a public necessity, her other demon had seized her, and her fatal faculty of interference confused the lengthy and elaborate process into a hopeless muddle. After the proofs of Mary's complicity, the fatal letters, had been seen, examined, and received as indisputable by the Commission which investigated them, a sudden compunction seized Elizabeth about their publication to the world.—This she would still spare "her sister;" and she did so, leaving for herself as well as Mary the consequences of this incomplete judgment to wear their lives out, and to perplex posterity. Whether, had those strange documents been published, the revelation of Mary's mind which they made would have sufficed to neutralize the fascination of Mary's person and position, is perhaps doubtful; but anyhow, Elizabeth lost the fruit of her pains, and left a delusive uncertainty to hang over the whole matter, and to aid in those softening effects of time and forgetfulness which did the Queen of Scots such service. Such acts form the ordinary strain of Elizabeth's life. It seemed impossible for her to let anything alone, to suffer anything to proceed to its natural issue, to take any step at the right time; and yet, strangely enough, the nature of the age was such that this shuffling and uncertain career realised most of the efforts of wisdom. Her double action made Elizabeth slow in all her decisions, and ere her doubtful mind was made up, Providence had so often settled the question that procrastination almost seemed a virtue. But to everybody surrounding her—to her councillors, her commanders, all the imperial agents who had to suffer for her mistakes, and act as scapegoats for her on all occasions she was a continued hindrance and embarrassment. Her private life was as unsuccessful as that of Mary,

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even in prison and banishment, was triumphant. The enthusiasm inspired by the captive never, except in the unsavoury shape of a mob's applause, rose round the English Queen. Her vanity was poorly satisfied, if it was satisfied at all, by the princely candidates among whom she was so vainly entreated to choose a husband. Her love was more poorly satisfied still, since Leicester, the object of so faithful an affection, seems, between the intervals in which she entertained the idea of marrying him, to have solaced himself with three wives. Yet in all this she was but reaping as she sowed. Into no action of her life did she ever throw herself fully with her entire heart and will, and from nobody did she receive, or perhaps could she receive, more than she gave. A mind always under the sway of secondary motives cannot expect and has no right to the power of calling forth the profounder primitive emotions in others. After three hundred years, Mary, guilty and miserable, has yet the ear and the interest of the world. Elizabeth, great and prosperous, has nothing to set off against the attractions of her rival. The life of the one was glorious, wretched, shameful, detestable, magnificent; the life of the other was great, sombre, monotonous—even in the most exciting crises, and amid the grandest events—awaking political rather than personal feeling—the life of one, as we have already said, who awoke no enthusiasm and won no man's heart.

Nothing, however, can be more contemptible than the attempt of unphilosophical history to speak scandal of Queen Elizabeth, and to throw upon a woman whose life proves her so self-controlled, and who was strong enough to conquer her inclinations even in the height of youth, the imputation of silly and senile loves in her age. It seems doubtful, notwithstanding her intense affection for him, whether she ever went the length of desiring to marry even Leicester.—His society, his conversation, the daily sight of him, was necessary to her. Probably she cared for no more. There are such women, though it is a fashion to doubt their existence.

The last scene of all came to these two rivals with the same wonderful and picturesque force of contrast which was apparent through their lives. Mary had lived potentially all her existence, and she had the faculty of dying greatly—a faculty which belonged to her race. No more solemn picture has ever been drawn by history than that of the hall at Fotheringay, where the worn but princely woman, calm and splendid, completed, as people say, her long expiation. She had received the intelligence of her doom without the tingling of a nerve or a change of colour. She spent her last night in this world as a saint might have done, gravely, sweetly, with the profound composure and hush of all emotion which such a certainty brings to a great heart. She had a great heart, though she had sinned as few

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women have sinned—and now the fever and the fret were over. With a tender natural grace such as never failed her, she pledged her weeping servants after her last meal. She was the only one among the strange assembly in the grey February morning who preserved her calm. Her priest was denied her, and alone, kneeling in her little oratory, she read the death-psalms, interrupted by the summons of her executioners. Then she went down, feeble of limb but strong of heart, to where the block was prepared for her. Even these hideous details awaken no tremor of imagination in her royal self-command. The voice of the English dean, who, in default of the exhortation which she declined to listen to, had begun to read the burial service of the English liturgy, mingled with her utterance as she said on her knees the penitential psalms, but did not disturb her solemn abstraction. Then uncovering her fair neck, she stretched it out to the fatal stroke. There were present two English earls, two weeping women of Mary's chamber, the dean, the executioner. Her little dog had crept under her skirts as she knelt, and was found there. Such is all the tale. Her high courage had stood her in stead at many a harder emergency, and it did not fail in this last sharp but effectual remedy for all trouble.—Thus she died, a fatal woman who had brought death to well nigh all the councillors of her youth, all her lovers and champions. She had seen them fall on her path, man by man, yet had never failed of again another and another.—And now her last act was done with such nobility, with such solemnity, as has all but awed the world out of recollection of the stormy scenes before. For our own part, we offer no plea for Mary Stuart, nor attempt to veil the crimes of her career; but as she stands we know of no more wonderful figure in all the long panorama of history.—Had she but been a man, the chances are our chroniclers would have preserved her name as that of the greatest of all the Stuart kings.

When Mary was thus put out of her way, something of the spell which had been upon Elizabeth broke off from her. The Armada came and brought with it the greatest personal success of her waning life. The great stimulus of invasion quickened the blood in her veins, and she both spoke and acted as she had seldom done in her life, in a way befitting a sovereign prince. Hereafter no rival vexed her; but the long struggle about the succession, which had been, as she said, like her death-knell, continued year by year, kept up on one side by the most pertinacious importunity, on the other by an obstinate and unreasonable resistance, which, now that no Catholic heir was by to change succession into supersession, and no direct heir was possible to Elizabeth, was more a sign of personal weakness than of policy. By death, by freaks of sudden rebellion sharply and hardly punished, her friends dropt off from her. Leicester, long loved,

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had died, and in the callousness of her age she had mourned him little. Essex, her bright young favourite, had given his head as the penalty of his rash trick of rebellion. At last the time came when Elizabeth too felt the touch of mortal weakness. Perhaps on account of a superstition, perhaps from reluctance to yield to the weakness she felt stealing over her, she refused to go to bed, and placed herself "on cushions on the floor, neither sitting nor lying, her eyes open and fixed on the ground"—silent, nobody with her to win her last confidences, to give her the last tribute of tears. To the last day of her life the endless question of the succession was still dinned into her ears. Then, with a characteristic burst of impatience, she gave the answer which only that last agony could tear from her. Who could it be but her cousin of Scotland? Let them trouble her no more. But the men were human, and knew that they would have their answer to make and their life to live after the last palpitations of this worn-out existence were over; and they did trouble her more, coming back again to seek a plainer answer. It was after the very priests had left her, when the dying woman could have but the last charity of being left in peace.—When the unwelcome demand, the last that she was to hear in this world, as it had been the accompaniment of her life for nearly fifty years, fell on her ear, she raised herself in her bed, throwing up her withered arms over her head with a gesture of impatience or despair. This was the last sign or token of life in her. Pursued to the very brink of the grave by this insatiable claim—loveless, old, solitary, worn out by time and care, the great Elizabeth, with this pathetic gesture, dumb appeal to God or man, went forth, as we have all to go in our time. She died in her bed, as most people think it easiest and most seemly to die. Yet few will say of this deathbed scene that it is less mournful, less pitiful, than that of the Fotheringay scaffold, while to grandeur or solemnity it has no pretension. Mary had kept her advantage to the last. And she and hers had won in the long and weary struggle.

We are aware that we have done no full justice in this sketch to the character of Elizabeth. In the contrast, the more vigorous individuality, the more exciting life, unconsciously carries away the sympathy of the writer, as perhaps of the reader also. Our interest goes with Mary, of all women, of all human creatures known to modern history, one of the most marvellous. But our pity remains with Elizabeth. The beautiful creature who perplexed and confused the existence of the English Queen had everything that this world could give—everything a woman prizes, love, adoration, enthusiasm, passion—the indulgence of all her wishes, everything she chose to have, except the English crown; and at the end time and space to "expiate," as the word goes, all her ill-doing, and go grand-

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ly out of the world, as a martyr might have gone. Elizabeth had none of these things. She has now no enthusiast to make a stand for her, no one, now or ever, to take up her cause. Yet she had the heart to deny herself, to give up what she most wished for the sake of her country, and, by the help of Providence and Cecil, to make that country greater than it had ever been before. Her life, notwithstanding its magnificence, is one of the saddest of lives. It is hard, when one comes to think of it, that Mary, having had all the good things of a woman's existence, should have all the pity too.

[*The Quiver*.

THE PEARL OF RESEARCHES.

It is something to be the discoverer of the famous Koh-i-noor diamond, the most precious gem in existence. But to some minds it will appear no less honourable to have been the discoverer of the oldest copy of the Holy Scriptures in the world. This honour belongs to one now famous in the literary and theological world, Constantine Tischendorf, whose labours in the cause of the Greek of the Old and New Testament have long made his name a leading one among those who love the purity of the Book on which they build their hope.

Strange to say, it is only within the last eight years that Europe has known the most ancient written copy of the Bible which the Western Church now possesses. For no less than 1,500 years the book had lain carefully preserved, indeed, but inadequately valued, amidst the mouldering manuscripts of an eastern society of monks. The story of the finding of this precious biblical treasure has only recently been given to the public, and our readers doubtless will be interested in a brief sketch of what Dr. Tischendorf has done in connection with the now famoms Sinaitic manuscript.

Dr. Tischendorf when a very young man made a name for himself by theological essays, which were published in 1838, and the the success of which induced him in that year to devote himself to the important, but comparatively neglected, task of correcting the Greek Testament, so as, if possible, to discover, by comparing together the most ancient manuscripts, the very words the apostles wrote. We need scarcely say that no Christian reader ought to rest satisfied with an imperfect text, if a more perfect one can possibly be attained by careful study. So, at least, it seemed to this German student, who immediately set

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about comparing together all the old copies of the New Testament which he could find in the libraries of Rome, Paris, Berlin, Oxford, Cambridge, and London.

But, like many another scholar, Dr. Tischendorf was a man of very moderate means, in consequence of which he often found difficulty in making the long journeys required by his labours of comparing distant documents. He, doubtless, sometimes found liberal aid in the grants made him by the Saxon and other governments; but these grants he was obliged to eke out by labouring as a writer or tutor from place to place. Some idea of the distance travelled by him in his journeys may be gained when we name some of the countries and cities visited by him in his search for ancient MSS. In 1843 he visited Holland, England, and Switzerland. He then toured through Florence, Venice, Modena, Milan, Verona, and Turin. In 1844 he pushed to the East, visiting Egypt and the Coptic convents of the Lybian desert, Mount Sinai, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Smyrna, the isle of Patmos, Beyrout, Constantinople, Athens. Then, calling at Vienna and Munich, he returned to Leipzig. This journey cost the student 5,000 thalers.

But it was well-spent money, hard come by as it was in various ways, for during the course of this journey, at the Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, Dr. Tischendorf discovered what he terms "the pearl of all his researches."

In visiting the library of this monastery, May, 1844, he perceived, in the middle of the great hall, a basket full of old parchments among which a large part of a copy of the Old Testament in Greek was found, which seemed to Dr. Tischendorf the oldest he had ever seen. He was given a few sheets of the book freely enough by the liberal monks, but he displayed so much joy at his new possession that the jealous fraternity resolved to give him no more, perceiving that they possessed a value hitherto quite un known to their owners.

Obliged to turn his back on the remainder of the treasure, the scholar did not forget, in a distant land, the basket of vellum over which his mouth had watered.—With the pertinacity which marks a real student, he planned for no less than fourteen years how he could gain possession of the whole. In the meantime he made a second unsuccessful visit to the Sinai convent—unsuccessful, that is, in the attempt to re-discover the original documents, for his labours were partially rewarded by meeting with several important Arabic MSS.—His intermediate years were not wasted, for he succeeded, from time to time, in adding materially to our stock of manuscripts of parts of the Bible.

In 1858, after much negotiation with various learned bodies and governments, the Czar of Russia equipped Dr. Tischendorf for a journey to Mount Sinai, where he arrived in January, 1859. For some weeks he pored over one dusty

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folio after another, in a manner which made some of the simple friars marvel whether he had resolved to make his diet, like the moth, on the mouldering tomes of antiquity. The very evening before the day he had determined to set off home, believing his search to be unavailing, he had a walk with the steward of the convent, who afterwards, taking him to his own cell, said, "I, too, have read a copy of the Old Testament in Greek;" whereupon, taking down from a shelf a bundle covered with red cloth, he handed it to the stranger, who, opening it, at a glance saw that it contained, not only the Old Testament of which he was in search, but the whole of the New Testament also, in the most ancient characters, together with two other treatises in Greek, which were never joined with the Bible since the time of the Emperor Constantine the Great, about 325 or 350 years after Christ. The joy of the traveller cannot be told. He knew that at that instant he held in his hands the most precious biblical treasure in existence—the oldest known copy of the Bible in the world. He hid his feelings better this time, and obtained leave to carry the Bible to his own room, where he gave way to such raptures as a lover may feel who has just returned to his affianced after an absence of years. The more he looked at the old pages, brown and crumpled, but bearing the square letters, [illegible] more than [illegible] lain in the tomb, the more did he covet and long for the book.—Though the night was late and cold he sat down to copy out one of the additional treatises, the Epistle of Barnabas, a complete Greek copy of which had not previously been known and his thoughts went back to the time when this very copy had laid open on the desk of some primitive church, about the year when the Nicene Creed was first drawn up by the Catholic bishops under the presidency of Constantine.

But to find the MS. was one thing, to carry it away was another. No one knew this better than Dr. Tischendorf, who spent, in consequence, a considerable period in journeying between Sinai and Cairo, where the prior happened to be, and in sending a messenger back on a camel to the convent bearing the prior's order to return with the coveted parcel. At Cairo, beneath a sultry sky, and with aching temples, Dr. Tischendorf actually copied out no less than 110,000 lines of obscure and nearly faded Greek writing—a task which, if he had done nothing else, would sufficiently prove the enthusiasm with which he was animated.

But the great desire of his mind was to present the original itself to the Czar, which, after a repetition of delays and difficulties, the doctor was at length able to effect.—Not until the 27th of September did he attain his purpose, and on the 19th of November, 1859, nearly a year after his departure for the East, Dr. Tischendorf presented to the Emperor, in the Winter Palace at Tsarkoe-Selo, his rich collection

of old Greek, Syriac, Coptic and Arabic MSS., amongst which the Sinaitic Bible shone like a crown. He then proposed to the Emperor that an edition of the book in facsimile should be published at the Imperial cost, which should be regarded as one of the noblest undertakings in critical and biblical study. This proposal was favorably received, and in October, 1862, the edition, in four folio volumes, was presented by its editor to his Imperial patron. The book was given to the world at the thousandth annual celebration of the foundation of the Russian monarchy.

We need scarcely say that to possess a copy of the Scriptures written one thousand years before the Reformation—before the separation of the Eastern from the Latin Church—before Charlemagne and his German empire—before the growth of almost all the heresies which have disturbed the peace and unity of the Church so long; perhaps before the first of the four great councils which finally settled the creed of Christendom—is a fact of which the importance cannot be overrated.

Previous to the finding of this copy, there was but one MS. of the New Testament known dating so far back as the fourth century, and in it several of the Epistles are wanting. This copy, next in antiquity and value to the Sinaitic, is the Vatican MS., long preserved in Rome, and over whose pages hungry scholars have given many a hasty glance, since it was long the custom to forbid all visitors to take copies of more than a verse or two. The fourth century gives us no copies of the Scriptures but these two. The next in age is the London Manuscript, in the British Museum, written probably at Alexandria, in the fifth century, and presented to Charles I. by the Patriarch of Constantinople, 1628.—Besides these, the only remaining one worthy to be placed, is the Paris MS., over which some atrocious mediæval scribe has written the treatises of one Ephrem Syrus.

The two reasons of the high importance of this very early book are—first, that it enables scholars to arrive with great precision at a knowledge of the words of the Bible, as they were known and read so long ago as the fourth century. For our knowledge of these words we were till lately indebted to one copy only—that referred to as lying among the treasures of the Vatican at Rome. The new Bible—if we may term "new" the oldest in the world—is wonderfully similar, in almost every verse, to that Roman copy; and, by the help of these two, together with the few others which come nearest to them in time, we are gradually being enabled to discover, as nearly as possible, what flowed—word for word—from the pens of John and Paul, Matthew and Luke, James and Mark, Peter and Jude, and thus to possess a certainty—which we could not have if these two oldest copies had never met the gaze of scholars—of the true text of the Scriptures.

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The other great reason of the importance of this discovery is, that we are able to turn round to infidels and sceptics and say, "You have sometimes accused us of falsifying or changing our Scriptures. What will you say when we produce, from the dusty piles of an eastern convent, an unknown copy, which, when compared with our previous ones, is found to agree, chapter by chapter, and verse by verse, and for the most part, word by word, with the books we had before?—Does not doubt itself die before such an evidence that 300 years, or less, after the death of our Saviour, the Christian Bible was just what it is to-day?"

All honour, then, to Dr. Tischendorf for his steady zeal, persevering labours, and brilliant success—a success which has made many another scholar feel somewhat jealous, but which has, at the same time, added a pillar to the Christain faith, just at the moment when unbelievers said it was needed most. "Her foundations are sure."

[*London Society*.

GOLDSMITH AT THE TEMPLE GATE.

Goldsmith, returned to Temple Gate,
  Waits till the drowsy porter opens.
The night is cold, the hour is late—
  His wealth no pounds, no shillings, no pence!
Weary, he seeks his lone abode—
  But now the butt of wits at dinner—
And his last guinea has bestowed
  Upon some straying, starving sinner!

What does he ponder, standing there
  At midnight dark, and cold and stilly?—
That life is but a highway bare—
  Bleak, bitter, desolate and chilly;
That while the busy, thoughtless rout
  Rush this way—that way—twenty more ways,
Poor feeble wretches, falling out,
  Die all unheeded in the doorways.

That Genius oft must "pad the hoof,"
  While Dullness soars on banknote pinions
(That—scarce affords to hire a roof,
  This—is the heir of vast dominions);

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That, when a quarrel is begun,
  It is not always Wrong begins it;
That, when the fight is fought and won,
  It is not always Right that wins it.

That Virtue oft is punished sore,
  And Vice struts off with stars and garters;
That man by Truth sets little store,
  And Sham can boast a crowd of martyrs;
Yet that—howe'er our life is cast—
  One solacing, unfailing trust is
That restitution comes at last—
  The end is God's eternal justice!

And therefore that our steps are led
  When most it seems they're straying blindly!—
Such thoughts perchance are in his head,
  Sprung of a gentle heart, and kindly.
That head will throb—that heart will ache
  Its last ere long; and Goldsmith's mourners
Their tearful way shall hither make
  From twenty different nooks and corners.

For when at length life's tether broke—
  (How many men might wish it their case!)—
A crowd of simple, loving folk
  Sat sobbing on the gusty staircase:
And Reynolds, Johnson, Burke—the men
  From whom the times their glory borrow—
Laid by the brush—flung down the pen,
  And wept him with a genuine sorrow.

That was an age of giant wits,
  Who as a child were wont to hold him;
But now, "poor Goldy," where he sits
  Must smile to see how we've enrolled him.
We crown the heroes of his days,
  But in the midst of them we place him,
And while to them our hats we raise,
  For him!—our open arms embrace him!

So Goldsmith died:—and with him died
  The pensions of some score retainers,
For whom he oft himself denied—
  Poor ragged, wretched Drury Laners!

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He died in debt! But left mankind
  The heirs to an abundant treasure,
The writings of a master mind,
  A genius gifted past all measure!

They say he owed two thousand, quite!
  Yet who about the sum would bicker?
More than a living was his right,
  Who gave us the immortal Vicar!
How can we count a price that pays
  For the enchantment that bewitched us?
How can we worthily appraise
  The lavish fancy that enriched us?

The sighs and laughter, tears and smiles,
  The which his cunning way to win is—
His gentle jests, his pleasant wiles,
  All going for two thousand guineas!
What churl would for their songs begrudge
  Fruit to the blackbirds and the thrushes?
Goldsmith a debtor! Nay—adjudge
  How much we owe to him—with blushes!

* * * * *

Peace to our ashes, "little Noll,"
  You "like an angel" talk, not write, now.*
Great men of letters to extol—
  Not satirise you—all unite now.
Your pen has won a deathless name—
  Your life a tender recollection..
Let others envy you the fame,
  I'd only ask for the affection!

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* "Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll."—GARRICK'S EPITAPH.

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[*London Standard.*

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

Mr. Mill cannot conceal his impatience to bring forward, in committee on the Reform Bill, the amendments of which he has given notice. The first and most prominent of these is, of course, that which proposes to confer the electoral suffrage upon women. We will assume that he is in earnest, and really believes in the equal political rights of the sexes. We will even accept as genuine the petitions he has presented, with masculine and feminine signatures, and not inquire too closely into the proportion of school girls, and other misses still in their teens, whose pretty penmanship has urged an allowance of their claims as voters; but it is hard to believe that Parliament can be tempted into any solemn dissertations upon the subject, which is better in harmony with the intellectual temperature of an American State Convention than with that of the English House of Commons. It affords a good ground for the exercise and display of ingenuity, yet even in this respect the topic is very threadbare. We know of all the arguments beforehand—female prose-writers, poets and scientific students, teachers, preachers, sovereigns, and administrators; women diplomatists and economists, women's influence over kings and cabinets, parliaments and constituencies. The whole of this has been said, more or less pointedly, a hundred times; but it has nothing, in the remotest degree, to do with the question which the philosopher of Westminster proposes. Nor, upon the other hand, need we go with those who maintain that the sole end and object of educating women is to fit them for the duties of maternity, on Napoleon's principle that it is "the fate of the mother." That is a narrow view which must be repulsive to all women of thoughtful natures; but, taking the most "perfect woman, nobly planned," why should she be mixed up in the moral heat and dust, the strife and jealousy, the excitement and scandals of parliamentary election? It is not that she is without the mental qualifications, not that she is inferior—for, being different, she may yet be equal—not that she would misuse the franchise; but that it would be unnatural to her. Grant much of the advocacy on her part—that she is made to be more than a parent for her children and a companion for her husband; that she may be called upon to act in neither capacity; that it is not her allotted task to "conquer at home those who con-

quer abroad." It is not because she is excluded from political activity that she should be either a silly young wife or a sour old maid, fit only for cats or croquet, discontented with herself and useless to society. Nor is it because she does not mount the platform that she is to enjoy no power in the land.—We do not even make the objection that our English Miranda has not been sitting long enough or attentively enough at the feet of the Parliamentary Prospero to fit her for exercising the suffrage ; our objections are—firstly, that the vote is not necessary to her, and, secondly, that she does not want it.

We first heard of this demand about the spring of the year 1850, and in the American State of Ohio, where a Woman's Rights Convention was held, where a woman was president, and where all the speakers were women. We shall be curious to learn how much of their arguments Mr. Mill will condescend to repeat. They declared themselves injured because they had not the suffrage, or seats in senates and jury-boxes. They insisted upon these, they said, as they did upon their lives and their liberties. Why should they, if accused of crime, be tried by male judges and male juries? This reasoning goes a great way too far, we fancy, for the courteous representative of Westminster. It simply aims at a total demolition and reconstruction of society. For there is one thing which, we admit, is not very logical, but which is, notwithstanding, of the utmost potency against them. It is custom, "the great viceroy of nature." An ordinary Reform Bill is not an invasion of our feelings, which this suggestion is. The idea is barred by immemorial precedent and universal practice. The mightiest minds of all ages have in vain hinted at a change. But there is more than the prejudice of generations which is also hostile to any innovation of the kind.

We are told that women are made legally inferior because they are physically weaker. Do they themselves believe it? They know that the entire wealth and strength of nations have a thousand times in the annals of the world been arrayed on their behalf. The vast majority of them know, too, that by their own instinctive consent they have always avoided politics and publicity ; that they prefer private and domestic life ; that there are countless spheres of action in which they may shine ; that the vulgarity of canvassing, of tavern meetings, of hustings personalities, are alike unsuited to their modesty and their love of quiet. Mr. Mill would destroy the most beautiful, the priceless characteristics of home. Where would the weary rest, with a constituency round the fireside hotter than the fireside itself? It is a terrible fancy—that of papa arguing his daughters out of the yellow ranks into the blue, or giving his wife a choice between independence and pin-money. As we have said, it is nearly impossible to treat this subject with much gravity. There will be too much of

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that, perhaps, in the discussion to come. Nothing can be easier than to expose, as a paradox, that while a woman may be a queen she cannot be an elector, or to demonstrate her fitness for politics by pointing to the common examples of Elizabeth, Isabella of Castille, Catherine of Russia, and Jeanne d'Albrecht. Will all this, or any of it, reconcile us to have candidates taking advantage of business hours to canvass our families and persuade the ladies into opposition? That is really the question. We do not want and will not consent to have the English household turned into a hot-bed of political opinions, or to have the minds of girls hardened by the influence of factious controversy, made selfish and unfeeling, plunged into the struggles, rivalries and collisions of public warfare, immersed in newspapers and quarterlies. But, it is objected, we keep one-half of our species in an unjust and compulsory subordination to the other. If that were true there might be a better case for Mr. Mill to plead upon. Is it true, however? At any rate, women do not say so. They are not asking for this concession. They are ridiculing it. Ninety-nine hundredths of them only expect to be amused when they read the debate on the member for Westminster's motion. Of course it is always possible to collect a few signatures for any petition upon any subject whatever; but it must be impossible for the most extreme champion of the female prerogative to maintain that, upon the whole, or in any large degree, the women of England are favourable to this crotchet.—Nor is this all. Allowing that men exercise the power, have they, in general, made an unmanly and selfish use of it? Here again, women, if consulted, would answer, no. Never were the sympathies and attractions of the domestic roof more dominant in our country than now. Never was there a time when it would have been more difficult to destroy or disturb them.—But if Miss Corinthia, at the age of twenty-one, is to have a vote, and swear by one journal, and Miss Cornelia is also to have a vote and swear by her own particular organ, and if the mother of these interesting girls is to have a third opinion and a third oracle, and if their father is to differ from all three, and if candidates are to come about the house with those methods of bribery which the law can never prevent, "merry" indeed may England hope to be. The spark of the *mens divinior*, kindled by the franchise, would speedily spread into a flame; the breakfast-table would become a stage, either of sullen brooding or disputatious talk; dinner a Parliament; supper a division. The prospect leads us irresistibly to extravagance. Either women will agree with their husbands or fathers, or they will not. If they do, the feminine franchise is a nullity; if they do not, it is a source of domestic dissension. But, taken altogether, the work is unfit for them; their education tends, as it ought, in other directions; their natures bloom into other ideas than

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those of election committees; they themselves acknowledge the truth; and Mr. Mill, with a few thousand of "true blue" clients to back him, cannot catch a whisper of support from the millions, for whom, having manufactured a brief, he arrogates a right to plead.

[*Chambers's Journal.*

BENEFIT OF THE CLERGY.

"To be hanged without benefit of clergy." The first three words of the sentence seem severe enough, but the last part of it conveys to many minds an idea that the intention of the legislature was to increase indefinitely the punishment of the culprit by sending him,

> Cut off even in the blossom of his sin,
> Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,

to the other world, after breaking his neck with a halter in this one.

Such, however, was not the design of the framers of the sentence, nor did "benefit of clergy," refer in any way to those spiritual ministrations which the coldest form of charity would not deny to the condemned. Benefit of clergy was a privilege founded upon the exemption which clerks in orders originally claimed from the jurisdiction of secular judges. Basing their claim upon the text, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm," and theoretically, perhaps, on the presumed impossibility of men whose calling it was "to wait upon God continually" committing any serious crime, the clergy, in the days when justice was hampered by superstition, procured that, no matter how heinous the offence of which they had been accused, they were to be answerable to their own ordinary only, and not to the king's justices. A clerk arraigned or convicted before a secular judge, had but to declare who and what he was, his declaration being backed up, if necessary, by the demand of his bishop, and he was discharged into the custody of the ordinary, who was supposed to provide some sufficient punishment for him, or else to deliver him by "purgation." The latter process was most frequently adopted; it consisted in the accused taking oath before the ordinary that he was innocent, and a certain number of other people asserting, also upon oath, that they believed his statement.

In this way the clergy enjoyed an almost complete immunity from punishment for their crimes, and as these were neither few nor slight, their privilege gave rise to much complaint by those who had to smart where the clergy were set free, and still more by those whom the clerical delinquents had outraged. The offensive assertion of

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the privilege in the case of the clergyman whom A'Becket refused to allow to be tried at common law, brought about the Constitution of Clarendon, and ultimately the death of the archbishop.

The Constitution of Clarendon, by which the clergy were admitted to be liable to process at common law, became in this respect a dead-letter, and the benefit of clergy survived and increased in the blood of "St. Thomas of Canterbury." It was now extended to laymen who chose to claim it, and no further evidence of clerkship was necessary than that the claimant should be able to read or write. If he gave these proofs, he was given over to the ordinary, who put him to his purgation, or laid upon him some ecclesiastical penance, as in the case of real clerks. As this privilege was applicable in all cases of capital felony, and there was no limit to the number of times it might be enjoyed, the worst evil-doers in the country got off scot-free—at all events, they saved their necks—and the peace of the community was disturbed accordingly. The solemn farce of purgation became, in many cases, too ridiculous to be gone through, or else the ordinary would not give himself the trouble to witness it; and as the alternative punishment he was empowered to award was for the offences of actual clerks, it followed, as a matter of practice, that a lay-ruffian on receiving benefit of clergy was *ipso facto* discharged of his crime and its consequences.

This abuse of the privilege became so flagrant that a statute of Edward I., called the Statute of Westminster the First, provided that clerks convicted of felony, and delivered to the ordinary, were not allowed to go free without purgation, "so that the king shall not need to provide any other remedy therein." A statute in the 25 Edward III. recites the complaints of sundry prelates that the secular judges had actually hanged clerks, "in prejudice of the franchises, and in depression of the jurisdiction of Holy Church;" and goes on to direct that "all manner of clerks," convicted before the secular judges of treason or felony touching any other than the king, shall have the "privilege of Holy Church," and be given up to the ordinary. The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, promised at the same time safely to keep and duly to punish such clerks, "so that no clerk shall take courage so to offend for default of correction;" a promise reiterated by another primate to Henry IV.

It may easily be imagined, however, that this promise was evaded, Not only did the ordinary ex-officio incline to the merciful side, but he found it no light matter to receive, punish, maintain, and keep all the scoundrels that were "admitted to clergy." Favouritism had also free scope, and the worst criminals might be abroad with impunity, while offenders in smaller things were undergoing punishment. By 4 Henry VII. c. 13, it was ordered that clergy should be allowed but once to persons not in orders; and

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all who received the benefit were to be branded with a hot iron on the brawn of the thumb with the letter M if they were murderers, and T if they were felons of a less degree. This branding was to be done by the jailer in open court, before the convict was delivered to the ordinary. Eight years afterwards, when a master was murdered by his servant under circumstances that excited much popular indignation, advantage was taken to pass an act to deprive all laymen who should thereafter murder their masters of the benefit of clergy.

Henry VIII. dealt the hardest blows that the institution received until quite modern times. A statute passed in the fourth year of his reign took away clergy from all murderers, and from certain felons, unless they were actual clerks.—"They bear them bold of their clergy, and live in manner without fear or dread," is the excuse made in the preamble for interfering. The clergy sniffed the breeze that was ultimately to blow down many more of their privileges besides "privilege of Holy Church;" and they strenuously opposed the passing of this act, and fiercely denounced it when it actually was passed.—The 23 Henry VIII. c. 1, recites the statute of Edward III., and the frequent promises, consistently broken, which the prelates had given, that persons admitted to clergy should not go free without purgation or some kind of punishment; and, observing that the existing state of thing could not be tolerated, goes on to take away clergy in all kinds of petit treason, in murder, robbery from the person, and arson, unless the offenders be actual clerks of the rank of subdeacon and upwards. If they were clerks of these degrees, they were to be given to the ordinary; but instead of being admitted to purgation, they were to be imprisoned for life in the ordinary's prison. To help this statute, another was passed immediately afterwards, declaring it to be felony without benefit of clergy for any one to break out and escape from the prison. Power was also given to the ordinary, if he chose to exercise it, to degrade the criminal from his ecclesiastical rank, and to send him to the King's Bench, where he might be dealt with as one whom the church refused to shield, and be hanged accordingly.

By a series of statutes from Henry VIII. to George I., benefit of clergy was taken away from the more atrocious of offenders, from horse-stealers, burglars, house-breakers by day, forcible abducers of women, "from a certain kind of evil-disposed persons, commonly called Cut-purses or Pick-purses;" from men who stabbed others who were not prepared for defence; from bullies who made men drunk, quarrelled with them, and killed them for what they had about them; from such as steal cloth from the hosiers' drying-racks; and from such as steal his Majesty's ammunition-stores. One statute was passed in Charles II.'s time, expressly to take away benefit of clergy from "notorious thieves in

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Northumberland and Cumberland," men who were well known for spoilers, and apt to "drive a prey," but who could not be punished under the existing law. Elizabeth followed in her father's wake in clipping the wings of such birds of prey. Under her, it became law that when clergy was allowed to a man for an offence which was clergyable, it was not to free him from punishment for an unclergyable offence committed before, but not known at the time of his trial for the second. She also ordered that such persons as were admitted to the benefit should not be given over to the ordinary, nor go through the mockery of purgation, but she gave the magistrates power to imprison them for a year, the ancient ordinance of branding on the thumb not being revoked. Later statutes ordered the punishment of whipping and fining as an alternative or addition to imprisonment; and for certain felonies, transportation.—Philip and Mary took away clergy from accessories in murder, and several other crimes; so that, by the time the institution was near its end (*temp.* George IV.), the worst ruffians received no protection from it; and it exercised an influence rather beneficial than otherwise, by tempering the savage ferocity of the criminal law then in force, by which, according to Blackstone, no less than one hundred and sixty of the offences which might be committed in a day were punishable with death.

A statute of Edward VI., while taking away clergy from many offenders, clerical and lay, granted it as a right to a lord of parliament, for his first felony, though he could not read. He was also excused from the branding in the hand.—Women appear not to have had the benefit of clergy until James I. gave it to them. The 21 Jac. I. c. 6, recites that, "whereas by the laws of this realm, the benefit of clergy is not allowed to women convicted of felony, by reason whereof many women do suffer death for small causes;" and then goes on to give them the same privilege as men, subject to the like conditions as to branding, &c.

Benefit of clergy might be pleaded in bar of an indictment, but more frequently it was brought forward after trial, at least with persons who were not really clerks, in arrest of judgment. A clerk might, if he chose, waive his clergy, "and note," says Lord Coke, "when he knew himself free and innocent, then hee would be tryed by the common law; but when hee found himselfe fowle and guilty, then would hee shelter himselfe under the priviledge of his clergy."

Circumscribed within limits which rendered impossible the harm it once did, the privilege of Benefit of Clergy operated to mitigate the severity of the law which provided the punishment of death for so many offences, including thefts of articles exceeding twelvepence in value. But in 1827 it was deemed, along with the law which it tempered, too extravagant for a civilized people. In that year, benefit of clergy was utterly taken away

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and abolished, and the criminal law itself transformed into something less Draconic. By the 7 and 8 George IV. c. 28, transportation, imprisonment and whipping are the punishments provided for offences hitherto clergyable; and "the privilege of Holy Church" is now equally with that of sanctuary, only known as a curious historical relic of barbarous times.

[*Good Words.*

THE COUNTRY SERMON.

It was a shining Sunday morn,
Out of a week of thunder born;
And soothing bells their summons peal'd,
For country-folk, o'er farm and field.

I sought the church that on the hill
Towered in the sunlight pure and still;
I sat upon a grave-slab grey,
To breathe the balm of that bright day.

I watched the people gathering slow
From the far parish spread below,
From gabled grange, historic hall,
From many a cottage, rude and small.

They came in choicer Sunday guise,
With Sabbath peace in patient eyes,
As those who doubtless looked to find
Some holy boon for life and mind.

I had not thought to leave the stone
Whereon I sat and mused alone,
But something in me seemed to say
That theirs might be the better way.

I rose, and joined the church-bound train;
My voice blent with their chanted strain;
And my dry heart drank freshening ease
From streams of pleading litanies.

And one spake words not ill in tune
With beauty of that summer noon;
"How all of brightest, best, we see
Must shadows of the heavenly be.

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"How the blue dawn, and morning's glow,
And the vast sunset's fiery show,
Soft pearly moon, and stars of night,
Are shadows of the heavenly light;

"How all the sweetest sounds of earth,
Music of winds, birds, infants' mirth,
Anthems that float church-aisles along;
Are shadows of the heavenly song;

"How mother's fondness, rich and fair,
Large trust of child and father's care,
The selfless loves that deepliest move,
Are shadows of the heavenly love;

"How the delights that kindle here,
How gay heart-laughter ringing clear,
How ecstacies without alloy,
Are shadows of the heavenly joy;

"How blessed moods of quiet deep,
How placid dream and death-like sleep,
How sleep-like death in snow shroud drest,
Are shadows of the heavenly rest;

"And how, if leal—through suffering, loss,
And thrift more perilous, to the Cross,
In our inferior measure, we
May shadows of the heavenly be;

"Until at last when Time is o'er,
And its vain visions vex no more,
All the pale shadows we shall miss
In sheer supreme substantial bliss."

The simple words, with feeling fraught,
A warmer faith and juster wrought;
And forth I went, with brighter eye,
To find a fairer land and sky.

For things about, within me, wore
Divine new meanings hid before;
And unto life, thought, work, was given
The sacred light of final Heaven.

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SCIENCE AND ART.

[*Good Words.*

THE ATMOSPHERE OF A WORLD ON FIRE.

I could have wished, had the facts and the truth permitted, to have adopted a title to this communication somewhat less sensational than the one which has just struck the eye, and no doubt has arrested the attention of the reader. Men and women during the last ten months have gone on pretty much in the old quiet way of their daily routine, little aware, that all along, to the instructed philosophic eye, there has been visible one of the most strange and unexpected phenomena that science has yet disclosed to the human mind. A star, or rather the atmosphere of a star, has been observed on fire. Happily for the general composure of mankind, the star in question is one which we impertinent mortals are wont to call a small one, and certainly it is a very distant one; had it been otherwise, had the catastrophe occurred to Jupiter, for instance, or to the Dog Star, or even among the Pleiades, it might have been difficult for the majority of men to quiet their expectations, or to control their fears.

But the reader will be disposed to ask, and, perhaps, with no unreasonable impatience, when did all this happen, and where? Strange to say, I cannot tell you when this outburst in reality occurred; the fiery message from the stars does not reach our earth in the brief flash of a moment, like the electric thrill from Europe to Newfoundland; and the phenomenon of which I shall attempt to speak, though first observed on the 12th of last May, may have happened even centuries ago, and cannot have happened within the last three years. But of this I shall speak again.—Nor is the reply to the question, where was this strange event, more satisfactory to the general reader; for the seat of this mighty outburst is now so pale, that an instrument, which, in the hands of the great Tuscan philosopher, was powerful enough to disclose the satellites of Jupiter; and revealed to him the ancient secret of systems of revolving words, would be insufficient to make this star even visible. Nevertheless, the evidences of a vast conflagration in this, to us, faint spangle of a distant sun, are so various and so strong, that but little doubt of its actual occurrence is left in the minds of men, who are gifted with a power to interpret those letters of light which are written by no human hand on the vault of heaven.

I shall now proceed with the description of the phenomonon itself, first, as it appeared to the naked

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eye; next, as it appeared in an ordinary telescope; and, lastly, I shall explain what inferences are to be drawn from observations made with some curious appliances of modern research.

On the 12th of last May, near to midnight, at Tuam, in Ireland, Mr. Birmingham, a gentleman well versed in the configurations of the starry heavens, observed a new bright star in the small constellation Corona Borealis. To the initiated eye the boundaries and elements of this constellation are among the best defined fieldmarks in the sky. If, however, the reader is as yet uninitiated in this pleasant lore, let him follow the stars on the back and through the tail of the Great Bear, and his eye can hardly fail to rest upon a little diadem of six golden lights, which, without any great stretch of imagination, he may conjure into a representation of a semi-coronet of gems. If his eye be acute enough, he may find attached to it another somewhat similar circlet of much smaller stars. If he look again, and is able to recognise even Arcturus and Vega (*a* Lyræ), two of the brightest stars in the heavens, he will find this constellation, Corona Borealis, situated in a line between the two, but much nearer to the former.

Well, in addition to the six familiar stars, which, as I have said, form the conspicuous semi-chaplet in question, Mr. Birmingham, to his intense surprise, observed a seventh, close to that one in the constellation which is the last of the six, reckoned in the order of the apparent motion of the heavens from east to west. There could be no mistake in the position of the star, and a gentleman whose knowledge was sufficient to enable him to notice this new apparition, could not have mistaken its relative magnitude or brightness, seeing that so many stars of comparison were close in view. The strange new star was, beyond a doubt, nearly, if not quite, of the second magnitude. Mr. Birmingham (all honour to him) thus became the discoverer of a new sun—a new centre, that is, of light and force.

In process of time, news came from the other side of the Atlantic, that the same celestial outburst had been seen in America on the 14th of May. No other observer in Europe appears to have seen it at so early a date. It may appear a strange circumstance that so conspicuous a star should have escaped the notice of the many zealous astronomers who now abound in our land. The fact is, in these days of wonderful mechanical appliance, men shut themselves up in their comfortable and well-equipped Observatories,—they take down their star-catalogues, they look at their clocks, they set their circles and their instruments, they throw into gear the delicate mechanism which drives their telescopes, compelling them to move precisely as the heavens move, and leisurely and with almost provoking tranquillity, they at length open the shutter of their Observatory, and without further trouble or altera-

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tion, there is the star or the planet in the very centre of the field of the telescope!

No doubt this is extremely convenient and very scientific; it is also one, among many other, notable instances of human knowledge and ingenuity; but at the same time it has become somewhat fatal to that sort of desirable knowledge of the configurations of the celestial lights, which Chaldean shepherds of old possessed, who watched in their fields by night. Men such as these have laboured effectively in their day, and we have entered into the labours, reaping the harvest of their peculiar toil.

About midnight then of the 12th of May, Mr. Birmingham observed the apparition of a new star of the second magnitude; less than three hours before this, Dr. Schmidt, the able and zealous observer at Athens, was watching this same Constellation, and he confidently asserts that no strange star even of the fourth magnitude could possibly have escaped his notice. Consequently we have here unquestionable evidence of the sudden rise of a star from below the fourth up to the second magnitude. It may here be well to explain that the rise of what is technically called one magnitude of a star, implies an increase in the intensity of its brightness of about two and a half times; consequently, in the short space of less than three hours, this newly discovered sun must have increased in the intensity of its light at least *sixfold*.

Now consider what this state of things implies. Conceive for a moment what would be the case with ourselves if on some given day, between the hours of eleven and two, our sun were suddenly to blaze forth with six times its ordinary splendour, and with some corresponding increase in its heat.—Surely there would be a pause in the bolting of armour plate and in the casting of conical shot; the whirl of the cotton-mill and the clang of the hammer would be hushed; the mart would be deserted, and trafficking in shares would come to an end. Surely great would be the searchings of spirit, and the thoughts of many hearts would be revealed. Yet something of this sort must have occurred in the systems which revolved or still revolve round this distant sun. Meanwhile we mortals worked and slept. Blissful is that ignorance which, in the midst of what would be terrible if known, enables accountable beings in quietness and peace to discharge their proper and allotted tasks.

But to proceed: on the 15th of May, the new star was observed by Mr. Baxendell of Manchester, and on the following day, in consequence of intelligence from Tuam, it was examined by Professor W. A. Miller and Mr. Huggins at the Observatory of the latter gentleman, on Tulse Hill, near London. It was now in the hands of persons who in their respective specialities are among the most competent observers in the kingdom. Mr. Baxendell, by his great experience and natural gifts, was known

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to have no superior for delicate accuracy in the comparison of the magnitudes and varied colours of the stars, while the other gentlemen were equally eminent for the application of the Spectroscope to the analysis of the nature and sources of stellar light.

It is surely far from a sign of the decadence of a country, which like our own, by its natural habits and free institutions, produces a supply of men, who for no fee or reward, but impelled by the love of the thing, and often when their day's proper work is done, set themselves, at the cost of expenditure and toil, to consume the hours of midninght in increasing the knowledge of their fellow men, and in searching into the wonderful works of the Great Creator. We may be thankful that not a few such men exist in England; and among them none are worthier than the three gentlemen whose names have been mentioned above.

I shall now proceed to give the results at which Mr. Baxendell arrived in his examination of this remarkable star.

On the 15th of May it had decreased from the second magnitude, which it had attained when observed at Tuam, to nearer the fourth than the third magnitude when first seen by Mr. Baxendell at Manchester. It then continued to diminish with very great rapidity, until on the 26th of June it had sunk to nearly the tenth magnitude, and thus had ceased to be visible excepting in excellent telescopes alone.

Thus the intensity of the star's light on the 12th of May was fully five hundred times greater than on the 26th of June!

Nor were the variations in colour much less remarkable. When first seen there was a slight nebulosity about it, and there was a bluish tinge, as if the yellow of the star were seen through an over lying film of a blue tint. After the 25th of May this bluish tinge disappeared, and the colour changed through many various tints of orange and yellow.

From 26th of June to the 20th of August, things remained without observable change, but, strange to say, a second outburst of light commenced at the latter date. By the 15th of September it had risen two magnitudes, that is to say, its light had again become sixfold. The star then remained apparently tranquil until the 9th of November, when it once more began to decline, and at the present time has nearly diminished to its least observed intensity. Its colour varied from a pretty bright yellow on the 17th of September, to a light orange on November the 6th, and then fading through a dull orange, is now of a dullish white.

If the state of our scientific knowledge were now no further advanced than it was about seven years ago, there could be no definite conclusion relative to these two singular outbursts of light which could safely be drawn, even from the elaborate and accurate observations of Mr. Baxendell.—Nearly all that could be said would

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be, that we have here one of the most remarkable instances of those variable stars, so many of which have been recorded in the annals of Astronomical science. Our thoughts would naturally be carried back three centuries, to the days of Tycho Brahe, who witnessed the sudden apparition of a new star, in brilliancy exceeding the brightest in the heavens, but which he was sure had not been visible half an hour before. The great Danish astronomer, unfortunately for us, had not the means and appliances which since his day have accumulated in the hands of modern observers, and little else was left for him to do, but to gaze, and to guess, and to be astonished.

Science, however, during the last few years has taken one of those sudden bounds which render its annals so fascinating to the student; and especially Astronomical science, owing to many causes, has recently received a strong impulse in a new direction; and no longer finding the grasp of her powers restricted to the weighing of suns and planets, and to the measuring of their distances, she now aspires to a loftier aim, and hopes she is henceforth permitted by the Supreme Wisdom to understand some little of the processes from whence are elaborated the heat and the light of the sun, and what are the sources of even those paler fires which come spangling to us from the more distant stars.

The means by which this unexpected accession to our knowledge has been obtained, the long train of ingenious experiments (these questionings of Nature), and the logical deductions therefrom, which enable us to say with undoubting confidence, "In yonder star there exists iron at a burning heat; in another, there is incandescent vapour of lime; in almost all of them there are strong evidences of the existence of magnesia and salt, and the recent outburst in the remarkable star of which we have spoken, was owing, in part at least, to the sudden combustion of hydrogen gas:"—these things—we may almost call them wonderful things—we shall now proceed to lay before the reader.

Professor Stokes, in England; Balfour Steward, in Scotland; M. Foucault, in France; and M. Angström, in Sweden, all assigned a probable cause for portions, at least, of the obscure but interesting phenomena before us, and had any one of them followed up his reasoning but one step onwards, he would have anticipated the grand discovery of Kirchhoff which, in 1859, grasped the whole question, and soon laid open to the human mind very much of the material constitution of the sun, the stars, nebulæ, and comets.

What Kirchhoff did was virtually this. He demonstrated experimentally that if the vapour of a metal, or a gas, when incandescent, emits light of a certain quality, that same metallic vapour of gas, when less heated, absorbs precisely the same quality of light. The vapour of sodium, for instance, when sufficiently heated, emits a

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bright yellow light, all of which is coincident, with the dark line of the solar spectrum; but if this light be made to pass through vapour of sodium less heated than the emitting vapour, it will be absorbed entirely, and no light at all will be visible. And so with other metals and various gases. Here, then, was not only a clear explanation of the origin of Wollaston's or Fraunhofer's lines, but an insight is thereby given to the material constitution of the sun: and the same remark applies equally to the stars.

The sun, or the star, must be considered as consisting first, of some nucleus with its solid or liquid surface intensely heated, so that the light emitted from it, like the light from every other intensely heated solid or liquid with which we are acquainted, affords a continuous uninterrupted spectrum.—In front of the incandescent surface must be various heated gases and metallic vapours, and each of these stops precisely those qualities of light which, if more intensely heated, it would emit.*

There was but one step more to be taken, in order to prove incontestably that such metals as iron, sodium, magnesium, &c., and such gases as hydrogen, &c., do actually exist in the sun and in the stars. Kirchhoff took this step. Through the lower half of the slit, so often spoken of, he admitted solar light, and obtained its spectrum; through the upper half he admitted the light emanating from various incandescent metallic vapours, from iron, for instance. Thus the two spectra lay superposed before him, and admitted the most exact comparison. The iron spectrum consisted of thirty or more definite and widely separated bright lines, and these were absolutely coincident with as many dark lines in the solar spectrum. This coincidence of so many lines, and of all of them, could not arise from chance, but demonstrated the existence of heated iron vapour absorbing certain qualities of light emanating from the incandescent body of the sun. And in the same manner Kirchhoff obtained the spectrum of incandescent hydrogen superposed upon the solar spectrum. Hydrogen, therefore, exists in the atmosphere of the sun, and it stops or absorbs the red light and the bluish green light, which emanate from its incandescent nucleus.

The reader is now in a condition to intelligently understand the evidence upon which we conclude that the remarkable outburst of light in the star, which has been described in the former part of this article, probably arose from, or was accompanied by, a conflagration of hydrogen gas. On the night of the morning when the intelligence reached Professor Miller and Mr. Huggins, relative to the sudden

* It is important here to observe that the less intensely heated vapours themselves emit some rays of the same quality or refrangibility as those which they have wholly absorbed; but these are so feeble as to appear dark when contrasted with the adjacent lights in the spectrum.

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appearance of the star, they at once viewed its spectrum with the same admirable apparatus which had already conducted them to so many important discoveries connected with the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies. But what a sight was there revealed to the well-practiced initiated eye of a philosopher! There lay before them the evidence which suggested the atmosphere of a star, a sun, a world, on fire. And the evidence was this: the instrument revealed two spectra, the one superposed upon the other: one of them was the usual species of spectrum generally afforded by the stars, viz., a spectrum interrupted, as we have seen the solar spectrum is, by numerous dark lines, and indicating for the star, an incandescent solid or liquid nucleus, surrounded by an atmosphere containing the vapour of sodium, and it may be iron, or magnesium, or various other. elements which are found upon this our earth. But besides this spectrum there was another, and that other full of a remarkable significance. It consisted of four bright lines, and from their relative position two of them appeared to arise from incandescent hydrogen. This, within their knowledge and experience, was a solecism in the heavens.

They produced the spectrum itself of incandescent hydrogen, and they placed it exactly over the spectrum of the star; the coincidence of two of the bright lines of the star with the two bright lines of incandescent hydrogen was absolute. The other two bright lines of the star are not ascertained as yet to indicate the existence of any element known to the inhabitants of this earth.

Thus the sudden outburst of light in this star, or at all events the light of the star, was in great part at least owing to hydrogen. As the light of the star waned, so the splendour of these bright lines waned, and so also the other continuous spectrum declined in brightness, and we are in a manner forced upon the conviction that the outburst of light was accompanied with the blaze of hydrogen in combustion, which gradually spent itself, and is now nearly extinguished.

But is it possible to make even any plausible guess as to the cause of the outburst of light and heat in this wonderful star? Thoughtful men have already made some guesses, and we shall now venture upon another; it is given simply as a guess and as a mere speculation only, though we hope not wholly an uninstructive one.

On referring to the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, it was soon discovered that this star, now called T Coronæ Borealis, is not a new star, but was very probably observed by Sir W. Herschel, and by Mr. Wollaston; and certainly it is in the catalogue of M. Argelander, and is there marked as a star of between the ninth and tenth magnitude; just the feeble brilliance to which it has now sunk. If this star be like other suns, there will be worlds circling round it, and these worlds may, like our earth,

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have satellites. Now it is the settled opinion of some cautious philosophers that in the lapse of ages, that is after the lapse of many millions of years—we do not say millions of millions of years—the sun will have lost the greater part of its heat and light, and our earth and its satellite will at length approach it nearer and nearer, and ultimately will rush into the great darkened luminary; then utter indeed will be the ruin, and vast the outburst of light from the crash thereof. There is nothing chimerical, nothing unphilosophical in the belief or the expectation of this ultimate phenomenon. But the time is not yet.

Now it may have been that the outburst of light in T Coronæ may have arisen from the falling into it, first of a world like our own, and subsequently of its satellite. Such an hypothesis is somewhat consistent with the greater, and with the lesser outburst which succeeded the former. If the world in collision was provided with a great ocean like our own, then there is the source of the hydrogen; and if, as it cooled somewhat, it recombined with the oxygen, we can account for that peculiar blue tinge which Mr. Baxendell observed, and which blue tinge may be seen in perfection when the wind blows over and provides a supply of oxygen for an illumination by gas. Such a state of things would also go far to explain the great variability in the colour of the star. The collision of an oceanless satellite would consistently account for the second and smaller outburst. But we are confessedly in the regions of speculation, and there let us leave the subject, or at all events this truly hypothetical part of it.

In the course of this article we have been speaking of many things, in the contemplation of which it is difficult to silence the imagination, and sometimes equally so to suppress a rising emotion. What are we to say, for instance, of the evidence which such researches have brought to light, of that scattering of material substances in patches as it were throughout the universe, just as, in like patches, we find metallic substances scattered in various parts of our own earth? Some stars, we have seen, afford evidences of the existence of iron and lime, and others do not; most of those hitherto examined contain magnesium, and almost all of them sodium. Of gold, and of silver, so far, they contain not a trace; shall we here then repeat the remark which centuries ago Tacitus made regarding the ancient Germans:—"*aurum et argentum, dii irati an propitii negaverint, dubito.*"

And lastly, there is another thought regarding this Stella Mirabilis, which we have already briefly touched on, and with it we shall conclude. It has reference to the inconceivable distance of a body of whose material constitution we nevertheless make, and reasonably make, such confident asssertions, and regarding a possible catastrophe in which we have ventured, though not without reserve, to speculate. The thought

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is this: the conflagration in this atmosphere of a star was first observed on the 12th of May, 1866; but when did it actually occur?—If this star is as near to this our world as is the nearest yet known of the stars, which proximity nevertheless we have no reason to suppose, then the increased outburst of the combustion of hydrogen must have taken place at least three years before it was visible at Tuam and interpreted at Tulse Hill. But if, as is far more probable, this star is among those more distant orbs which shine with a light so pale as to be visible only in our more powerful telescopes, then the conflagration, of which the first tidings have reached us to-day, must have actually waxed and waned for its little week, not now, nor yesterday, but it may be even hundreds of years ago. The imagination shrinks within itself at the thought, how the bright light from that evanescent ephemeral outburst, winged its way, leaping century through century, from world to world, and telling successively the tale of its glory to (it may be) creatures nobler and more intelligent than ourselves, at length reaches the little speck of our mortal abode, in its course onward we know not whither. But let us remember it is not the prism, it is not the electric heat, it is not the telescope, which reveals these things to the initiated eye, but the knowledge comes to us through the dutiful appliance of that subtle irrepressible spirit in the human mind, which was breathed into man from the Spirit of the Eternal.

[*Hardwicke's Science Gossip.*

THE RHYTHM OF FLAMES.

> A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
> Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere.
> [COLERIDGE.

In days of old what a beautiful fable would have been added by the poets to the mythology of Paganism in describing the elder and more gentle of the offspring of Fire and Vapour, had they but dreamed of the strong attractive powers of music over flame. In our matter-of-fact days no rival to Orpheus and Eurydice will spring into being, and yet the myths would be so far kindred as proving—

> That things inanimate have moved,
> And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
> By numbers and persuasive sound.

In a recent lecture, delivered by Professor Tyndall at the Royal Institution, on "the rhythm of flames," or, as the more familiar title expresses it, on "sounding and sensi-

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ble flames," a flame of marvellous sensibility was exhibited, some twenty inches long, which fell down to eight upon the slightest tap on an anvil, placed at a considerable distance, and which responded to every tinkle of a bunch of keys, or a few pence shaken together in the hands. The slightest vibration of sound affected the flame, which gave recognition sensibly when the lecturer walked across the floor, and was set in violent commotion by the creak of his boots, the rustle of a silk dress, or even the crumpling of a bit of paper. In that true London "Cave of Mystery," the laboratories beneath the lecture-room, this flame, said the Professor, "is called the 'Vowel Flame,' because the different vowel sounds affect it differently." Thus, to begin at the wrong end of the "gamut," at U, pronounced, *more Germanorum*, with open mouth from the throat, and not affectedly like *yew*, its gentle nature feels no response; so it passes it by, as a vulgar sound, without recognition. At O the flame quivers, and if you give I the Continental sound of our *e*, it is strongly affected. A, as we pronounce it, is again a dead letter, but let it sound full, like *Ah!* and it oscillates violently and convulsively.—Then in combined sounds it has its favourites. At the words "boot," "bout," and "beat," uttered in succession," it passes the first by without notice, at the second it gives a start, but at the third, as if conscious of the threatened indignity, it is fairly thrown into violent commotion. The Professor's heart is evidently bound up in his favourite. How would it respond to Longfellow's definition of love—should he utter it?"—

> Love is the root of creation: God's essence. Worlds without number
> Lie on His bosom like children: He made them for his purpose only—
> Only to love and to be loved again. He breathed forth His Spirit
> Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing it laid its
> Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of Heaven.
> Quench, O quench not this flame! It is the breath of your being!

For be it known the flame follows the recitation of verse as keenly as a critic, oscillating at intervals more or less violently, according as it picks out sounds to which it can respond. With true feminine instincts it is startled by the plashing of a drop of rain, and sibilation, or even the sound of a sibilant, in however distant part of the lecture room, throws it immediately into violent convulsions.

It is always difficult fairly to adjust to each pioneer in opening up new sources of scientific investigation his share of the merit and of the gratitude due to him. Trivial discoveries at first, often cast aside as soon as brought to light, and contradictions piled up upon no better foundation, are in general the germs of every branch of science; so the world, wisely perhaps, awards to the master-mind that unravels the tangled web and makes all clear, the full title of an original discoverer. The sounding of a hydrogen flame in a glass tube was first noticed by Dr. Higgins,

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in 1777. Since then the subject has been investigated by Chladni, De la Rive, Faraday, Wheatstone, Kundt, and others. The action of sounds of a definite pitch on flames inclosed in tubes has been investigated by Count Schaffgotsch and Professor Tyndall. Indeed, under the latter, "The Philosophy of Flame" has for years been one of the leading subjects of investigation in the laboratories of the Royal Institution. The jumping of a fish-tail flame in response to musical sounds was accidentally discovered by Professor Lecomte at a musical party in America. In passing a candle with steadily burning flame rapidly through the air, an indented band of light is produced, and a slightly musical vibration indicates the rhythmic character of the motion. The solution of this problem, and of those which follow, is the subject of Professor Tyndall's lecture, and, as like another Columbus, he has broken the egg, by his aid we shall comprehend another of these ideas which cluster round that comprehensive phrase, "the conservation of force," as clearly as he has laid before us "heat as a mode of motion." But to proceed: a gas flame having been introduced into a tube sufficiently long and wide, the current of air passing over the flame produces a vibration, which, by the aid of the tube's resonance, becomes a musical sound. Thus, from a tube three feet long the musical note will be rich; from one six feet long it will be an octave lower; and in a tube fifteen feet long the deep bass vibrations have an intensity of such power that in the lecture-room, filled by an audience of some six hundred persons, pillars, floors, seats, gallery, and audience are all sensibly shaken. The note rises in pitch as the tube diminishes in length, and the intense heat of the sounding column produces a greater number of vibrations than any organ pipe of the same length.—The flame in a tube 17 7-8 inches long vibrated 459 times in a second, and another in a tube 10 3-8 inches long 717 times in a second. These vibrations consist of a series of partial extinctions and revivals of the flame, forming, when viewed in Wheatstone's rotating mirror, a series of flame images of transcendent beauty.

Other equally interesting experiments served to illustrate the subject: one, which recalled the way in which the boys teach jackdaws and jays to speak, by splitting their tongues; and another, as more plainly showing the cause of the phenomenon, must, however, suffice. The bright flame of a fish-tail, which appeared perfectly insensible to all sound, musical or not, and to which Handel's Harmonious Blacksmith would apparently have hammered away to no purpose, was severed in two by a stream of air. This done, no sooner was a whistle sounded than the flame started; a knock on the table caused the separated flames to reünite and form for an instant a flame of the ordinary shape.

In the second experiment, a

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steady, clear flame, issuing from a circular orifice, four inches in height, was insensible to sound.—Raised to ten inches, it responded by a slight quiver to the whistle; at sixteen inches, the increased quivering showed the flame to be on the brink of roaring, and with a little increase of the pressure it roared, shortening itself at the same time to eight inches; reducing the pressure, the flame was again extended to sixteen inches. It did not roar, but was on the point of roaring, standing, as it were, on the brink of a precipice, and the whistle then forced it over, upon which it roared, simultaneously shortening itself, as it did before under the increase of pressure. "And herein," says Professor Tyndall, "is the true explanation of all the phenomena of these 'sounding or sensitive flames,' that the sonorous pulses furnish the supplement of energy or force necessary to produce the roar and shorten the flame."

The pitch of the note chosen to force this flame over the brink of the precipice on which it rests must be equal to the occasion.—Four tuning-forks, vibrating respectively 256, 320, 384, and 512 times in a second, produced no effect on a certain flame. But besides these fundamental notes these forks will sound a series of notes of very high pitch, producing 1,600, 2,000, 2,400, and 3,200 vibrations per second; and to each of these the flame jumped in response, but most energetically in response to the highest note.

MISCELLANIES FROM FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

THE AIM OF CERVANTES.—A pleasant writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* gives an account of a tour made through those parts of Spain in which the principal scenes of Don Quixote are laid, and says: "If we must have a purpose beyond that which the author has himself declared, a glance at the times in which he wrote will supply one. Cervantes did not 'smile Spain's chivalry away;' it was dead, even the very spirit of it was gone, past all hope of revival.—Spain had already fallen from her pride of place among the nations. The old heroic stately Spain of Ferdinand and Charles had passed away, and given place to the decrepit, nerveless Spain of modern times. It would have been a work of supererogation to write down chivalry. What Cervantes did write was not a satire against chivalry, so much as a dirge over its grave. But with it there came a word of remonstrance to those of his countrymen who, when the spirit was lost, were for preserving the barren letter, "Look around

you,' he seems to say, 'can you not see how things are changed? can you not see that these magnifico airs and sangre-azul swagger, once perhaps not unbecoming in their way, are now as out of place, out of date, and ridiculous as my poor Don's old lance and buckler? Accommodate yourselves to facts, my brethren, and hang up great-grandfather's armour again. It is a sad commonplace world we have to deal with now; dragons are extinct, and there are not any more princesses in captivity; nothing but wind-mills, rogues and galley-slaves.' "

The Morgue of Paris.—A gentleman taking the packet-boat from Fontainebleau to Paris, quitted the conveyance rather hurriedly, leaving a case behind him. After some little delay it was opened, and much terrified were the assistants at finding what appeared the body of a young man who had been strangled. A commissary of police was called on accompanied by a surgeon. A procés-verbal was drawn up by them, and the body sent to the Morgue to be identified. Soon after the negligent or guilty passenger arrived in a hurry at the office of the boat, and asked for the forgotten parcel. His request was followed by his seizure and presentation before the worthy magistrate, who had so laudably done his duty. On being charged with the murder he burst into a fit of laughter and covered the poor official with confusion by announcing that the corpse of the strangled man was a mummy, which he was just after bringing from Egypt, and had forgotten to carry away with the rest of his luggage. In order to get his property out of the dead house he was obliged to make application to the lieutenant of police, and this circumstance soon scattered the news far and near. A few nights after, all Paris was breaking its sides in the theatre, laughing at an uproarious farce, displaying in the richest colours the wisdom and skill of the police commissary and the surgeon.

The *Fortnightly Review* says: It is true that Prussia is the standing dread of Holland, and Prussian power as it has arisen on the ruins of small States, is a menace to all the small States that remain. Holland, with ports and colonies, possesses what Prussia covets. And as Prussia is strong and Holland is weak, we cannot wonder that the Dutch are afraid of being made to play the part of Naboth to the Hohenzollern Ahab. Public law has been so broken down and now counts for so absolutely little in Europe, that both Holland and Belgium feel but too acutely their utter moral defencelessness.

Macmillan, in speaking of the arrangements for furnishing visitors to the Paris Exhibition with refreshments, says:—" Within the building there are no refreshment stalls; but the whole of the outer colonnade is pretty well one succession of cafés, eating-houses, divans,

restaurants and beer-sellers. Casual French cooking is doubtless the best in the world—that is, if you go into an eating place in France promiscuously, you have a better chance of getting good food there than you have anywhere else. But it is possible you may get tired of French drinks and French meats; and, at any rate, variety in matters of food and liquids is always pleasing. In this circle of cafés you may dine and drink in turn with many nations, and may really learn something of the much-neglected science of international cookery. You may eat real macaroni dressed with the Poma d'Oro sauce, and wash it down with Capri, as you would in Naples; you may, if so inclined, feed upon genuine sauerkraut, with unlimited supplies of frothy Bavarian beer; you may have kabobs *à la Turque*, whatever they may be, and drink real Turkish coffee with the grits at the bottom; you may perfume yourself with the flavour of Spanish dishes pregnant with garlic; you may scald your throat with tea made in the Russian fashion; you may 'liquor up' with cocktails and mint juleps of Transatlantic brewing, and remove the taste by true Boston crackers cooked in an American oven."

Sir Charles Kerneys' Patriotism.—King George I., after the rebellion was over, in a private conference with his premier, inquired after Sir Charles Kerneys, with whom he had been more intimate at the court of the Princess Sophia than with any person from England. The premier, according to the usual art of traducing those who voted against the ministry, intended to represent Sir Charles as an enemy to his majesty, by saying that he voted against the succession of the house of Hanover, but was immediately interrupted by his majesty. "Voted!" said the king; "voting is among yourselves. I would see the man; go, tell him I will smoke a pipe with him at St. James's." Sir Robert Walpole, delivering the message from the king, was told by Sir Charles Kerneys, "I have had the honour to be personally known to the Elector of Hanover; and as no man living can have more satisfaction and pleasure in any one's conversation than I have had in his most agreeable company, I should be extremely proud of the high favour of smoking again a private pipe with him—but it must be at Hanover."—*The Lamp.*

Latin for Ladies.—It is only the other day that we were informed that the young ladies who were examined by the roving Cambridge authorities acquitted themselves eminently to the satisfaction of their questioners. And now we learn that the preparations for the similar annual proceedings on the part of the University of Oxford are completed, and that girls and boys alike, though not, we presume, in company, are to be put through the examination process with due severity and rigour. On the whole, it strikes us that this is about the most astonishing of all

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the astonishing things which indicate the reality of that social revolution which English society has for some time been undergoing.—That the old universities should send delegates all over the country to examine the sons of the smaller gentry, and the men of business, was a sufficiently startling novelty. But that the "cloister" should actually despatch its missionaries to report upon the acquirements of the sisters of these long-neglected boys, is a proof that our fundamental ideas as to what constitutes the perfection of the female character are radically changed.—Of course it is not to be doubted for a moment that no sentimental gallantry has warped the judgment of the presiding examiners. We cannot suppose that a Latin translation, or the solution of a quadratic equation, presented by blushing sixteen, would not be as accurately estimated at its real value as the same performance sent up by an ungainly boy. We accept, therefore, the figures by which the examiners represent the amount of success attained by the fair students, and congratulate them on the delicacy and good sense which have led them to abstain from publishing the individual names of the interesting postulants for academic honours. We are quite satisfied with their report, and it only remains for us to speculate, with no little curiosity, as to the practical results which may be expected to follow from the success of this wonderful scheme.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Favourite Days for Marriage. The latest reports of the Registrars-General of England and Scotland show that no two nations could differ more widely than do the English and the Scotch with regard to the choice of days of the week for marriage. The Scottish report states that the favourable day for marriage in Scotland is the last day of the year, provided it does not fall on a Saturday or a Sunday. No marriages are celebrated on Sunday in Scotland, while in England it is the favourite day of the week for marriage, thirty-two per cent, of the marriages being contracted on that day. Monday is a favourite day in both countries. Saturday, in England, is the third day of the week in order of selection for marriage, seventeen per cent. occurring on that day; but in Scotland no true Scot will marry on a Saturday, nor, indeed, begin any work of importance. With the Scot Saturday is an unlucky day for marriage, and he is impressed with the superstitious belief that if he married on a Saturday one of the parties would die before the expiry of the year, or that, if both survived, the marriage would prove unfruitful.—Hence it happens that Sunday and Saturday, the two favourite days for marriage in England, are blank days for marriage in Scotland.—Friday is the day on which the English do not marry, but in Scotland it is one of the favourite days for marriage.—*Leisure Hour.*

Printing and Publications in France.—Working printers are di-

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vided into two classes; those who work by the task, and those who are paid by the day. The workmen who attend the machines only earn 4f. a day and the children employed as assistants receive from 1f. to 1f. 50c. a day. Wages in the provinces are about 30 per cent. lower than in Paris. The employment of women in printing establishments, after having encountered great opposition, has at length been carried out, and gives satisfactory results. The wages which they receive are very nearly the same as those of the men. The printers are divided into typographical printers, who number about 900 in France, and of whom 89 are in Paris; and lithographic printers, amounting to 800, of whom 391 are in Paris. As to the copper-plate printers, Paris possesses about 138; there are but very few in the provinces. The number of works printed in the year 1866, including new books as well as reprints of all works, amounted to 13,883. Of this number the *belles-lettres* and novels form the greater portion; political and religious works amounted to nearly 2,000; history, geography, voyages, and travels, to 1,500; scientific works, 1,900; works on commerce and agriculture, to nearly 1,000. The production of engravings, lithographs, photographs, plans, maps, charts, and drawings of all kinds, amount to about 30,000, to which must be added 9,000 publications of vocal and instrumental music. These productions represent, on an average, twenty millions of francs in the total exportation of France, and employ 2,500 tons of paper. There are also printed in France 1,771 periodical publications, of which 336 are political journals, and the remaining 1,435 literary, scientific, and miscellaneous.—*Official Catalogue of Exhibition; prefatory note to Class VI., by M. Dentu.*

Old Books.—Among the most precious of ancient things that we are in danger of losing is the fine old-fashioned taste for literature proper and pure. We do not love literature as the Queen Anne men loved it, nor as some of the Johnsonian set loved it, nor as it was loved by a little group of men scarcely more than a generation back. We are all turned publicists and thinkers and æsthetic philosophers. There do not seem to be left, nor to be springing up, any men of the antique stamp, with a delicate enjoyment of all sorts of books for their own sake, just as men enjoy good wine for its own sake. We dash at a book to eviscerate it as swiftly as we may, and, having got out of it what nutriment we can, rush off pell-mell somewhere else. Where is the man who takes up his book daintily and caressingly, as he would take up a glass of wine, ancient and of a rare vintage, turning over here a page and there a page, enjoying a flash of its colour, and prolonging his delighted sense of its fine aroma and bouquet? The old heroes who lingered and brooded over a book as a bee lingers in the

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bell of a flower in the sunshine have nearly all gone, and none others step into their places. This perhaps is only one of the thousand signs that we are fast stripping ourselves of a capacity for pleasure.

SWINBURNE.—Even the *Westminster Review*, which continues to laud Mr. Swinburne as the greatest of modern poets is compelled to admit, that the moral defects in Mr. Swinburne's poetry are more serious (than the literary) because less easily reparable. We shall examine presently the charge of a propensity to work upon subjects of a corrupt kind, to paint, in fact, what is vile and hideous,—a charge which, if true, would strike a fatal blow at his poetic fame. There is, however, a fault less disputable than this, and equally grave. In everything that Mr. Swinburne has written the same absence of faith is to be marked; the same weird gloom of fatalism wraps the classic stateliness of "Atlanta," the fierce, untamed passion of "Chastelard," and the many-sided, many-coloured life of the "Poems and Ballads." And by faith we do not mean religious belief, compact of formulas or not, but a moral principle underlying and informing life and action, whether it be belief in duty, or liberty, or virtue. Faith such as this made Rousseau great, and Goethe, and Shelley, and Carlyle, and Victor Hugo. But there is no sign of it in Mr. Swinburne.—The curse of moral incompleteness that clave to Byron has fallen with a double portion of his passion and power, on the poet of "Dolores" and "Faustine."

M. AMEDEE THIERRY has added another item to the interesting collection of sketches upon which he is now engaged, and which have secured for him so high a position amongst modern French historians. St. Jerome is the hero whom he has selected, and around that central figure he groups several subordinate characters, giving us thus a complete view of the Christian Church as it was during the last days of the Roman Empire. The work derives much of its interest from the fact that Jerome is almost always left to speak for himself. Those of our readers who are acquainted with ecclesiastical history know from what a variety of points of view he can be studied. We have in him the controversial writer, distinguished by his impassioned eloquence; the divine whose decisions were generally accepted by the Church as law; the Biblical critic; and, finally, the ardent propagator of asceticism and monarchism in the Western world. Many previous writers have treated of St. Jerome under one or other of these aspects; but no one, so far as we know, has yet attempted to give in a book of some length a detailed account of his many-sided character. This M. Amédée Thierry now does in the most successful manner, and every impartial student will read his work with a feeling of relief after the sneering pages of Gibbon.

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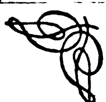

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Religious and Secular.

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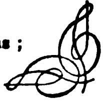

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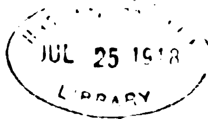
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[*Edinburg Review.*

RITUALISM.

[The ECLECTIC has no denominational bias, and admits this article on Ritualism merely because the subject is one which is enlisting a large share of popular attention, and the discussion of it by a Church of England contributor to the EDINBURGH REVIEW will be interesting to many readers, whether they agree with the positions maintained by him or not.]

During the last eighteen years we have witnessed within the Church of England three tremendous conflicts of opinion. Within that sacred circle—

"Thrice did the indignant nations league their might—
Thrice the red darkness of the battle's night
Shrouded the recreant terror of their flight."

The first of these was the endeavour of the High Church party to suppress the "Evangelical" school in the struggle between the now octogenarian Bishop of Exeter and Mr. Gorham. The second was the combination of those two parties in the struggle to suppress the "Liberal" theologians as represented in "Essays and Reviews."

We now approach the third struggle, which is occupying the public mind at present. There are several respects in which this differs from the others. It is the revival of a contest which has been twice or thrice before raised in the Church of England. It is the revival of the contest of Laud against the Puritans; we may perhaps say, of the Nonjurors against the Latitudinarians; certainly, of the leaders of the Oxford Tracts against the mass of their fellow-churchmen in 1834-45. It differs also, down to

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the present moment, in this point, that the contending parties have not yet come to a pitched battle in a court of law: and that each, to a certain degree, keeps the other at bay by the threat of internecine retaliation.

In this pause, we may without impropriety descend once more into the arena, and give, as far as our limits allow, a calm survey of the main controversy. We would at the outset maintain that, on the whole, the true policy of the Church and State in this contest, as in those which preceded it, is to grant a complete toleration to the recalcitrant party, so far as is compatible with the practical unity of our ecclesiastical and parochial system. We shall see, as we advance, that in advocating the toleration of the opinions and practices in question, we are putting our principle to the severest test of which it is capable. We will also point out the limits which are necessary to render that toleration safe even for those whom it is intended to include. But the value of the principle is so indispensable to a National Church everywhere—above all, to a Church whose historical origin is so fraught with compromise and comprehension as ours—that we gladly take this opportunity of once more asserting it in the broadest form which, perhaps, it has ever assumed in these pages.

The very fact, however, of advocating this legal toleration makes it more incumbent on those who deprecate the progress of such views to point out by the fair arguments of reason and fact their nature, their tendencies, and their danger.

I. We have said that the Ritualistic development of the present day is a revival of the movements of Laud in the seventeenth century, and of Dr. Newman thirty years ago. But it has peculiarities of its own which enable us to consider it apart from them. In the precise form which gives it the name of "Ritualist," * it is of sudden growth—the work almost of the last three years—a phenomenon which has taken the nation and Church by surprise. At once in a hundred or more churches (so we are told) appeared coloured vestments; candles lighted during the Communion in the morning, and during the Magnificat in the afternoon; a new liturgy interpolated into that established by law; prostrations, genuflexions, elevations never before seen; the transformation of the worship of the Church of England into a likeness of that of the Church of Rome so exact as to deceive Roman Catholics themselves into the momentary belief that they were in their own places of worship. In asking the causes

* We have adopted this name, both because it is the one usually adopted, and because it is accepted by the party to whom it is applied. But in itself it is as little appropriate as such designations usually are. A "Ritualist" is, properly speaking, one who has profoundly studied the origin and history of ancient rites, such as Mabillon, Martene, Bingham and Augusti. There are, perhaps, few to whom the term thus limited would be less suitable than most of the school who are now so called.

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of this rapid efflorescence, we must distinguish between two perfectly distinct influences. One of these is permanent, and, with certain limitations, if not laudable, at any rate approved by many reasonable persons of all classes of opinion.—The other is local, temporary, and also, with certain limitations, if not absolutely mischievous, yet repugnant to the feelings and the sense of the great mass of educated men in civilized Christendom at home and abroad.

The permanent influence is to be found in the vast wave of antiquarian, artistic, architectural, romantic sentiment which has passed over the whole of Europe, as a reäction partly against the French Revolution, but partly also against the false taste of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which the Revolution overthrew. It appeared in the revival, headed by the Quaker Rickman, of the feeling for Gothic architecture, which had in the previous ages entirely died out of the heart and mind of Europe. It appeared in the Roman Catholic Church through the protests made by such men as Pugin and Montalembert in favour of the mediæval style against the Pagan classical structures of St. Peter's and St. John Lateran. It appeared in the Oriental Church through the reverence which, under Philaret, the venerable metropolitan of Moscow, has everywhere drawn back the sympathy of the Russian clergy and laity from the innovations of Peter and Catherine to the older Byzantine forms of Ivan III. It appeared in France in the passion for Restoration which, beginning under Louis Philippe, has, almost to excess, been rehabilitating every monument of antiquity even in that most changeful of nations—the princely Castle of Blois, the Holy Chapel of St. Louis, the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the Abbey of St. Denis. It appeared in England in the growth of a hundred archæological societies, in the rise of thousands of Churches, in the reproduction, such as would have caused a shudder in our Stuart or Georgian ancestors, of the style of Henry VII.'s Chapel throughout the modern Palace of Westminster—in the awakening of popular interest in our cathedrals, in the special services which fill their naves, in the decent celebration of parochial worship, where once all was squalor and neglect. It appears even more strikingly in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Glasgow Cathedral has been adorned with stained windows, which we discussed in our last Number.* The organ—once, with its 666 pipes, believed to be the Beast of the Apocalypse—has fought its way through more than one Presbytery, and is only waiting for a convenient season to utter its prelatical blast. A liturgy has actually been introduced into the

* See the vindication of this restoration on Presbyterian principles advocated in the "Pastoral Addresses" of the late lamented Dr. John Robertson, minister of the Cathedral of Glasgow—an excellent volume, which, if the style had been equal to the matter, would have entitled their author to a place amongst the theological writers of the age.

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Greyfriars' Church of Edinburgh, which witnessed the original adoption of the Solemn League and Covenant. Even the Free Church—the modern exaggeration of old Presbyterianism—has permitted the growth of Churches conspicuous by the fantasy of mediæval architecture. The Nonconformist chapels of England have followed in the wake, and vast Independent congregations now meet within buildings which their forefathers would have regarded only as the fit shrines of apostasy and idolatry.—So far as the rise of Ritualism is an eddy of this wide advancing tide of public feeling, it is not only not the triumph of any particular section of the Church, but it acquires a theological significance exactly the opposite of that which its chief advocates maintain. When the Ritualists claim all the phenomena of which we have been speaking as on their side, they merge themselves in the great secular movement which they seem to deprecate, they become allies of those whom in purely ecclesiastical matters they love to denounce. The true antagonist to Art and Archæology is Puritanism, not Rationalism.*—The Iconoclast and the Fetichist are often swayed by the same superstition. The arch-ritualist of Scotland (Dr. Lee) is the bold and able leader of Free-thought in direction. It is with him, and the like of him, that the Ritualists, if they move from their peculiar theological basis to claim a wider sympathy, have to shake hands and move onwards.

There is only one qualification to be made which modifies the connexion of this general historical movement with the externals of Christian Worship. If, on the one hand, it be true that the love of beauty and of antiquity belongs to the more free and generous part of the development of the nineteenth century, it must also be admitted that amongst all educated men there is an increasing sense of the solemnity and grace of simplicity in all public ceremonials—an increasing impatience of anything which distracts the attention from the inward to the outward in matters of real importance. Pearls and gold, drapery and tinsel, are more and more regarded as essentially "barbaric." The very word "theatrical" as applied to anything serious is a term of disparagement. The stage effects and scenery of the drama, which were originally copied from the pageants of real life, have outrun their originals, and made it extremely difficult to carry on any gorgeous ceremonial, without provoking an unseemly comparison with tragic and comic exhibitions. It is a characteristic story told of M. de Tocqueville, that when standing on the steps of the throne at one of the august occasions of the opening of Parliament, he watched in silence the gathering of the Peers in their scarlet robes, the entrance of the Ministers in their official uniforms, the appear-

* This is admirably put in Dean Milman's "History of Latin Christianity," in speaking of the Iconoclastic Controversy.

ance of the Sovereign in royal magnificence, and then, when he beheld the Commons rushing to the bar in their plain, unadorned, rough, everyday dress, he exclaimed "*Voilà le Maître.*" He saw that the day was come in the nation, as in a household, when it is the servants only who appear in livery, whilst the real master stands above formalities. The sentiment implied in this saying is the real cause of the alienation, in educated and philosophical minds, from external show, even when not associated with doctrines or ideas repugnant to them. And in this respect the general antiquarian taste of the time, whilst fostering an appreciation of architecture and a love of historical associations, is often found to be a positive check on ceremonialism or credulity in religion. No one is a more decided enemy to legend and superstition, because no one knows more about them, than a profound archæologist. No one is more apt to think simplicity the beauty of holiness than a man who enters most thoroughly into the glory of art.

We are led to make these preliminary remarks, not only because of their bearing on the general question, but because of their special connexion with one part of the controversy, which has assumed, in our judgment, a very disproportionate importance—that of the Vestments.

One reason of this exaggerated importance doubtless, has been the extraordinary legal entanglement in which it has been involved. The Ritualists, as is well known, defend themselves—with a characteristic and audacious defiance of their own principles—against the united voice of all the bishops and of both Houses of Convocation, by appealing to an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Elizabeth without the consent of any bishop or of either House of Convocation. We will not go at length into the mysteries of this enactment. The main features of its history are, however, curious and instructive. It represented first the suspended judgment of the Reformers of Edward VI., just on the eve of making the complete breach between the new and old ceremonial, "the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." It was abolished by their maturer judgment, when they published their revised Prayer-book a few years afterwards. It was revived under Elizabeth, when she, equally with the statesmen of the first years of her brother, halted between two opinions—but with the express precaution that it was merely provisional, and awaiting her further royal pleasure. That pleasure was expressed in her own reign by advertisements, and in her successor's reign by canons, both under royal authority (at a time when royal authority reached far more nearly to the level of a law than has been the case since)—prohibiting the use of these vestments anywhere except in cathedrals and collegiate churches. The Act so revived was finally adopted, but without this precaution, by the statesmen and bishops of the Restoration—a pro-

ceeding which, as they never acted upon it, must be regarded as only one other additional instance of the perfidious spirit with which they met the demands of the Nonconformists—insulting where they could not wound, entrapping them where they dared not openly oppose them.

Such is the Act—unquestionably the letter of the law—on which the use of these vestments depends; how far capable of being sustained against the uniform usage of the Church for three centuries to the contrary, we gladly leave to lawyers to determine.

But, apart from the legal question, the controversy has an interest of its own which deserves a few moments' attention. The use or disuse of these coloured vestments is often treated by both sides as if it was the turning question between a true and a false Church; the signs to one party of the only Catholic worship, to the other of "the workshops of Satan." We venture to say that, with the exception of one aspect, on which we will dwell presently, there is not in the whole course of ecclesiastical usage a ceremonial practice more absolutely void of all theological significance. Look at the origin of these vestments. Both their supporters and their opponents regard them as sacerdotal garments, symbolical of we know not what mysterious meanings.—Even Milton spoke of them as borrowed from the Flamen's vestry and Aaron's wardrobe. What is the actual case? They have not the slightest tincture of Flamen or priest in their whole descent.—They are the dresses of the Syrian peasant or the Roman gentleman, retained by the clergy when they had been left off by the rest of society; just as the bishops long preserved the last relics of the flowing wigs of the time of Charles II., as the Blue-coat boys recall the common dress of children under Edward VI., as Quakers maintain the sober costume of the Commonwealth, as a clergyman's bands, which have been regarded as symbolical of the Cloven Tongues, of the two Testaments, of the two Tables of the Law, are but the remains of the turn-down collars of the time of James I. Their very names bear witness to the fact that there was originally no outward distinction whatever between clergy and laity. They thus strike, if they have any historical significance at all, at the root of the vast hierarchal system of which they are now made the badges and ornaments. The "alb" is but the white shirt or tunic, still kept up in the white dress of the Pope, which used to be worn by every peasant next his skin,* and in Southern countries was often his only garment. A variety of it, introduced by the Emperors Commodus and Heliogabalus, with long sleeves, was, from the country whence they brought it,† called the Dalmatica. The "pall" is the pallium, the woollen cloak, generally the mark of philosophers, wrapped round

* Tertullian (Spect. c. 23). Clemens Alex. (Pædag. iii. 8.)

†Bingham, Book vi. §§ 4, 18-20.

the shirt like a plaid or shawl.—The overcoat, in the days of the Roman Empire as in ours, was constantly changing its fashion and its name, and the slang designations by which it was known have been perpetuated in the ecclesiastical vocabulary and are now used with bated breath, as if speaking of things too sacred to be mentioned. One such overcoat was the cape or cope, also called pluviale, the "water-proof." Another was the chasuble, or casula, "the little house,"* as the Roman labourer called the smock frock in which he shut himself up when out at work in bad weather. Another was the caracalla, or caraca, or casaca, "the cassock,"† brought by the Emperor who derived his own surname from it, when he introduced it from France. The "surplice" is the barbarous garment, the "over-fur" (superpellicium),‡ only used in the North, where it was drawn over the skins of beasts in which our German and Celtic ancestors were clothed. It was the common garb—"the white coat" (cotta candens)—worn by the regular clergy not only in church, but in ordinary life. In the oldest Roman mosaic, that in the church of Sta. Pudentiana, of the fourth century, the Apostles are represented in the common classical costume of the age. No thought had entered the mind of the Church, even at that time, of investing even the most sacred personages with any other than ordinary dresses.

In like manner, when we pass from the first origin of these vestments to their retention by the Reformers of the English Church, although they had lost this primitive character, they were still merely kept up for decency or for comeliness. These reasons alone are advanced as the grounds for the use of surplice, and the "decent cope" in cathedrals is to be confined to the "principal minister" of the chapter at the Communion. If it was extended further by custom, it was merely for the sake of additional splendour. So the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster Abbey have at the corronations always worn copes, not to symbolise any particular office or part of the service, but to be in harmony with the general magnificence of the procession. So Archbishop Williams dressed up in copes, not merely the officiating ministers, but all the "quire men," lay as well as clerical, in order to increase the pomp of the reception of the French ambassadors.

The bishops immediately before the Reformatian wore copes not only in their episcopal ministrations, but in Parliament. The episcopal "rochet" is simply "a little coat" (rochet) worn by the bishops at that time on all occasions, except when they went out hunting (*nisi cum venantur;*)* and the satin "chimere" is the

*Facciolati, in voce Cucullatus. The same metaphor appears in our word "coat," which is the mediæval "cotta," equally used for a "coat," and a "cot," or "cottage."

† Bingham, book vi. §§ 4, 20.

‡ Ducange in voce.

* Hody's History of Convocation.

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loose gown or scarf, "the light cymar" worn by ladies, or by persons of quality in riding.*

If, by some unlucky chance, the fashion of these red and green garments should spread, there is no obstacle, in principle, to their adoption by the most latitudinarian or the most Puritan of our divines. Nay, even in the High Church party itself, we have seen how rapidly such badges change their meaning.

The surplice, for which twenty or even ten years ago, clergymen were willing to endanger the peace of the neighborhood and the welfare of their parishes, is now by the representatives of the very same party denounced as "a white frock"—"a rag of Protestantism." Nor is this change of feeling confined to the upholders of ritualism. After one of the well-known disturbances in St. George's-in-the-East, an old woman was observed straining her eyes to see what colour would be worn by the new clergyman when he emerged from the vestry. At last on his appearance in the usual preaching-gown, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Thank God, it is black!" Had the same good old creature lived to our days, she might have been disposed, even at the sight of the common surplice, to exclaim, "Thank God, it is white!"

Therefore we repeat that any legislation on these affairs of millinery, however necessary it may at last become in order to clear up the ambiguity of a law left by its treacherous framers in designed obscurity, will touch but a very small part of the matter. These garments, it is true, have been made symbolical of doctrines and practices with which they have no connection; but the doctrines and the practices will remain even if the garments are removed, just as the doctrines and the practices might perish even if the garments were retained.

II. But the real mischief of these practices lies quite in another direction; and we are anxious that the public attention should be fixed on the issues of true importance, and not on trivialities which shift with every wind of fashion.

The first of these evils arises when, whether by arraying themselves in unusual colours or by any other startling innovation, the clergy fly in the face of constituted authorities or of their congregations. This is an evil which in point of fact might arise equally from either of the two main sections of the ecclesiastical world. A puritan clergyman might create a disorder by suddenly wearing a black gown, when his congregation had been accustomed to a surplice; or by removing the communion-table, in strict conformity with the rubric, from the chancel into the body of the church, in accordance with the undoubted law of the church, and with its unquestioned practice from Ridley to Laud. But it has rarely been by this school of the clergy that the episcopal authority has been set at nought. It has been reserved for those by whom the

* Archæol, xxx, 17.

bishops are professedly regarded as the successors of the Apostles, as the one evidence of a true Church, to treat them with a contempt and a defiance which in no other profession of men would be tolerated from inferiors to superiors. No dissenter, no presbyterian, has ever lavished on the episcopal order fouler language than that which is weekly poured forth by the organs of the Ritualist party against those whom they theoretically regard as the oracles of the Christian Church. And in like manner, though less frequently, the congregations, or the leading persons in the congregations, are equally ignored, when their wishes come into conflict with the desire of the clergyman, perhaps instigated by a few hot-headed youths from his own or other parishes, to introduce ceremonies which cannot by any possibility be edifying except to those who sympathize with them.

To what results this has led, on more than one occasion, it is needless to remind our readers. The scenes at St. George's-in-the-East are still fresh, in the recollection of many. The vast church, crowded to the roof with a congregation, not of worshippers, but of furious zealots, trying to thunder down the chanting of the liturgy by their own responses; every allusion in the prayers or lessons which could be construed into a condemnation of idolatry received with a round of coughing, as the mark of their sincere approbation; the clergy and choristers vainly striving to carry on the service, under the protection of policemen, within the chancel rails, "like mice in a cage, surrounded by an army of starved cats,"—to use the graphic expression of an eye-witness—the very same congregation, at a simpler service afterwards, falling at once into the attitude of devotion and attention—furnished lessons of ecclesiastical history, if full of scandal, yet full also of instruction.

Doubtless several causes combined to produce the result in that particular case: the ruffianly neighbourhood, the presence of a polemical lecturer, the singular convenience of the church for the strategics of the escalading party, perhaps the inadequacy of the law, or the indifference of its administrators. But still the original cause was the intrusion of a novel rite in a parish unprepared to receive it. To such a state of anarchy could a congregation, in itself respectable, be reduced by the pertinacious adherence of a clergyman, in other respects amiable, sensible, and conciliatory, to the colour of a vestment, or the intonation of a voice. Whenever such a collision occurs, the authority of the law, whether through the bishop or the legislature, should intervene—not on account of the ceremony itself in question—but to suppress an enormous scandal, to protect a congregation whose legal rights are outraged by one who was appointed to serve them as the minister and representative of order, to check a breach of the first maxims of Christian faith, charity and wisdom. We are not disposed to

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overstate the extent to which episcopal authority should be strained. In matters of opinion, a bishop is a man and nothing more. The value of his sentiments depends on the weight of character, learning or genius which he brings to his high office, or which his high office evokes. But in matters of discipline, if in anything, he has a claim to be heard. In no other profession would the advice of a commanding officer be disregarded by his inferiors in matters of mere external observance; and where, as in the cases supposed, the disobedience threatens the peace and safety of a parish, it deserves the strongest reprobation.

III. But, in fact, this insubordination against bishops—this contempt of the rights of parish and congregation (where it exists)—is in itself part of the still larger peril, of which Ritualism is but a very superficial development, which may exist equally without cope or chasuble, and which throws these lesser follies wholly into the shade. In entering here on the real danger of the ecclesiastical movement of our day, we would call attention once more to the fact that, whilst it might be possible to restrain the mere ceremonial extravagances by additional legal penalties, this vaster mischief is one which legal enactments can hardly reach, or reach only through remedies which would be worse than the evils.

It is our hope that by clearly stating what those evils are we may render some service in awakening the more moderate adherents of this system to the perils of the course to which they give their sanction, and which, by the pressure of more astute politicians above them, and of more vehement partisans behind them, hurries them on, in spite of themselves, to excesses which in heart they deprecate, whilst in act they encourage.

There are many who would regard the conscious imitation of anything that relates to the Church of Rome one of the foremost offences of the Ritualistic party. The fact is undoubted. The coloured vestments are evidently adopted, not because of their antiquity—for their first origin, as we have seen, is significant of no doctrine whatever—but simply because they are Roman. It would appear that the Thirty-nine Articles are repudiated, the title of Protestant rejected, and the great name of Luther disparaged, not so much from any fixed conviction on the subjects themselves, as because these stand as bulwarks or barriers between the mass of Englishmen and the Church of the Pope. But what is offensive to common sense—what vitiates the position of men otherwise estimable—is the painful striving after a system which they have not, and which they try to grasp by seizing the shadow when they know that they cannot enjoy the substance. To Roman Catholics themselves the attempt appears ludicrous.—The walls of the Vatican resound with laughter at the reports which penetrate thither of the mimicry

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of rites which are natural to them, but which they feel must be artificial to others. There is no doubt a strain on every honest mind in bearing the immense weight of the traditional hereditary system of the Roman Catholic Church; but the strain is far greater when this weight is self-imposed—when some of the most startling forms of its worship are not merely accepted as parts of an ancient whole, but are dragged out into disproportionate prominence by the fancy of individual minds.

It is one of the paradoxes of the Ritualist school that, "no public worship is really deserving of the name unless it be histrionic." But surely they themselves would acknowledge that in worship, as in other parts of the religious life, some deference is due to the literal sense of the contrary maxim—"Beware of hypocrisy" (*upokrisis*), that is, of "acting a part." And this "histrionic" or "hypocritical" element (whether we take the Latin or Greek word) becomes doubly questionable in proportion as the part enacted is remote from ourselves. We do not deny that in every kind of ritual a divergence must often exist between the earthly feelings of the worshipper and the unearthly language in which all our devotion must be expressed. But this divergence between form and reality is increased beyond all proportion when the minister is not only assuming gestures, dresses, and words which are in themselves more or less theatrical, but when those forms and frames of thought are consciously borrowed from another society to which he does not belong. Sir Walter Scott used to tell with much zest a story of a man who tried to frighten his friend by encountering him at midnight on a lonely spot which was supposed to be the resort of a ghostly visitant. He took his seat on the haunted stone wrapt in a long white sheet. Presently, to his horror, the real ghost appeared, and sat down beside him, with the ominous ejaculation, "You are a ghost, and I am a ghost; let us come closer and closer together." And closer and closer the ghost pressed, till the sham ghost, overcome with terror, fainted away. This we fear, is the fate which awaits the Ritualist imitators of the Church of Rome. That mighty ghost—"the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire"—the ghost of the dead middle ages—will press closer and closer to our poor dressed-up ghost, till the greater absorbs the lesser or deprives it, by mere juxtaposition, of any true spiritual life. We would, in all sincerity, submit to those who adopt this histrionic worship and theology, that there is, in the very attitude which they assume, a fantastic show of religion, extremely difficult to combine with its inward reality. If one out of twenty is able to unite it with devotional fervour and practical activity, there must be nineteen out of twenty who are in danger of losing all sense of the great things of life in the punctilious and religious observance of practices which, not being natural, can only be retained in the mind by an

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effort, to say the least, exceedingly unwholesome.

IV. Connected with this part of the development is the view of the Sacrament of the Eucharist, which is made by the Ritualists the centre of their new practices. It is possible that, since the lucid judgments of the judicial Committee of the Privy Council in 1857 on the appeal of Liddell v. Westerton, even they may have learned to attach less importance than they then did to the shape and materials of the Communion-table. It is now, we hope, well known that the oldest form of the Holy Table was as its name implies, a wooden table and nothing more; and that the stone structure which centuries afterwards took its place had even then no connection with a Pagan or Jewish altar, but was a reproduction of the rock-hewn grave or marble tomb, in which the relics of martyrs were supposed to be enshrined. It is possible that the Credence-table, which used to be regarded as a kind of bulwark of high sacramental views, may now have come to be judged in its true light as an adjunct rather of a table than an altar, being in fact the side-board from which the Credentiarius, or accredited taster in the barbarous times when the name and thing were invented, ascertained whether or not the food was poisoned. But there still remains a cloud of misconception on this subject, through which we can but hope to penetrate to a few leading characteristics of its relation to the present controversy.

When we remember what the original ordinance was—when we call to mind the upper chamber, with the evening meal and the recumbent guests—when we recollect the scenes in the Primitive Church, which almost brought it within the range of a common banquet—when we reflect on its original object, as a pledge of love between Christians and Christians, as an offering of grateful hearts, as a self-dedication to the Master who had dedicated himself for them—it is with difficulty that we can track our way through the long descent of centuries, during which it has become "the Dreadful Sacrifice," the Miracle of Bolsena, the centre of strange fables and still stranger discords, the battle-field of scholastic theologians, of warring nations, of conflicting sects, of the fierce struggles of Abelard and Bernard, of John Ziska and the Emperor Sigismund, of the Reformed Churches against each other and against Rome. Logic, rhetoric, prosaic want of imagination, and imagination run wild, bad metaphysics, and misguided politics have done their worst on that simple and sacred rite, till the true miracle seems to be that it survived at all. "Men have turned the key in this lock so often," says Jeremy Taylor, "till it cannot be either opened or shut."

We must not be surprised, therefore, if in the fluctuations of the English Reformation, in the perplexities which beset the mind first of Cranmer and then of Elizabeth

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on this very subject, the ambiguity and contradiction of their doctrine should have left its traces throughout the English formularies, and even in the very words of the administration of the sacred elements. The two conflicting views thus meet in the communion of the Anglican Church even if nowhere else. We would not disturb them. So far as we can penetrate through the mist of words in which the leaders of this school envelope their meaning, they are in this respect neither more nor less than Lutherans, and it is no reproach to the English Church that Luther and Zwingle should under her auspices close their ceaseless struggle against each other. It may be true, as Mr. Hallam observes, that, logically speaking, there can be nothing predicated concerning a body in its relation to a given space but presence* and absence. But the perversity of human fancy, the ambiguity of human words, and the complexity of human parties, have hitherto rendered a simple statement of the case well nigh impossible. Even the Canon of the Roman Mass "can only by the most violent artifices of interpretation be reconciled with the dogma of transubstantiation, which was defined many centuries after the Canon† was fixed." Still, without embarking on a theological discussion which would far outrun our limits, there are two points on which we would firmly, and we would even hope with the concurrence of the better spirits of the High Church school itself, protest against the direction in which their favourite dogma is now pushed.—One is the disposition shown in the minute machinery and casuistry of the "Directorium Anglicanum," and like works of the Ritualist party, to bring out the material, carnal, local elements of the Sacrament in the most startling prominence. To this, and to this alone, must be referred the contorted attitudes and changes of dress and physical precautions which, though intended to be reverent, provoke the most painful profaneness. Now, whatever view be taken of the Eucharist,* it is evident to a reasonable mind that the spiritual ought to preponderate over the carnal. Were our Saviour actually present, He Himself would tell us that His bodily form profited nothing, that His words and His spirit only were the source of life and strength. Even if we are to admit the unhappy posthumous correction of the vexed stanza in the "Christian year," and read that he is present "as in the hands, so in the heart," we must all hold that the presence in the heart is infinitely more important than the presence in the hands. This, we believe, would be the thought of the more spiritually-minded even of

*Constitutional History of England, vol. i. p. 124.

† Charge of the Bishop of St. David's, p. 96.

* This is brought out with great force in some striking sermons preached before the University of Cambridge by the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies, on "Morality according to the Lord's Supper."

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devout Roman Catholics. The reverse of this, we regret to think, is the almost inevitable inference from such practices as those to which we refer.

The other accompaniment of this doctrine runs out into a larger field. It is the exaltation of the Minister into a Priest, and the exaltation of a Priest into an indispensible channel of communication between God and man. This again is not, of necessity, the result of the material view, erroneous as we think it, of the Sacramental Presence. It was not held by Luther and the churches which bear his name. And there are, we believe, high authorities even in the Church of Rome who maintain that as in Baptism so in the Eucharist, the intervention of a Priest, technically so called, is not of the essence of the Sacrament. But the peculiar sacredness of the Priesthood is one of the chief ends proposed by the school whose tenets we are now discussing, not only at the present time, but at the first revival in the "Tracts for the Times," when the Apostolical Succession was the one doctrine reiterated, tract after tract, sermon after sermon, with every variety of emphasis. Here again it is doubtless extremely difficult to ascertain what is the precise effect they ascribe to Absolution, or what the precise authority to the words of a Bishop or a Priest. But they unquestionably believe themselves, and wish others to believe, that they are the depositories of mystical, preternatural, we might almost say magical influences, independent of any moral or spiritual graces, and communicated to no one else than themselves. One of their leaders has said that the opposition to their system is tantamount to a rejection of "the belief of any medium between the soul and God." We believe that this truly expresses the state of the case. The acceptance or rejection of this belief is the turning point of the whole controversy. Helps, indeed, assistances innumerable, not only through the clergy, the Sacraments and the Bible, but through example, through art, through nature, through science, through history, through poetry, through church, through home, through school, through love, through friendship, through advice, the human soul has always needed and will always need, in her arduous, ever-retarded, upward flight towards a better world. But the belief in a fixed, eternal, necessary, "medium between the soul and God" on earth, is exactly that which—if we have rightly read the Psalms of David, the Epistles of Paul, and the Gospel of Christ, if we have learned anything from the sufferings and scandals of the Church before the Reformation and since—true Religion is always striving to dispense with, and the more it can be dispensed with, the nearer and higher is the communion of the human spirit with its Maker and its Redeemer.

We will now briefly sum up the result of this brief sketch of our recent ecclesiastical history.

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We have seen that the Ritualists as a body are what they have been truly called, Nonconformists within the Church of England. They introduce practices into its worship which confessedly have not been in use since the time of Elizabeth. They desire to substitute for it as far as outward forms, gestures, dresses, teaching, suppressions, interpolations will allow, the worship of another Church. They speak with the utmost disparagement of the Thirty-nine Articles. They explain away the meaning of many of them to such a point as to reduce them to an absolute nullity. They set the authority of bishops as entirely at nought, as if they were Presbyterians or Independents. They abhor the union of Church and State, on which the whole of the existing constitution of the Anglician Church is founded. They belong to a party which has, in late years at least, always attempted to claim the Church for itself. They present therefor, the extremest case which can arise to test the comprehensiveness of the National Church.

To that comprehension we have already said that we think they are entitled, when they do not violate the wishes and rights of their congregations. Alien as many of their tenets are to the general spirit of the Church and nation in which they have sprung up, they have still enough in common with the double-sided composite aspect of the formularies of the Church, and the character of the nation to give them a standing-place in the eye at once of law and of charity.—They supply, in some respects, a useful counterpoise to the narrowness or perverseness of other elements in the ecclesiastical world. In the earlier days of the movement they counted amongst their ranks lofty characters, and noble deeds, and persuasive works, which the English Church will not willingly let die. They now contain within their numbers (as the Bishop of London has testified) men of ardent, self-denying activity, worthy of better principles than those which they profess, and placing them thus far on a level with the equally ardent and more successful leaders of the Wesleyan movement in former times, of those numerous clergy in our own time who need no stimulant from party-spirit or from sectarian zeal to devote themselves to the unobtrusive performance of their Master's work. And we must remember that these High Church dissenters are more amenable to the control of English law, to the softening effects of social and Christian intercourse, inside the National Church, than if they were cast out from it. By expelling them from it we should not divest ourselves of our responsibility in regard to them. We cannot burn them, as in the days of Mary; we cannot hang them, as in the days of Elizabeth; we cannot banish them, as in the days of Charles I. or Cromwell. By driving them to extremities we might perpetuate the evil for generations. If they became a separate sect, they would remain like other Nonconformists, with the ad-

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ditional extravagance which every isolated and exasperated sect is sure to take to itself. If they became Roman Catholics, they and their children would be parted from the national interests and national sympathies perhaps for centuries. On the other hand, if they are allowed to retain their position within the Church, the fashion would probably pass away with the present generation, and their children and grandchildren would be the staunch Puritans or Liberals of the coming age. How easily these eccentricities vanish if left to themselves, may be seen from the utter collapse of the "Benedictines" of Brother Ignatius, towards which a summary attempt at repression might have attracted a considerable sympathy. but which, by the judicious reticence of the bishops within whose jurisdiction the strolling friar came, sank into a wreck of rebellion, anarchy, bankruptcy, recrimination, and inextinguishable laughter.

It is not with the hope of expecting any return of tolerance at their hands, that we now plead for their toleration. We know well how forgetful this party has always been in its gratitude—how implacable in its vengeance. Not the less, however, but the more incumbent on the advocates of liberal principles is it to show that they are the first to invoke for others the liberty they claim for themselves, the last to invoke that just intervention of the law which, it may be, will be rendered necessary by the disregard of the wishes of bishops and of parishes.

But if on behalf of the general interests of the National Church, we urge political and ecclesiastical comprehension, so on behalf of the higher interests of truth we urge the need of maintaining, alike by the force of argument and by the moral weight of authority, those great principles of the Reformation, which are needed to balance the natural growth of ecclesiastical despotism, and to secure a free passage for the Church and nation through the period of transition, of which the responsibility has fallen, for good or for evil, on our age and generation. As regards the particular extravagances of Ritualism, our Bishops have, on the whole, presented a stronger front than might have been expected. We do not here speak of their joint declaration against Ritualism in the Upper House of Convocation. Like all such composite manifestoes, it is too vague to be of any real significance, and is open to many of the objections which, on a former occasion, we urged against such a course. Like all documents of which the origin is wrapt in mystery, we know not the motives, the arguments, the comparative adherence or aversion to it in individual minds, which alone can give any force, beyond that of official names, to such an act. The leading Prelates, however, have spoken in the only form in which Episcopal utterances can carry any conviction, namely, in personal individual addresses to their clergy and to the public.—The Primate, in an address at once

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gentle and dignified, warned the party last year against the desperate course on which they were embarked. The Bishop of London has appealed to them in an entreaty, the more pathetic from the affecting circumstances under which it was written, from the unmistakable genuineness of the feeling with which he addresses them, from his cordial recognition of the better side of those whom he was conjuring, we fear in vain, to listen to a counsel, as tender in their interests, as it was wise in the interests of the Church at large. The Bishop of Oxford, in spite of his reputed connection with the party both in his own diocese and elsewhere, not only proposed the condemnatory manifesto to which we have alluded, but has indulged in denunciations of their practices as fervid and as elaborate as have proceeded from any of his brethren. Above all, the Bishop of St. David's has once more spoken, with that commanding judgment, solid style, and consummate learning, which overawe even those who delight to insult the Episcopate, and of which we trust that we, even when venturing to differ from the course he has sometimes chosen, have always spoken with respect.—No one can read his Charge without feeling that there is at least one "Master in Israel" who surveys, if from too serene a height, yet not with an unkindly, and assuredly not with a prejudiced eye, the entanglements of his weaker brethren in the labyrinth of ecclesiastical difficulties. But it is perhaps the chief merit of Bishop Thirlwall's powerful exhortation that it recalls us from the mere superficial grievances of the moment to those far graver perils, of which we have ourselves spoken in the preceding pages, and against which no legal or episcopal interference can avail anything, but which may be restrained by free and vigorous argument, by a higher appreciation, in statesmen and prelates, of the principles in danger. "The brilliant fantastic coruscation" (so let us apply the ingenious metaphor used by one of the distinguished Prelates whom we have just quoted in a somewhat different sense than that in which he used it), "the brilliant coruscation" of outward ceremonial may melt into air, but the "weltering mass of molten metal, from which it has been cast forth, flows on with its full stream," the stream of sacerdotal intolerance—withering like a lava flood every green thing within its reach, undermining and eating into the foundations of the truth and freedom of the Church. Assuredly by only maintaining its love of truth and its love of freedom can the Church resist such encroachments, not the less dangerous because they are preluded by the "burning sparks" and "exhalations" which serve to divert the vulgar eye from the real evil.

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[*The Saturday Review.*

GIBBON'S MEMOIRS.*

English literature is by no means rich in Memoirs, but it does contain a few of great merit, and Gibbon's account of his own life and writings stands very near the head of the list. It may, indeed, be doubted whether any writer of the same kind of eminence has given so complete a picture of himself and of his works. In the first place, the list of writers at all in the same line with Gibbon is by no means long; and, in the next place, of that small number a still smaller minority have betaken themselves to autobiography. Hume gave a short account of himself, which has considerable resemblance in many particulars to Gibbon's Memoirs. Clarendon's Life may also be fairly compared to them: but Hume's autobiography is much shorter than Gibbon's, and Clarendon's Life is rather a history of his own times than an account of himself and his pursuits. On the whole, it would certainly be difficult to find an exact, or nearly exact, counterpart in English to Gibbon's Memoirs. The book is exquisitely characteristic. The opening sentences are in themselves a miniature of all that follows :—

"In the fifty-second year of my age, after the completion of an arduous and successful work, I now propose to employ some moments of my leisure in reviewing the simple transactions of a private and solitary life. Truth, naked, unblushing truth, the first virtue of more serious history, must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative. The style shall be simple and familiar; but style is the image of character, and the habits of correct writing may produce without labour or design the appearance of art and study. My own amusement is my motive, and will be my reward; and if these sheets are communicated to some discreet and indulgent friends, they will be secreted from the public eye till the author shall be removed beyond the reach of criticism or ridicule."

The man who could solemnly sit down to amuse himself after this fashion must have been no common person. Something more than the "habit of correct writing" was necessary to the production of this strange seesaw. "Truth, naked, unblushing truth" is introduced with a cross between irony and pomposity which is admirably characteristic of the half-conscious grimace which Gibbon never laid aside.—There is perfixed to the quarto edition (1866) of his Miscellaneous Works a portrait taken from a figure of him cut out from black paper with a pair of scissors, in his

* "Memoirs of My Life and Writings." By Edward Gibbon.

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absence, by a Mrs. Brown, which looks as if it was in the very act of uttering some such sentiment. It is the figure of a very short, fat man, as upright as if he had swallowed a poker, and surmounted by a face a little like the late Mr. Buckle's. He wears a pigtail, and holds a snuff-box, which balance each other in such a manner as to give the squat figure with its big head and its little bits of legs a strange look of formality struggling with a desire to shine.

Gibbon was born at Putney on the 27th of April, (O. S.) 1737. As he justly observes, "My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant"; but, in fact, his father was a man of old family and some property. His grandfather, Edward Gibbon, was one of the directors of the South Sea Company, and was punished by Act of Parliament for the part which he had taken in that scheme by a fine of nearly 100,000*l*., which absorbed more than nine-tenths of his whole property. Such, however, was his industry and good luck that between the ages of fifty-six, when he was fined, and of seventy, when he died, he made a second fortune nearly as large as the first. After being sent to various Schools, Westminster amongst the rest, for nearly two years, Gibbon was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1752, in his fifteenth year. It was whilst there that he became a Roman Catholic, (June 8, 1753,) and in consequence of this change of religion he was removed from the University by his father, and settled by the 30th of June at Lausanne, under the care of a Protestant clergyman, M. Pavillard. M. Pavillard and his own reflections combined reconverted him by the end of 1754.—There he remained studying in real earnest till April, 1758. He made one tour during this period, to which our modern habits give a certain interest. More than thirty years afterwards he carefully recorded a route which a tourist of our days would no more think of recollecting than of commemorating all his morning walks. It lasted a month, and led him from Lausanne, to Iverdun, Neufchatel, Bienne, Soleure, Basle, Baden, Zurich, Lucerne, Berne, and so back to Lausanne. It is odd to find him remarking, in 1789, "The fashion of climbing the mountains and reviewing the glaciers had not yet been introduced by foreign travellers." In April, 1758, he returned to London: and in May, 1760, he went into the Hampshire Militia, writing his first performance, an *Essay on the Study of Literature*, in 1759. It was published in 1761. From May, 1760, to December, 1762, the Hampshire Militia were embodied, and Gibbon led the life of an officer in a marching regiment. He was captain of the grenadier company, and of all grenadiers past or present he must surely have been one of the strangest. After the Militia were disbanded, he travelled to Paris (January—May, 1763), and after passing nearly a year (May, 1763—April, 1764) at Lausanne, he went on to Florence, Rome, and Naples. It is in his notice of

this visit that the well-known passage occurs about the first conception of the *Decline and Fall*, and for once the language suits very well with the thought. "It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." He returned to his father's house on the 25th of June, 1765, and passed the next five years in forming various literary plans, which came to little. He proposed, for one thing, to write a history of the foundation of the Swiss Republic, and it is a singular illustration of the change which has taken place in European literature, that he not only knew no German at all, but did not think it worth learning, and trusted to getting translations of his materials made for him by a Swiss friend. He made an attack upon Warburton's famous paradox as to the nature of the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, and he also set up, in association with a M. Deyverdum, a literary review published in French. In November, 1770, his father died; and in December, 1772, Gibbon had settled his affairs and established himself in comfortable independence in London, at the age of thirty-five. As soon as he was well established he set to work to write the *Decline and Fall*, and published the first volume which included the famous chapters on Christianity, in 1776. During this time he was a silent member for Liskeard, by the favour of Lord Eliot. He was no speaker, and was besides afraid of his own reputation, or, to use his own singular dialect, "Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice." The publication of the first instalment of the History was followed by a hot controversy, in which Gibbon was moved to reply for once, but only for once, to his antagonists. It was at this time, too, that he published his famous "Mémoirs justificatif" against the proceedings of the French Government in the matter of the American war. After holding office for a short time as a member of the Board of Trade, he ceased to sit in Parliament, and removed to Lausanne in 1783, to finish his History at his leisure. He finished it on the 27th of June, 1787. Perhaps the best passage in his Memoirs is the well-known one in which this is described:—

"It was on the day or rather night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a berceau or covered walk of acacias which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not describe the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my free-

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dom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame; but my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

Gibbon returned to England in the spring of 1793, and died in London on the 16th of January, 1794, at the age of fifty-seven.

Such is the outline of his life. Quiet as it was, it contains incidents which have some general interest, and which throw a light on several of the great topics of the time in which he lived. The first question which the life suggests is what manner of man was Gibbon himself, for there can be no doubt that, whatever else he may have been, he was the author of one of the very greatest books in the English language. He does not appear to have impressed his contemporaries by mother wit and general force of character. One of them said of him, that he might have been cut out of an odd corner of Burke's mind without being missed, yet nothing can be more certain than that his History is a work of infinitely greater and more lasting importance than all that Burke ever wrote. It is easy to understand this estimate as we read his Memoirs. They convey almost any impression rather than that their author was a great man as well as a great writer, and indeed they supply clear evidence that the two characters may be entirely distinct. Probably no one ever enjoyed his life more thoroughly than Gibbon. It is hardly possible to imagine any existence more exquisitely pleasant in every particular. He had ease, good health till the latter part of his life, whatever he chose to take in the way of society, and that blessing of all blessings—a strong taste for a noble art, with the means and opportunity of systematically gratifying it. He was a born student, and from the time when he first went to Lausanne to the day of his death he studied uninterruptedly and insatiably, yet he never appears to have thrown away his labour. He always read for a purpose, and seems on all occasions to have taken the direct road to the object of his study, whatever that might be. No man made greater use of the labours of others, or was less disposed to neglect any short cut to knowledge, in the shape of abridgments, reviews, or translations, which came in his way. Still, however enviable and luxurious his life may have been, and however great were the results which he produced, his Memoirs give the impression that after all he was not a great man. His book was greater than the mind which produced it. One of his favourite remarks is that the style ought to be the image of the mind; and if, as was no doubt the case, this was true of himself, his mind must have been, to say the least, not a beautiful one. The passage quoted above, as to the completion of his book, shows more human feeling

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than any other in his Memoirs. Here and there, where he thinks he ought to be affected, his pathos comes in with a stiffness which has a singularly grotesque effect. Take, for instance, his account of the death of his father. After describing his various foibles in a manner which shows that he must have been a light, weak, foolish man, Gibbon feels that he has been a little hard, and tries to make amends :—

"His graceful person, polite address, gentle manners, and unaffected cheerfulness recommended him to the favour of every company; and in the change of times and opinions his liberal spirit had long since delivered him from the zeal and prejudices of a Tory education. I submitted to the order of nature; and my grief was soothed by the conscious satisfaction that I had discharged all the duties of filial piety."

Gibbon submitting to the order of nature must have been a touching spectacle. His accounts of his first and last love is equally characteristic :—

"I hesitate from the apprehension of ridicule when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. . . . I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness which is inspired by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love is disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment."

The lady was afterwards Madame Necker, and though Gibbon "might presume to hope that" he "had made some impression on a virtuous heart," his father would not hear of it. "After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover; I obeyed as a son." The application of such a style to such a subject paints the man almost as well as the black paper figure snipped out by Mrs. Brown's scissors, and exactly corresponds with the notion of him which his History suggests. It contains any quantity of information, it shows a marvellous power of arrangement, it abounds in successful turns of speech; but after reading it several times, and with a constantly increasing appreciation of the extraordinary merits of the preformance, it is impossible not to feel that we have been reading an excellent account of some of the greatest events in human history by a man whose whole conception of history was commonplace and second-rate.

There are several incidental events in Gibbon's life which have a good deal of general interest.— His account of the utterly contemptible state of education—if indeed it could be said, by the widest stretch of courtesy, to deserve any such name—which prevailed in his time at Oxford, is too well known to justify more than a passing allusion; but the glimpse which he gives of Protestant Switzerland forms an interesting con-

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trast to his description of Oxford. The literary activity of the French and Swiss Protestants all through the early part, and up to the middle, of the eighteenth century, is a chapter in literary history which has now fallen a great deal out of date, but which has much interest. It is obvious, from Gibbon's account of his own studies, that he was trained to think and read according to the methods then in use in Switzerland, and they certainly show a comprehensiveness and solidity of design very unlike anything which was at that day, or indeed is in these days, to be had in England. Apart from this, his Memoirs draw clearly enough, though without any premeditated design of doing so, a picture of the progress of his own mind which is of the highest interest. Gibbon was the least sentimental of human beings, yet his mental history is as distinctly the history of his religious opinions as Dr. Newman's *Apologia* is of his. The *Decline and Fall* is throughout an oblique attack on theology in general, and the Memoirs sufficiently show that this was the subject which from the very first had most deeply engaged Gibbon's attention. "From my childhood," he says, "I had been fond of religious disputation; my poor aunt (Miss Porter, who brought him up), had been often puzzled by the mysteries which she strove to believe." Another aunt (his father's sister) had been under the spiritual direction of Law the mystic, and Gibbon was thus born to controversy. At Oxford "the blind activity of idleness" impelled him to read Middleton's *Free Inquiry*. Yet he could not bring himself to follow Middleton in his attack on the early Fathers, or to give up the notion that miracles were worked in the early Church for at least four or five centuries. "But I was unable to resist the weight of historical evidence that within the same period most of the leading doctrines of Popery were already introduced in theory and practice; nor was the conclusion absurd that miracles are the test of truth, and that the Church must be orthodox and pure which was so often approved by the visible interposition of the Deity." From the miracles affirmed by Basil, Chrysostom, Augustine and Jerome, he inferred that celibacy was superior to marriage, that saints were to be invoked, prayers for the dead said, and the real presence believed in; and whilst in this frame of mind he fell in with Bossuet's *Exposition* and his *History of the Variations*. "I read," he says in his affected way, "I applauded, I believed;" and he adds with truth, in reference to Bossuet, "I surely fell by a noble hand." "In my present feelings it seems incredible that I should ever have believed in transubstantiation; but my conqueror oppressed me with the sacramental words, and dashed against each other the figurative half-meanings of the Protestant sects." Nothing can be less like the process by which the conversions to Popery of our own day have been obtained. In almost every instance

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in which the journey from Oxford to Rome has been made, the moving power has been moral sympathy, far more than any intellectual process; and in almost every case this has been accompanied by a dread, more or less consciously entertained and explicitly avowed, of the possible results of Protestantism. No one, we will venture to say, has been converted in the nineteenth century by a belief that, as a fact, miracles were worked in the early Church, and that, as a consequence, the doctrines professed at the same time must have been true. The fact that the process began at the other end with Gibbon is characteristic both of the man and of the age; but it is put in a still stronger light by the account which he gives of the process of his reconversion. "M. Pavillard," says Lord Sheffield, Gibbon's editor, "has described to me the astonishment with which he gazed on Mr. Gibbon standing before him, a thin little figure with a large head, disputing and urging with the greatest ability all the best arguments that had ever been used in favour of Popery." The process from first to last was emphatically an intellectual one. A curious letter from Pavillard to Gibbon's father gives a singular account of it:

"I believed that when I should have destroyed the principal errors of the Romish Church, I should only have to show that all the others are the results of the first, and that they would no longer exist when the fundamental ones are overthrown; but I was mistaken, it is necessary to deal with each article separately."

He afterwards says: "I have overthrown the infallibility of the Church," &c., &c., counting up all the powerful Roman Catholic doctrines; and then he adds: "I flatter myself that after having obtained the victory over these articles, I shall, with the help of God, have it over the rest."

Gibbon himself observes: "I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation; that the text of Scripture which seems to inculcate the real presence is attested only by a single sense—our sight; while the real presence itself is disproved by three of our senses, the sight, the touch, and the taste."

He might, by the way, have recollected the famous Latin hymn which puts the same thought in another form, oddly enough, making the hearing the one sense which supports the doctrine—

> Fallit visus, odor, tactus
> Soli auditui creditur.

Gibbon's studies after his reconversion all lay in the direction which he followed up so effectively in the *Decline and Fall.* He began with Crousaz' Logic, and then went into Locke and Bayle, and he specifies three books as having had a particular influence over him. 1. From Pascal's *Provincial Letters*, "which almost every year I have perused with new pleasure, I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony, even on sub-

jects of ecclesiastical solemnity.—2. The Abbé de la Bleterie's *Life of Julian;* and 3. Giannone's *Civil History of Naples,* in which "I observed with a critical eye the progress and abuse of sacerdotal power." These books sufficiently indicate the course in which his mind must have been running during his studies at Lausanne. The general impression which his account of his studies there and afterwards conveys is, that he formed early in life a set of opinions and sympathies which found their complete and natural expression in the *Decline and Fall,* and which it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, for him to have expressed so fully in any other shape. Several Histories of our own time might be named—Mr. Grote's History of Greece, for instance—which express the author's views upon almost all the great topics of moral and political interest, in the same sort of way in which novels of a certain kind express the sentiments of authors of a lighter cast. It would be impossible to reduce Gibbon's History to the form of propositions, yet the reader feels at every page that it is quite as much a vehicle for the author's sentiments on every sort of subject as a narrative told for the sake of the events which it relates; and the Memoirs enable us to see the process as it actually took place.

There are some passages in the Memoirs which move the admiration and envy of those who are not able to dispose of their time, and to lay out the plan of their studies, like Gibbon. These are the passages which describe the way in which he prepared himself to get all the instruction that was to be got out of his journeys. When about to go to Rome, he "diligently read the elaborate treatises which fill the fourth volume of the Roman Antiquities of Græviu s." Also, the *Italia Antiqua* of Cluverius, in two volumes; also Strabo, Pliny, Pomponius Mela, &c., from which he compiled a table of roads and distances reduced to English measure, and filled a folio commonplace book about the geography of Italy and other kindred subjects. Lastly, he read Spanheim *De Præstantia et usu Numismatum.* All this was before he had any notion of writing the History of the *Decline and Fall,* and simply by way of a natural preparation for his journey. How many of us can read this, and not blush to think that our most elaborate preparations for such a journey have seldom gone beyond buying a Murray's Handbook, and perhaps a book of Italian Conversations?

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[*Leisure Hour.*

THOMAS HOOD.

The recent republication of the Life and Works of Thomas Hood has recalled the memory of this great master of wit, humour, and pathos. Some of his pieces have deservedly taken a high and enduring place in English literature.—No poet so combines sportive playfulness of fancy with earnest tone of moral feeling; sometimes he blends in one poem humour and seriousness, touching at the same moment the springs of laughter and the sources of tears—exciting at once fun and kindness. Even puns—the lowest form of wit—become in his hands instruments of genuine humour and true pathos. His highest praise is, that his best jokes are for noblest ends. His very levities, verbal or otherwise, are directed to some generous and kindly purpose. He tempts men to laugh, and then leads them to pity and relieve.

Thomas Hood, the poet and humorist, was the second son of Thomas Hood, of the firm of Vernor and Hood, booksellers, in the Poultry, London, where the poet was born in 1798. The elder Hood was a native of Scotland, a man of cultivated taste, and the author of some fictions which were popular for a time, though now forgotten. He had a large family, whom he brought up with care. James, his eldest son, gave promise of future excellence, being remarkable both as a linguist and a draughtsman; but he was carried off, while yet young, by consumption, to which also his mother and two sisters ultimately fell victims.

Young Thomas was sent in childhood to a day-school, kept by two sisters, in Token-house Yard, and afterwards to a school in the suburbs of London, where, however, he made but little progress in learning—the preparatory schools of that day being little better than infant boarding-houses, or receptacles for young children, whom it was expedient to remove from home for sanitary or other reasons.

The elder Hood died in 1811, and the death was shortly followed by that of his eldest, son, James. Thomas being now the only remaining son, his mother—longing for his society—recalled him home, and placed him at a good day-school in the neighbourhood, at which the boy, now thirteen, applied himself industriously to study, and made rapid progress. According to his own testimony he here mastered the difficulties of grammar, picked up a share of Latin, and became so good a French scholar as to be able to earn a few guineas—his first literary fee—by preparing a new edition of "Paul et Virginie" for the press.

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On leaving school, he appears to have made the first trial of business in a merchant's counting-house—viz., that of the Messrs. Bell and Co., Russia merchants, Warnford Court, City; though some doubts have been expressed as to the truth of this statement by his biographers. What is certain is, that at about the age of sixteen he was articled to his uncle, Mr. Sands, an engraver. To his sometime practice at the engraver's desk, it may be that he owed much of that readiness and confidence in design which characterized his grotesque sketches in after-life. But his health failed while he was at this employment, and it was found necessary to cancel his articles, and to send him on a voyage to Scotland to recruit. In a Scotch smack he arrived at Dundee, and there he seems to have remained in the house of a relative for several years. Of his pursuits at this critical period of life, while character is forming and habits of mind are acquiring a permanent bias, little is known.—What they must have been may be in part inferred from the tastes and predilections which marked his future years. That he rambled the country round; that he fished and boated, and haunted the surge-beaten shore in solitary musings, and grew an ardent lover of the sea in all its aspects and tempers, is sufficiently evident; that he mixed much with very various classes of society, and, by the daily use of rare powers of observation and retention, laid up—half-unconsciously, perhaps—a fund of knowledge of men, and the ways of men, is also beyond a doubt; and we know, further, that it was during his residence at Dundee that he made his first literary attempts, the results of which appeared in the local newspaper and magazine.

The exact date of Hood's return to London is not specified, but it was in all probability connected with the illness and death of his mother, the last days of whose decline were soothed by his tender care and affection. His sister Annie did not survive her long. There is no record of the death of either mother or sister—unless it be the well-known poem of Hood, beginning—

"We watched her breathing through the night,"

printed in the "Englishman's Magazine."

Owing to the death of Mr. John Scott, who was killed in a duel, the "London Magazine," of which he had been editor, came into possession of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, old friends of Hood's father. They sent for Hood, and offered him the situation of sub-editor. He accepted the post with gladness. "My vanity," says he, in his "Reminiscences," "did not rashly plunge me into authorship; but no sooner was there a legitimate opening than I jumped at it head foremost, and was speedily behind the scenes."

Hood's connection with the "London Magazine" led to his intimacy with many literary men of the day, among whom were Lamb, Cary, Hazlitt, Proctor, Bowring, Barton,

Cunningham, Elton, Hartley, Coleridge, Talfourd, Soane, Horace Smith, Reynolds, Poole, Crowe, Doctor Bliss, and others. With Charles Lamb he was especially intimate until the death of that genial essayist. Some of Hood's most popular writings were produced about this time, and appeared in the magazine to which he was attached. During the years 1821, 1822, and 1823 he contributed altogether twenty-seven pieces, some of a classical kind, and others abounding in his peculiar humour and merriment. Among them was the "Faithless Sally Brown," which came out in 1822, and was provocative of general laughter. At this time Hood was paying court to Miss Reynolds, the sister of Mr. J. H. Reynolds, son of a master at Christ Church School, and also a contributor to the "London Magazine." In conjunction with Reynolds, he brought out his first separate work, which was published anonymously, under the title of "Odes and Addresses to Great People"—the style and humour of which induced Coleridge, who was then residing at Highgate, to attribute it to Charles Lamb, whom he accused of "anoning" it for a private reason.

Hood was married to Miss Reynolds in May, 1824, and the union, which was beyond expression fortunate for him, proved signally happy for both. Never, perhaps, had a literary man a more valuable helpmate: to a cultivated mind and natural good taste she added social and domestic qualities of the highest order, combined with a rare unselfishness. For some years they resided in Robert Street, Adelphia; and here was born their first child, which scarcely survived its birth. In 1826 was published the first series of "Whims and Oddities," which succeeded so well that it was soon followed by a second series.—His next work was a prose volume called "National Tales," and this was followed in 1827 by the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," and other poems. This work, though always a favourite with Hood himself, did not, for some occult reason, take with the public, as it has since; the copies hung on hand, and at length Hood bought them all up himself, "to save them," as he said, "from the butter-shops."

In 1828 he published a third series of "Whims and Oddities;" and in 1829, being for that year editor of the "Gem" annual, he wrote for it his famous poem of "Eugene Aram's Dream," which was afterwards published in a separate form with illustrations by Harvey, and still later was translated into German. This story alone would have established the author's reputation as a poet; and there is no risk in predicting that it will maintain a permanent place in our literature. During this year he removed from London to Winchmore Hill, there he resided about three years, and it was while living there that he published his first "Comic Annual." In 1832 he removed to Lake House, Wanstead, where he wrote his novel of "Tylney Hall," the scenery of which is

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taken mostly from this neighbourhood. At the end of 1834 Hood suffered heavy loss by the failure of a London firm, and, being plunged in pecuniary difficulties, saw before him the two courses—either of freeing himself from responsibility by means of the Bankruptcy Court, or of retrenching and working double tides to pay his debts. Though weak in health and weaker in purse, he did not hesitate to accept the only honourable course; and, surrendering the whole of his property to his creditors, he voluntarily went into exile, there to labour hard and live sparingly, in order to be enabled to reimburse them in full.—He took ship, alone, for Rotterdam, sailing in the "Lord Melville" early in March, 1835, and was nearly lost in the terrible storm of the 4th and 5th, in which eleven vessels perished on the coast to which he was bound. He fixed on Coblenz as a place of residence, and there he was speedily joined by his wife and children. At first the change of air and scene—and especially of diet—had a bad effect upon his health, always delicate; but he recovered after a time sufficiently to enjoy the novel aspects of life and nature in the scenes around him, and which served him admirably for literary material.—In Germany he made some pleasant friendships, and also enjoyed occasionally the society of literary friends who visited him from London, whither he also voyaged on one or two occasions to recruit his health. He continued his "Comic Annual," writing largely for it, and drawing numerous designs on the wood, and indeed editing it, until its termination in 1837. At Coblenz he began his "Up the Rhine," perhaps his most characteristic work. It is avowedly cast in the mould of "Humphrey Clinker" (though we need hardly say it has none of the coarseness of Smollett,) and consists of a series of letters written in character, and descriptive of incidents of the most ludicrous and humorous nature occurring of travellers in a strange land.

Hood's health had not improved in Germany, nor had he been able to effect the retrenchment to which he had looked forward—this important object being defeated by the shameful dishonesty of the Germans, who charged him exorbitant prices for the necessaries of life—swindling him to an amount varying from thirty to a hundred per cent., as opportunity offered, *because he was an Englishman.* It was some time ere his eyes were opened to their foul practices, which excited in him a very natural disgust; and he took appropriate vengeance by exposing them in his book, where he makes the very echoes of Lurlie to respond with reiterated cautions against the roguery of the sons of Fatherland.

In June, 1837, he left Coblenz for Ostend, but not without being annoyed during the last ten days of his stay by a "series of petty robberies just short of open force: lying, dissimulation, treachery, malice, hatred, 'and all uncharitableness.'" A severe illness overtook him in the beginning of 1838,

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partly brought on by his increased labors in bringing out his new monthly periodical, "Hood's Own," the first number of which appeared early in the year. During his residence at Ostend—in 1839—he paid a short visit to England to renew old friendships and to arrange for the publication of "Up the Rhine," which came out at the end of the year. In 1840 he again visited England, and was laid up at Stratford in the house of Dr. Elliot, his medical man, to whose skill and unremitting attention he at this time probably owed his life. On recovering his strength he returned to Ostend for the purpose of bringing his family back to England raising the money required for so doing by the sale of the copyright of one of his works. Unfortunately the expectations he had reasonably nourished with regard to "Up the Rhine" were doomed to be disappointed: instead of receiving from it the profits fairly earned, he became involved in an expensive and tedious law-suit, from which we cannot learn that he derived anything beyond the vexatious worry and painful anxiety inseparable from law proceedings—while the publication of the book was delayed until the suit should be ended.

By the close of 1840 Hood had settled himself in Camberwell, not far from the Green. Here he completed, in the first months of 1841, the matchless story of Miss Killmansegg. About the same time the first number of "Punch" made its appearance, in which Hood, to his astonishment, saw himself advertised as one of the contributors, although he had been hitherto unaware of its existence. In August of the same year, on the death of Theodore Hook, editor of the "New Monthly," Hood was appointed to succeed him at a salary of £300 a year, to his own intense satisfaction, as well as to that of his best friends. In consequence of this appointment he removed, in 1842, to St. John's Wood, where for a time his health seemed to improve, and where he wrought with his usual diligence in the interest of the magazine to which he was attached. In 1843 he wrote the "Song of the Shirt," with which his name will be associated through the coming generations. It first appeared in "Punch," but within a few weeks had penetrated to every part of the kingdom; had been copied into every provincial journal, and was everywhere read with wonder and indignant sympathy.

At the close of this year, some difference with the proprietors led to the termination of his connection with the "New Monthly," and he made arrangements for launching a new magazine of his own, under the title of "Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany." The first number came out in January, 1844, Hood having by this time removed to Devonshire Lodge, Finchley Road. In spite of his feeble health, he wrote more than half of the first number himself; and during the whole continuance of the work (which only ceased with his life) supplied the best of

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the contributions, till within a few months of his disease. The magazine was considered a great success at the time, and should have yielded a good income to its owner; but poor Hood seemed fated to become the victim of other people's mismangement, and again, amidst the aggravations of increasing sickness and overwhelming labours, he had to contend with the cares and perplexities resulting from the faithlessness of others. He was now often utterly prostrated by bodily weakness, and many of his choicest pieces were at this time written while he was propped up with pillows in bed, bravely fighting for independence against a host of pains and anxieties. His style was never more felicitous, his wit never more brilliant, than while he was thus cast down, yet unsubdued by untoward circumstances. He had the consolation, a short time before his death, of having a government pension of £100 a year, which was offered to him by Sir Robert Peel, transferred at his own request to his wife. After lying nearly insensible for four days, he died, May 3d, 1845; and on the 10th of the month was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, where a classical and appropriate monument has since been erected to his memory. He left two children—a daughter and a son—in whose favour the pension was continued after the demise of Mrs. Hood, who survived her gifted husband but eighteen months.

In considering the works of Thomas Hood we need indulge but little in dissertation; even if we had space for that, which we have not, it would be much better to allow him to speak for himself. All his writings, different as they are in character, ranging as they do through imaginations and fancies the drollest, the wittiest, and the most humorous, are marked by one striking feature—they are always wholesome and free from false or morbid feeling. It has often been remarked that humour and pathos almost invariably go together, and that a writer is rarely eminent for one who is not also capable of the other. Hood was certainly no exception to the rule; and it is difficult to say at this moment whether the author of "Faithless Sally Brown," and of the "Bridge of Sighs," is most endeared to us by his pathos or his humour—for which of the two opposite sides of his intellectual being he is most prized. If his wit is of a peculiar kind, not like that of ordinary wits, merely sparkle and show, but often profoundly suggestive and touching, so, on the other hand, is his pathos peculiar to himself, often appealing to our deepest sympathies through forms of expression which seem to be leading up to the gay or frivolous, and yet hit their mark in the very root of sadness. "There's not a string attuned to mirth," he says himself, "but has its chord in melancholy;" and it seems to have been granted to him to discourse the saddest and the merriest music through a medium attuned to both passions at once, and responsive to either one at the slight-

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est suggestions of fancy or feeling. In the lowest department of wit—that of punning—Hood was unapproached. It is not evident that he prized this faculty for more than it was worth, but it was a source of income, and he worked it industriously; it was also a source of amusement to himself and others, and he revelled in it joyously: But his puns were not ordinary puns, consisting of a ludicrous play upon words merely; in one double sense they were apt to involve another double sense, which, while it surprised and delighted the reader, put him in possession of a new idea, serious or grotesque, as it might happen. Thus, in his "Ode on the Prospect of Clapman College," where he went to school as a boy, he wonders who keeps the school now—

> How many ushers he employs,
> How many maids, *to see the boys*
> *Have nothing in their heads.*

The italics are not Hood's. Instances of this sort will recur in numbers to the memory of readers familiar with his works. Perhaps the fairest notion of his average surface-wit and unpremeditated droll humour, as it seasoned his letters and conversation, may be derived from a list of odd titles to books, which, at the request of the Duke of Devonshire, he supplied to be used as lettering-pieces to sham volumes in a library. We shall cite only a few:—

On Cutting Off Heirs with a Shilling. By Barber Beaumont.

Percy Vere. In 40 volumes.

Tadpoles; or, Tales out of My Own Head.

Malthus's Attack of Infantry.

The Life of Zimmerman. By Himself.

Pygmalion. By Lord Bacon.

Boyle on Steam.

Haughtycultural Remarks on London Pride.

Voltaire, Volney, Volta. 3 vols.

Barrow on the Common Weal.

Campaigns of the Brit. Arm.—By one of the German Leg.

Recollections of Bannister. By Lord Stair.

Cursory Remarks on Swearing.

In-i-go on Secret Entrances.

Of all Hood's lighter pieces, if indeed it can be ranked with them, the "Story of Miss Kilmansegg" is that which affords us the best view of his manysidedness, and of his various merits as a thinker, a teacher, and a writer. It abounds in humour, sometimes broad, sometimes sufficiently grim and rather recondite. It flashes with wit almost from beginning to end, whilst its moral purpose is of the highest, and its philosophy of the soundest. We laugh with the keenest relish as we read, and are borne along by the wondrous verse and rhythm; we can but laugh at the whimsical fancies, the oddly-disguised meanings, and the sharp, razor-like thrusts at human vanity and weakness; but, arrived at the end, our risible muscles relax, the inclination to mirth subsides. As we retrace the history, we feel the burden of the profound moral which throughout rides along on the playful metre, and we ponder musingly in sober sadness over many a bitter truth which the

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minstrel has declared, and even more at the portentous views of a thoroughly worldly life conjured up by his impossible fiction.

We subjoin a few extracts from this poem in illustration of its varied style and subject. Read first as to the "accident" of birth:

Into this world we come like ships,
Launched from the docks, and stocks, and slips,
For fortune fair or fatal:
And one little craft is cast away
In its very first trip in Babbicombe Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord!
This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a lord,
And that to be shunn'd like a leper!
One to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
Another, like Colchester, native born
To its vinegar only and pepper.

One is litter'd under a roof
Neither wind nor water proof—
That's the prose of Love in a Cottage—
A puny, naked, shivering wretch,
The whole of whose birthright would not fetch
The price of a mess of pottage.

Born of Fortunatus's kin,
Another comes tenderly usher'd in
To a prospect all bright and burnish'd:
No tenant he for life's back slums—
He comes to the world as a gentleman comes
To a lodging ready furnish'd.

And the other sex—the tender—the fair—
What wide reverses of fate are there!
Whilst Margaret, charm'd by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes,
Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street,
Till—think of it, ye who find life so sweet!—
She hates the smell of roses.

For Hood's humorous powers of description, note the sketch of the parents as they are present at the christening:—

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg
The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,
And need an elaborate sonnet;
How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirr'd,
And her head niddle-noddled at every word,
And seem'd so happy, a Paradise Bird
Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the father strutted and bow'd,
And smiled to himself, and laughed aloud,
To think of his heiress and daughter:
And then in his pockets he made a grope,
And then, in the fulness of joy and hope
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water.

We commend the following passage on early education to the serious acceptation of all whom it may concern:—

According to metaphysical creed,
To the earliest books that children read
For much good or much bad they are debtors;
But before with their A B C they start,
There are things in morals as well as art,
That play a very important part—
"Impressions before the letters."

Dame Education begins the pile,
Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian style,
But alas for the elevation!
If the lady's maid or gossip the nurse
With a load of rubbish, or something worse,
Have made a rotten foundation.

The following exquisite passage will commend itself:—

When leaving Eden's happy land
The grieving Angel led by the hand
Our banish'd Father and Mother,
Forgotten amid their awful doom,

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The tears, the fears, and the future's gloom,
On each brow was a wreath of Paradise bloom,
That our Parents had twin'd for each other.

It was only while sitting like figures of stone,
For the grieving angel had skyward flown,
As they sat, these two, in the world alone
With disconsolate hearts nigh cloven,
That scenting the gust of happier hours,
They look'd around for the precious flowers,
And lo!—a last relic of Eden's dear bowers—
The chaplet that Love had woven!

And still when a pair of lovers meet
There's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,
That savours still of that happy retreat
Where Eve by Adam was courted:
Whilst the joyous Thrush, and the gentle Dove,
Wooed their mates in the boughs above,
And the Serpent, as yet only sported.

Note in the following the mingled wit and sarcasm aimed at the matrimonial chances of fashionable life:—

Alas! alas! for the woman's fate
Who has from a mob to choose her mate!
'Tis a strange and painful mystery!
But the more the eggs the worse the hatch,
The more the fish the worse the catch,
The more the sparks the worse the match,
Is a fact in woman's history.

Here is one of the serious touches with which this strange story is in a manner seasoned throughout:—

'Tis a stern and startling thing to think
How often mortality stands on the brink
Of its grave without any misgiving:
And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
Is dying, and Death is living!

Ay, Beauty the girl, and Love the boy,
Bright as they are with hope and joy,
How their souls would sadden instanter,
To remember that one of those wedding bells
Which ring so merrily through the dells,
Is the same that knells
Our last farewells,
Only broken into a canter!

The story of Miss Kilmansegg, as the reader may remember, was written to show the utter worthlessness of mere wealth. It runs throughout its whole course in a veritable Pactolian channel; the verses glitter with gold, and are resonant of the precious metal as they hurry along, fate-driven, as it were, towards the tragical climax. Such a subject suited Hood exactly, for there scarcely existed a man who cared less about wealth for its own sake, or who felt a heartier contempt for the host of servile worshippers who bow down to it.—We close our extracts from this rare story with the following appropriate

MORAL.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled;
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.

The pathetic power of Hood, as

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manifested in his very choicest productions, is even more extensively recognised and appreciated than are his wit and humour. The reason is, partly, because the impression produced by pathos and genuine sympathy is always deeper and more permanent than any produced by the most felicitous touches of the more brilliant faculty, which, from their very nature, are comparatively evanescent—and partly because Hood's pathos was invariably combined with a deep and earnest pleading for the unfortunate, the distressed, and the down-trodden. The fancied and fanciful woes which excite the maudlin sentimentalities of dilettante writers would reap nothing but ridicule from him; while, on the other hand, the wretched who had no other friend found in him an uncompromising champion, who was never so eloquent, never so mighty in burning words, as when telling the story of their wrongs. We may be excused from crowding our columns with extracts from the writings to which we allude, as there is really no need for so doing. "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," "The Workhouse Clock," "The Lay of the Labourer," are of this class, and they are all too well-known to the reader to require that we should reproduce them here. We shall confine our excerpts, therefore, to a few stanzas from "The Lady's Dream," which will show what was the kind of doctrine with which it was Hood's object "to teach the aristocratic idea how to shoot."

Alas! I have walk'd through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmark'd of God!

I drank the richest draughts;
And ate whatever was good—
Fish and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
Supplied by hungry mood;
But I never remembered the wretched ones
That starve for want of food!

I dress'd as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remember'd the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold.

The wounds I might have heal'd!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart!

She clasp'd her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme—
And yet, oh, yet, that many a dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

We shall add two very short poems of a kindred vein. The first was written at the death of a sister, and has been often reprinted, and admired by thousands who never suspected who was its author. Some thirty years ago an elegant Latin verson of it appeared in the "Times."

THE DEATH-BED.

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So softly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eye-lids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

LINES

On seeing my Wife and Two Children sleeping in the same Chamber.

And has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and heaven—my universe of love!
All that my God can give me or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death?
Sweet that in this small compass I behove
To live their living and to breathe their breath!
Almost I wish that with one common sigh
We might resign all mundane care and strife
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where father, mother, children, husband, wife
Together pant in everlasting life!

There is yet another side to Hood's various genius, which side is neither comic nor pathetic, and which, for want of a better name for it, we may call the classical. Like many other men of genius who have miscalculated their own powers, Hood made the mistake of supposing that it was in this department of poesy that his strength lay. It is not saying much to affirm that had he written in this vein only he might have risen to the level of Beattie, or Shenstone, or Akenside, and shone, or rather have glimmered, in the constellation of minor poets; but he would never have thrilled the universal heart of England—would never have won his well-deserved fame, or have rendered one tithe of the service to humanity which he has rendered by means of his mingled humour and pathos. As a specimen of his compositions in this sober walk, we may point to "The Two Peacocks of Bedfont." The subject of the poem is some local tradition or legend, which relates how two young and wealthy lasses were in the habit of resorting to the church-yard on Sundays to be admired by the rustic church-goers—but they did not enter the church to pray with the rest. All the parishioners went in—

Saving those two, that turn aside and pass,
In velvet blossom, where all flesh is grass.

Ah me! to see their silken manors trail'd
In purple luxuries—with restless gold,
Flaunting the grass where widowhood has wail'd
In blotted black—over the heapy mould
Panting wave-wantonly! They never quail'd
How the warm vanity abused the cold;
Nor saw the solemn faces of the gone
Sadly uplooking through transparent stone:

But swept their dwellings with unquiet light,
Shocking the awful presence of the dead;
Where gracious natures would their eyes benight,
Nor wear their being with a life too red,
Nor move too rudely in the summer bright

Of sun, but put staid sorrow in their
tread,
Meeting it into steps, with inward breath,
In very pity to bereaved death.

The parson grieved at the conduct of these wealthy dames, warns his hearers against vanity:

Oh, that the vacant eye would learn to
look
On very beauty, and the heart embrace
True loveliness, and from this holy book
Drink the warm-breathing tenderness
and grace
Of love indeed! Oh, that the young soul
took
Its virgin passion from the glorious
face
Of fair religion, and address'd its strife
To win the riches of eternal life.

* * * * *

Yet suns shall perish—stars shall fade
away—
Day into darkness—darkness into
death—
Death into silence; the warm light of
day,
The blooms of summer, the rich glowing breath
Of even—all shall wither and decay,
Like the frail furniture of dreams beneath
The touch of morn—or bubbles of rich
dyes
That break and vanish in the aching
eyes.

During the service the two daughters of vanity mysteriously disappear, and in their place are two peacocks carved in stone, into which proud birds the reader may suppose, if he choose, the gay bedizened damsels have been transformed.

But where are they,
The graceless haughty ones that used
to wait
With lofty neck, and nods, and stiffen'd
eye?
None challenge the old homage passing by.

In vain they look for the ungracious bloom
Of rich apparel where it glow'd before,
For vanity has faded into gloom,
And lofty pride has stiffen'd to the
core,
For impious life to tremble at its doom—
Set for a warning token evermore,
Whereon, as now, the giddy and the wise
Shall gaze with lifted hands and won-
d'ring eyes.

* * * *

And where two haughty maidens used to
be,
In pride of plume, where plumy Death
had trod,
Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,
Most unmeet pall, over the holy sod;—
There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only
see
Two sombre Peacocks.——Age, with
sapient nod
Marking the spot, still tarries to declare
How they once lived, and wherefore they
are there.

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[*All the Year Round.*

AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD.

THE LOSS OF THE KENT EAST INDIAMAN BY FIRE (1825.)

[This article republished from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is so well written, and the intrinsic interest of the story renders it such a good specimen of narratives of the kind, that we give it a place in the ECLECTIC.]

Dr. Arnold says, in one of his sermons, referring to this calamity; "Never was the faith and charity of martyrs shown more beautifully than in the Christian soldiers and sailors so nobly united amid the horrors of that scene in the service of God."

The dangers these brave men underwent were deeply sympathized with by the nation, whose courage and chivalrous fidelity they had so well illustrated, and millions of hearts will beat faster with pride and joy at the recital of their providential escape.

It is sometimes difficult to understand why certain events rouse a whole country, while others, apparently equally or more interesting, fail to excite any attention.—There had been wrecks at sea, in which thousands more lives had been lost—losses far more heart-rending in their suddenness and in the circumstances connected with them. In 1780, fifteen English vessels of war sank together in a tornado off the West Indies. In 1811, two English men-of-war struck on the iron-bound rocks of Jutland, and nearly one thousand of their seamen perished. Yet these catastrophes are now almost forgotten, and the loss of the Kent East Indiaman is remembered, and discussed with an interest that shows that sympathy in the event is still existing. Our nation is incapable of false sentiment or hypocrisy.—There is generally a good reason for the emotion it evinces. There is always some peculiar heroism or pathos in any event which touches the national heart.

The Kent, a fine new Indiaman of 1350 tons, Captain Henry Cobb commander, bound to Bengal and China, left the English Downs before a fine fresh north-east wind on February 19, 1825. She had on board twenty officers, three hundred and forty-four soldiers, forty-three women and sixty children belonging to the Thirty-first Regiment, besides twenty private passengers, and a crew (including officers) of one hundred and forty-eight men, making a total of six hundred and forty-one souls.

Early on the 1st of March, eleven days from leaving England, the stately vessel, bewildered by a pitiless storm, lay-to under a triple-

reefed main topsail only, having struck her top-gallant yards. The passengers were below, miserable and anxious; the women and children groaning in their berths, and praying for a calm. The dead-lights were in, and the three hundred and forty-four soldiers, miserable and pale enough, were on deck, attached to the life-lines that were run along the deck for the purpose. The sailors, worn and apprehensive, were hard at work, under the eye of their indefatigable Captain.—About twelve o'clock the rolling of the ship became worse than ever, being increased by the dead weight of several hundred tons of shot and shell that formed part of the lading. At every lurch the main-chains were thrown deep under water, and the best cleated furniture in the cabin and cuddy (a large dining-room on a level with the quarter-deck) was dashed about with tremendous and dangerous violence.

Just before the morn, one of the ship's officers, wishing to ascertain if all was fast below, descended into the dark hold with two sailors, who carried with them a patent lantern. The candle in the lamp burning dim, the officer very prudently sent it up to the orlop-deck to be trimmed. Having then discovered a rum-cask to be adrift, he called to the sailors for some billets of wood with which to wedge it up. While they were gone a heavy lurch knocked the lantern out of the officer's hand, and on his letting go the cask to snatch at the lantern, the cask stove, the rum flooded out, the light caught it and broke into a wide blaze—the ship was on fire!

For a long time the flames not spreading beyond the place surrounded by the water-casks, it was hoped they could be drenched out; but the light-blue blaze soon turned to volumes of thick, brown, curling smoke, that, pouring through the four hatchways, spread through the cabins, and rolled along from the forecastle to the quarter-deck.—There was no longer any hope of suppressing the disaster, or concealing it from the passengers.—Soon a strong pitchy smell pervaded the vessel; the fire had burned through to the partitions and sides of the hold. The sailors cried out, all together:

"It has reached the cable tier!"

Major M'Gregor, who had been reading the Bible to a friend, being told that the ship was on fire in the after hold, knocked gently at the cabin-door and quietly informed Colonel Fearon, the commanding officer of the troops. On deck, amid the smoke slowly rising, Captain Cobb and the other officers were already giving orders to the seamen and troops, who were working at the pumps, and passing buckets, and throwing wet sails and hammocks on the now irrepressible fire.

Many of the ladies below, seeing Major M'Gregor's anxious face and absorbed manner, and hearing the increased noise and confusion on deck, could not be pacified by the assurance that the gale was no worse. At this awful crisis, Cobb, firm, staunch, sagacious, preserved

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an imperturbable courage. Desperate measures were all that were left. He ordered the carpenters and the poineers, ready with their axes, instantly to scuttle the lower decks, cut the combings of the hatches, and open the lower ports to the full wash of the waves. The alternative now was between fire or water. If water could only be persuaded to fight fire (as in the old Arabian legends), and would then in pity, after her victory, refrain from sinking that unhappy vessel, the six hundred souls might still be saved.

The order was remorseless in its suddenness. There were a few lives to be sacrificed in order that many might be saved. The axes went to work, the timbers crashed in, over them and through them leaped the water, immediately drowning several sick soldiers, poor women, and shrieking children, whose cries were, however, in a moment stifled.

Colonel Fearon, Captain Bray, and other officers, as they descended to the gun-deck to assist in rapidly opening the ports, met staggering, in an exhausted and almost senseless state, through the dense choking smoke, one of the mates, who had just stumbled over the bodies of several men who had been suffocated. The moment the ports were opened the sea rushed in with cruel and eager force, carrying into the hold in its irresistible progress huge bulkheads and ponderous seamen's chests. The soldiers and sailors, knee-deep in water, tried to cheer each other by the hope that this immense quantity of water, which had already in some degree checked the force of the flames, might soon bring safety, the danger of the explosion of the spirit-casks and powder being now diminished.

The treacherous ally had, however, only brought death in a more sudden and silent form. The ship became water-logged, and presented many indications of settling into a terrible quietude, before going down headlong. A fresh impulse seized the desperate men; they tried to close the ports again, to shut down the hatches, to exclude the external air, and to rather wait for the slower vengeance of the fire. All hope was abandoned. Survivors afterwards thought of the noble lines of the great poet of the day:

> Then rose from sea to sky a wild farewell,
> Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave.

The upper deck was crowded with more than six hundred people, many of them sick, risen half naked from their beds, who were running about scared, and crying for husbands, children, and fathers. They were seeking them only to interchange prayers, and to die in each other's arms. Many were standing in silent resignation some in stupid insensibility to the fast-coming death; others yielded themselves to tears, or screamed, and tossed their arms in a frenzy of despair. Many were on their knees, shouting prayers and ejaculations from Scripture, appealing with the most earnest gesticulations for mercy to Heaven. The Roman Catholic soldiers were

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crossing themselves, while a group of veteran soldiers and stout-hearted sailors, who had braved death all their lives, and despised his terrors in whatever shape, threw themselves down directly over the powder-magazine, in order to perish instantly in the explosion, now every moment expected: too brave to rush into the ravening sea, they wished to avoid calmly the excruciating horrors of death by fire.

Captain Cobb, the brave Kentish man, full of thought, and imperturbable as granite, ordered the deck to be scuttled forward, in order to draw the fire in that direction, as there were several tiers of water-casks between it and the magazine, and the wet sails thrown into the after hold would prevent the fire spreading to the spirit-room abaft. To those who were cool enough to observe, the scenes rapidly passing were truly heartbreaking. In the after cabins on the upper deck some of the soldiers' wives and children were reading and praying with the ladies, who, being only half clothed, had taken refuge there. Many of these latter, and two young sisters in particular, preserved their self-possession, and, with firm reliance on God, comforted the others. One young man asked Major M'Gregor if there was any hope. The Major replied, they must prepare themselves to sleep that night in eternity. The lad exclaimed, with fervour, as he pressed the Major's hand, "My heart is filled with the peace of God: yet, though I know it is foolish, I dread exceedingly the last struggle."

There was no excitement of battle here to occupy and distract the mind. The unhappy creatures were rather like condemned men waiting the hour of execution. It was very affecting to see the little children in bed in the cuddy-cabins, smiling, and quite unconscious of danger, playing with their toys as usual, or asking innocent and unseasonable questions. One of the senior officers whispered to some of the older children, that now was the time to put in practice what they had been taught at the regimental school.—They replied, with the hot tears running down their cheeks:

"Yes, sir, we are trying to remember them, and we are praying to God."

All exertions had failed; it was only left them to wait calmly for their terrible and agonising death. Few of the sailors or soldiers seemed to have either much hope or dread of a future state; so religious men present observed. Many, however, vowed, with loud and piteous cries that if their lives were spared they would dedicate themselves to good works; and others, filled with remorse, cried that the judgment was falling justly on them for the crimes and sins of their past lives.

While the crew of the Kent lay in this heart-rending position of physical quietude and mental terror, the waves rose higher and beat faster and more furious, as if impatient at the long struggle with their hopeless victims, and greedy to snatch from the fire their already half-drowned prey. All at once the binnacle, by a violent lurch, was

torn from its fastenings, and the compass, with its now useless needle, was dashed to pieces on the deck. It seemed an omen of approaching death, and one of the younger mates exclaimed with despair:

"What! is the Kent's compass really gone?"

A young officer was seen to quietly and thoughtfully remove a lock of hair from his writing-case and place it calmly near his heart; while Major M'Gregor writing a few lines to his father, enclosed it carefully in a bottle, in the hope that it might relieve those he loved from long years of fruitless anxiety and suspense. This bottle was, however, dropped in the cabin in the emotion of the next moment, and was forgotten. By a most singular coincidence, however, it floated from the wreck, and was afterwards picked up at Barbadoes.

All hope had now gone; but it occurred to Mr. Thomson, the fourth mate, during the lull, to send a man to the fore-top, rather in the ardent wish than in the expectation that a friendly sail might possibly be in sight. Eagerly the man clambered—eagerly all eyes were fixed on him in momentary hope; the despairing scarcely looked up to know on whom the eyes were fixed. The man swept the horizon with the long-searching practised glance of a sailor; but made no sign.—Suddenly he threw his head forward and strained his eyes on one spot, without moving. It was a moment of unutterable suspense. All at once he said something.

Gracious God! Merciful God! He waves his hat. Silence. Then down to the paralysed crowd below, fixed like statues with expectation, comes the clear sharp shout—

"A SAIL ON THE LEE BOW!"

Hope's rainbow springs up and brightens the air. Many burst into tears, and fall down in grateful prayer. Three ringing cheers break from the men; a faint smile of joy comes over the stern face of the Captain, as, to hide his emotion, he gives quick and sharp orders to hoist flags of distress, to fire minute-guns, and to bear down, under the three topsails and foresail still left, upon the heaven-sent vessel. Women clasp their children; friends grasp hands: husbands and wives fly into each other's arms with tears of joy. The sailors hurry to their guns, and load and fire every sixty seconds.

The vessel proved to be the Cambria, a small brig of two hundred tons burthen, W. Cook, Captain, bound to Vera Cruz, and having on board twenty or thirty Cornish miners, and several agents of the Anglo-Mexican Company. But the danger was still imminent; the brig either did not observe the signal, or was not disposed or able to lend assistance. The wind was so tremendous that the Kent's guns could not be heard; but, at last, the Cambria slowly tacked—then hesitated. Then up went the British colours, the brig crowds all sail, and bears down to the relief of the burning vessel.

But the danger was still threatening and perilous. The Kent had

been already a long time burning; the brig was extremely small, and there was a tremendous sea running for any boats that came to the rescue. It was certain that many must perish, and those who determined to be last felt even yet no hope left them of preservation.

"In what order are the officers to move off?" said Captain Cobb to Major M'Gregor.

"Of course in funeral order, the juniors first," was the brave reply.

"And see," said Colonel Fearon, "that any man is instantly cut down who presumes to enter the boats before the women and children."

The soldiers and sailors were already looking with wild and hungry eyes at the boats; a maddened rush seemed certain. The officers at once drew their swords, and stood by the starboard cuddy-port where the cutter hung.

The ladies and soldiers' wives were to go in the first boat. At about half-past two (four hours and a half from the breaking out of the fire), the women, hastily wrapped up, moved in a mournful procession from the after cabins to the cuddy-port. Amid the unutterable anguish of that sudden and, as it seemed, eternal parting, not a word or scream was uttered; even the infants ceased to cry, as if in emulation of their parents' courage. Only in one or two cases ladies plaintively entreated permission to die with their husbands; but on being told that every moment's delay cost a human life, they one by one tore themselves from their husbands' embraces, and were placed, without a murmur, in the boat, which was instantly lowered into a most dangerous and tempestuous sea. Twice, indeed, there came a cry from the chains that the boat was swamping. Captain Cobb, dreading this lowering—always a difficult work—had wisely placed a man with an axe to cut the tackle, if there was the slightest difficulty in unhooking it.

The order was given to "unhook," but the bow-ropes fouled, and the axe would not clear them. The moment was critical. The boat followed the motion of the ship, and in another instant would have been hanging perpendicularly by the bow, when just then a wave lifted up the stern, and enabled the quick seaman to disengage the tackle. The boat was dexterously cleared and launched out upon the waves, now a speck on the crest, now disappearing in the dark valleys between the billows.

The Cambria lay prudently at some distance from the Kent, dreading an explosion or the fire of her shotted guns, and the men had far to row. To better balance the boat, and to give the men freer play for their oars, the women and children were stowed close together under the seats, so exposed to the spray that they were soon breast-high in water, and the children all but drowned. It was a half-hour of dreadful anxiety for those on board the Kent.

There was still great difficulty and danger in getting the passengers on board the Cambria. "The

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children first," was the cry, and they were at once thrown up or handed from the boat. The women were then urged to avail themselves of every friendly lift of a wave to spring into the friendly arms held out for them. Only one lady came short in leaping, and would have perished had she not caught a rope hanging over the Cambria's side, and saved herself till she could be dragged aboard. So great was the joy and gratitude among the husbands on board the Kent on seeing the safety of their wives and children, that they for a time seemed to forget the storm over their heads and the fiery volcano beneath their feet.

As the Cambria's boats could no longer get alongside in such a heavy sea, it was determined to tie a child to every woman, and to lower them by ropes from the stern. The heaving of the vessel, and the extreme difficulty of lowering at the moment the boat was underneath, rendered it impossible to prevent plunging the poor creatures into the water. No woman was lost, but the younger children nearly all perished from cold and exhaustion. The women wept silently over their dead children, half paralyzed with the agony of their fear, and the anguish of the recent parting. Now the deaths grew more frequent, as the excitement and hurry increased, and the sun began to set, as if cruelly withdrawing his light from their great misery.

Amid this conflict of feelings and passions, roused to the utmost, many affecting episodes of parental and filial affection and of generous and unselfish friendship occurred. At that moment even the sourest cynic would have owned that human hearts are not all bad. Death began to claim his victims with terrible rapidity. Two or three soldiers, to relieve their wives of the care of several of their children, sprang into the water with them, and instantly perished. One young lady, who had hitherto absolutely refused to quit her father at his post, was not saved by the boats till she had sunk five or six times. Another soldier, having the horrible alternative of losing his wife or his four children, saved his wife, and was compelled to leave his four children to the fire. A fine young soldier, having no wife nor children of his own, insisted on having three children lashed to him, and flung himself into the water to try and reach the boat. He, however, failed, and was again drawn into the ship, but not till two of the children were already dead, and several other unfortunate men were lost in trying to clamber too hastily into the brig.

Captain Cobb and Colonel Fearon now seeing that it was risking the lives of all to delay with the women alone, who, being weak and terrified, took longer to escape, gave orders that a certain regulated number of soldiers should accompany each boat. Many soldiers, instantly leaping overboard in their eagerness to escape, were drowned in the general con-

fusion. One poor fellow was just raising his hand to lay hold of the boat's gunwale, when the bow of boat gave a sudden pitch, struck him on the head, and he sunk.—This man's wife, to whom he was warmly attached, had hidden herself in the vessel at Deal, in order to accompany her husband.

One of the sailors, who had placed himself over the magazine, and there waited patiently for the long-expected explosion, now leaped up in a rage, crying: "Well, if she won't blow up, I'll see if I can't get away from her!" He reached the boat in safety and escaped.

Three out of the six boats of the Kent were stove in, or swamped, during the day; one was full of men, who, it was supposed, had plundered the cuddy-cabins, and sank sooner from the weight of their ill-gotten spoil, which they now probably considered had become common property.

The danger was now increasing at a terrible rate. Darkness was coming on, and the flames were slowly but perceptibly extending. Colonel Fearon and Captain Cobb, therefore, felt fresh measures must be at once taken. A rope was slung from the end of the spanker-boom, and along this slippery spar, nineteen feet from the stern, the soldiers had to crawl and slide down into the boats that were tossing wildly some thirty feet below. If the man dropping failed to seize the right moment for falling, he swung in the air, fell into the sea, or was crushed by the returning boat. Dreading the dangers, many of the soldiers, now less restrained, threw themselves out of the stern windows, and were frequently drowned before reaching the boats. Rafts made of spars and hencoops were constructed and thrown overboard to help these fugitives, and to become a last point of retreat if the flames spread faster. The men were also advised to tie ropes round their waists, in order to lash themselves to the rafts. Even at this crisis the soldiers were scrupulous in asking leave before they cut the cordage from the officers' cots, and some of them, having discovered a box of oranges, would not slake their thirst till their officers had taken their share.

The officers began to leave the ship in prescribed order, with rigid discipline, and intrepid coolness—neither hurrying impatiently nor ostentatiously refusing to go. A thoughtful man, who afterwards recorded his observations, mentions that, amongst the sufferers, there seemed no degrees of courage between high fortitude and frenzied cowardice. There appeared to be but two classes—those whose minds were raised to heroic endurance, and those who seemed paralyzed, or driven into delirium by the sudden pressure and agony of an unusual danger. In the course of the day, many, however, who had been agitated and timid in the morning, rose by a great internal effort into positive distinction for courage, while others, at first cool and brave, appeared suddenly to experience a physical reäction and collapse, and cast their minds pros-

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trate before the danger. Just at this time all eyes were fixed on the red, setting sun. Should they ever again see it rise, was the thought preying at every heart.—The cuddy, so lately the scene of kindly intercourse and gaiety, was now full of smoke, and deserted by all but a few men, who lay drunk on the floor, stupidly heedless of danger, or who prowled about like beasts of prey in search of plunder. Sofas, cabinets, and desks, lay shattered in a thousand pieces. Geese and fowls that had got loose were cackling with hunger; while a solitary pig, broken from its sty in the forecastle, was vainly routing at the Brussels carpet in one of the cabins.

As night advanced, the alarm and impatience increased tenfold. The timid and cowardly filled the air with their groundless or exaggerated reports of the fire. The soldiers began to tie towels and white linen round their heads, in order to be sooner recognized in the water; the sailors more nimble, cool, and ready, had nearly all effected their escape. In the dreadful intervals between the boats (three-quarters of an hour,) men, after a period of brooding, would burst forth into long lamentations, that only gradually subsided. They seemed like persons awoke from a nightmare. The oldest and coolest soldiers evinced no hurry to leave, no desire to remain behind longer than necessary.

The women had gone, the braver men had left! the residue were the cowards, and the baser and more excitable sort, whom nothing could arouse to becoming fortitude, and who refused to adopt the proper and prescribed means of safety. In vain Captain Cobb threatened and entreated; they still obstinately hesitated, begging and imploring to be lowered like the women had been. But this was impossible, for it was a slow process, and every moment was now valuable.

Between nine and ten o'clock the boatmen shouted that the wreck, long since nine or ten feet below the water-mark, had sunk two feet lower since their last trip. Colonel Fearon and Major M'Gregor, who had promised to remain to the last with Captain Cobb, prepared to leave, there being still three boats to fill. Out at once, one after the other, without pausing, they crept along the long tossing boom in the darkness, and in the blinding squall of wind and rain. The other landsmen still dared not follow, and remained to die horribly. When they got towards the end, the wind was so violent that the three men despaired of reaching the rope. The first was twice plunged over his head in the water; the second, Major M'Gregor, noticing that it was dangerous to drop down the rope as the boat was inclining towards the person descending, waited till the boat receded, and so dropped safely into it as it swayed back, without being either drenched or bruised. Colonel Fearon, the third, was drawn under the boat, struck against it, and was at last dragged in only by the ha i of his head, almost senseless and

alarmingly bruised. Captain Cobb still remained on board, generously urging the few dumb and powerless wretches that remained to pass on along the boom, on which they crowded. But finding all entreaties useless on such men—many of whom, however, had previously shown courage—and hearing the guns—their tackles bursting in the flame—fall and explode in the hold, instantly saw the moment had come when he could do no more. He therefore sprang to the boom, siezed hold of the topping lift or rope that connects the driver-boom with the mizen-top, and passing over the heads of the infatuated men, dropped himself into the water, and escaped.

Yet even then a boat from the Cambria remained under the Kent's stern, her crew expostulating and entreating those on board, till the flames, bursting from the cabin windows, almost scorched the oars; nor would the captain of the Cambria let the boat come alongside his ship till he was sure that no hope was left.

Some of the Kent's crew were less generous in their self-devotion, and refused again to venture their lives. Still the boats did not cease to ply between the Cambria and the wreck, until one of the three boats left had to be plugged with soldiers' jackets, another had had its bow stove, and the second was so torn as to make it necessary to lash the oars to the cutter's ribs.

The scenes on board the Cambria were beyond the painter's and the poet's powers. The most passionate joy alternated with the most wild despair as the death of husbands or of children was announced, or as some saved man rushed into his wife's arms. But all these conflicting feelings were arrested by the last tremendous tableau of destruction and death. From that doom some had just escaped; in that doom the husbands or children of others were passing from them in torture.

The last boat had hardly arrived, when the Kent, three miles distant, showed flames spreading fast along the upper deck and poop, and flashing like lightning up the masts and rigging, till all became a pyramid of flame, that crimsoned the sky and shone red upon the Cambria's sails. The flags of distress, hoisted so hopefully in the morning, were seen waving amid the fire, till one by one the masts fell like stately steeples over the ship's side. About half-past one the flames reached the magazine; there was a violent explosion, the blazing timbers of the Kent flew like rockets into the air; and then came a horrible darkness that seemed deeper and blacker than before.

In the mean time, the frightened and despairing men left on board the Kent were driven by the advancing flames to the chains, till the masts fell crashing overboard, and they then clung to them in the water in horrible suspense for some hours.

Help was approaching. About twelve o'clock the watch of the barque Caroline, on her passage from Alexandria to Liverpool, observed a bright light on the horizon,

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and knew it at once to be a ship on fire. There was a heavy sea on, but the captain instantly setting his maintop-gallant-sail, ran down towards the spot. About one, the sky becoming brighter, a sudden jet of vivid light shot up; but they were too distant to hear the explosion. In half an hour the Caroline could see the wreck of a large vessel lying head to the wind. The ribs and frame timbers, marking the outlines of double ports and quarter-galleries, showed that the burning skeleton was that of a first-class Indiaman. Every other external feature was gone; she was burnt nearly to the water's edge, but still floated, pitching majestically as she rose and fell on the long rolling swell of the bay. The vessel looked like an immense cage of charred basket-work filled with flame, that here and there blazed brighter at intervals. Above, and far to leeward, there was a vast drifting cloud of curling smoke spangled with millions of sparks and burning flakes, and scattered by the wind over the sky and waves.

As the Caroline approached, part of a mast and some spars, rising and falling, were observed grinding under the weather-quarter of the wreck, having become entangled with the keel or rudder-irons, and thus attaching it to the hull of the vessel. The Caroline, coming down swift before the wind, was in a few minutes brought across the bows of the Kent. At that moment a shout was heard as if from the very centre of the fire, and the same instant several figures were observed clinging to a mast. The sea was heavy, and the wreck threatened every moment to disappear. The Caroline was hove-to to leeward, in order to avoid the showers of flakes and sparks, and to intercept any boats or rafts. The mate and four seamen pushed off in the jolly-boat, through a sea covered with floating spars, chests, and furniture, that threatened to crush or overwhelm the boat. When within a few yards of the stern, they caught sight of the first living thing—a wretched man clinging to a spar close under the ship's counter. Every time the stern-frame rose with the swell he was suspended above the water, and scorched by the long keen tongues of pure flame that now came darting through the gun-room ports. Every time this torture came the man shrieked with agony, the next moment the surge came and buried him under the wave, and he was silent. The Caroline's men, defying the fire, pulled close to him, but just as their hands were stretching towards him (latterly the poor wretch had been silent,) the rope or spar was snapped by the fire, and he sank for ever.

The men then, carefully backing, carried off six other of the nearest men from the mast. The small boat, only eighteen feet long, would not hold more than eleven persons, and indeed, as it was, was nearly swamped by a heavy wave. In half an hour the boat bravely returned, and took off six more.

The mate, fearing the vessel was going down, and that the masts would be swallowed in the vortex

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redoubled his efforts to get a third time to the wreck. While struggling with a head sea, and before the boat could reach the mast, the end came. The fiery mass settled like a great red-hot coal into the waves and disappeared for ever. The sky grew instantly dark, a dense shroud of black smoke lingered over the grave of the ship, and instead of the crackle of burning timbers and the flutter of flames, there spread the ineffable stillness of death.

As the last gleam flickered out, Mr. Wallen, the mate of the Caroline, with great quickness of thought set the spot by a star. Then, in spite of the danger in the darkness of floating wreck, he resolved to wait quietly, till daylight, and ordered his men to shout repeatedly to cheer any who might be still floating on stray spars.—For a long time no one answered; at last a feeble cry came, and the Caroline's sailors returned it loudly and gladly. What joy that faint cry must have brought to these friendly ears! With what joy must the boatmen's shout have been received!

When day broke, the mast was visible, and four motionless men could be seen among its cordage and top-work. They seemed dead, but as the boat neared, two of them feebly raised their heads and stretched out their arms. When taken into the boat, they were found to be faint and almost dead from the cold and wet, and the many hours they had been half under water. The other two were stone-dead. One had bound himself firmly to the spar, and lay as if asleep, with his arms round it, and his head upon it, as if it had been a pillow. The other stood half upright between the cheeks of the mast, his face fixed in the direction of the boat, his arms still extended. They were both left on the spar. One of the Indiaman's empty boats was also found drifting a short distance off. The wind beginning to freshen and a gale coming on, it was all the jolly-boat could do to rejoin the Caroline. There could be no doubt that when the Caroline hove-to and luffed under the lee of the Kent, it must have passed men drifting to leeward on detached spars. They of course all perished in the rising storm.

In the mean time, the brig Cambria, unconscious of these scenes of hope and despair, was making sail, and running at the rate of ten knots an hour back to Old England. The shrewd Yorkshire smelters and brave Cornish miners having dragged the last of the exhausted survivors on board, had shared with them their clothes and provisions, and surrendered their beds to the naked and half-famished women and children.

The people of the Kent were still in a condition of great misery and danger. Even now their ultimate safety was by no means sure. A gale of wind was blowing, and six hundred human beings, several hundred miles from any accessible port, were crowded into a small brig of two hundred tons. In a little cabin, built to hold ten per-

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sons, there were now huddled nearly eighty, who had scarcely room even to sit. The brig's bulwarks were driven in, and the seas beat so dangerously that the hatches could only be lifted off between the return of the waves. No light would burn below in that polluted atmosphere, and the steam arising from the breathing, excited at one time an apprehension that the ship was on fire. The men on deck were standing half naked, and ankle-deep in water. Infants were crying for the milk their mothers could not give them, and many of the children and elder women were seized with fits. In the midst of the misery a soldier's wife was delivered of a child, which was christened the Cambria, and survived. If the wind abated or changed, and the Cambria had been long kept in the open sea, famine and fever must have soon claimed their victims.

The gale continued with greater violence, and Captain Cobb, crowding all sail even at the risk of carrying away his masts, nobly urged his vessel forward, and on the afternoon of the 3rd, the cheering cry from aloft "Land! land!" brought joy to every heart. That evening the Scilly light gleamed out brightly, and running rapidly along the purple granite coast, the Cambria joyfully cast another in Falmouth about half-past twelve on the following morning.

On reviewing this terrible calamity, it will be seen at once that the same gale which caused the first accident also contributed to the safety of the Kent's crew and passengers, as, but for the heavy rolling that enabled Captain Cobb to at once inundate the hold, the vessel would have burnt away before the Cambria's boats could have reached it. There were also many other singular and providential circumstances attending the event. The Cambria, which had been unexpectedly detained in port nearly a month, had that morning completely changed her course, and taken an opposite tack, to give the distressed and labouring brig some ease. The Kent had sighted no vessel before, nor did the Cambria see another till she entered the chops of the Channel. It was also remarkable that the fire though undisturbed, should have been eleven hours reaching the magazine, the spirit-room, and the tiller-ropes.—Had the Cambria, too, been homeward-bound, she would not have had food enough on board for one meal, and if she had had a full cargo, there would not have been time in that heavy weather to stow even three hundred of the six hundred survivors, and many must have perished.

The people of Falmouth overwhelmed the sufferers with kindness. The Governor-General of Pendonnis Castle took instant steps for the disembarkation. The ladies formed, as before, the vanguard; then came the haggard, cold, wet, and half-clothed soldiers and sailors; lastly, the officers, beggared by the loss of their stores, and on them the compassionate and warm-hearted Cornish people pressed hats, shoes, and coats, as soon as they

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reached the shore. Every private house was thrown open, subscriptions were collected, clothes provided for the women and children, and mourning found for the poor widows and orphans. The sick and wounded were sent to the hospital, and the crew sent home with money provided by Captain Cobb. In all these good works the Quakers of Falmouth were especially active.

On the Sunday after their arrival, all the officers, passengers, ladies, soldiers' wives, soldiers, and sailors went to church to publicly thank God for their deliverance, and a touching sight it was. On the 13th the regiment embarked for Chatham, where the commander-in-chief allowed them a period of relaxation and rest before they reëmbarked for India and China.

A piece of plate was presented to Captain Cook, of the Cambria, by the officers and passengers of the Kent, and the Duke of York publicly thanked him for his humane zeal and promptitude. The secretary of war (Lord Palmerston) authorized a sum of five hundred pounds to be given to the captain and crew of the Cambria, and the agents of the ship were also paid two hundred and eighty-seven pounds for provisions, two hundred and eighty-seven pounds for passengers' diet, and five hundred pounds for demurrage. The East India Company awarded six hundred pounds to Captain Cook, one hundred pounds to the first mate, fifty pounds to the second mate, ten pounds each to the nine men of the crew, fifteen pounds each to the twenty-six miners, and one hundred pounds to the ten chief miners for extra stores, to make their voyage out more comfortable. The Royal Exchange Assurance gave Captain Cook fifty pound, and his officers and crew fifty pounds. The subscribers to Lloyd's voted him a present of one hundred pounds; the Royal Humane Society awarded him an honorary medallion; and the underwriters of Liverpool were also prominent in their liberality.

So ended the last scene of a calamitous event, attended with the loss of eighty-one persons.*

* One woman, twenty-five children, one seaman, and fifty-four soldiers.

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[*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A MODERN MAGICIAN.

Several years ago I had the fortune or misfortune to be attacked by a typus fever of great severity. I say advisedly fortune or misfortune, as such a fever should be considered to fall within one or the other category, according to the temperament of the patient. Notwithstanding the fact that, on my convalescence, I found myself for a time changed from the robust, vigorous person I had been before my illness to one with shattered nerves and with all my senses in so irritable a state that a sudden noise would jar me from my balance, and set me trembling, I still count it a fortune to have passed into and through that strange world of fever, and to have made acquaintance with the forms of delirium which then presented themselves to my mind. The boundaries of the real and the ideal, or rather of the actual or imaginative worlds, were then obliterated. I passed freely from the domains of facts into that of dreams without being aware of the separation. In truth, many of the incidents of my visionary life seemed to have more coherence and reality than the actual things which I, in common with those around me, saw. My walls made pictures that were visible only to me. The rumbling of carriages on the street, and the hum of busy life outside, changed in the portals of my ears into musical forms or poetic utterances, became the murmur of vast forests, where roamed strange shapes, and fluttered brilliant and unknown birds, and through which at times crawled nauseous forms from which I strove in vain to flee. Or again, I heard in that confused din the sunny dash of snowy surf ridges plunging along a gleaming shore where troops of airy figures wound about in harmonious dance, or, lifting into the air, streamed away like vapour into the blue distance. One creature who visited me in this strange world was a sort of gnome or dwarf, whom I first saw standing on the post at the foot of my bed, with an enormous portfolio as tall as himself under his arm. He was hideous, yet of most friendly aspect, and after smiling graciously at me for some time, crept round, and seated himself at my pillow, and threw open before me his portfolio. I have seen many drawings and rare portfolios, but none were ever like this. As page after page he turned, I beheld not the shadows of scenes, but the scenes themselves, living and changing before me. Vast Alpine mountains and valleys, like what we dream the Alps may be, but which their facts never realise to us—

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glorified, sublimed, by light and colour—with opaline splendours of snowy peaks, and carpeted valleys of arabesque patterns, sailed over by condors and rocs and fabulous birds; visions of such lands as are seen and indicated in the Arabian tales, with transformations which strange as they were, seemed simple and natural; interiors of vast cathedrals with splendid processions, and crowded with music such as sane ear never heard, that rolled round the shafted heights, and played among the carven figures that leaned from the ceiling. Surely it was a fortune to have been introduced into a world like this, and to have believed in its reality. Yes thoroughly believed in it, with no misgiving; for these were, for the time, the only real existences, and the friends who walked about and tended the poor sick creature on the bed, and pitied him, and strove to soothe him, were merely spectral, and had no real existence. Sometimes, in what we call sane days, after perfect recovery, I had a dim question in my own mind as to what is real and what is purely visionary—such deep impression did these fever dreams leave on my mind.

Another curious fancy then beset me. I thought for a time that I was two persons—one of whom was perfectly well and happy and tranquil, and the other was in pain and distress—and yet there was the same identity of personality; and often I begged that this one should be gently moved to a more restful position, while the other should be carefully left as it was—having nothing to desire for the latter, and everything to wish for the former.

These are simply hints at a condition which I doubtless had in common with many who are under the influence of fever, and I merely note them here to show how two existences may go on side by side, and a dual personality be possible. It may account for some of the experiences I intend to tell in this paper.

As I gradually recovered my strength, the recognized facts of this world regained their hold on me, and I became what we call sane. But in the sanest minds there is a leading to the unsane or delirious tendency, and this is seen in dreams, and in the literature of dreams, for so I call all those imaginative stories and narratives such as the "Arabian Nights," which have their foundations in dream, and from which we derive so strange and fascinating a delight.

I did not rapidly recover my strength, and my physician, who was a man of too much experience and sagacity to treat all his patients by one rule, among other means to restore my irritable nerves, tried the effect of magnetism. I experienced much benefit from this, and became more tranquil in my moods; but my health still remaining feeble, he finally advised me to travel, and change at once all the influences that surrounded me. "Go to Rome," he said; "there you will find a soothing climate, and a multitude of objects to interest you; and a win-

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ter's residence there will restore you to yourself again."

I was only too happy to follow this advice—for it had been the desire of my life to go to Rome—and I immediately began to make all my preparations for the journey. On the evening before I was to set out he called upon me, and after sitting with me a few minutes and giving me general directions as to the care of my health, he took from his pocket-book a letter addressed to Signore Marco Curio, Rome, which he placed in my hands, saying—

"I have brought you this letter of introduction in the hope that Signore Curio may possibly be of assistance to you. Many years ago, when I was in Rome, I made his acquaintance by mere accident, and during the few months I stayed in that city I saw him frequently, and was much astonished at the extent of his information and the peculiarity of his views as to the treatment of certain branches of disease which are little understood among us. He leads a very retired life, has not the confidence of any of the profession, by whom he is generally considered as a quack, is a remarkable adept in legerdemain, professes to have power as a magician, and, indeed, gave me some remarkable proofs of his skill in this mysterious art. As you may suppose, I placed very little confidence in this, looking upon the whole as a delusion; and as he usually spoke of it in a mocking way, I am far from persuaded that he is not of the same opinion.—But however this may be, his acquaintance with the subject—historical, theoretical, and practical—is, to say the least, very uncommon; and, whether you believe in it or not, he is quite capable of making it very interesting. The reason for which I give you this letter is simply that you may avail yourself in case of need of his singular power as a magnetiser—for in this gift he far exceeds all whom I have ever known. I myself began with being a complete sceptic on the subject of magnetism, but I was unable either to account for or gainsay the practical facts which he exhibited to me on several occasions. You know that we physicians—regular physicians, I mean—are of a very sceptical constitution of mind, and do not readily admit even very strong evidence in favour of powers transcending the ordinary and, as we call them, legitimate practice of our profession; yet I must confess to you that now, as an old man who has at least had a large experience, I am persuaded that we know much less than we pretend as to curative means, and there may be, and in fact I have known many, cures effected by means which were apparently not only wholly inadequate, but quite illegitimate and unrecognized by any college of medicine.

"To return, however, to Signore Curio, I cannot vouch for his character or respectability. He is not considered as a respectable person, and no one in Rome seemed to be acquainted with his family, or to know anything satisfactory of his

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history. In fact, there was something about his physiognomy and in his manner which repelled me, at the same time that a certain oddity and frank whimsicality attracted me. I would not at all recommend him as a friend, and yet I think that he may be of service to you; and I have, therefore, brought you this letter, which you can use or not, as it seems to you best."

I thanked my friend for his kindness, took the letter, and he bade me good-bye. The next day I sailed.

I was charmed with Rome. It was something so different from all I had seen, that its very novelty attracted me. Born and brought up in a country where everything was raw, new, and changing every day, it was delightful to be in a place which was its opposite in every particular. Here all was old, fixed, and changeless. There was a feeling of repose and a peaceful quiet melancholy brooding over everything, which, after the excitement and almost exasperation of life in the new and struggling life of my own country, was most grateful and soothing to my nerves. It was like coming out of the glare of sunshine into a cool, refreshing shade. The sharp, tense outlines, the clear, definite landscape, the skinless, shell-like sky, which tormented my nerves at home, were here changed for a veiled atmosphere full of delicate gradations of colour that involved all things in a kind of material sentiment. The sharp prying sunshine which used to keep up an irritating espionage in America saying constantly, "I have my eye on you—wake up—go ahead—no idling here," which made constant labour a necessity, and would not suffer one to be tranquil or lazy for a moment, no longer irritated me. Everything on the contrary, seemed to pray me to linger, to repose, to be calm. Nature, as it were, magnetised me into peaceful moods. My intense activity of mind began to subside into dreaming. I wandered through the cypress alleys of the old villas, lingered by the fountains, whose soft monotonous spill of water soothed me. I lay under the shadows of the lofty stone pines, and listened to the sea-like murmur of their widespread tops. I sat for hours on the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars, happy simply in inhaling the delicious air that breathed in over the Campagna, in gazing at the silent mountains that dreamed in the distance, veiled in tender deeps of opaline air and light, or in watching the palpitating lizards that slid up over the ruins, and gazed at me with a shy and timid confidence. In my long aimless reveries, disturbed by no sense of work to be done, bound to the present by no immediate chain, I seemed to float about in thought, to be wafted hither and thither by some influences to which I yielded a perfect assent. Sometimes I seemed to see as well as feel the figures of the past, dim shadows of the ancient days, moving about me in their old haunts, and wherever I wandered I felt a mysterious senti-

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ment steal over me. I should not have been startled, such was the condition of my mind, to meet at times the figures of the ancient poets, orators, and emperors, or even of the ancient gods themselves, among those peaceful and beautiful ruins.

Some months went on in this way, when one morning in turning over my papers I came upon the letter to Signore Marco Curio, and my curiosity being somewhat stimulated by what my friend had said about him when he gave me this letter, I determined at once to present it. I met with considerable difficulty, however, in obtaining any information about him. Those to whom I applied seemed never to have heard of him. The name was not an uncommon one, but nobody of that name answered at all to my friend's description, and I was on the point of abandoning my inquiries, when one day by mere accident I came upon the track of him. I was making a call upon a young artist, a countryman of mine when my visit was interrupted by the entrance of a man who brought with him a case containing apparently, some musical instrument, and who was presented to me by my friend the artist as his music-master.

"Are you going to take a music lesson?" I asked. "If so, I will not interrupt you any longer."

"Oh, don't go," was the answer. "Yes, I am going to take a music lesson; and perhaps it may interest you when you know what it is. If so, pray stay. You know," he continued, "that I have been studying music for some time, being of the opinion that no artist who wishes to arrive at excellence in his profession should attach himself solely to one art, but at least should make excursions into some of the others, and thus enlarge his perceptions and susceptibilities.—All are the same in their essence, and simply different in their expression; and if a man addicts himself exclusively to one, he is pretty sure, sooner or later, to fall into a mannerism, and, so to speak, make a rut in his mind. Nobody ever yet was great in one thing who knew and did only that one thing, as some day I will prove to you when we have time enough to talk the matter over. Acting upon this theory, I have been, as you know, studying music zealously. Well, a little while ago a whim seized me —I dare say you will laugh at it— that I should like to know how the ancient lyre was played. It came into my head one day when I was making a sketch of Mercury, and I determined to find out all about the matter, make me a lyre, and play it. But how to go to work was the difficulty. I hunted up the subject in all the encyclopedias and rubbishy old books I could get hold of, but I could get no clear idea of anything from books. My impression was, after reading numerous treatises on the subject, that the writers of them, despite their book-learning and scientific explanations, would have been sorely puzzled to construct and tune a lyre, much less to play upon it. At

all events I could get no clear notion either of the ancient music or of the temperament and tuning of the lyre; so, giving up books, I went to some learned archæologists, who gave me interesting lectures on the subject, and a great deal of useless information. The musicians to whom I applied seemed to have troubled their heads very little on the matter; and I was becoming rather a bore by playing too much on the ancient lyre, when one day I fell in with a strange sort of a fellow, a Signore Curio, who has not by the way, a particularly good reputation even among the few who know him and who is devoted to magic and spiritualism, but who did really seem to know something about the ancient lyre."

"Oh, you know Signore Curio," I said. "I have been inquiring for him a month at least, and nobody could tell me anything about him. I have a letter for him. Can you give me his address?"

"Certainly," he answered. "I have written it down in my note-book, I believe. Wait a minute, and I'll find it for you." He then began to look for his note-book; but the studio was a topsy-turvy place, and he could not find it at once. Suddenly he cried, "What an ass I am! Here is Paolo Febo, who knows him perfectly well, and will give you his address. I say, Febo," he cried, turning round to the music-master, "my friend here has a letter for Signore Curio, and is asking for his address. You can tell him, can you not?"

The music-master bowed, and said, "He lives in the Vicolo di Parnesso, numero twenty, fifth story, on the right of the stairs. It's the old Palazzo delle Muse—so called from the statues of the Muses which used to stand in the Cortile, and you will know it by the remains of some of the old statues without heads and arms, which are still to be seen there."

"That's it; I now remember!" cried my friend, "and a precious old place it is, I can tell you, and picturesque enough, but perhaps there have been places more comfortable and in better repair. Eh, Febo?"

The music-master bowed again, and said, "It is not what it used to be when the family was in its pride."

I wrote down the address in my book, and begged my friend to proceed with his story.

"Oh," said he, "my story, as you call it, is about finished. This Signore Curio, hearing that I was interested in knowing how the ancient lyre was played, told me he thought he could help me. 'The fact is,' he said, 'I know how to play it myself tolerably well; but I have a friend who really understands the instrument far better than I do, and is less out of practice, and if you like I will send him to you. But I don't think you will like it. It is too monotonous for modern tastes. I have myself an old lyre of the most primitive character, which I made out of a tortoise shell by simply straining three strings over it; but my friend has a much better instrument, with all

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the improvements which were afterwards added, and I am sure he will gladly give you lessons on it if you wish, for the poor fellow is rather hard-up at present (the theatres being shut), and will willingly earn an honest penny, and thank you too; so, if you like, I will send him to you. It will be no trouble to me, as I see him every day, and he and his sister live close beside me.'

"Accordingly he sent me Signore Febo, whom you see before you—an excellent fellow, by the way, and very much the gentleman.—(Pho! pho! he doesn't understand English). Do you see, I am really hard at work at the instrument. By the way, wouldn't you like to hear it? He plays uncommonly well I assure you; and if you feel any sort of interest in it, stay with me, and he will give you a touch of the ancient lyre."

I said how glad I should be to hear it, was formally presented to Signore Febo, who was good enough to say that it would give him pleasure to play to me.

There was certainly something interesting in Signore Febo's appearance. He was rather tall and slender, with a somewhat careworn face, full, almost too full, lips, and a chin so large as to verge upon the sensual. It was evident that the world had not gone well with him, and there was a sad look in his large dark eyes. But large, dark, sad, sentimental eyes are too common in Rome to distinguish any one, and some of the stupidest fellows I know possess them. His hair, which had originally been of a golden blonde, had now turned to a delicate silvery gray. It was worn away somewhat from the temples and from the crown of the head, but was rather long behind, and curled in his neck, and on the top of the forehead there still remained a thick tuft of curls, knotted closely together, which, as he took off his hat, he finically ruffled up and arranged with his hand. His movements were refined and graceful, but rather stupid, and he somewhat reminded me of an old beau of the last century in his formal politeness pointing his toes out and constantly bowing; or rather he looked like an old French dancing-master who had once been of the *haute noblesse*, and who was now of fallen fortune and in exile. His dress was decidedly shabby, though it had been scrupulously brushed, and was as well preserved as constant care could keep it. He wore a pin with a winged horse in white enamel in his scarf, and he carried a cane on which was a skilfully carved serpent for a handle. His linen, though coarse, was perfectly clean, and his collar, too large for the fashion, was turned down so as to expose a large throat. For shoes he wore a sort of pumps of undressed leather, cut very low, and with scarcely any heel; and the gingerly way in which he stepped gave him an air of affectation.

I was on the whole struck with his appearance as something quite out of the common run of music-masters, and was decidedly interested in his favour. On reiterating our request that he should play us

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something on his lyre, he took his instrument carefully from the case, and began to tune the strings.—After preluding a little, he then struck from them a wild monotonous air unlike anything I ever heard before, meagre, and with scarce a chord, the unisons of the octaves frequently sounded together, and the notes moving in peculiar intervals, reminding me at times of the intonations of the Canto-fermo of later days. As he went on his eyes became animated with a strange fire, his nostrils dilated, and a look of enthusiasm illuminated his face. Suddenly he broke forth with a high tenor voice, a little strained and sharp, but still melodious, into a recitation rather than song, the words of which were apparently Greek, though pronounced with such an entire difference of accent and sound from that which is taught to us in our universities as Greek, that I failed to recognize a single word. Strange as the music was, it moved me with its wild rhythm, its sudden pulsations, the stress of its lengthened solemn tones, and the hurrying of its more rapid ones. There was something wonderfully self-contained in its character, as if it were the accompaniment to a kind of majestic dance, but differing from our music as a procession in baso-relievo differs from a modern historic picture, the latter being in many planes, and the other only in one. At last it ended; and as he looked down upon us, his eyes being, while he played and sang, fixed in the air, the enthusiasm died out of his face and figure into an unutterably sad smile, as the glow fades in the forge when the bellows cease to blow.

"In what mode was that?" I cried: "it was very striking, new, and vehement."

"In the Phrygian mode," he answered. "The Doric is more grave and majestic, as the Æolian is more sweet and soft; but I scarcely think they would please you so much as that which I have played. The Phrygian is most modern in its character. Would you like to hear the Doric?"

He then played us a strain of Doric, which was a solemn majestic movement in the minor mode, but which, as he said, though impressive, wanted the fire of the Phrygian. We thanked him warmly, and expressed our admiration at his performance.

"There was a time," he answered, in a dejected way, "when I could play—when I was something; I am very happy if I have given you any pleasure; at present the music which delighted the Greeks cannot be expected to please. Tastes and religions have changed, and he who led the Muses on Parnassus would hardly find a second place in a modern orchestra."

"Indeed! indeed!" I cried, "that is rather hard on the divine Apollo. If he were here to play, I think he would be able to enchant us as much as ever he did the Greeks."

His mouth and nostrils curved with a look of half scorn, and then dropped into a melancholy and incredulous expression as he said, "You have kindly listened for a

quarter of an hour, but with all your kindness I fear even you would soon tire of hearing it played—at least by a poor music-master like me. But," he added, with a deprecating bow, as if to apologise for a liberty he was taking, "would it be agreeable to you to proceed with your lesson, or shall we postpone it to another day?"

"Oh, do not let me interrupt you," I cried, "I have trespassed too long already. But, before I go, let me again thank you most heartily for the rare pleasure you have given me. Though you depreciate your own performance, I doubt whether Apollo himself could play better. I had no idea that the ancient music could be so impressive. But these old Greeks were a wonderful people. Their sculpture, drama, and architecture rhymed together, I knew, and formed a species of triology; and now I find that their music is of the same composed and strong quality. Sometimes I even doubt whether we have had the best of the bargain in exchanging their simplicity for our variety, their single plane for our prospective; and as for our religions, I am not so sure that Apollo was not quite as satisfactory as St. Peter. St. Peter is certainly not so prepossessing in his appearance.

"Do you not sometimes question whether Jupiter, Apollo, Minerva, Juno, and the rest, may not have their turn again? I don't know that I should not vote for them, for I do not see but that the saints we now worship are the same thing in a new and less manly dress."

A sudden flash went across Signore Febo's face which trasfigured him. It seemed absolutely to radiate light; or, perhaps, this effect was occasioned by a gleam of sunshine, which, at the moment, came through a crevice and played about his head. It was, however, but an instant illusion, and my friend did not seem to observe it. Signore Febo bowed with a sad smile and said, "That is a dangerous sentiment to express in Rome. I am afraid that the old dynasty has had its day, as St. Peter will have his."

So I said good-bye, and departed, thinking as I went along of Signore Febo, and pitying him, as a man who evidently "had had losses."—His face, now that I came to think it over quietly, did not look quite Italian, though his pronunciation of Italian seemed perfect; and I was possessed with the idea that I had either seen him before, or at least some person who closely resembled him. But with every effort I could not recall the person thus vaguely suggested by him. Nothing is more annoying than this confused kind of remembrance. Vainly we seek to drive away the haunting question; again and again it returns and torments us like a buzzing fly that brushed away, comes perseveringly back to alight on the same spot. However, I could not satisfy myself on this point, and at last I was forced to give it up.

A few days after this interview I set out with my letter in search of Signore Curio. The address

was so exact that I had no difficulty in finding it. The house was, as it had been described, an old palazzo a good deal decayed and gone to ruin, but it had evidently in its time been handsome, and remains of its former pride and beauty still clung to it. A fountain covered with mosses and green slimy weeds, stood facing the entrance, and the water still bubbled scantily out of bent pipes into an old reservoir, and dribbled on to the pavement below. One or two old statuettes corroded by time stood askew in little niches over it, and among the green leaves and maidenhair dropping from the crevices of the basin and the wall, peered out coarsely executed masks with gaping mouths, holding pipes, out of which the water had long ceased to pour.—Three antique statues, without heads, and with shattered arms, stood in three of the nine niches, and these represented the Muses of which Febo had spoken. The staircase to the first two stories was broad and imposing, with granite columns, and a somewhat elaborate though now rickety balustrade; but ascending beyond them it narrowed and crept curiously round unexpected angles, leading sometimes to additional stairs beyond long corridors, and finally at the fifth piano, fairly blown, I found a door with the name Curio on a brass-plate. I pulled the solid green cord which hung outside, a little bell tinkled, and in a few moments an odd-looking woman pushed back a little slide which covered a grating on the floor, and cried, "Chi é?"

I gave the usual answer, that I was a friend and sought the Padrone Signore Curio, upon which she ushered me into a large bare room and left me, saying she would ask if the padrone could receive me. After a few moments she reäppeared and conducted me into an inner room, where, after waiting a while, the door opened, and in came a slender man with a dried-up face, and robed in a shabby dressing-gown. He peered at me with a pair of sharp black eyes as I advanced to him and asked if I had the pleasure of seeing Signore Curio.

"*A servir la*—at your service," he answered.

"I have a letter of introduction to you from my friend Dr. ——," said I, and I put it into his hand.

"Ah! ah!" he cried, "from my old friend the American doctor—a very clever man. Excuse me; pray take a seat, and let me see what he says."

He seemed much amused as he read this letter, glancing up from it now and then with an inquisitive look at me, and then continuing its perusal. At last he finished it, came forward, shook me by the hand, with a chuckle of suppressed laughter, made me welcome, and began to ask me about my health. I told him I was better, but still not reinstated in strength: that I suffered from nervous irritability, and hoped, as my friend the doctor had suggested, that he might be able to help me; that I was aware of his powers as a magnetiser, and that I had experienced benefit from

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that treatment in America. "Ah! ah!" he replied; "as for magnetism, that is considered objectionable here—not according to the notions of the Church—St. Peter never magnetised. They do their miracles their own way, and look with an evil eye on us who use their trade in a surreptitious and uncatholic way. However, we shall see—we shall see. I suppose I can trust you from what your friend says?" and his little eyes seemed to look through me.

There was a singular expression in those sharp black eyes not altogether agreeable — something, in fact, very sinister and cunning.—Nor was the face, despite its extreme cleverness, one to inspire confidence. It was of a restless subtle character, full of sudden changes, ever mobile and varying. His look was never steady for a moment, and his mouth constantly twitched as he spoke. His forehead was low, and he wore an old faded wig, which was combed straight down over it nearly to the eyebrows. His legs were clothed in black stockings, and satinet small-clothes, which he kept covering with his dressing-gown, and as constantly exposed in consequence of his restlessness. His feet were small and delicate, and he kept shifting one leg over the other, and jerking his foot with a nervous motion. His thin slender hands were incessantly at work. He drummed on the chair—he twisted them together—he played with a little ivory paper-folder, throwing it up and catching it again unconsciously; and a singular way of touching and holding everything which I have observed as peculiar to jugglers. As he spoke he moved them about, and often twitched up his sleeve, so as to expose a slender and flexible wrist. Altogether, a more nervous person I never saw. His sentences also were spasmodic, and uttered in a sharp quick tone.

"But come with me into the inner room," he said; "we are friends, I see. There's no use to keep you at arm's length, as I am forced to do with these precious Romans.—One faculty I do really possess that of reading character and knowing at a glance whether any one I meet is really related to me spiritually, and therefore trustworthy—a faculty not peculiar in any way!—Everybody more or less possesses it, provided they trust themselves, have nerves, and can read their own consciousness. But we are too wise now for that;—we trust what we call our judgment, and reject our instincts. We never accept our impressions, but begin to reason upon them, and to mar and obliterate them. But the intellect is less wise than the spirit, and vastly slower. The soul is as sensitive as the eye—it sees at once. As well say I don't see physically at first, as spiritually. Spiritual perceptions are as instantaneous as sight. Instincts are superior to reason. All our religion is the product of instinct, not reason. The dog knows his friend at once; so does the man, unless he befog and bewilder his mind with his judgments and reasonings, as he calls them. You are

my friend; I can trust you; come into my sanctum."

So saying, he lifted the curtain, and we went through a corridor to a large room in the rear of the house. A peculiar aromatic odour of spice and frankincense pervaded it and mingled with the faint scent of orange-blossoms that was wafted in through the open window. Heavy curtains obscured the light, and swung over the doors; and a curious old Persian rug was spread upon the floor, with strange and softly-coloured patterns, unlike anything I ever saw. It was very much worn, and from its wear had become even more beautiful, taking therefrom a tone like that which is given by time to a painting. The walls of the room were covered by shelves filled with old books in vellum and faded leather. On a column in the corner sat a great white owl, looking wise and solemn. Antique draperies, with cabalistic figures embroidered over them, were here and there swung along the walls, and over them curious swords and bullhooks, and several ancient casques, one of which had wings extended on either side. Two or three busts of yellow and waxy marble representing the pagan gods, were standing here and there, and several old brown engravings were mingled among the paintings. There was no order in the room—a great divan with frayed cushions, shabby but luxurious, occupied the centre, and there were several large arm-chairs of stamped leather with dull gold figures. The ceiling was divided into panels, on which were old frescoes, partially obliterated by time and obscured by smoke; and from the centre hung a Venetian coloured-glass chandelier.

It was a mysterious kind of room—all the more mysterious from the sunshine which struggled in, and made it seem still more quiet and lonely. Spiders had woven their cobwebs in the corners of the ceiling and across the panels, and it was evident that the housemaid's broom came seldom there to disturb the dust and the silence.

"I do not ordinarily admit new friends here," said my host—"never, unless I trust them; and, as I said, I trust you. You are looking at the owl—a fine bird. It is not mine; it was left by my sister when she went to America. Monstrously wise, isn't it? I have a little laboratory opening out of that door, where I amuse myself at times, for there are moments when I need distraction. Some of these books are monuments of human folly, and yet interesting. You will find among them all the old works on magic and the cabalistic arts. But I have lettered them "Lives of the Saints," lest some one should pry in here and make trouble for me. I live very much alone, though there are several of my old friends still here who visit me at times.—I confess that it is rather dull, but I cannot make up my mind to leave Rome, where I have so many very old associations, going back to a period when I was not so badly off as now. Most of my old companions of better days have departed; but the old gentleman in whose

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house I was brought up will remain, and there are always two or three of us who stay to keep him company. Rome, too, is pleasant, though somewhat sad to me; but I keep up my spirits in more senses than one, and——no matter, here I am, and here I shall probably stay. And now, let me take off this old wig, which I wear chiefly for disguise, for it annoys me."

When the wig was off, the change was very great. His hair was closely cut, but curled thickly about his temples and on the back of his neck; and he looked some fifteen years younger at least, but, if anything more nervous and excitable.

"As to magnetism," he now commenced, as he seated himself in one of the old leathern arm-chairs, "what can I do for you? Shall I try if I have any power?"

"Thank you, you would do me a great service."

He drew the curtains across the windows, placed himself before me, and lifting his slender hands, waved them before my eyes, and then placed them on my forehead. His touch was like electricity. A cold shudder ran down my back, and this in a moment was succeeded by a vague dreamy languor. The air began to thicken, the pictures and furniture swam together, and gently died away into a soft misty background. Then I saw two streams of lambent fire issue from his finger-tips, and the whole scene vanished. My eyes closed, a soft flood of light poured all around me, and I was gently lifted from the earth and borne away into a space. The earth disappeared. Delicious odours and exquisite music assailed my senses, and a strange sweet delirium bathed my brain. Figures floated around me, vague at first and indistinct, then clearer and clearer, until at last I seemed to be at a banquet of the ancient gods. Hebe presented me with a cup of nectar. Venus, radiant and flushed as a rosy morning-cloud, smiled upon me. The calm majestic Minerva, Juno grand and dignified, the athletic fiery-eyed shape of Mars, and the agile lithe figure of Mercury, were moving around me. Their voices fell upon my ears like music. Jove's refulgent face shone under his snowy locks and beard; and his voice was like an organ tone rising and falling, and filling the air with its intonations.

The visionary Psyche moved there-among them pale as the morning moon; and Cupid, with childish mischief in his face shook his auburn curls and threatened me.—How long this lasted I cannot tell, but at last a black cloud enveloped me. I felt a rush of air in my ears as if I were falling, and, suddenly opening my eyes, I saw Signore Curio standing opposite me, and smiling an ironical smile.

"Ah, well!" said he, "you are more susceptible than I thought. Do you feel better?"

I drew a long breath, sighed, and could not speak. He arose, went to a little closet, poured out a pale liquor in a glass (I saw him do it as in a dream,) and then put it to my

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lips. I drank it at a draught, half mechanically; but as soon as I had tasted it, I cried—

"By Zeus the Glorious, that was like the nectar I quaffed in Olympus, for there I was when you woke me."

"My dear sir," said Signore Curio, "your oath was most improper. I know not what St. Peter and the Pope would say to it; and as for nectar, what I gave you was a glass of old cordial."

"Was it? Well, it was uncommonly like the Olympian nectar."

"Ah! ha!" laughed he, "there is nothing, after all, like imagination. But, after all, there is one thing that you will not imagine, I fancy," and he laughed jeeringly, "and that is, that I am like one of your Olympian gods."

"Not exactly," said I, and we laughed together. "But you have really done me much good, and I beg you will allow me to return another day, for now I have trespassed too long on your patience and kindness."

"Come when you will," said he, "my good spiritualist."

Thus ended my first visit to Signore Curio; but his magnetism was so beneficial to me that I was anxious to renew it as soon as possible. This strange man had certainly obtained a wonderful power over me; and though the personal impression he had made on me was a strange mixture of attraction and repulsion, yet I longed to see him again, and as soon as I could do so with decency I made him another visit, the result of which was, as far as my health was concerned, equally favourable. In consequence of this I made an arrangement to to go to him regularly twice a-week and be magnetised, and thus we became intimate. During these interviews he would often surprise and amuse me by wonderful feats of legerdemain, and would generally introduce them by some jeering and sarcastic speech about the Holy Catholic Church, or St. Peter, or some one of the saints and their miracles. I was curiously struck, also, by observing that he always spoke tenderly of the ancient Greeks and of the Grecian mythology, and often, in his sarcastic way, apologised for it, pretended to believe in it, and to defend it as a system of religion.

One day we had been looking at some beautiful pairs of dove's wings on the wall, and after praising them, we passed on to talk of flying, when I suddenly said (for as I held the wings in my hand the idea came into my head), "If, now, one could only have a pair of talaria like those of Hermes, and fly away simply by tying them on to the ankles!"

"True," he cried, "that was a capital way—and why not? Suppose I should tie these wings on my feet, and put my hands on the table, perhaps, who knows what might take place? Stop, let us take one of these old Saxon casques with wings on the sides, that will represent the petasus of Mercury well enough. Shouldn't I make a capital Mercury?"

Half-jesting he did so. He put

the casque on his head and tied the wings on his feet, jesting all the while at the ridiculous figure he was making of himself, and then sitting down opposite me at the table and fixing his eyes keenly upon me, he stretched out his hands as he was accustomed to do when he magnetised me. Suddenly a ridiculous fancy took possession of me—I suppose it was in consequence of his mesmeric powers by which he had obtained so complete a control over me, that but a minute was required to throw me into a mesmeric state—but I certainly seemed to see him rise from his chair, and slowly float upward into the air. Then the ceiling as he reached it dissolved, the dress vanished from his body—the caduceus was in his hand, and he waved it to and fro over me. It was the god Hermes, he who conducted souls to the Elsyian fields, the slender, agile, elegant figure, beautiful in its sinuous motion, with the petasus on his head and the winged talaria on his ankles, that I beheld floating over me.—And yet he seemed to have the face and features of my companion—the same cynical smile, the same black sharp eyes, and the same movement of that hand that I had so often noticed. I was so confused by this that I placed my hands to my eyes and pressed them closely on the balls for a moment to clear my vision. When I opened them again, I saw my host sitting before me in the same attitude that he had before I seemed to see him rise, and as if he had never moved.

"How do you feel, now?" he asked. "You seem to have fallen into a sudden trance—an ecstatic one, to judge from your expression and movements; but I hope it was not disagreeable, and that you are quite recovered."

"Yes, certainly," I answered, "I must for the moment have been beside myself, and yet the transition was so sudden and natural, that I could not distinguish its boundaries,—and what I had seen in my natural state, so mixed itself up with what I beheld in my trance state, that even now I am confused. It was the oddest thing—and now that I look at you there, I am a little ashamed to tell you what fancy suddenly took possession of me, it seems so ridiculous. But I really thought I saw you rise in the air, and that those dove's wings became the talaria, and that casque the petasus, and that—in a word that you were Hermes himself."

"Singular indeed," said he, "yet so natural. You were, at the moment, when unintentionally I threw you into the trance state, jesting about Hermes and the petasus and talaria, and saying it would be a capital thing to fly, when suddenly your trance state supervened, and what was in your mind at once assumed an exterior form. It is a very common case with persons who are such natural mediums as you."

"I daresay," replied I, "but it is astonishing how vivid an impression I received. It will not leave me." And I added, laughing, "I never hereafter shall be able to

distinguish you clearly and absolutely from Hermes."

"I am quite willing, provided you do not make the police and the priests parties to your biologic fancies. They are quite capable of believing anything which will afford ground for a persecution."

At this moment a lovely girl whom I had never seen before, put her head into the door, and said, "The Padrone wants you, if you can come as soon as you are disengaged."

"The Padrone!" I said. "Then I will leave you at once. But, pray, is that the Padrone's daughter? I never saw her here before."

"I don't know; he has such a lot of them that it's not easy to say. She may be. Curious old fellow the Padrone. I must present you to him some day. Is rather imperious in his notions, and somewhat irascible at times; and as I wish to keep on his right side, I think, with your permission, we will finish the seance for to-day. I will go and see what he wants. He might turn me out of the house, you know."

"Is he married?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! married. Yes, a regular dragon of a wife, who is as jealous as—as—Juno." And then with his singular smile, he added, "I call the old fellow Jupiter, and he don't look unlike him, with his great white beard and thick snowy locks. Some evening I will invite him up here, and you shall meet him. And now, addio—I know you'll excuse me."

This last interview I could not get out of my head. There was something so odd about my new friend that I determined to make some inquiries about his history and family of Febo, if I should chance to see him. So the next day I went to the studio, hoping to meet the music-master there.

I saw my friend the artist, and in answer to my inquiries he said, "I too have felt very anxious, and have endeavoured to get some information about him, but with not much success. Very few persons seem to know him, and nobody can give any satisfactory accountof him. Febo, to whom I have spoken, pretends to know nothing, and at all events I have got nothing out of him to satisfy my curiosity. But, as far as I can learn, his family was of Greek origin, and came here heaven knows when. Febo is, I suspect, related to him in some way, though he is very shy of talking about him and his affairs. I know also that there is an old man, a respectable and inoffensive person, who lives in the same house, but he never goes out, and at times the family seem to disappear, for nobody knows where they go. After years have passed some of them return, or their children return, or persons return who look uncommonly like them, and bear the same name. This, I dare say, sounds odd, but I use this language advisedly, because some of the oldest men remember this family here, and they say that when they were children they remember to have heard their fathers speak of this

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old man, who was then apparently as old as he is now. So you see the present old man must, in all probability, be the son of the former, or some relation. Febo, too, has a sister who is a striking young woman, and who figures sometimes as a ballerina on the stage. But, after all, nobody seems to know much about any of them. Perhaps the old man is the Wandering Jew—or Paraceleus—or Hermes Trismegistus—the Lord only knows.—Why don't you ask Signore Curio himself? He will or will not tell you, as the case may be. For my part, I suppose they are one of a hundred old Italian families who have fallen from their pride of place—lost their fortunes but not their pride, and so keep out of sight, and live under disguised names perhaps. As for Febo, he is evidently a gentleman by birth and education. There is something noble in him, which shines through his shabby dress, and it is plain that he is above the profession by which he now supports himself.—Poor fellow! I really pity him, he seems so dispirited and poor. He makes just enough to live upon by playing in the orchestra at the Valle, but it goes against his grain terribly."

"Well, this is not very satisfactory," I replied. "I think we shall have to raise the spirits to tell us who these people are, unless Curio will enlighten us on the matter.—I certainly will ask him about the family when I see him next, but whether I shall be any wiser after it who can tell? He is a strange genius, and about half the time I cannot quite determine whether he is in jest or in earnest in what he says."

Though I made this resolution, I never was able to carry it out.—Whenever I approached the question I got nothing but jeers, cynical remarks, and persiflage from Curio. It was evident that he meant to keep his secret.

One evening, however, at the end of the winter, when the buds were just beginning to burst, and the almond-trees to robe themselves with their white blossoms, and the soft breezes called to the flowers that sprang up over all the Campagna, I found Signore Curio in a more serious and expansive mood. "I know," he said, "that you are curious about me and my family, and have endeavoured in vain to find out our history. An admirable quality is curiosity, but it leads us sometimes into scrapes. I never intended to give you any light on this subject, but I have taken a fancy to you, and after all it may be amusing to you to know our history. It can do no injury to us as we are just about to flit, I don't know where, and you will be gone too in a few days, and perhaps we shall never again meet, and so I will tell you our secret. Not now," he added, as he saw I was prepared to listen with eager curiosity; "but if you will come here to-morrow night at about twelve o'clock, we shall all of us be together—all, I mean, that are in Rome—and we are to have a sort of symposium. The Padrone is to be here, and if

you will make one of us you shall hear what you shall hear, and see what you shall see—and *basta così* for the present."

I did not ask to be invited twice, but accepted with great warmth.

All the next day I wandered, my favourite haunt, in the palace of the Cæsars, anxious for the night to come, and excited at the prospect of what the night might bring forth.

At half-past eleven I was at Curio's door. He received me in his inner room as usual. "You are a little early," he said, "but no matter; I believe they are all ready for us down-stairs, so come along."

I followed him down to the second story. There he rang. The door opened of itself, and in we went. After traversing several rooms, we came at last to a vast saloon, lighted by an antique Venetian chandelier hanging from the centre, beneath which was a table spread for supper. The walls were hung with ancient silk hangings defaced and faded, but rich in texture, and woven into a strange arabesque figure, the gleaming light of which, showed fragments of fruits, flowers and birds, that came and went as one changed place.—Some pictures hung here and there, and quaint old curiosities of china and bronze were scattered about on the cracked marble consols.—Some ebony statues held on their heads vases of oriental alabaster, in which were lights that shone through their veined strata, and two large mirrors in ebony frames with bevelled edges, bleared and dimmed with age, miserably reflected the candles of the chandelier. It was, in a word, a shabby old saloon, gone to seed, like many that may be seen in the old palaces of Rome belonging to fallen families.

My acquaintance Febo was there, and rose to welcome me in a serious way; and Curio at once conducted me to an old gentleman who sat in a great satin-covered crimson armchair at one end of the room, and presented me to him, almost seriously, as the friend of whom he had spoken, and who would join them at supper." Then turning to me, he said, "Our Padrone."

The Padrone made a stately recognition of me, without rising, and motioned me to a chair, saying:

"Our accommodations and our banquet are poor, and not what they should be, but you are welcome. Curio, shut the door."

There was something very imposing in the Padrone. His snow-white hair, still very thick, was parted in the middle, and fell on either side his temples in massive curls, that mingled with his full and flowing beard. A thick moustache was drawn away from his mouth so as to display lips still full, despite his age. His forehead, between and above the eyebrows, was projecting, and in it were two deep horizontal wrinkles, and from beneath his heavy brow looked large, hollow, and severe eyes of a dark yellowish brown, which had in them a certain still

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and peculiar light, as of a flame burning behind a thick porcelain shade. His complexion was of a dull bronzed tawny hue, with no colour; and his expression was dejected, though severe. He had something of the lion's look when it is caged. He wore a long loose sort of bournous, with sleeves of an ivory white; and his yellow slippers, which only covered the centre of his foot, leaving his toes free, peeped out under his dress, and were placed on a footstool.—Altogether, as I looked at him, I thought I had never seen so strange and imposing an old man.

Curio bustled about in a nervous fidgety way, and talked a good deal, which somewhat relieved me of my awkwardness at first. After a few minutes the door opened, and in came a florid rosy-faced man with curling hair, accompained by a woman, whom at first sight I did not know whether to call a lady or not. She was fantastically dressed, as if she belonged to the stage, with touches of rouge on her cheeks. But her face was good-humoured, and as soon as she entered she ran forward in a free, careless way to the Padrone, and greeted him with a kiss. Curio gave a start of surprise, as did Febo; and even the Pardrone looked as if the visit was unexpected.

"What! you here, Affy?" cried Curio; "and you too, old boy?" turning to her florid companion. "Where on earth did you come from, and when did you arrive? We had no idea that you were here, But you've come in the very nick of time. Did you smell the fumes of the supper from afar, and cry like the war-horse, Ha! ha!"

"Why, the fact is," said the rosy-faced man, "Affy and I got terribly tired of Paris, and set off at a moment's warning. She wanted to see you all once more, and she was worn out with noise and late hours and general dissipation, so we packed up suddenly, and here we are."

In the midst of the welcome that followed, in came the Signora Padrona, the wife of the old gentleman—a stately-looking hard old lady, in a turban with two white feathers in it, who somewhat grimly saluted Affy—and with her a slender, dried-up old maid, in a stiff brocade, with a thin face and lean arms and neck.

The company having now arrived, supper was ordered, and we were soon seated at the table. The Padrone and his wife took the head, and sat in two great highbacked chairs; opposite were placed Febo and the old maid who, Curio whispered to me, was his sister, while Affy and the florid-faced man took the side opposite to Curio and me. We were waited on by the pretty girl whom I had seen for a moment at the door of Curio's apartment. and a good-looking butler, who served the wine.

Where the wine came from I cannot imagine, but, to my surprise, it was excellent, and the guests soon began to feel its influence, and to warm into vivacious conversation. Affy and I became good friends at once. Dispite the rather doubtful

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respectability of her dress and general appearance, she had a very sweet smile, and seemed thoroughly amiable and jolly. Indeed, as the supper went on I got to think her decidedly handsome. Curio was full of spirits, with his puns and toasts and satirical compliments.

"I wish we could have a little music," cried Febo, "such as we used to have before those nine girls went off to the chorus of the Grand Opera in Paris. They used to sing such capital songs."

"Oh, by the way," cried Affy, "who do you think I saw the other day in the Boulevards? Who, Curio, but your blessed hairy son, with his crooked legs and goatee and curved nose. He has given up tending flocks; and there he was with his goat-skins on his legs, blowing away on his pipe, and holding his hat out for *sous*. I laughed as if I should die. He was pretending to be an Abruzzi shepherd. I gave him a napoleon, and he cried out with a leer, 'The Madonna and the saints have you ever in their keeping'—the scamp!"

We were all of us now getting rather excited by the wine, which was as strong as it was good—at least I was; and the figures around the table seemed at times to swim before my eyes. But I remembered the promise of Curio, and determined to take no more wine until he had told me who they all were. However, such resolutions were of little avail, and I kept breaking them as fast as I formed them.

I can give little idea of the jollity of the circle, which, as it grew warm, grew witty. The spirit of it, however, wholly escapes from my pen. As the time went on, I began to notice a singular fact, which I attributed to the effect of the wine. The persons at the table grew gradually younger and handsomer. Whether it was mere fancy or not, the old maid seemed to be slowly changing into a young and slender woman, graceful and elegant of figure. The face of Febo beamed with inspiration, and seemed to radiate light. The red hue of my *vis-à-vis's* face softened into a youthful flush. The wrinkles wore out of the Padrone's forehead, and his locks looked luminous as the electric flame that follows a vessel's wake. His wife also seemed to grow grander and more attractive in her dignity; and as for Affy, I fairly lost my heart to her. "Rouge on her face, indeed!" I thought; "her cheeks are like the first blush of morning."

"Good heavens!" I whispered to Curio, who was also changing in his aspect into a graceful and lithe young man—"who are you all? Am I mad, or magnetised, or what?"

"Silence and attention," cried he aloud. "Olympians, our friend here was never at our symposium before; he says he is afraid he is either magnetised or mad; for he is beginning to fall desperately in love with Affy; and as for the Padrone, he says he is a perfect Jupiter, by Jove—he never saw such a splendid old fellow; quite equal, he affirms, to St. Peter."

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A roar of laughter shook the room; or was it laughter? I looked at the Padrone, and he shook his hoar locks; and the room trembled again, and a strange smile was on his face.

"Olympians, shall I announce your names to my friend?"

"The god of Olympus shall decide," was the cry of all; and the god of Olympus again smiled and nodded assent. And there was a sound as of thunder overhead, and the carved eagle above his chair shook out its wings and screamed.

"They are taking away my trunks up-stairs," said Curio.—"My friend," he then said, turning to me, "your request is granted; you shall know who we are. We are a few of the exiled gods of Olympus, at your service. Allow me to present you to Zeus the Thunderer; at the head of the table is his august spouse, the divine Juno. Then, at the opposite side, is Phœbus Apollo, commonly called Febo, with his sister, Diana. Our *vis-à-vis* is Bacchus. Who that disreputable person is at his side you will easily guess. She is Aphrodite, whom we call Affy, the best creature in Olympus—I beg your pardon, I mean in Rome."

"Here, Hebe," he cried, and the lovely girl who had served us was at his side in moment—a loose delicate tunic dropping from her ivory shoulders, and leaving her rounded arms bare, and her bosom partially uncovered; "and you Ganymede, commonly called Gianni nowadays," and he, too, the butler, changed into the elegant cup-bearer of Olympus, approached—"give to drink of our nectar to the stranger, and heap his goblet full."

I lifted the goblet before me—it was one pure crystal—and drained the delicious nectar with which it was brimmed. It seemed to inundate my whole being, and to slip through every vein in my body. I became at once a new person, and I felt and knew that I was among the gods.

Astonished and speechless I looked about me. The likeness which had so long haunted me in Febo was now clear. But the Belvidere statue was but a poor representation of him as he then stood before me: a splendour trembled all over him; the golden curls were like an aureole around his head, a delicate mantle fringed with a purple border hung from his left arm, and in his right he carried a lyre of tortoise shell inlaid with silver, the chords of which he struck as I looked at him. At his side was Diana or Artemis, the huntress, in a short tunic with a pale green edge of ivy leaves, her nostrils expanded, her figure quivering with spirit and animation. Her delicate head was poised gracefully upon the long slender neck, and a golden fillet was bound closely around her hair, one or two stray locks of which, escaping from beneath it, curled like the tendrils of the vine below her square thin temples.—She was tall, of a dark olive complexion, clear as the shadow of a brown brook, slender in her limbs, and had a strong family resemblance to her brother at her side.

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"Look at your love," said Mercury, who succinct, small-headed, with jet-black curls, a compact spare figure, quivering with nerves, touched me on the shoulder, and pointed across the table with his caduceus to Aphrodite.

How shall I describe her? She looked at me with one of those smiles which seem to draw the soul out of one. Her hair rippled in sunny waves off her forehead, and gathered behind by an amber ring studded with pearls, thence crept loosened down in a sinuous mass over her dimpled shoulders. Her eyes, which were of a dark violet rimmed with black, were full-lidded below, and slightly lifted with an amorous languidness. Her lips were full and ripe, like some perfect fruit. Her nose was straight, and chiselled with wonderful delicacy; her nostrils clear and thin like a rose-leaf. From her small shell-like ears dropped two exquisite pearls, and the slope behind them down into the shoulders, where mortal woman is so defective, was in her perfect. Was her neck slender or full? I cannot say—it was faultless, I know, and died down into the luxuriant curves of her bosom with a drooping sea-line.—Her arms and hands were full and slightly pimpled at the elbow and on the knuckles—not too full at the wrists—while her nails were like roseate mother-of-pearl. But why seek to describe her who is indescribable?—her image will always remain in my memory as the absolute perfection of womanly fascination.

"Don't lock at me so," she said; "you will make me blush more than ever Paris did."

A sound of silvery laughter went round the table, and all involuntarily glanced at Juno who frowned at the recollection thus awakened. I too followed their eyes, and although my eyes and soul had gone to Aphrodite, I could not but be struck by so extraordinary a beauty, though of so opposite a type. Tall, stately, square-breasted, with dark-ruled eyebrows, under which were severe but glorious eyes, a diadem of gold upon her compact and harmonious head, full robes gathered high on her chest, and girdled above mid-waist with a broad and flashing zone, whence the ample folds flowed to her feet—she was the most queen-like and imposing figure I ever saw, but one to reverence rather than to love.

"Paris!" she said, with a curl of her short lip, and a look of infinite disdain—"Paris was a poor weak fool, like all mere men, who preferred a courtesan to a woman. To him mere flesh and blood counted more than anything else."

"So he was dear Juno," said Aphrodite. "Had he not been a mere mortal fool he would never have preferred me to you. It was no fault of mine, you know, and I am sure I have never known what to do with his apple."

"We all know that you are the most beautiful, Aphrodite," said Juno, appeased; "but Paris was a poor weak creature, as we also know. Let us talk of him no more."

"It's lucky Minerva is not here,

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muttered Bacchus, and shook his curls. "She too is a splendid creature, if she were not so very wise. She bores me to death with her wisdom and her virtue."

An owl, which I had not before observed, here hooted and screamed from the top of the bookcase on which he was perched.

"Great Olympus," cried Bacchus, "is she here?" and he looked around him. "The Parcæ take that owl—how it startled me."

As he said this, I turned to gaze at him, and if he was less brilliant and inspired than Apollo in his look, he was more charming. All that man can own of attraction was his, broad, square-shouldered, slim-loined, light and powerful in his build, and with one of those faces that you love, that haunt you, that draw women after them with invisible cords not to be broken.—As Venus was the perfection of woman, so was Bacchus of man.—He seemed harmoniously moulded, and like a simple utterance of nature, not strained to any direction, but evenly organized and sympathetic.

"Here! Bacchus," said Aphrodite, "don't talk any more, but drink—that's your vocation—or dream—but don't argue. And pray let Minerva alone, or you will rue it."

"Arguing! May I ever be saved from that," cried Bacchus, "either for or against any one or anything. I was only afraid Minerva might be here, and then we should have had arguing enough."

Again the owl hooted.

"Oh!" said Mercury, "that is one of those wise birds of hers that she left with me when she went to America."

"Poor Minerva!" said Juno, "times have changed with her sadly, but she bears herself bravely up. Yet I pity her—in exile, and with such work to do."

"Well, really I don't see that she is worse off than the rest of us," cried Apollo. "Who would ever have dreamed in our glorious days, when we were worshipped as divinities, that we should ever come to this? When we were all scattered on that fatal night, and robbed of our divine prerogatives, and forced to flee and hide and disguise ourselves, and become like common mortals, and compelled to earn our living, what could we expect but unhappiness? More or less we all suffer, for we cannot die; and we are in this worse off than any mortal can be. For my part, do you believe that I, who once was worshipped as the God of Light and Poesy, take pleasure in earning a scant livelihood by now playing in the orchestra a second fiddle—now giving a few ill-paid lessons in music—now teaching children to dance; or that Diana, with all her memories of the past, and her peculiar and shy temperament, can endure with anything less than disgust her *rôle* as ballerina at a second-rate theatre."

"Oh, dear me!" said Bacchus, "it's bad enough for all of us, but we must make the best of it. It rather amuses Affy and me sometimes, our life in Paris; and as for

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old Silenus, whom I have taken in as partner in the wine and spirit trade, and who attends to the retail business, he does not seem to suffer very much, at least when he is drunk, and that is pretty often. Keeping a wine-shop is not the highest of employments, but there's no use to get into the dumps—is there, Affy ?"

"Well, perhaps not," said Aphrodite ;" but I really do sometimes get so tired with playing everlasting farces and foolish pieces on the stage, and being the pretty soubrette, and getting kissed by everybody, and being generally disreputable; but I declare I think I do prefer it to keeping a Young Ladies' Seminary at Olympus Lodge, Parnassus, Alabama, as poor Minny does now. And yet she seems to be immensely fond of it, proud of it, too—teaching, as she says, the young idea how to shoot. Her wisdom all comes out. She can lecture and argue all day long.—The scholars and the committees all look up to her, and make her addresses on public occasions, and pass resolutions in honour of her and her seminary. And really there are some such nice pretty creatures among her pupils, that if it were not for her intellect she might love them. But really her programme is enough to kill one with laughter, with its 'highest intellectual branches of education' and its 'dissemination at once of instruction and morality, thus leading youth gracefully up the precipitous steeps of science.' I am afraid I should become dreadfully improper climbing those precipitous ascents."

"I say, Bacchus, can you give us any news of Neptune and Pluto ?" cried Mercury. "I have not heard of them lately."

"Oh, yes," answered Bacchus. "I got a letter from both of them the other day. Neptune is running a Mississippi steamer now. It is a high-pressure, and named the Trident; and Amphitrite is the chief-stewardess aboard. Last year he got up a diving-bell company to fish up Captain Kidd's treasure, and he had the good luck in his bell to come across an old sunken hulk of a vessel from which he picked up several bags of bullion, enough to enable him to purchase the Trident. Pluto, too, is getting on uncommonly well. He has lately been made President of a Grand Junction Coal Mining Company, and is interested in several Colorado mines. He has made his way slowly up from running an engine as driver on a railway, and is now very well off."

"But all this while, now," interrupted Diana, "nobody has asked about Vulcan. How is he now, Affy, dear?—and what is he about."

"Why," replied Affy, "the dear old blunderer is hammering away as usual. He has just been working out a new invention for casting cannon, and is trying to get the English Admiralty to receive it; but he says they are afraid to try it, for fear it might be successful, and ruin those already in the field."

"And Proserpine and Ceres, I suppose, are with Pluto—are they not? There's nothing new oc-

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curred to them, I suppose?" said Juno.

"Oh, no! They are still at their old work, editing 'The Enna Journal,' a magazine of floriculture and horticulture for young ladies.—Ceres does the heavy business—has long disquisitions on the 'History of the Potato,' where it came from and where it is going to, and what the blight is; or investigations of the question what the ancients thought of the onion and garlic, and how they are related to the hyacinth, and why their odour is different. While Proserpine attends to the lighter parts—selects feeble poems on the 'Humming-bird and the Rose,' and makes little paragraphs headed 'Time to Plant Annuals,' 'The Dial of Flowers,' 'Shakespeare a Florist and Gardener,' and looks out for those washy little coloured prints which adorn now and then a number of the magazine. She only spends one third of the year with Pluto still."

"And Mars, what is he doing now in these stirring times?"

"Heaven only knows," answered Mercury, "but I suppose he too is in America; when I last heard of him he had just been made a brigadier general in the Federal army, and the papers said he had a chance to be made President if he could only win a battle. That would be a joke, I declare. Perhaps he might bring up the family in that case. I heard lately of one good thing he said to one of his officers who had been making a fearful blunder, "When you don't know what to do, don't do you don't know what!" If he could only get to be President, he might make me the Secretary of the Treasury—I have been used to a purse—and give us a territory for our own like the Mormons. There we might plant ourselves, gather around us the old friends and believers, and renew the ancient faith. Yes, in some distant solitude of the New World we might in a pure form revive the old religion, far away from society bring back the golden days of Greece and of Hesiod. Then we could at least gather together our lost ones—the nymphs of the fountains and rivers, the Naiads and Dryads and Oreads—and all the spirits of nature. Pan and the Satyrs should haunt the woods and play their reedy pipes and dance on many a western sward. There would we make a happy company; and if we were not worshipped as divinities, at least we might enjoy a calm and sylvan life, and not be forced to those daily shifts for bread, and these wretched disguises. But a truce to those dreams: give us something, Apollo, from your lyre to drive away these mournful thoughts. Strike us something in the Lydian mode."

Apollo obeyed, the strings twanged, and the room resounded to the music. How glorious it seemed! what inspiration was in his face—what mystery in his playing! I was lifted up by it from my mortal senses, and drawn away into a wonderful dreamland, where all the beings of the ancient mythology swarmed around me, and Aphrodite

all the while smiled upon me, and caressed me. The actual world was gone.

After this I have no definite remembrance of what occurred, until the next day towards noon, when I waked and found myself in my bed, with the sun streaming in. Bewildered I rose, and looked around me. Had all last night's sights and sounds been a dream? or where did the actual merge into the visionary? Were what I had seen phantasmagoria of a fevered brain? No! no! they were too real. But then I asked myself—Were not your old fever dreams also real? Nay, but I am well now, I answered.

As I was thus debating the matter, there came a knock, at my door. It was the maid, who brought a note, which she said had been left for me a couple of hours before.

I broke its seal, and read as follows :—

"My Dear Friend,—I find that you are not yet up, and I regret that I cannot wait to see you. I came merely to say good-bye ; for, as you are aware, we all are to leave Rome to day at twelve o'clock. I hope you are better this morning, for last night I was obliged to accompany you home, you having fallen into a trance at the table, so that I thought it better to take you away quietly, as I heard you had already taken more wine than was good for your health, and had evidently been in a more than usually excited state all the evening.

"Your landlady tells me that you are now sleeping very tranquilly, and I begged her not to disturb you, as I know you need repose more than anything else. I hope you will be all right when you awake.

"My friends all salute you cordially ; and in the hope that some time or other we may meet again,—I am, your obliged friend.

"Marco Curio.

"10 1-2 *o'clock*."

I ran immediately to the Palazzo, but it was closed, and the neighbours all told me that the family had left in the morning with a good deal of luggage, and they knew not whither they had gone.

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[*Sunday Magazine.*

ANITA'S PRAYER.

[From an incident related in "All the Year Round," in an article entitled "Ten Terrible Days."]

A storm was raging on the western main,
And, wrestling in the tempest's giant grip,
Contending to the last, but all in vain,
There lay a sinking ship.

Awhile her crew stood firm; none flinched or swerved;
They flung the cargo to the hungry waves;
They wrought as men by desperation nerved—
They plied the pumps like slaves.

Inured to danger, hardy, rough, and bold,
They did not quail till hope began to die,
Till higher rose the water in the hold,
And death, they knew, was nigh.

Then wild disorder reigned, and mad despair;
Faith, fortitude, and reason, seemed to fail—
Shrieks, oaths, and drunken riot, filled the air;
Mocked by the howling gale.

Once and again, a boat was lowered and lost,
Crushed by the ocean at the vessel's side;
Another—to the mighty billows tossed,
Rode on the surging tide.

Forlorn the venture—but a last resource;
Men, women, children, crowded to the bark;
And forth they launched to brave the tempest's force,
Amidst the water's dark.

Deep down—till Heaven looked further off and dim;
Down—where the sea, with rushing, ponderous sound,
Opened its jaws, black, cavernous and grim,
And fiercely hemmed them round.

Down—in the hollow channel of the deep—
Up—on the swelling billows' crested height—
Clouds rolling overhead with angry sweep;
And not a sail in sight.

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Chilled by the sharp-edged blast; drenched by the spray;
Bandied from wave to wave, as though in game;
Hour passed them after hour, day after day,
And still no rescue came.

The storm cleared off, and sunlight fired the skies,
The rowers bent exhausted to their oars;
O'er never-ending seas roved straining eyes,
In search of hidden shores.

A world of water, and a world of sky,
Swift threatening squalls, or shadeless torrid rays,
And hopes of succour, only born to die—
These marked the weary days.

Night brought no solace, darkness brought no rest,
The fitful slumberer slept to start and wake;
The watcher sat, by heavier fears oppressed,
And prayed for morn to break.

And morning dawned on hopes revived for nought;
On haggard faces, and on shivering forms;
And day again wore by, and only brought
Hot sun, and calms, and storms.

And were they doomed thus helplessly to float
Till life, in agony of lingering, fled?
No food, no water, and a leaking boat,
And babes who wailed for bread.

The depths behind, before; no sail, no land,
While throats grew parched, and tear-drops ceased to fall;
The cheek grew hollow, nerveless grew the hand,
And silence fell on all.

The days dragged on, the only sounds that stirred
Were the low plash of oars, the wind's dull moan,
The gurgling waves, the scream of the sea-bird,
The sea's deep monotone.

And then death came to some—an ocean tomb;
Only the hearts that loved them sobbed the knell,
And shuddered at the looks of famished gloom
That eyed them as they fell.

Nor on the dead alone such looks were cast;
Men, famine-maddened, glared with longing sight
On babes, whose mothers clasped them close and fast,
And slept not, day or night.

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One mother held enfolded in her arms
A blue-eyed fairy girl with golden hair,
A treasure saved through perils and alarms,
The only bright thing there.

Had it not been for that one cherub child,
She would have coveted a watery grave;
But while her little one beside her smiled,
The mother's heart was brave.

A tiny form slid from its mother's knee,
And knelt with folded hands and parted lip,
And prayed the prayer of faith, pure, full, and free—
"Please God, to send a ship!"

'Twas strange to see that bright-haired baby kneel
'Midst beings wretched, fearful, reckless grown,
Her blue eyes raised in innocent appeal:—
To hear her trusting tone.

The act, the simple words, moved every heart;
An infant-angel seemed in mercy sent;
And eyes unused to weep felt hot tears start,
And scowling brows unbent.

A sudden shout arose, "There comes a sail!"
And forward strained each eager, bloodshot eye;
But vainly did they signal, vainly hail—
The ship passed slowly by.

Another rose in view, onward it bore;
Again hope hung suspended, signals waved,
Nearer it came—still nearer—shout once more!
For they are seen, and saved.

And while they raised a hoarse, exultant cheer,
The joyful mother clasped her darling fair,
Who, nestling closer, whispered in her ear,
"Mamma, God heard my prayer!"

Devout child-faith! oh, how unlike to man's!
His, marred by doubts, and clogged with worldly leaven,
Seeks devious by-ways; weaves intricate plans:
But hers went straight to Heaven!

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[*Isaac Taylor*.

HEBREW POETRY.

Poetry will never disown its relationship to the beautiful and the sublime in the visible world; in fact, it has always proved its dependence upon influences of this order. Born and nurtured not at hazard on any spot, but only in chosen regions, it finds at hand, for giving utterance to the mysteries of the inner life, an abundance of material symbols, fit for purposes of this kind, among the objects of sense. It is the function of poetry to effect such an assimilation of the material with the immaterial as shall produce one world of thought and of emotion—the visible and the invisible, intimately commingled.

Poetry, nursed on the lap of Nature, will have its preferences—it must make its selection—and this not merely as to the exterior decorations of its abode, but even as to the solid framework of the country which it favours; there must be not only a soil, and a climate, and a various vegetation favourable to its training, but a preparation must have been made for it in the remotest geological eras. The requirements of a land destined to be the home of poetry have in all instances been very peculiar; it has sprung up and thriven on countries of a very limited extent—upon areas ribbed and walled about by ranges of mountains, or girdled and cut into by seas. It has never appeared in regions which oppress the spirit by a dreary sameness, or by shapeless magnitudes, or featureless sublimity. Poetry has had its birth, and it has sported its childhood, and it has attained its manhood, and has blended itself with the national life, in countries such as Greece, with its rugged hills, and its myrtle groves, and its sparkling rills, but not in Egypt—in Italy, but not in the dead levels of northern Europe. Poetry was born and reared in Palestine, but not in Mesopotamia—in Persia, but not in India. Preëminently has poetry found its home among the rural groves of England and amid the glens of Scotland, and there, rather than in those neighboring countries which are not inferior to the British Islands in any other products of intellect or of taste. But more especially Palestine—which five English counties, Northumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Lincolnshire, would more than cover—brings within its narrow limits more varieties of surface, and of aspect, and of temperature, and of produce, than elsewhere may be found in countries that have ten times its area. Palestine, in the age of its wealth, was a sampler of the world—it was a museum coun-

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try, many lands in one. Not in England, not in Switzerland, nor in Greece, in no country known to us, may there be looked at and experienced so much of difference in all those external things of nature which affect the sensations, the conditions of life, and that quickens the imagination; and all upon an area the whole of which may be seen from three of five elevations, or from four. Thus it was, therefore, the Hebrew poet found, always near at hand, materials of his art, which the poets of other lands would seek for in distant travel.—Imagery gay or grave was around him everywhere; and these materials included contrasts the most extreme.

Then these diversities of scenery so near at hand must have made the deeper impression upon minds sensible of such impressions, inasmuch as the same land was bordered on every side by mountain ranges, or by the boundless table-land desert, eastward and southward, and by the great sea in front. Palestine was a picture of many a bright colour, set in a broad and dull frame.—From the lofty battlements of most of the walled towns the ancient inhabitant of Palestine looked westward upon what was to him an untraversed world of waters; the "great sea" was to him the image of the Infinite. He believed, or might believe, that the waves which fell in endless murmurs upon those shores had come on, there to end a course which had begun between the two firmaments, where the sun sinks nightly to his rest. From the opposite turrets of the same fenced city he watched for the morning, and thence beheld the celestial bride-groom coming forth from his chambers anew, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race! To those who now for an hour will forget our modern astronomy, the Syrian sunrising well answers to the imaginative rendering of it by the poet; the sun, as he flares up from behind the mountain wall of Edom, seems well to bear out whatever may be conceived as to his daily course through the heavens. It is only in these last times, at the end of thirty centuries, that a river which has no fellow on earth, which has poured its waters down to their rest near at hand to the civilized world, and has been crossed at many points, has come to be understood, and the mystery of its seventy-mile course opened up. Why it was not understood long ago is itself a mystery. This Jordan—which, physically and historically alike, is the most remarkable river in the world—is mentioned by ancient authors only in the most cursory manner, as dividing the countries on its right and left bank, or as emptying itself into the Asphaltic Lake.

Even the Biblical writers, although the river is mentioned by them very often, say little that implies their acquaintance with the facts of its physical peculiarities. And yet, unconscious as they seem to be of these facts, they drew from this source very many of their images. Has there ever been poetry where there is not a river? This Jordan, rich in aspects, alter-

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nately of gloom and gay luxuriance, sometimes leaping adown rapids, and at others spreading itself quietly into basins, reaches a prison-house whence there is no escape for its waters but—upwards to the skies. Within a less direct distance than is measured by the Thames from Oxford to the Nore, or by the Severn from Shrewsbury to the estuary of the Bristol Channel, or by the Humber, or the Trent, or the Tweed, in their main breadths, the waters of the Jordan break themselves away from the arctic glaciers of Hermon, and within the compass of one degree of latitude give a tropical verdure to the plains of Jericho, where the summer's heat is more intense than anywhere else on earth, unless it be Aden. To conceive these extraordinary facts aright, we should imagine a parallel instance, as if it were so that, in the Midland counties—say between London and Lichfield—perpetual sun covered the land, while the valley of the Thames should be a forest of palm-trees with an African climate.

[*Leisure Hour*.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

The mosques, or temples of Moslem worship, which are of such frequent occurrence, form the most conspicuous feature of oriental scenery in the towns of Mohammedan lands. Light and elegant, they spring into the blue of heaven, as much the objects of reverence to the followers of Islam as are to us the solemn and massy cathedrals of our own misty land. Lofty arches within, shoulder up clustering cupolas, on which reposes one vast dome, surmounted by the crescent of Mahomet. These glorious domes, floating in the dreamy haze of an Eastern atmosphere, and covered with porcelain tiles of various hues, reflect in sparkling brilliancy the solar rays. At the angles of the mosque, minarets, circular or octagonal in form, rise gracefully upwards for sixty or seventy feet. These minarets, so beautiful a finish to the building, and so graceful a feature in the landscape, are used, like our belfries, for summoning the faithful to worship. In the stilly night, or when the morning star is fast fading into the waxing light, no sound is more melancholy sweet than the muezzin's voice, breaking, in plaintive cadences, the silence of the sleeping world, and rousing the slumbering sense to life and prayer. Within a projecting gallery, below the apex, stands this herald of their faith; and, heedless of the winter's blast or summer's fiery wrath, he commits his frequent summons to the four quarters of

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heaven. Anxiously he looks upon the dusky roofs below, and pauses listening for signs responsive to his call. Again his voice breaks clear and solemn through the trembling air, as chiding their delay, and then, catching on his glistening eyes the morning's blushing promise of the day, he hastens down, the foremost among the approaching Moslems, to breathe his orisons before the Mihráb, towards Mecca's shrine. Before the facade of the mosque expands a marble court, enclosed around by open cloistered galleries. In the centre of the enclosure rises, in graceful form, embellished with delicate tracery, a fountain-bath, where the faithful perform the ablutions prescribed by the Koran, before they presume to worship within the gorgeous shrine. The worshipper's first act of reverence is to deposit his shoes at the entry, ere, barefooted, he stands within on holy ground.

Within the temple, what a goodly sight meets the eye! from the lofty arch-sustaining columns upwards to the o'er-vaulting dome, resting its circlet base on scarcely less beauteous cupolas. Tinted with soberest hues, or relieved with costly marbles or mosaics, dome, cupolas, arches form one soft harmonious whole. Around the vaults above, and along the walls below, are registered, in graceful Arabic curves, every stroke of which is a picture, holy passages from the Koran, to raise the observer's thoughts to God in unity. How much more suitable around the dome of such a shrine are the words, "There is but one God, who is the light of the heavens and the earth," than those which a pretended apostolic church has circled round St. Peter's dome!—the words of holiest inspiration to countenance a grovelling superstition. Pendant from the roof and arches, high above, cluster down sparkling chandeliers and crystal lamps, enamelled with Koran texts in all the pictured hues of light, varied between by ostrich eggs.—These hang floating half a dozen feet above your head, and when, at eventide, from lamps and lustres stream around a softened flood of light, where thronging worshippers are bending low in silent adoration, your inner sense is almost beguiled of its regret that, after all, this is but a kind of Pagan worship, and a pleasing subtle form of error.

The walls of the mosque are pierced with windows, behind whose tracery stained glass in richest tints convey the light of heaven, picturing upon the floor below devices quaint, resembling nothing that has form of life in heaven above, the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth; for Moslem faith keeps literally to the commandment in this respect.

The farther extremity of the interior, like our chancel, or the Romish tribune, is the most important part of the building. It is a slightly-raised tent covered over with the most costly carpets from the looms of Persia and India.—Opposite is the Mihráb, an arched recess, laboured into the most ex-

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quisite filigree work, and beaming with golden records from the visions of the prophet, when, according to Osmanli legends, he was caught up for Divine Revelations to the seventh heaven. Towards this holy of holies every Moslem prayer is breathed, and all the varied postures of his piety directed with zeal as earnest as that with which certain Christians turn to the East, in their worship. The Moslem fancies he has sense and reason for his guide, for the arch, true to the compass, points his soul to Mecca, the city of his faith and hope. By this arch rises a lofty pulpit, from which an Imaum every Friday (the Moslem Sabbath) addresses the faithful clustered below, on the doctrines and duties of their creed. Over the floor of the body of the building, on mats or carpets, are scattered about adoring groups in various periods of their worship, and with a quiet earnestness which would shame many a Christian assembly. Nothing can be more striking and solemn than the whole effect of the interior at such a moment. The ascending walls around and above are sparkling with polished agates and alabaster, majestic marble columns mellowed and tinged by time, rising loftily to the golden roof, that, arching, spans the whole, while far below the little creatures of a day, absorbed in raptured worship, or humbled, self-abased, are dreaming of a rest and peace which Christ alone bestows as the fruit of the travail of his soul. Another charm in the vision is that your eye rests alone on worshippers, unbroken by unsightly pews or chairs, that mar the architectural effect of Christian churches.

Such are the general features of a mosque in the principal cities of the East. Their form is one through the whole of Asia Minor, but their history is of the past. The mosques, as here described, were raised in the palmy days of Mohammedan story, by men of other aspirations and energies than those who crowd them adoring now. The Moslem's soul is palsied: it withers within him. He is unequal to his fathers in arts as in arms. One marvels at the present apathy of the race, which leaves these elegant memorials of their fathers' piety and power to fall piecemeal to ruin, or only preserves by barbarous reparations a needed remnant for their present worship. The saw and the hammer deal recklessly with the most beautiful designs, and white-washed mud overlying the most delicate tracery. The Moslem of to-day cares for none of these things. He desires only to smoke his chibouque in peace, dreamily scan the past, and leave the future to the will of Allah.

If he rears a barbarous barrack now, he demolishes some noble monument of other days for its materials; witness the glorious arches and domes of the caliphs, torn asunder to serve as rubble to a modern hovel or a grave. The grandeur of the past and the decrepitude of the present are seen in nothing more strikingly than in the mosques. They form a key to the history and fate of Islam. At

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the period when the Sacred Standard of the crescent was never unfurled but to conquer, and when Christian nations withered before the flash of the Moslem scimitar, the arts and sciences flourished with unrivalled lustre among the descendants of Japhet.

Historians, philosophers, poets, and architects revived an Augustan age in the court of the successors of Mohammed. Then rose those djamas or mosques, which are regarded as among the most splendid specimens of architecture which survive the past.—Now that the followers of the religion of the Arab are fallen on evil days, enervated by luxury, and a prey to the unrighteous intrigues of surrounding "Christian" nations, they can neither imitate their fathers nor maintain the past. A barbarous *parvenu* suddenly appears, aspiring to the glorious throne of "Suleyman the Magnificent." Like him, Mohammed Ali would rear a mosque for the glory of his worship, and for the refuge of his dust. High on the citadel rock of Cairo it sparkles, floating in the liquid air. Beautiful from afar, it looks, in garish contrast, down upon the mountain pyramids, the solemn temple-tombs of the Pharaohs of four thousand years ago. Admire it from afar, as it lives yonder far above you in the sky; but come not near. Enter not beneath the vast expanding dome, to mourn that Art should ever yield her chaste and simple majesty of form to gaudy display and barbaric tinsel-show.

Between the mosques of Suleyman and Mohammed Ali there exists as great a contrast as between the light and elegant arch of Titus and the neighbouring barbarism of Septimius Severus. There is nothing common in either case but an established conventionality of form.

The victorious hordes of Islam once swarmed over prostrate Christendom like a flood, and nearly reached our own shores. The tide is fast ebbing now, and the Turk in his turn is doomed to witness harpy nations hovering around him, ere yet the pulse ceases, eager for their prey. "The sick man" is said to be dying—still he clings with marvellous vitality to the religious traditions of his race. His uncompromising faith, which bore him on once, conquering and to conquer, till his outspread wings brooded over a third part of the populations of mankind, sustains him now, calm and resigned, in his adverse hour. Whether, in the providence of God, the Osmanlis are to retrace their steps self-possessed, towards the vast solitudes from which they originally emerged, or whether, in the imminent crisis of the East, Russia, always biding her time, and ever availing herself of the jealousies and distractions of peoples, will compel a third bloody exodus upon an unoffending race, who can tell? "The day will declare it." This only we know, that, whether in harassed retreat or in his death-struggle, the Moslem will deal terrible wrath upon his unrighteous foes, for he is unchanged in valour and honour.

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[*Sunday at Home.*

A NIGHT IN THE JURA.

There are few, if any mountain ranges in Europe, so sweet and romantic as this chain. It lacks the terrors of the high Alps. The sublimities of ice-clad peak and thundering avalanche it cannot boast. Its passes are not the horrible abysses, where the black rocks cover you, and it is night even at mid-day. In traversing the Jura you pass along through glades of the richest deepest green, which lead you round the base of some romantic peak, and give you as your companion some crystal streamlet, which sings of peace to you all the way. The writer journeyed by slow stages through these mountains, for then there was no railway connecting the Rhine with the Lake Leman, as there is now. The modern tourist whirled along, at a rapid rate, has only a momentary glance of the scenes through which he is passing, and can retain only a confused picture of dells and pine forests, and little hamlets, sleeping amid the sweet seclusion and profound stillness of the mountains. But in the days of which we speak, no shriek of engine had startled the silence of the Jura, no iron road seamed its carpet-like meadows, and we lingered the longer amidst its uninvaded and unprofaned solitudes. Its glades in which the herds so quietly depastured; its bright wild flowers which the bees seemed so to love; its pines, here gathered in little clumps, there massed in mighty forests; its peaks, here rounded off, there rising sharp and splintry; all were so finely blended and so admirably proportioned that the scene was one of exquisite romantic beauty never to be forgotten.

And then the mornings and evenings how lovely! The sky opens, and with peaceful and holy steps comes the day, letting fall a shower of silver on the mountain tops and on the pine forests. The quiet morning stroll before the day's march is begun, how it braces the soul by opening it to invigorating hopeful thoughts! The halt at noon-tide, beneath some pine-tree, or rock, or broad projecting eave of way-side hostlery, how welcome is it! And still more welcome is the evening, as it come stealing down from the sky, pauses upon the mountain top, then, step by step, like its own lengthening shadow, descends into the quiet vale, amidst the chalets, and brooks, and herdsmen, where it is welcomed as a friend. With the evening what a change comes over the landscape. All nature lies hushed around one, as if in worship of that mighty Being who bids the "outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice."

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That mountain peak how silent it seems! That great pine forest how still and solemn! The voices from that cluster of chalets, and the tinkling bells of the herds, now returning from pasture, what a quiet deep mellow tone is theirs, and how softly and sweetly they hymn their thanksgivings, before giving place to the silence of night.

The night is now past; the morning is again come: the herdsman of the Jura are again abroad in strath and on mountain side. We have been some hours upon the road: and now we stand upon the southern ridge of the Jura. The plains of Switzerland are at our feet. Their ample expanse how variously and richly clothed! Here a bit of glistening lake gleams out—there the green of vineyards, or the dark shade of forest meets the eye; and yonder is a white town, with its glittering steeple. The air is cool on this ridge as in Scotland; but a rapid descent places us at the foot of the steep slope of the Jura, and we find ourselves amid the sweltering heats of a Swiss summer day.

We are now traversing the valley of Neuchatel. Here it was that the writer first came in presence of the High Alps. In nine cases out of ten the first sight of these mountains disappoints one. The traveller's imagination has painted a grander spectacle than any which the reality can fulfil. Or his eye has not yet been trained to take the measure of the vast magnitudes amid which he is moving, and he is all unaware of the new world into which he has been ushered. In estimating the bulk of objects around him, he fails to take into account their real distance, in combination with the great purity of the air through which he looks at them, and which makes them seem only half as far away as they in reality are. Is it Mont Blanc at which he gazes? Its snows are so dazzlingly clear, its outline so sharply cut, that he guesses it to be only some fifty miles off; whereas the probability is that it is not less than a hundred miles distant. Its height, he accordingly deems, not so wonderful after all. It is only after one has been some time among these great mountains, and has seen them under every modifying influence of atmosphere and distance, that the mind opens to the full perception of their sublimity and vastness.

I saw the Alps, for the first time, under conditions which made up, so far, for the absence of previous training. Traversing the Neuchatel valley, at the foot of the Jura, I could see, at a great distance, on the southern horizon, a huge bank of cloud. Within this covering of vapour, I was told, were the Alps. How provoking, that so thin a veil should hide so much magnificence! But the morning was brightening. The cloud began to rise. It was borne upwards and upwards on the mountain's side. It was the lifting of the curtain in a panorama of glory.

First the pine forests and grassy slopes were uncovered. Next, towering up in massy strength, came

the great rocky shoulders of the mountain; next the snows began to be seen, of such perfect whiteness that the clouds, that were being rolled back from them, seemed, in comparison, soiled and dim.—Higher and higher, as the vapours ascended, rose that goodly wall.—It seemed as if its top must touch the sky. Higher still it rose, as if invisible architects were piling mountain upon mountain. I watched with wonder and intensest delight the glorious fabric which was being upreared before my eyes. Still the cloud continued to ascend, and new reaches of the mountain continued to disclose themselves. How majestic! how unspeakably grand! By the time that I reached Neuchatel, the clouds had broken away from the summits, and rolling off into the blue ether, they left clear the tops of the Alps. There was the whole range of Mont Blanc, now shown in cloudless brilliance, with Mont Blanc standing up above the rest, and raising his head aloft, in kingly glory, to heaven, although he could not be less than from an hundred to an hundred and fifty miles away. Pure as alabaster looked the mountains and lofty as the walls of heaven.

"You have been very fortunate," said a gentleman, whom I encountered, on my arrival at Neuchatel. "Here have I been waiting these two weeks to have a sight of the Alps, and not till now have the clouds left them. You are but this moment arrived, and yet you are equally favoured with myself."—Such are the vicissitudes which try the patience, and the temper, of the traveller in a region where the weather is proverbially uncertain and fitful.

I watched the mountains at sunset. After the rains of the previous weeks, during which my new acquaintance had been weather-bound at Neuchatel, the air was of amazing purity, and the sunset was one of the finest of the whole summer. When the sun had sunk, a new glory seemed to descend upon the mountains out of heaven.—Their summits began to burn like torches. It seemed as if it was not reflected light, but living fire that enveloped them. It was a glory on a grander scale than any I had ever before either witnessed or fancied. But, like all splendour that is of earth, it quickly passed. A cold, pallid hue now overspread the Alps. It chilled me to look upon them. It reminded me of the dead—so warm and radiant with life but a moment ago, and now so ghastly pale! But lo! what change is this that is coming over the mountains? A saffron blush runs along their sides, and again their summits begin to burn, although this time with paler fires. Lights of changing hue flicker across them: the scarlet, the violet, the yellow, in successive waves, dye their snows, like the colours of the rainbow; or, to use Lord Byron's image, like the hues of the dying dolphin. Now all has vanished; the mountains are ghastly white, and so continue all night.

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SCIENCE AND ART.

[*Saturday Review.*

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

Every picture ought to have a title, and the art of choosing titles which shall be at once original without eccentricity, and appropriate without being commonplace, is one of the most valuable little auxiliary accomplishments which a painter can possess. One of the qualities necessary to a title is the quality of being easily remembered. Few people can remember longitude and latitude. An old gentleman whose favourite amusement was the prosecution of imaginary sea voyages on a terrestial globe was once referred to for the situation of an island in the Pacific, and when he replied, which he did at once, by latitude and longitude, his hearers were astonished at the accuracy of his memory. They would not have been astonished if he had remembered only a name.

Mr. Brett's picture at the Royal Academy this year has for its title "Lat. 53 deg. 15 min. N., Long. 5 deg. 10 min. W." We venture to say that no visitor, unless he be a sailor or a geographer, will keep this title in his memory. He will remember Mr. Brett's picture simply as "the latitude and longitude picture," which indeed may be distinctive enough, as no other artist is likely to trespass on the same ground; but then a picture which has been painted seriously ought not to be remembered by a nickname. The latitude and longitude picture is one of the most earnest attempts at the painting of sea which have yet been made, but it is far more scientific than artistic, and scarcely attracts us more than a remarkably good photograph might. It is a study of open sea in showery weather. The wind is still high, but it has been higher a few hours ago, if we may judge by the broad spaces of foam which Mr. Brett has so laboriously endeavoured to render. There is a rainbow in the watery sky, and a schooner, in a transient gleam of sunshine, is all that reminds us of humanity. The dull, deep green of the waves, darkest at their sharp toppling edges, the gray light on the ripples all down their vast sides, and the momentary brilliance of the rainbow, are given with indisputable veracity.

"The Fairy Raid carrying off a Changeling, Midsummer's Eve," by Sir Noel Paton, is an elaborate work. No fairy subject was ever painted with more spirit. The detail is infinite, and all delightful. Moonlight is glancing be-

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tween great boles of trees and on greensward beyond, between haycocks. There is one bright star with glints of green and red fire in it. A procession of fairies, armed knights and ladies, ride out over the shorn grass, and the agile fairy steeds leap the little obstacles in the rougher ground. They have music with them too, horns of elf-land faintly blowing, and harps of elf-land ringing low. Jewels on helmets flashed supernatural light, and shine on the foreheads of the beautiful fairy ladies. How gay and active are these brilliant fairy gentlemen, how lovely their delicate little dames? But then there are bad fairies with devil's claws, to be speared in the long grass as the dragon was by St. George!—And the poor little human changeling, what of him? Big as he is, inconveniently and ludicrously big in this tiny society, he is too young to appreciate the difficulties of his situation; he is simply perplexed by this strange pageantry in the moonlight, and but dimly conscious of the great change in his position and prospects. When we have enjoyed a picture as we have enjoyed this, we are in no humour for criticism, and willingly leave to others the task of finding its defects. The belief in fairies had faded from our too chilled and sobered imagination, and if for half an hour we have recovered the true faith, the pleasure of a revived credulity is surely an equivalent for the temporary abeyance of mere positivism.

[*Westminster Review.*

THE CHANNEL RAILWAY CONNECTING ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

It is not an easy matter in the present day to imagine any engineering difficulty so great that some one will not be found to undertake its solution. Engineers have become so accustomed to deal with immense masses of material that we find them talking of a few thousand tons of iron as if they could be moved with one hand; and tunnelling through a great mountain, or working at the bottom of the sea, seems to be regarded as mere child's play. Thus we have already two or three schemes proposed for railway communication across the Straits of Dover. One gentleman proposes to suspend his tunnel at a convenient depth in the water; another thinks that tunnelling under the bed of the sea will be the best plan; whilst Mr. Chalmers, who shows the impracticability of both these projects, proposes to sink a double iron tunnel to the bottom of the straits, to line it with brick, furnish it with a great tower for ventilation in the middle, and with two smaller ones at the ends, and finally, to cover it up with such a mass of rocks and rubbish as shall effectually keep it in its place. Mr. Chal-

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mers describes the whole process by which he thinks this vast engineering exploit might be effected; but when we consider the difficulties that must attend it, and the multitude of chances of ruinous disaster inseparable from the laying of each length of 400 feet of his tunnel, it must be confessed that the scheme appears scarcely feasible. Some idea of the quantities of materials required may be obtained from the following approximate statement of a portion of them:—Ironwork, 262,000 tons; brick lining, 13,104,000 cubic feet; wood casing for the tunnels, 8,750,000 feet; broken stone for the embankment, 10,000,000 cubic yards! The cost is estimated at £12,000,000, and the next revenue at £1,215,000 which would certainly give a very fair dividend; and the shareholders will have one comfort at least—their speculation is not likely to be swamped by branches.

[*Westminster Review.*

THE COMPARATIVE GEOGRAPHY OF PALESTINE AND THE SINAITIC PENINSULA.

To no country on the face of the earth do the minds of most Europeans turn with more interest than to Palestine, that small space between Syria and Egypt, once occupied by a comparatively insignificant people, whose doings, however, even after an interval of more than 2000 years, still exercise an unmistakable influence upon the thoughts of the most powerful and civilized of modern nations. The fact that in that almost immutable eastern region the very habits and manners described in the most attractive portions of that book, whose marvellously picturesque recitals take their place amongst our earliest recollections are still to be witnessed, and the long series of wars and pilgrimages of which it has been the scene for nearly 1000 years, would almost suffice to account for the glory surrounding the name of Palestine; but this is enormously increased by the consideration that from this comparatively obscure corner emanated that form of religion professed by all the inhabitants of Europe and by their descendants in other parts of the world. Every Christian would naturally be curious to know something about the localities in which the events took place which serve as the foundation of his religion, and the list of works published with the view of satisfying this desire is now a formidable one. About fifteen years ago Professor Carl Ritter of Berlin published the results of his careful study of nearly all the extant authorities upon the geography of the Holy Land, in several volumes of his immense work on the Geography of Asia, and an abridged translation of these volumes has

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just been brought out by Mr. W. L. Gage under the title of "The Comparative Geography of Palestine and the Sinaitic Peninsula." As the work is intended especially for the use of Biblical students, those portions of Ritter's original text which bear more particularly upon the localities mentioned in the Bible are translated almost in full, but the remaining portions, relating to the profane history of the country, are given with sufficient detail for ordinary readers. Mr. Gale has added a list of recent publications on the geography of Palestine, and here and there a few notes. In an appendix to the second volume he extracts from Mr. Tristram's "Land of Israel" that gentleman's discussion of the sites of Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida, and his account of his visit to Beisan; and the third volume contains a translation by Mr. Grove of M. Lartet's essay on the Basin of the Dead Sea.

MISCELLANIES FROM FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

Hebrew Literature.—What must seem very surprising to the uninitiated is the comparatively small number of books that form the bulk of this literature. The completest catalogue of the completest Hebrew Library now in existence, does not contain, even if every single publication were counted by itself, more than about eleven thousand books, the tenth part of which, at the very least consists of Bibles. The darker side of Jewish history alone explains this problem. If, as must be assumed, the Bible itself represents but a fraction of an enormous literature which has perished through the fire and the sword of many enemies, and through the piety or narrow-mindedness of many friends and redactors, what shall we say of the fate of the subsequent literature? That it was of gigantic proportions—albeit for some time unwritten—cannot for one moment be doubted. But it is equally undoubted that the whole past Christian history of the Jews, with very few exceptions, presents one long series of experiments—unsuccessful, but carried out with unflinching perseverance—to sweep them bodily from off the face of the earth. The books fared little better than their authors and proprietors.

Untold literary treasures must have perished. Waggonloads upon waggonloads of "Talmuds" were burnt time after time in the public marketplaces of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and of nearly every Christian country under the sun. The Crusaders cut themselves shoesoles out of many Pentateuchs. But though they chose these sacred scrolls in preference, they did not disdain other and much rarer Manuscripts for similar purposes. Not

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seldom, also, were the most precious books destroyed by the Jews themselves, exactly as they destroyed their own wives and children with their own hands rather than let them fall into the hands of a savage mob.

The *Saturday Review* contains the following savage criticism upon a great painting on exhibition in the Paris Exposition, representing the Emperor and Empress receiving the homage of the Arabs in Algeria:

In the whole range of ancient and modern painting we are not acquainted with any canvass more uniformly and entirely detestable than the prodigious one entitled "Féte donnée à L. L. M. M. l'Empereur et l'Impératrice, à Alger, le 18 Septembre, 1860." Their Majesties, standing on an eminence before the Imperial tent, receive the Arab chiefs, who do them homage. The manner is in the highest degree brutal and presumptuous, the execution coarse with a coarseness entirely different from the apparent rudeness of noble work, and indicating rather vices of the mind—the combination of insensitiveness with vanity. The colour is indescribably glaring and hideous. Painting of this kind is nothing less than a public nuisance, and to encourage it by national patronage is far worse than a waste of money, for the money is not merely thrown away, but is made actively effectual for evil so long as the daubed canvas holds together. It is a received and settled opinion in the artistic circles of Paris that although Napoleon III. has a liking for magnificence, he is wholly incapable of appreciating art, and in ordering and keeping a picture of this kind both characteristics show themselves.

It was doubtless pleasant to the pride of the sovereign to receive the homage of the subject chiefs, and it was not impolitic to commemorate the scene; but no one could endure to be commemorated in such a picture as this who was not indifferent to art, and in æsthetics indifference always implies ignorance. Pictures of this kind do not deserve notice because they are beneath serious criticism, but they rise into importance when public money is paid for them, and they are hung on the walls of palaces.

The *Saturday Review* asks: If the era of peace has really begun in France, and if the preponderance of French ideas is so firmly established throughout Europe, what is the purpose of increased armaments? The development of the warlike spirit may, our author observes, be favourable to discipline; but there is such a thing as an excess of drilling, and, besides, the most fatal blow is dealt at home ties and family affections by the transformation of the country into a huge permanent camp. The undue impetus given in France to military taste is one of the greatest causes of a decrease in the population; and it is not difficult to see to what fatal results France must inevitably come if the chief

aim of the Government is to make of it a nation of soldiers. The decay of agriculture is another consideration which must not be lost sight of in connection with this subject; and finally, there is the ever-growing disposition on the part of the young to seek their fortunes in large towns as workmen, if they belong to the poorer classes.

French Literature.—The opening of the Paris Exhibition has suggested, amongst other useful things, a publication which ought to meet with great success. It is a series of reports or *comtes-rendus* of the progress made by France in the various departments of science, literature, and art. Under the First Empire a similar scheme was devised, and some of the most eminent men of the day contributed to it. Marie Joseph Chénier, Cuvier, Daunou, and Laplace, are no more; but their mantle has fallen on successors worthy of them, and the first three *fasciculi* which have reached us speak well for the general character of the whole work. M. Delafosse, a member of the Académie des Sciences, discusses the subject of mineralogy, taking it up at the point where the celebrated Abbé Haüy had left it; he gives an account of the principal discoveries, and reviews the leading publications referring to that particular science, and the result shows that for the last twenty years the advance made by French mineralogists and crystallographers has been very remarkable. M. J. Bertrand deals with mathematical analysis. He begins by enumerating the illustrious successors of Lagrange and Laplace, such as Ampère Poisson, Cauchy, and Fresnel. To these succeeded in their turn Messrs. Sturm, Liouville, and Chasles, the last two of whom are still carrying on the work left by their great forerunners. M. Bertrand remarks that the theory of imaginary functions, completely renewed and remodelled by Cauchy, is the branch of high mathematics which has made the greatest progress.

It is a matter for regret that some of the most promising *savants* in that special walk of science should have been prematurely struck down by the hand of death; among others, M. Edmond Bour, who published a striking disquisition on the theory of surfaces, containing developments of an important theme which Lagrange had only summarily pointed out. The applications of science to the uses of everyday life deserved also a place in this series of reports. Mr. Le Roy de Méricourt contributes a suggestive and well-written essay on the progress of naval hygiene. Since the introduction of steam as a motive power, we may say that the whole system of ship architecture has undergone a thorough revolution. Ventilation, food, clothing sanitary precautions of various kinds viewed in their relation to the navy, have vastly improved; and whilst the diseases peculiar to seafaring men are accurately traced to their causes, great attention has also been given to the discovery

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and application of preventive and remedial measures.

One of the most curious episodes in the modern history of France is the one connected with the election of Henry de Valois to the throne of Poland. The prince who was thus summoned to rule a barbarous people in a distant land had been destined by his ambitious mother to a variety of positions, and the most daring schemes had been marked out for him before he ascended the throne of France and became the victim of religious fanaticism. Catherine de' Medici thought successively of marrying him to Elizabeth of England and to the unfortunate Mary Stuart.—At one time it appeared probable that he would become Duke of Milan; at another, Philip II. of Spain offered him the command of the fleet then setting sail for Lepanto. Two years afterwards, Catherine proposed him to the Prince of Orange as chief of the League in the Netherlands. The Imperial purple was next thought of; and when all these plans had been frustrated, it became a matter of consideration whether Henry de Valois, who must necessarily be somebody, should not obtain a crown as Dey of Algiers, King of Cyprus, or ruler of Transylvania.—The throne of the Jagellons chanced to be vacant at that time; he put in his claims as a candidate, and was elected. It is the history of his singular reign that the Marquis de Noailles has chosen for the subject of his new book, and he has given us three thick octavo volumes, interestingly written, compiled from authentic documents, and illustrated by a beautiful map and a large collection of State papers, nearly all *inédits.* The conclusion of the author is unfavourable to Henry, and it could scarcely be otherwise. Freely elected by a free people, the last of the Valois came to Poland with the avowed intention of establishing despotism in his new dominions. The nation which had invited him to preside over its destinies had just proclaimed liberty of conscience as one of the fundamental principles of its Constitution.

Henry's first care was to upset this measure. He wanted to make Catherine de' Medici's abominable system of policy the rule in Poland. Government by division; the spirit of rivalry always kept alive amongst the principal families; corruption as the means, and tyranny as the end—he understood nothing beyond this, and saw no security except in the Machiavelism which was the rule in Southern Europe during the latter half of the sixteenth century. His fate was well merited. His reign was short and inglorious, and Poland soon recovered itself under the administration of the Prince of Transylvania, Stephen Battori.

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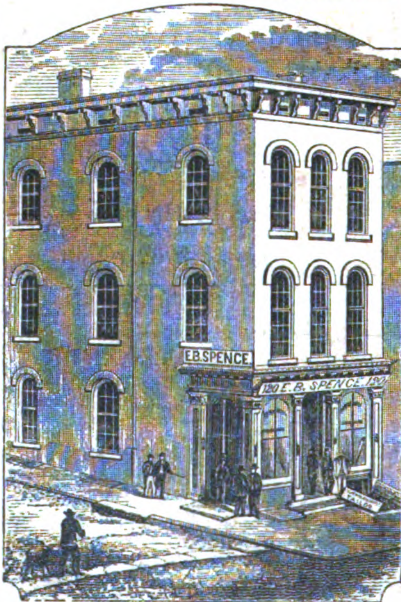

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THE

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Religious and Secular.

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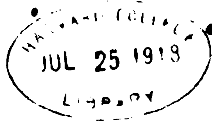
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[*Sunday Magazine.*

THE MESSAGE OF THE WOODS.

SPOKEN IN LONDON BY A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

"Thou blessest the springing thereof." These five words express the feelings with which I have come from the country. They describe the glory of God's works, which the gardens and the orchards, the fields and the woods, at the present time spread out before our view. They speak of the Spring season; for what else is Spring but the season of the springing of plants and flowers, of blades and buds, which adorn creation, like a bride going forth to meet her bridegroom? They point us to Him who is the cause and finisher of that great and wonderful work.—"Thou blessest the springing thereof." The marvels which at this season keeps us enraptured wherever we turn our eyes, on field and forest, on lea and lawn, are not merely the effect of natural powers operating according to certain laws, like the springs and wheels in a piece of machinery; they are the workmanship of a living and loving God, who realises His sublime ideas of the good and the useful, and the beautiful, through the medium of those natural powers and laws, just as a painter realizes on canvass his idea of a charming landscape, through the medium of pencil and colours. Our God is a glorious and wonderful artist. The whole earth is His canvass, upon which, with the beckoning of His finger, He causes the most marvellous pictures to come forth. And His pictures are not imitations, but all originals; the conceptions of the only true and original genius. His images

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and figures are not appearances, or resemblances of life, but very life itself. His flowers and trees are not paintings; His paintings are real flowers and trees, peopled with bees and birds, which make the atmosphere thrill with pleasure through the joyful music of hum and warble. The Psalmist portrays to us that great Designer coming to His easel, to call into life the picture of His thoughts through one stroke of His Divine pencil:— "Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof: thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." This is at once true poetry and true philosophy—true poetry, because it is a description of real life in truthful imagery; true philosophy, because it traces that life back to its true origin, and forward to its true end.

I wish I could take all of you to the country, that you might gaze at the marvellous scenery which these words describe. I am sure it would preach a more eloquent sermon to you than I can do, provided you looked at it with that same eye of faith with which the Psalmist saw the invisible Workmaster standing in the midst of the visible wonders which sprang forth at His command. For without the eye of faith, nature's grandest sermon is not only lost upon us, but it becomes a lecture of the devil, compelling us to love and worship the creature more than the Creator; so that, instead of quickening our hearts into the thankful and joyful adoration of God, it buries our spirits in the enjoyment of sensual pleasures which will wither like the grass upon which we are treading, and fade like the flower upon which we are gazing. The power of the impression which the Psalmist's words make upon us lies not merely in the graphic description of the scenery, but in the Thou which he places at the beginning of it. And who that Thou is, we who are in Christ Jesus know even better than could he who never saw God manifested in the flesh. When we, Christians, look at the marvels of "the springing of the earth," we cannot forget the word of the apostle who, while pointing to Jesus Christ, said, "By Him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible. All things were created by Him and for Him. And He is before all things, and by him all things consist." (Coloss. i. 16.) Thus the three sources of our knowledge of truth—nature, reason, and revelation—are harmoniously combined; nature showing us the work, reason concluding that there must be a great and glorious Producer, revelation telling us who that Producer is, and what He has done, and what He will do for us still in another world which as much surpasses the pre-

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sent one in its glory as Summer surpasses the Winter that is past.

I never quit the charming country about this time of the year to visit your dusty, glaring city, without thinking what our first parents must have felt when they stepped out of their paradise into the wilderness of thistles and thorns.—We have all an innate consciousness that we were not originally created to live in the crowds and among the dust and darkness of great cities, but rather under the shadow of majestic trees, and amidst the fragrance of lovely flowers. The power of habit, however, has soon the effect of deadening this consciousness, and you adapt yourselves to your circumstances as the imprisoned bird to its cage. But whenever the cuckoo is heard in the bush, and the lilac tree blossoms richly, and the primrose adorns the wayside, and the daisy raises its modest little head in the verdant, flowery carpet, and the sun reflects his shining face in thousands of dew-drops, and myriads of insects merrily dance up and down in his all-fostering rays, and hills and valleys reverberate the joyful anthem, which all day bursts forth from grove and garden,—then it is that the slumbering feeling awakes in your breast with fresh power, and an almost irresistible yearning drives you out into the country. A thousand voices seem to welcome you, whispering, "This is your true home on earth! Here is life and joy and peace for you, poor drudging prisoner of the town." Ay, and every nerve within you thrills responsive to that salutation; you breathe freely, as if you were taking deep draughts from the cup of pleasure and refreshment, which your Heavenly Father sets to your lips, and you feel that you are once more at home, feasting at your Father's table, and walking in the garden that He hath planted.—Your soul exults, mingling its grateful prayers with the sweet savoury incense that rises up from the altar of nature: "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness. Thou visitest the earth, and thou blessest the springing thereof."

Stepping out of the town into the spring-blessed country is a fair emblem of the Resurrection. The town is the image of the grave. There is much ado in it; but so is there in the grave, where myriads of busy little creatures crawl and crowd together for their nourishment within a dark, dusty, narrow cell. But the country, radiant with the splendour of spring, is the image of the new life, at which we shall one day lift up our eyes in wonder and daylight when we rise out of the dark chamber of death at the command of Him who, as He made all the things of the present economy, is mighty also to make all things new.

When leaving my home yesterday, and passing through a scene that blossomed like the garden of Eden, I noticed a grey-headed couple stepping out of their cottage and walking arm in arm to the fields. The burden of old age curved their backs; the husband leant upon his stick and the wife

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upon his arm, and so they staggered slowly on. By-and-by, however, I saw the wife quit the husband's arm, and the husband cease to lean on his stick, and gradually they seemed to lift themselves up, and to look taller than they were at first; until at length the old man stood still, and looking round about on the glorious scenery with an expression of unutterable delight, and taking a deep draught of the balmy invigorating air, said, "Ah, wife this is something like youth again. I feel as I used to do fifty years ago." And, having walked on a few paces, I met an invalid lady, who was being wheeled about in her chair, basking in the gentle rays of the vernal sun, and I heard her say to her servant: "Stop: I will get out; I believe I am able now to walk a little bit." The tone in which she uttered these words was that of joyful surprise. She was evidently amazed at the power which the fresh-budding life of creation poured into her veins. Where is the physician among men, thought I, who could contrive a medicine like this, which causes old people to feel young again, and invalids to rise and renew their strength? This world of ours grows old and who can renew it? We are all of us infected with a fatal disease, and who can cure us? Oh, for a never-fading youth, for a perfectly sound soul in a perfectly sound body! Oh, for a spring which never withers, and for a creation in which death will be a fiction and the grave something wholly unknown! And while these thoughts flowed through my mind, a beautiful butterfly, with gold-and-purple-tinted wings, fluttered before me, and it seemed to whisper as it hovered along: "I was a caterpillar creeping in the dust of the earth, and I was old and weary of life; and I slept, and lo! I awoke, and a new spring welcomes me to my glory?"

"Thou blessest the springing thereof!" This should be the inscription over the entrance to our churchyards. Many a dear, precious grain of wheat has been there committed with tears to the dark bosom of the earth; and many a day do we go there to stand by their barren mounds and cold stone slabs to remember how we loved them. What is it, then, that dries up our tears, and cause a ray of hope to rise upon our faces? Is it not the same thought which also flashes through the mind of the husbandman when on a gloomy day he is standing by the snow-covered field which conceals the seed he had sown a few days before? He thinks of the spring. He looks forward to that season when the sun, "rejoicing as a strong man to run a race," will throw open the cloudy doors of his chamber, and, going forth in all the splendour of his majesty, will call up the hidden life from its winter grave, and make it burst the clod and spring forth in all the freshness and beauty of its new-born form. And in that hopeful expectation, if his heart is not of stone, he lifts his eyes upward to the only Source of all

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good and perfect gifts, and whispers: "Thou blessest the springing thereof!" For he knows that without that blessing no springing would be possible. He, as a man, has done his work; he has ploughed the field and sown the seed, and covered it up again.—He can do nothing more than he has done. And now God's work begins, that wonderful work in the secret chambers of the earth, where out of a little grain, so dry, so hard, and apparently so dead, a new living creature is to be called forth, which will rise up from its dark grave in a body God will give it, and in a charming spring attire. Ah, the husbandman knows that no man, however skilful and learned, is able to do such a thing—that it is the work of God, and of God alone. And so, when he passes his field in the cold, dark, winter time, he is not alarmed at noticing nothing but an apparently barren wilderness round about; he continues his walk in good cheer, for in his heart a voice of grateful confidence whispers "Thou blessest the springing thereof!"

In our days wise and learned men rise up on all sides, and with one hand on a corpse and the other on a microscope, they solemnly declare that such a thing as resurrection is impossible, because, as they aver, it is against the laws of nature. Such men never truly understood the spring message from the woods. They reason as would a man born in Nova Zembla—who never saw anything in his life save ice and snow—were he to aver that such a thing as spring is impossible. Well might the Apostle say "Thou fool!" to the man who would ask him "How are are the dead raised up?" Why, one might quite as well ask in a dreary November day, "How are the trees to bud again, and how is the rose-tree to blossom once more?" Go to the woods in the spring-time, thou fool, and listen to their message. Go to the fields, and they will tell you their tale. How? Who is born among men able to explain the how? Take an acorn, you who are wise, and cut it with a knife, as you cut the human corpse to dissect it, and having done so, put it under your microscope. Can you tell me how that sturdy oak, with its massive stem, powerful branches, and broad shadowy foliage, could come out of that? Don't you know? Well, then, I will show you a man who is able to tell you. Go to that rustic whom you see reposing yonder under the majestic tree which he planted when, as a little child, he playfully thrust the seed into the soil. Ask him how that tree came out of it, and his answer will be: "God blessed the springing thereof." This will be our answer, when, on the great day of the resurrection, some one asks: "How did all those dead ones rise out of their graves?" We shall say, "'God blessed the springing thereof."—We saw them die, and we wept, and we carried them to the churchyard, and we put them into the soil just as the husbandman sows his

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seed. And years after years and centuries after centuries passed over their graves, and nobody thought of them any more. But God remembered them, and in due time they rose up in their new life, because "God blessed the springing of them, and, lo! they live, and they shall die no more!"

Valuable as may be the knowledge which one gathers through means of the microscope, yet it comes to very little after all if the microscope of faith be left unapplied. This wonderful instrument shows us grand things indeed. When we look at creation through it, at this time of the year, we cannot but exclaim with the Psalmist, "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!" Everywhere the woods and the fields tell us their wonderful tale about the beneficent and bountiful character of our God. He is a blessing God. It is His heart's pleasure and delight to bless. The fields adorned with the fresh verdure, the trees crowned with the blossoms which promise fruit, the pastures peopled with the quietly browsing cattle, all call out exultingly, "O taste and see that the Lord is good!" Plentifulness, abundance, boundless generosity, are the characteristic marks of his work everywhere. His is not the spirit of cold calculating selfishness. He is a true king and a true father, and wherever He goes royal munificence and parental tenderness flow in his steps. The young ravens and the young lion cry not to Him in vain. He openeth his hand and satisfieth man and beast. If there is starvation here or there, it is not His fault; if there is destruction and misery, it is not His pleasure. It is true also that "His wrath is sometimes revealed from heaven," but that wrath is never unprovoked, nor does He reveal it because He delights in chiding. The biting frost, and the frightful thunderstorm, and the destructive earthquake, may be necessary manifestations of His power and justice, since we, through our sins and iniquities, have destroyed the Divine order of this creation, as pestilential vapours in the atmosphere necessitate the awe-inspiring and often destructive tempest. But the Spirit assures us that He is not in these things, but that He is in the still small voice that whispers through the lovely spring, breathing fertility and blessing and peace upon field and forest, hill and valley. And when the little lambs leap merrily in the rich pasture, and the bird flies to its nest to feed its young, and the husbandman takes his wife and children out to the field to show them how the comely corn is springing up from the blessed bosom of the earth—no one's heart so much rejoices at this touching sight as the heart of God, who created all these things that His glory might be made manifest in the happiness of His creatures. Oh, do come to the woods, brethren, and listen to the message they have to tell you! "Behold," they cry, "behold this earth and the springing thereof. It is God, our God, who blessed it.—

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How excellent is his name in all the earth!"

Truly it is a glorious message which everywhere in the country is proclaimed to us, if we have only ears to hear, and hearts to understand. It tells us that our God is a God of *joy*. It is a responsive echo to that saying of the Spirit through Isaiah: "Thou meetest him that rejoiceth!" What a smile of happinesss rests upon the face of the earth at this season of the year! What sweet, gladdening melodies float through the fragrant atmosphere, from the purling brook, the busy bee-hive, the warbling grove, and the cattle-covered meadow! Nature adorned with wreaths and flowers celebrates its wedding feast. He must be a cheerful, lovely Being of whose thoughts this charming scene is the realization. What joy and happiness must there dwell in that heart in which the conception of such a picture of joy and happiness could originate! Observe how the spring with its countless blessings proclaims the purpose of its Divine Creator to leave nothing undone that may contribute towards gladdening and cheering the heart of his children. Not only has He provided us with the necessary bread to sustain our life and with the indispensable water-springs to quench our thirst, but He is exhaustless in contriving thousands of comforts, refreshments, and amenities to gratify our senses, to please our taste, and to charm our eyes and ears. What else do these blessings tell us than that He who so wonderfully invented them, and who offers them to us in such plentiful abundance, desires us not only to live, but to live happily and joyfully. What else *can* they proclaim than that He cordially rejoices when He sees us cheerfully and thankfully enjoying them? What a touching glance into the heart of God is afforded us when we imagine Him in the day of creation thinking of such things as the sweet honey and the juicy fruits in their infinite variety, all destined to constitute the luxuries of his table to which He intended to invite us as his happy guests! Oh, if this perishable house of His does already so strikingly reveal the joyful character of His nature, what must it not be to share the glories of His eternal dwelling-place! Truly there is a reason for what the Apostle said when he admonished the Colossians to set their affections on things above. If the present transient spring is so full of joy, what must not the everlasting spring be?

This feature in God's character, so beautifully illustrated by the blessings of the Spring, is not only not contradicted, but even still more strikingly manifested in the blessings of the Gospel. The very name of the Gospel, which means "glad tidings," shows that its Originator is a joyous being, who desires us to be happy, and not to mourn. Certainly, there is plenty of reason for mourning in this sad, sinful world of ours, but it is not His fault. What He placed us in was a paradise overflowing with the bliss of blessings of a never-fading

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spring. He never desired that we should exchange it for a wilderness of thistles and thorns. He never rejoiced at finding us reduced to such a disgraceful and miserable condition. From the moment that awful change in our circumstances took place, His attention has been constantly directed to the question: How to rescue us and to bring us back to joy and happiness. No wonder then that the key-note of the Gospel-music is, "Rejoice, and again I say rejoice! Rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory!" But while these glad tidings are sounding in our ears, whom else do we recognize than that same God, who also speaks peace and joy to His creatures through the voices of the Spring? In both His Kingdoms, the visible and the invisible, He manifests the same character, and the message from the heavens stands in perfect harmony with the message from the woods.

[*Leisure Hour.*

THE ROSE.

I planted a Rose in my garden—
  A tiny and tender thing—
But it stood through the snows of the winter,
  And woke into life in the spring.

First, buds at the ends of the branches—
  Brown buds that were scarcely seen;
But they swelled in the days of the summer,
  And opened to leaves of green.

Then it grew from the ground to my window,
  Strong from the earth out-born,
Clothing itself in red blossoms,
  And armed on its stem with the thorn.

The trailing rose at my window
  Bloomed the long summer through;
All the day it was warm with sunshine,
  All the night it was wet with dew.

And it bore such a wealth of roses,
  Globed into fragrance sweet;
But in autumn, alas! all the petals
  Drop on the path at my feet.

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Our Life, like the rose, is planted
Here on the earth to grow;
And God, who cares for the roses,
Cares for our lives also.

The infant lies in the nurse-lap,
Feeble with moaning cries;
And it turns to surrounding objects
Its wondering, innocent eyes.

But soon come the buds of reason,
The quickenings of love and of hope,
And home is too small a measure
To yield to its thoughts a scope.

Then away in its grasp of Nature
Stretches the mind of the man;
And he searches the planets' secret,
And opens the world's great plan.

But to sweetness of varied knowledge
Is added a thorny pain,
And the hand that is filled with power
Is torn to its deepest vein.

And the hopes, and the joys, and the gladness
Fail as the roses fleet,
And drop all their promised bounty
Dead on the path at our feet.

But let Life with its red heart-blossom
Of love be trained for the sky:
It shall live though the roses wither,
And bloom though the roses die.

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[*Fraser's Magazine.*

CONCERNING THE HEADS OF BATTERING-RAMS:

WITH SOME THOUGHTS TOUCHING THE REVIVIFICATION OF MUMMIES.

It is well understood by such as, in a philosophic and candid temper, have studied the histories of ancient Greece and Rome, what (in departed centuries) was meant by a Battering-Ram. There was a long and heavy beam, sometimes attaining a length of a hundred and twenty feet, to one end of which was affixed a massive iron head, in form like the head of a Ram. This Instrument was suspended by strong ropes to a cross-beam, sustained by two great logs, which in their turn were sustained by the earth. When it was desired to break a way through the wall of a fortified city, the entire apparatus was set up within convenient reach of the fated wall. Then the heavy beam, armed with the iron head, was swung backwards and forwards by the vehement exertion of (possibly) some hundreds of men: the head coming at each swing with inexpressible violence against the hostile wall. No wall could long remain intact under that usage. The stones were loosened: cracks became manifest: a small opening was made, which gradually became a large one: finally, a practicable breach was made, through which the besieging army was able to enter the city. It was comparatively easy to pass through the wall, after an opening had been made in it. It was exceedingly difficult to make the opening. The Ram's head was of hard material. Fitly so; for it had hard work to do. Persons of soft material, physically and morally, passed in with facility after the ram had done its work. And it is probable that a good many of them, thus easily entering, did not reflect much upon their obligations to the battered old head, which had borne the brunt, and cleared their way. By this time it had (likely enough) been taken down from its supports, and was lying in some neighbouring ditch, half concealed by mud. Practical and pushing spirits jumped over it, as they advanced towards the opening it made: possibly wiped their feet upon it. Here and there a man of a sentimental nature would put his hands in his pockets and look kindly at it for a little while: thinking of the services that iron-headed log had rendered: thinking how easy it was to enter now where it had been so hard to enter at the first.

Let us muse, kindly reader, on the Heads of Moral Battering-Rams: Human Heads that suffer many hard blows in opening a way

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through old prejudices and abuses. Let us think how hardly men fare who bravely set themselves to break through these. The days were, in which such a head would probably have been cut off altogether: and even yet, all obloquy, all misrepresentation, all malignant railing, are the common portion of such men as propose improvements, political or social; and try to bring these improvements about. Sorely beaten about the head are the Moral Battering-Rams! Those who first proposed Corn-law repeal; reform of the infamous penal laws which disgraced the statute-book till brave men like Sir Samuel Romilly saved this nation from the shame of them; reform of the scandalous abuses in the Church of England and the Establishment in Ireland: reform in the Army, including the abolition of flogging human beings to death; the making the representation of the people in Parliament cease to be in great measure a grim farce; the permission of organs in Scotch Churches, and of Scotch congregations to kneel at prayer and stand at praise; how these men were vilified and misrepresented! Look back over the files of various old Tory newspapers and magazines: and think what the poor Heads had to come through. By-and-by, the breach is made in the thick wall of selfish interests and unreasoning prejudices: and then, people who had neither the courage nor the hardness of nature to stand the first buffets, get all the good of them, and quietly walk through the breach opened by sorely battered Heads of Moral Battering-Rams. After a while, everybody sees so plainly that the advocates of Reform had all the reason on their side, that people think it must have been quite easy to batter down the ancient abuse. They say, "Well, that wall was so much off the perpendicular: the mortar had so crumbled into dust; that just a touch must have sent it down: the old Heads, now in their graves, or lying in obscure ditches, could not have had such a tough work to do as we fancied." And when one who has long survived the fight in which he won his fame, gets into the way (like Lord Brougham) of talking sometimes about the hard hits he received and dealt, we grow impatient of hearing about them. We think it is all an old man's talk about the long past.

Controversy is a hateful thing. Never has the writer joined in it, and he never will. But he has watched a good deal of it: and he can sincerely say that he never yet saw controversy carried on in good temper or in fairness. He has seen it carried on by men who, speaking generally, were good-tempered and fair-tempered men. And they began in tolerable fairness and good temper. But the controversy had not lasted long till the lurking devil was roused: insolence, misrepresentation, savage ill-temper, were largely developed; at least on one side. He has seen controversy in which all the fairness and decency were on one side: all the opposite things on the other side. The more

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ordinary case is that there should be very little fairness or civility on either side. Yet, hateful as controversy is, the quiet easy-going men who shrink from it may well be thankful that there are pugnacious and hard-headed folk who rush into it with gusto, and seem to enjoy the strife. For these pugnacious folk do (as it were) batter a breach through which the easy-going men peacefully follow. Yes, you who know what cowards you are: you who know that however sure you might be that you had truth on your side, you would shrink into your shell at the first outburst of abuse from those interested in maintaining some flagrant iniquity which you had been carried away into attacking: look with profound respect on the hard heads that take and give hard blows! *You* could not do it. And it is a pitiful sight to behold a man who has ventured to attack something that is wrong, instantly set upon by those who wish to keep up the wrong: then getting frightened; beginning in a cowardly fashion to calculate the consequences of sticking to what he has said; seeing that he will get into no end of trouble if he sticks to it; and finally bullied into retracting what he and all who hear him know perfectly to be true. It is a terrible thing to have all the will to be the head of the moral battering-ram, without the needful hardness!—But it is a fine sight, to see a head which is entirely free from softness: which is quite hard enough for the work to which it is set. There are various things about John Knox which one cannot in any way like: but there is something sublime about his inflexible and fearless firmness. So with Luther: what an inexpressibly hard head of a battering-ram! So in these days with Mr. John Bright. You may think him wrong if you please: but you cannot deny his magnificent pluck. You cannot look at the determined face of the great popular leader, without feeling that there is the man to batter down what he thinks an injustice. Conservatism is ever the wall to be battered: aggressive reformers or revolutionisers are the head of the battering-ram. And though conservatism serves many useful purposes, it is in the nature of things a losing cause. It is just a question of time, till any wall is battered down: that is, if there be the least show of sound reason that down it should go. For the essential idea of conservatism of course is, to keep things as they are: and that cannot be. It was conservatism that raised a terrible cry against the introduction of stage-coaches: they would drive the old stage-waggons off the road: horses would perish; diseases of the brain would be brought on by travelling through the atmosphere at the awful rate of eight miles an hour. Then it was conservatism to raise a cry against railways; they would drive off the road the old stage-coaches, the glory of England: they would "destroy the old English noblesse," as was touchingly remarked by a distinguished surgeon, who got a

title for cutting a wen out of the King's neck. It was conservatism that maintained the fitness of hanging men and women for the theft of a few pence. It was conservatism that opposed every improvement in the laws of this country which has been made in the last thirty years; for that matter in the last five hundred. But the battering-ram has done its work: and the old walls have gone down, as other old walls will doubtless go. Progressive folk may well rejoice that there are those who gird themselves up and go forth to fight with what they think wrong, at whatever risk. For there are very many enlightened persons, who would plainly see the wrong, and privately despise the stupidity of such as stand up for it, yet who would have no mind at all for the fight, and so would just let the wrong go on and flourish.

We all, daily, see many things wrong. We know that we should get much ill-will by pointing them out and trying to correct them. We have learned by experience how much trouble and sorrow come of proposing and carrying even a very small improvement. And so, there is a great temptation to sadly sit still, till a braver man of thicker skin appears and does the work. Of course, this is cowardly. But it is natural; and grows always more congenial to our nature as we grow older. What is the use, we mournfully say to ourselves, of getting into all that hot water; and likely enough failing to do any good after all? You lose heart: you cannot bear the strife, the misapprehension, the misrepresentation.

In Scotland there is an association of clergymen called the *Chuch Service Society*. Its purpose is to foster the study of ancient Christian liturgies, and thus to cultivate a taste for more devotional and becoming language in public prayer. For public prayer, in the Scotch Church, must be prepared by each minister for his own use: and the days have been, in which the standard aimed at was a very bad one: partaking more of the nature of theological statement and discussion than of reverent prayer. Things are much better now: and this society desires, humbly and quietly, to promote and direct the better taste now prevailing. Its purpose is what has been said, and nothing more. But some individuals, of a suspicious temper, insist that it is founded to the end of plotting and conspiring for the introduction of a liturgy into the worship of the national Church, which has hitherto regarded anything like an authoritative service-book with much aversion. These individuals persist in calling the association the *Liturgical Society*. They are well aware that this is not its name, and that such a name grossly misrepresents its declared design: but they think the name likely to create a prejudice in Scotland, and deem it all fair to do so. Some timid men have thus been impelled to hold off from the society. A good many more stick to it closer. But he

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who knows the secret history of all the talks and all the correspondene that have been used to detach members from the society, and to hinder human beings from joining it, has beheld a specimen of how those fare, who, in a very small and harmless fashion, take the thankless position of the Moral Battering Ram.

Suffer a voice of complaint touching the difficulty of revivifying mummies.

A mummy is a very ugly thing: but that is not the matter at present to be thought upon. The great point is, that a mummy is so thoroughly dried up. All life is gone from it, and all elasticity: and you cannot put them back again. Once, those sinews were soft and supple; but that was long ago. Try to make those stiff limbs walk, those withered fingers hold. It will not do.

The mummy over which the writer moans is an old sermon. A sermon written with great care and preached with great heart, four or five years ago. Then it was a living elastic thing: but try to preach it now, and you will find it quite withered and dried up. You fancied, in those old days when you wrote it, that it was a possession for ever: that is, for as long as each Sunday should call you to ascend your pulpit and speak to your congregation. And when you delivered it with great pleasure and emotion, you fancied you would always be able to give it with the like satisfaction and warmth. But when, after five years, you draw it from its receptacle, and some Sunday go and preach it, and you will find that the life has exhaled.

It is a great disappointment. And I am not thinking of the crudity and immaturity of your youthful extravagances. I do not mean that you find your discourse written in a turgid and fanciful style which now revolts your sobered sense. All those early compositions are in the fire, long ago. I mean the discourses you wrote after you had attained something like maturity of judgment and taste. It is not even that your intellectual and spiritual standpoint is greatly changed. All that is true, you feel as you read it. It is right, every word of it; you are sure of that. But the whole thing, that glowed with life as you wrote it with a heightened pulse, and as you gave it the first Sunday after it was written, is now dead, and dried up. You are out of sympathy with it. It seems very poor. And oh how things to be said to a number of your fellow creatures depend for their interest and impression on your being able to throw your whole heart into them as you say them!

If a clergyman's mind be still active, and perceptive of what is going on in the moral world round about him, he need not cherish the vain belief that when he goes to a new parish, he will have many days of tranquil ease during which he will preach over again the sermons written in his old one. Each Sunday, at the first, he will take out a mummy, and with greater or less

disappointment, try to make it live and move. Even if the people who hear the discourse seem interested in it, the preacher knows that all this is a pale shadow of what the thing used to be. The old fervour is fled: that fervour which never can be simulated and which must come spontaneous or not come at all. I have heard a preacher who in the prime of his physical strength had exercised a wonderful power over all who listened to him, in advanced age when the old glow would not come. It was touching to hear him say the old words that used to touch and melt young and old, trying to say them in the old way; and feeling, far more deeply than any one else, how grievous was the failure.

Talking thus of old sermons, let us have a little thought upon a question of interest to a good many people. May a clergyman, with propriety, now and then, preach one of his own published sermons?

The common idea is that he ought not to do so: though I never yet found any one who could give any distinct reason for thinking so.—This common idea appears to be a mere groundless prejudice. And it is a serious question to a man who has published a great number of sermons, doubtless those which he esteemed his best, whether in all coming time he is to be debarred from making any use of that laboriously prepared material.

The purpose of preaching a sermon is to impress on those who hear it some important truth. Now, after having once pressed that truth on your hearers, are you never to recur to it? Are you to take for granted that everybody has read your sermons; and read them so recently that your views are still fresh in their memory? Then it is certain that now and then you will be aware of a strong desire to preach something that you have published. You know it would be useful to some one in the congregation: possibly you know that it is what you need yourself just then. Now, in the published discourse you have treated that subject as well as you could: are you to go and designedly treat it in an inferior way, for the sake of making a difference? Nothing of the sort. Just go and preach it manfully; and make no mystery of what you are doing.* Ninety-nine out of every hundred in the congregation will not remember (even if they ever knew) a word of it. And those who recognise the things, will be all the more interested in hearing what they have read as interpreted by its author. The writer knows, for himself, that in going to hear Mr. Melvill preach, of Dean Alford, or Bishop Wilberforce, he would much rather hear from any one of them a sermon he has already read, than a quite new one probably not half so good.

Of course, published sermons are not to be preached habitually: not to be preached often: and never to be preached at all except to a man's own congregation. A preacher

* Is not an old published sermon as much of a "mummy" as an old written one?—PRINTER.

must be very poverty-stricken indeed, if when he goes to a strange Church, he has not something new to give. It is quite a different thing with his own, where he must produce an incredible quantity of matter in the course of the year. Few people have any notion of the immense amount of material which regular Sunday duty demands. I have a friend who for six years preached twice each Sunday in a certain Church. In that time, he tells me, the sermons he preached in that Church would make up thirty-four well-sized volumes of sixteen sermons each. Of course, that man is merely a specimen of hundreds more. Who that knows the long and hard work that goes to the composition of a sermon, but must be awe-stricken at the thought of so inconceivable a mass of manuscript? You will say, most of it, possibly all of it, was very poor. Likely enough: but then to the middling powers of the writer, it was just as great exertion to produce it, as to a man of greater ability and information it is to produce an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, or an equal quantity of a volume "which no gentleman's library should be without." Now, it seems to me that any fair means of lessening that fearful drain ought to be welcomed. If you ask what proportion the old should bear to the new, I should say that a twentieth part may very fitly be the former. That is, after each nineteen new sermons you preach, you may most properly enter your pulpit with a published one in your sermon-case.

This is all.

[*The Quiver.*

ANNABEL'S MAYING.

Open the window, and let in the light,
And let in the air of the morning:
Remember, to-day,
We must gather the May;
Hark! the cock gives the loiterers warning.

Sunlight rolled in like a river of gold,
Air, like an odorous shower;
And the rustle of wings,
And the thrush as he sings,
Fill with music young Annabel's bower.

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Quick was the busking of fair Annabel,
Simple that young maid's adorning;
Light as a fawn
O'er the dew-gleaming lawn
She tripped from the porch that May morning.

All the young maidens are met on the green,
And the young men to go out a-maying;
Some stroll through the dell,
And some rove through the fell,
And some o'er the meadows are straying.

Where are you going to, fair Annabel?
Through the coppice adown by the river?
You may wander all day
There, in search of the May,
But no May will you find there for ever.

Onward, fair Annabel went through the wood,
Faint on her ear grew the laughter
Of young man and maid,
As a-maying they strayed;—
But Robin stole noiselessly after.

The young men and maidens are back on the green,
With burthens of fragrant white blossom.
But ah! well-a-day,
Annabel has no May,
But one little blue flower in her bosom.

* * * * * * * *

"Open the window, and let in the light,
And let in the air of the morning;
'Tis a year just, to-day,
Since I went for the May,
And the cock gives the loiterers warning."

Let the cock crow as loud as he will, Annabel,
Sweet heart! give no heed to his warning.
Let the young maidens go,
But good wives you know,
Need not gather the May in the morning.

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we grew up; and we find in Italian jest-books the same source of mirth in their frequent stories as to the disasters encountered by Venetians on horse-back. Edward II was particularly fond of a jester, whose recommendation was his apparent inability to keep the saddle, and who on journeys rode before the king, and kept continually tumbling off, to his Majesty's infinite amusement.

If we laugh at such discomfitures when arising from inadequacy of means or want of skill in those who are engaged in them, the height of the ludicrous, and certainly the height of absurdity, seems to be exhibited when the means taken for success are directly productive of the unsuccessful result. This frequent source of the ludicrous is exemplified in various shapes. The Irish *bull*, though Ireland has no monopoly of the article, is an instance of what we mean, particularly when it assumes a practical form. The mob that collected and made a bonfire of an unpopular banker's notes in order to ruin him; the man who loudly gave the lie to the charge against him in a letter, that he was looking at it over the writer's shoulder; the little boy that, for a trick in school answered "Absum" when his name was called—all contrived to raise the laugh against themselves by the suicidal nature of their proceedings. We have indicated that Ireland, though it may be a favourable soil for such a growth, is not the only country where *bulls* are produced. The story of the Irishman reading over the letter-writer's shoulder, is of Oriental origin, as Miss Edgeworth, or her father, has shown in the Essay that bears her name. It is taken from *Les Paroles Remarquables des Orientaux* by Galland, who thus tells it, with somewhat needless particularity :—

"A scholar was writing to a friend, and an obtrusive fellow at his side, was reading over his shoulder, what he was writing.—The scholar, having perceived him, wrote this: 'if an impertinent person who is at my side, was not looking at what I write, I would write you many things more, which ought not be known except by you and me.' The bore, who was reading all along, spoke out, and said: 'I swear to you that I have not seen or read what you have written.' The scholar replied, 'Dolt that you are, why then do you say what you do."

A story very like it is to be found in the so-called Hierocles, being the twenty-eighth of the collection. A Scholasticus, who had neglected a commission for books conveyed to him in a letter, exculpated himself, when he met his friend, by crying out: "I never received the letter you sent me about those books." Another example of a *bull* is to be found in No. 10 of that collection, where a Scholasticus sits down before a looking-glass with his eyes shut, to see if he looked well in his sleep.

The Greek book that we have just noticed, and which bears the title of *Facetiæ Urbanitates*, is rightly considered as not the work

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of the philosopher Hierocles, and is not a very mighty production.—It contains twenty-nine stories, in all of which a Scholasticus, or school pedant, is the hero; and its object is to ridicule the ignorance and stupidity of mere students.—It is well known as the source of a good many of our current Joe Millers. In No. 1, the Scholasticus, having been nearly drowned, resolves not to go into the water again till he has learned to swim. In Nos. 6 and 14 he is ashamed to meet his doctor, as it is so long a time since he was ill. In No. 8 he anticipates the attempt of the Highlander to accustom his horse to go without food, and laments that the animal had died just as he had taught him his lesson. In No. 9, when wanting to sell his house, he carries about with him one of the stones or bricks as a specimen. In No. 16 he finds that some of the liquor is wanting in a sealed hogshead, and on a suggestion that it had been drawn out from below, he rejects the idea, as the deficiency was not at the bottom but at the top of the cask. In No. 19, two of the tribe meeting on the street, one of them says he had heard the other was dead, on which his friend observes that it was not so, as he was here alive. "Ah!" was the reply, "but my informant is a more trustworthy person than you;" a story which foreshadows what is told of a certain Scotch family, who, on hearing from their son that he had not gone down in the "Royal George," expressed a wish that they had it on better authority, as "he was aye a leein' laddie." In No. 20, the Scholasticus buys a raven to see if it would live two hundred years, as it was reported to do. In No. 21, when other passengers on ship-board in a storm are laying hold of some of the spars, he attaches himself to the anchor. In No. 22, hearing of the death of one of two brothers, twins, and meeting the survivor, he asks if it is he or his brother that is dead. In No. 24, having to cross a ferry, he mounts his horse that he may get over the quicker. In No. 29, travelling with a bald man and a barber, under an arrangement that they are to sleep and watch time about, the barber shaves his head while he is asleep, and then wakes him, upon which, feeling his bare scalp, he abuses the barber for calling the wrong man. It is easy to recognise in this list a great many of those jokes which are in daily circulation among many who have no idea of the venerable antiquity of their origin.

The essence of a genuine *bull* seems to consist in an unconscious self-contradiction. We have given some examples of this element in practical bulls; and we would refer, as an instance of what we think a perfect verbal bull, to the dictum of the Irish doctor, "that sterility is often hereditary:" a self-contradiction which has a certain plausibility at first sight, and which we have seen impose upon a very grave physician who was not Irish. But the number of bulls of this perfect type is comparatively small. The greater part of those sayings or

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doings which pass for *bulls* are merely what the French call *Betises,* Blunders or Stupidities, in which, from confusion of thought or expression, an absurd result is gravely reached, and in which the absurdity generally consists in overlooking the essential thing in the process.

Appended to Miss Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls is a French *Recueil de Betises,* containing foreign specimens of the article. This *Recueil* we take to have been the work of the Abbé Morellet, with whom the Edgeworths had become intimate in their visit to Paris during the Peace of Amiens, shortly before the Essay on Bulls was published. A somewhat similar collection had been previously given in the *Éléments de Littérature* by Morellet's friend and relative, Marmontel, under the head *Plaisant.* Morellet, or whoever else was the author of the *Recueil,* says that he had previously written a dissertation on the subject of these *Betises,* but had lent it to a *femme d'esprit,* who lost it. He says:—

"I remember only that I proved there learnedly, that laughter excited by blunders is the effect of the contrast which strikes us, between the effort the man makes who speaks the blunder, and the failure of his effort. I compared the working of the mind in such a one to a man who trying to walk lightly over a slippery pavement, falls heavily, or, to the awkward somersault of the clown at a fair. If the blunders collected here, were examined, there would be always found an abortive effort of this kind."

We subjoin a few specimens from this collection, which we suspect, if ever very well known, has fallen out of general remembrance. We select some of them not because they are new, but rather because they are old, and here found in an unexpected quarter.

"The Abbé de Laval Montmorency was asked the age of his brother the marshal, whose senior he was. 'In two years,' said he, 'we will be of the same age.'"

"A man saw coming at a distance a doctor of his acquaintance, who had treated him several years before, in an illness; he turned aside, and hid his face, that he might not be recognized. He was asked 'Why? 'It is,' said he, 'because I feel ashamed in his presence, that it has been so long a time since I have been sick.'

"The Mayor of a little town, hearing a quarrel in the street at midnight, raised himself up in bed, and opening a window cried out, to the passers-by, 'Sirs, shall I get up?'

"They were speaking with admiration of the fine age of a man of ninety years; some one said 'That astonishes you, Sirs? if my father was not dead, he would now be *one hundred* years old.'"

"A man being on the point of giving in marriage his only daughter, quarrelled with the intended, and in his anger he said, 'No, Sir, you shall never be my son-in-law, and should I have a hundred only daughters, I will never give you one!'

"A letter was received at the 'grande poste,' with this address, 'to my Son, —— street,' &c. It was about to be thrown aside as waste-paper; a clerk opposed it, and said that he to whom the letter was addressed would be found. Ten or twelve days passed. A great blockhead came and said, 'Sirs, I wish to know if a letter from my dear father has not been kept here?' 'Yes, sir,' said the clerk, 'here it is.' This witticism is owed to Bouret, Femier-General.

"A merchant having finished writing a letter to one of his correspondents, died suddenly. His clerk added in postcript, 'Since my letter was written, I died this morning, Tuesday evening the 7th,' &c.

"A small merchant pretended to have bought for three pennies what he was selling for two. It was represented to him that such commerce would ruin him. 'Ah,' said he, 'I save myself in the quantity.'

"The Chevalier de Lorenzi being in Florence, went to walk with three friends for some miles from the city. They returned very tired; night was approaching; he wished to rest; he was told that he could rest at the end of four miles. 'Oh,' said he, 'we are four, and that will only be a mile for each one.'"

Here is the conclusion of an Italian letter, containing several *Spropositi* or absurdities—

"Let me know whether you get this or not."

It will be observed, that of the *Betises* which we have just quoted, one at least is from Hierocles, others are now in common use as Irish bulls, and others belong to that species of blunder, which, in the mouth of Lord Dundreary, has lately excited so much hearty merriment. His Lordship is the "knight of the shire" of a large class of constituents, who in scattered examples, and under partial development, have been long familiar to us, but of whose peculiarities the full type and expression were never before so well represented, or so well recommended to us by general goodness and thorough nobility of nature and manners. A good specimen of Dundrearyism is attributed to a Scotch Judge of the last century, who on visiting a dentist, and being placed in the patient's chair, was requested by the operator to allow him to put his finger into his mouth, upon which the Judge, with a distrustful look, said, "Na! you'll bite me." The confusion here in the speaker's mind is obvious. He knew that if one man's finger is put into another man's mouth a bite may ensue; but he did not correctly see which of them might bite, and which of them be bitten. It was told afterwards of a descendant of this worthy person, as a proof of hereditary similarity of talent, that when canvassing for the representation of a Scotch county, he refused to take a glass of wine from a voter, on the ground that it would be *treating*.

Some *bulls*, or some of the *betises* which come nearest to bulls, contain, as Southey has suggested, a

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confusion of what the schoolmen call objectivity with subjectivity. The fears of the Scotch Judge that he would be bitten by the dentist seem an illustration of that remark, and so also is the Irishman's perplexity, whose sister had got a child, but who, from not knowing its sex, could not say whether he was an uncle or an aunt. An instance of this confusion of subjectivities, which we have naturalized, and made a standing jest, is found in the explanation, said by Marmontel to have been given by a simpleton of his simplicity:—"Ce n'est pas ma faute si je n'ai point d'esprit; on m'a changé en nourrice."

Marmontel's definitions of this kind of stupidity are not without felicity of expression:—

"A blunder," he says, "is an innocent and natural fault, with which we are amused without hating it. A blunder is simply a dull intelligence, a lengthened infancy of spirit, an almost absolute deprivation of ideas, or an extreme inability to combine them, and to set them to work; and though it may be habitual or accidental, as it gives us an advantage that flatters our vanity, it amuses us without causing us the malicious pleasure, we feel when we see folly punished."

He thinks that the *pleasantry* of a *betise* consists in the manifest effort to think or reason accurately, and in its palpable want of success.

Some of the blunders or absurdities which excite our laughter arise rather from a confusion of words than of ideas. An example of this is afforded by the paragraph in the Irish newspapers announcing "with much pleasure" that on such a day "Lady —— had publicly renounced the errors of the Church of Rome for *those* of the Church of England." The penny-a-liner had merely forgotten that his antecedent to *those* was "errors," and not "doctrines."

A very ludicrous class of failures are those of which Mrs. Slipslop in *Joseph Andrews,* and Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals,* supply us with the richest or most finished examples. The attempts of ignorant persons to use fine or peculiar words, and their unconscious substitution of others having quite a different meaning or character, never fail to amuse. Take as specimens the old lady who in windy weather observed that the *antenuptial* gales seemed to be coming earlier than usual; the would-be connoisseur who spoke of a picture of the Venus *Anna Domini;* the military veteran who was always for taking time by the *firelock;* and the nabob who told a ragged school the fable of the Hare and the Tortoise, and exhorted them thence to perseverance, as the likeliest means of bringing them first to the *gaol.*

Akin to these are the cases of anti-climax, where the speaker or writer commences with something rhetorical or poetical, and ends with something low or prosaic, *e. g.*, the designating the great Robert Boyle as "the Father of Chemistry —and brother of the Earl of Cork;" the lines given by Scriblerus, "And thou Dalhousy," etc.; the entry in

the index of a law-book, "Chief-Justice Best—great mind;" and the discovery in the text that this refers to his lordship's having had "a great mind" to transport a man for seven years. Those poets or orators who are said to spell *Pathos* with a B, afford us abundant specimens of this variety. A feeling allied to this is produced by the solemnity with which a converted German Jew addressed to an Exeter Hall audience the not inappropriate invitation: "My brethren, let us *b*ray."

The affectation of science or of talent, resulting in the exhibition of ignorance or of dullness, are among the most legitimate objects of ridicule. The orator who did not know whether a certain idea was in Cicero or Tully; the traveller who, when asked if, in crossing the country, he had taken the hypotenuse, answered that he had taken the diligence; the Scotch laird who advised his neighbour, when going to see the Painters in Italy, to see also the Glaziers of Switzerland,—all fall under a part of this category. The various readings of Virgil by Scriblerus are examples of another branch of it; but of this kind, perhaps one of the best is the emendation attributed to one of the dullest of Shakspeare's commentators, of a passage in *As You Like It*, where, instead of the figurative and forced reading of "tongues in trees," etc., it is proposed to correct it in an obvious and easy way:—

"'And this our life, exempt from public
haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything:"

For which read—

"And this our life, exempt from public
haunt,
Finds *leaves* in trees, *stones* in the running
brooks,
Sermons in *books*, and good in everything."

Among the instances of ridiculous absurdity in what may be called suicidal statements, are those extravagances which are known as Gasconades. In these, the speaker, wishing to magnify his character or achievements, so vastly overstates his case as to defeat his purpose by becoming incredible—

"Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps
itself,
And falls on the other side."

The Gascon priest who came so quickly to do a charitable action that his guardian angel could not keep pace with him: the Gascon officer who said his mattresses were all stuffed with the whiskers of the men he had killed in duels; and the other native of the same region who alleged that the only fire-wood used at his father's *chateau* consisted of the batons belonging to those of his family who had been Mareschals of France—excite our laughter from the very fact that they so far overdraw their account with our credulity. It seems a favourite style of jest with Americans to push a wonderful fact or story to such a degree of exaggeration as to be literally a *reductio ad absurdum*. The examples of this figure among them are too nu-

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merous to require quotation. But we may observe that they are not in general Gasconades, but palpable caricatures of the national tendency to boasting, and meant to ridicule it by overdoing it. The comic effect on the stage of the sayings and doings of gasconading cowards is familiar to us by the frequent representation of such characters, as in Miles Gloriosus, Bobadil and Falstaff.

In Southey's *Omniana* we are told of a drunken squabble at Malta between some soldiers and sailors, in which a good specimen is given of the ludicrous, in what may be termed suicidal evidence. Each party alleged the other to be the aggressors, the soldiers swearing that the sailors assaulted them with an oath, and with this exclamation, "Who stops the line of march there?' while the sailors swore that the soldiers in first attacking them burst in upon them, calling out, "Heave to, you lubbers! or we'll run you down!" From the reciprocal imputation to each other of their own professional slang, it was plain that both were lying, and both to blame.

In the examples of the ludicrous which we have hitherto noticed, the absurdity attaches to the hero of the piece or the speaker of the saying. We shall now notice another and quite different class, where there are two-parties to the drama, and where the failure or discomfiture consists in the defeat of one of them by the ready retort, the dexterous evasion, or the disappointing answer of the other. A rather vulgar, but really good specimen of this kind, is found in the well-known epigram of "Jack eating rotten cheese," etc., the jest of which consists in the second party acquiescing in the boast of the first as to killing his thousands like Samson, and then improving the parallel by suggesting the identity of the weapon used.

Mr. Burton, in his very pleasant book *The Scot Abroad*, gives us some examples of the wit and good breeding of Lord Stair, the ambassador. One of these, Mr. Burton tells us, "rests on his remarkable resemblance to the Regent Orleans, who, desiring to turn a scandalous insinuation or jest on it, asked the Ambassador if his mother had ever been in Paris? The answer was, 'No; but my father was!'" There is perhaps, it is added, no other retort on record so effective and so beautifully simple. If the question meant anything, that meaning was avenged; if it meant nothing, there was nothing in the answer.

Whether this anecdote happened with Lord Stair, we shall not attempt to determine; but it would be strange if he had all the merit of it, as the jest was already on record. Macrobius gives it as having been directed against the Emperor Augustus: "Intraverat Romam simillimus Cæsari, et in se omnium ora converterat. Augustus adduci hominem ad se jussit, visumque hoc modo interrogavit: Dic mihi, adolescens, fuit aliquando mater tua Romæ? Negavit ille; nec contentus adjecit: "Sed pater meus sæpe." Nor is the witticism

left buried in the obscurity of Macrobius, for it appears as No. 52 of Lord Bacon's Apophthegms.—But even Macrobius's story about Augustus is not the first edition of the joke; for Valerius Maximus tells it of a Roman proconsul, who found in his province a Sicilian very like him, and, on suggesting a similar question, received the same answer.

It really seems very difficult to say an original thing upon any subject whatever. Few sayings have been more admired than that which is ascribed to Louis XII., when urged to resent an offence which he had received before his accession, "*Ce n'est point au roi de France á venger les injures faites au Duc d' Orléans.*" Now what says Mr. De Quincey on this subject? In a "Letter addressed by him to a Young man whose Education has been Neglected," and which, we believe, appeared first in the *London Magazine* in 1823, he introduces a Frenchman taking credit to his nation for the sublimity of the French King's saying, and asking De Quincey what he thought of it. "Think! said he, why I think it is a magnificent and regal speech, and such is my English generosity, that I heartily wish the Emperor Hadrian had not said the same thing fifteen hundred years before." He then gives in a foot-note his authority for this answer, and which runs thus: "Submonente quodom ut in pristinos inimicos animadverteret, negavit se ita facturum, adjecta civili voce—Minimé licere Principi Ramano, ut quæ privatus agitasset odia—ista Imperator exequi." *Spartian in Had. Vid. Histor. August.*"

This seems at first sight pretty much to the point, and we confess that, though with some misgivings as to the Latinity, we had such confidence in De Quincey's acquaintance with the Augustan History, that we long considered the French king's claim to be held the first and true inventor of the saying in question, as at an end. But lately, on turning over several editions of the Augustan collection, and looking particularly at Spartian's life of Hadrian, we were surprised to discover that no such anecdote is there to be found, nor is there a trace of any such words as De Quincey quotes. It is true that Spartian mentions the fact that Hadrian took no notice of his old enemies: "Quos in privata vita inimicos habuit, imperator tantum neglexit; ita ut uni quem capitalem habuerat, factus Imperator diceret Evasisti." The question at issue, however, between the Frenchman and De Quincey, was not as to the originality of Louis's conduct, but as to the novelty of the peculiarly dignified form of words in which the sentiment was announced. Many princes have acted in the same magnanimous manner, and it is not likely that any man in modern times will find out a new virtue. Hadrian himself was not original in this kind of clemency, for Suetonius describes Vespasian as "Offensarum inimiciarumque minime memor executorve;" and speaks of his portioning out in a munifi-

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cent manner the daughter of Vitellius his old enemy. But neither Vespasian nor Hadrian is reported to have expressed the feeling which influenced them in any speech that can approach to the moral sublimity which is admitted to mark the French king's saying. It is remarkable, too, that Casaubon, in a note on the passage from Spartian which we have quoted, notices the resemblance of Hadrian's conduct to that of Louis XII., and then gives in Latin the French king's saying as a "*vox aurea*:" "Nam cum illum, sui stimularent ut Ludovicum Trimolium, qui sibi olim multum nocuisset, pro meritis acciperet, Ego vero, inquit, non faciam: neque enim Galliarum regem decet offensas inimicitiasque Aurelianensis Ducis me minisse aut exequi."

It is possible that a Roman prototype of this saying may be found somewhere, but we have not yet succeeded in tracing it; and in that state of matters, looking to the failure of the only authority on which De Quincey proceeds, we think Louis entitled (at least *ad interim*) to the merit, not of having first practiced this princely generosity, but of having first embodied in a beautiful form, "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." Our theory of De Quincey's statement is, that he wrote the letter in question at a distance from his books, or under an invincible repugnance to consulting them; that writing to an unlearned correspondent, and probably to a not very learned circle of readers, he thought he might trust his memory and take some liberties; that he remembered the parallel in conduct and character between Hadrian and Louis, with Casaubon's note on the subject, and that he either dreamed or imagined the rest, and wrote down in Latin as original what is in truth a mere reflex and paraphrase of the French saying. We are the more inclined to this view, from finding another inaccuracy in the same letter, where he ascribes to Trajan, with misplaced magniloquence, the deathbed saying which Suetonius reports of Vespasian, "Imperatorem *stantem* mori oportere," and which Vespasian seems to have uttered, as he did other things, with a strange mixture of jest and earnestness.

De Quincey has a more amusing and more accurate passage on the subject of this kind of plagiarism in a little paper on War, which first appeared, we think in an Edinburgh periodical. He there points out how bare the modern sayers of good things would be left, if stripped of all the borrowed plumes with which they are invested.—"Universally it may be received as a rule," he says, "that when an anecdote involves a stinging repartee, or collision of ideas, fancifully and brilliantly related to each other by resemblance or contrast, then you may challenge it as false." He denounces the Greeks as the principal parties who have forestalled us by saying our good things before ourselves, and he instances Talleyrand "as having been extensively robbed by the Greeks of the second and third centuries," as may be

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easily ascertained by having the said Greeks *searched*, when the stolen jewels will be found upon them. "But one," he adds, "and the most famous in the whole jewel-case, sorry am I to confess, was nearly stolen from the bishop, not by any Greek, but by an English writer, viz., Goldsmith, who must have been dying about the time that the Right Reverend French knave had the goodness to be born. That famous *mot* about language as a gift made to man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts is lurking in Goldsmith's *Essays*." This is nearly correct. Not strictly in what are called his *Essays*, but in a paper of Goldsmith's in *The Bee*, there is a passage where he says that whatever may be thought by grammarians and rhetoricians, men of the world hold "that the true use of speech is not so much to *express* our wants, as to *conceal* them."

To return to the case of repartees involving a *quid pro quo*: it is told of Lord Braxfield, with probably the same truth as pervades other stories imputed to him, that on a thief pleading in extenuation that he could not help stealing when he had an opportunity, the Judge answered, "That is just the way with us: for we can't help hanging a thief when we get hold of him." But this rejoinder, too, is old, and is substantially the same as one told of Zeno the philosopher, with whom a pilfering slave had tried to excuse himself by the Stoic doctrine of fate. "Zeno philosophus, quum servum in furto deprehensum cæderet, atque ille diceret, fatale sibi esse furari: Et cædi, inquit Zeno."

A great many other well-known jests consist in this apparent acquiescence in the view suggested by the first speaker, and in then turning the argument against him on his own premises. Thus we have the story in the *Chevræana*, where Masson, having applied to a brother collegian for the loan of a book, is told that it cannot be lent out, but may be read in the owner's rooms, and has then an opportunity of making a similar reply to his friend when he asks him for the loan of his pair of bellows; or, take the other instance, where the officer, on the eve of a battle, asked leave of absence of the Marshal de Toiras, that he might see his father, who was ill, and immediately had his request granted, with the observation, "Père et mère honoreras afin que tu vives longuement." One of the best and most effective retorts of the kind is that of the Spanish ambassador to Henry IV. of France, which is more original, and not less pungent, than Lord Stair's reply. It is found in the *Menaigana*:—"Henry IV. in order to put down the pride of a Spanish Ambassador, said that if he desired to ride on horse-back, he would hear mass at Milan, breakfast at Rome, and dine at Naples." "Sire," replied the ambassador, "your Majesty going at this rate, could the same day hear vespers in Sicily," &c., alluding to the massacre of the French in Sicily in 1282. An old repartee of a similar kind is one of Cicero's,

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who, when asked by Pompey where his son-in-law was, answered, "With your father-in-law;" and a good modern one is the French dialogue between the Comte who had no territory and the Abbé who had no convent, where the Count, inquiring for the locality of the other's Abbey, is answered, "Don't you know? it is in your own County." Somewhat of the same character, but in a more genial spirit, is the reply of Marshal Turenne to the servant who excused his having slapped him, from mistaking him for a fellow-servant—"And if it had been George would it have been necessary to strike him so hard?" "Charming witticism," says Marmontel, "which one cannot hear without smiling, and without being touched." A common modern jest of this class, as to a lady's age, is one of Cicero's: "Fabia Dolabella declared that she was thirty years old: 'That is certainly so, said Cicero, I have heard it for the last twenty-years.'"

A happy example of evasion is given by the Edgeworths in the story of the old beggar woman who besieged General V—and his wife for charity: "for, sure, didn't I dream last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco!" "But, my good woman," said the General, "do not you know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?" "Do they so, plase your honour?" rejoined the woman; "then it must be your honour that will give me the tea, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco!"

Some of our readers may still remember the amusement afforded by the late Sir William Allan's story of the Minister and the Cuddie, which most of us, in the days when he told it, believed to be of Scotch extraction. It happens, however, to be a very old joke, not traceable perhaps to classical times, but a great favourite, and a standing jest against the clergy from the middle age downwards. The general idea, or as we may call it, the *algebraic* expression of the incident, seems to be this: "Vanity, when fishing for praise, catches nothing but mortification."

A monk, chanter, or preacher, while exercising his function with a stentorian power of voice, is flattered to see in the Church an elderly female in tears, and apparently much affected by his performance. On afterwards asking the cause of her emotion, he finds it arises from the likeness between his voice and that of an ass or "cuddie" which she or her husband had lately lost. We meet with this story in Bonerius, a German writer of metrical fables in the fourteenth century, in whose collection it occurs as No. 82, under the title, "Von einem Pfaffen und von einem Esel." We meet with it again in Poggio's Facetiæ in the fifteenth century, under the title, "Concionatoris asinina vox." But we may notice, as proving the superior art with which Poggio tells a story, that in Bonerius we are informed from the first of the reason of the woman's demeanour, while in Poggio the explanation is

reserved to be equally a surprise to the reader as it is a disappointment to the inquirer. It is to be found repeated in half-a-dozen other writers, in all forms—in Latin and in French verse, as well as in French and Italian prose.

The enjoyment that proceeds from the absurdities of weaklings and fools has always had a recognised place, though not one of a very high order, in the range of merriment. The sight of those who have the beard and body of a man, with the intellect of a baby, produces great mirth and satisfaction to the vulgar mind. Clowns and Court fools and *slow coaches* of all kinds, and still more perhaps, *absent* men, please us by the absurd discrepancy between what they do, and what they ought to do, and perhaps think they are doing. It is in this department of the Comic that there seems most foundation for the theory of Hobbes, "that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmity of others; or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past where they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour." We always thought that of the innumerable Londoners who laughed at Lord Dundreary, a large proportion did so with increased heartiness from the comfortable conviction, that here was at least one "fellow" to whom they were intellectually superior.

But there is another and better way in which fools and simpletons become a source of amusement, and that is by the unexpected displays which they sometimes make of wit, spirits, or ingenuity, for which one gave them no credit, and in particular, by their successful retorts upon assailants who had looked upon them as an easy prey. This latent and fitful power of turning round upon a too confident adversary was a well-known characteristic and essential ingredient in the character of the Court Jester, who, amid the eccentricities of an unsettled and ill-regulated intellect, was often more knave than fool. The flashes of sense and cleverness that thus came out were all the more striking from the general darkness and dullness which they enlivened, and they always command that sympathy which we so readily bestow upon the weak, when they get the better of the strong or insolent.

Some of the sayings or answers ascribed to Fools are very good. We think it was Will Somers, Henry the Eighth's jester, who said of Wolsey, against whom he had a grudge, that if he was made Pope, it would be a great boon; "for that Peter, the first Pope, being a Fisherman, had ordered people to eat fish in Lent for the good of the trade, but that Wolsey, being a butcher's son, would be all for butcher-meat." We know well the revenge that poor Archie Armstrong took upon Archbishop Laud, who had forbidden him to speak of such magnates, but could not pre-

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vent him from saying, as his grace before meat, "Great praise to God, and little Laud to the Devil." It is reported of more than one Court fool, and among others of Triboulet, the fool of Francis I., that when told by his sovereign that if a certain courtier beat him to death, as he threatened, he would hang him *the hour after*, his request was that his Majesty would rather do so *the hour before*. The earliest French fool on record seems to have been one, named Jean, at the Court of Charles the Simple, of whom Dr. Doran tells us some anecdotes. This good fellow's influence was so great, that Charles once remarked to him he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased at the proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being a king. "Oh, content enough," was the reply, "but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool." It was this fool who once tried his master's nerves by rushing into his room one morning, with the exclamation "Oh, sire, such news! four thousand men have risen in the city." "What!" cried the startled king, "with what intention have they risen?" Well," said Jean, placing his finger on his nose, "probably with the intention of lying down again at bed-time."

One of the best examples of this kind of unlooked-for sagacity occurs in the story in Rabelais, where a cook seeking to charge a porter for eating a crust of bread to the accompaniment of the savour that came from his kitchen, the dispute is referred to a poor fool who is passing, and who, after gravely hearing the parties, decided that the cook shall be paid for the *smell* of his shop with the *chink* of the porter's money.

We should add that this element seems to be the essence of the wit in that portion of Don Quixote which relates to Sancho's administration as Governor of Barataria. He is obviously put there to make an ass of himself, but disappoints his patrons, and delights his readers, by the unlooked-for sagacity of his decisions.

Our old Scottish Chap-book, as well as our miscellaneous Collections of vernacular Jests, show how much the popular mind entered into the lucky sayings and doings of fools and naturals; among whom, by a strange perversity, the venerable name of George Buchanan came to be enrolled, and had connected with it all the current jokes and evasions attributed to the King's jester. Johnson speaks of the melancholy that is felt in contemplating the contradictions of life,

> "Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,"

but there is sometimes a compensating satisfaction in viewing on the other side these exceptional gleams of courage in the cowardly, and wisdom in the foolish, yet on the whole, to minds of a more advanced culture, the subject is painful and perplexing. Dr. Doran's industrious History of Court Fools is not a pleasing book. It is impossible to read it without regret

that men of rank and station should ever have found a standing amusement in such exhibitions of human infirmity, and we feel something deeper than regret in seeing the strange medley of folly and cleverness, of sense and sensuality, by which these unhappy instruments of courtly mirth were generally distinguished, and the cruel treatment which they too often met with. Nor are there wanting instances that rouse our warmest indignation, where men of birth and true talent have been tyrannically compelled, like Laberius, to play the *mime*, but who, with a worse fate than his, have been destined to that doom for life. Here it is that we ought specially to remember the rule of Aristotle, that the true Comic ceases where pain or suffering begins; and in our mirth more than in anything else we should resolve, with Wadsworth,

> "Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

In the review which we have now taken of the *laughable*, our chief object has been to illustrate the idea with which we set out, that a failure, defeat or disappointment, in matters neither involving dignity nor inferring pain, was the main, if not the essential element in ridicule. In doing so, it will be seen how little we have come in contact with what properly may be called *wit*, or with those current witticisms which fill our ordinary jest-books. But we suspect it must be conceded that Wit is not necessarily or essentially Comic. There are many witty sayings and many witty books which do not make us laugh: and some comedies counteract their own object by an excess of that ingredient. On the other hand when Wit is exerted in a situation otherwise laughable, it has the strongest influence in heightening the effect. It would not be difficult to illustrate this view, as well as some other aspects of the ludicrous; but we shall stop for the present, as we believe that no subject is more easily overdone than one which is not serious.

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[*Fraser's Magazine.*

A CHARM OF BIRDS.

Is it merely a fancy that we English, the educated people among us at least, are losing that love for spring which among our old forefathers rose almost to worship?—That the perpetual miracle of the budding leaves and the returning song-birds awakes no longer in us the astonishment which it awoke yearly among the dwellers in the old world; when the sun was a god who was sick to death each winter, and returned in spring to life and health, and glory; when the death of Adonis, at the autumnal equinox, was wept over by the Syrian women, and the death of Baldur, in the colder north, by all living things, even to the dripping trees, and the rocks furrowed by the autumn rains; when Freya, the goddess of youth and love, went forth over the earth each spring, while the flowers broke forth under her tread over the brown moors, and the birds welcomed her with song; when according to Olaus Magnus, the Goths and South Swedes had, on the return of spring, a mock battle between summer and winter, and "welcomed the returning splendour of the sun with dancing and mutual feasting, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting was approached?" To those simpler children of a simpler age, in more direct contact with the daily and yearly facts of Nature, and more dependent on them for their bodily food and life, winter and spring were the two great facts of existence; the symbols, the one of death, the other of life; and the battle between the two—the battle of the sun with darkness, of winter with spring, of death with life, of bereavement with love—lay at the root of all their myths and all their creeds. Surely a change has come over our fancies. The seasons are little to us now. We are nearly as comfortable in winter as in summer, or in spring. Nay, we have begun, of late, to grumble at the two latter as much as at the former, and talk (and not without excuse this year) of the treacherous month of May, and of "summer having set in with its usual severity." We work for the most part in cities and towns, and the seasons pass by us unheeded.—May and June are spent by most educated people anywhere rather than among birds and flowers.—They do not escape into the country till the elm-hedges are growing black, and the song-birds silent, and the hay cut, and all the virgin bloom of the country has passed

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into a sober and matronly ripeness, if not into the sere and yellow leaf. Our very landscape painters, till Creswick arose and recalled to their minds the fact that trees were sometimes green, were wont to paint few but brown autumnal scenes. As for the song of birds, of which in the middle age no poet could say enough, our modern poets seem to be forgetting that birds ever sing.

It was not so of old. The climate, perhaps, was more severe than now; the transition from winter to spring more sudden, like that of Scandinavia now. Clearage of forests and drainage of land have equalised our seasons, or rather made them more uncertain. More broken winters are followed by more broken springs; and May-day is no longer a marked point to be kept as a festival by all child-like hearts. The merry month of May is merry only in stage songs. The May garlands and dances are all but gone; the borrowed plate, and the milkmaids who borrowed it, gone utterly. No more does Mrs. Pepys go to lie at Woolwich, "in order to a little ayre and to gather May-dew" for her complexion, by Mrs. Turner's advice. The Maypole is gone like-wise; and never more shall the soul of a Stubbs be aroused in indignation at seeing "against Maie, every parish, towne, and village assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children, olde and young, all indifferently, and goes into the woodes and groves, hilles and mountaines, where they spend the night in pastyme, and in the morning they returne, bringing with them birch bowes and braunches of trees to deck their assembly withal."

Yet perhaps the May games died out, partly, because the feelings which had given rise to them died out before improved personal comforts. Of old, men and women fared hardly, and slept cold; and were thankful to Almighty God for every beam of sunshine which roused them out of their long hybernation; thankful for every flower and every bird which reminded them that joy was stronger than sorrow, and life than death. With the spring came not only labour, but enjoyment:

> In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love,

As lads and lasses, who had been pining for each other by their winter firesides, met again, like Daphnis and Chloe, by shaugh and lea; and learnt to sing from the songs of birds, and to be faithful from their faithfulness.

Then went out troops of fair damsels to seek spring garlands in the forest, as Scheffel has lately sung once more in his "Frau Aventiure;" and, while the dead leaves rattled beneath their feet, hymned "La Regino Avrillouse" to the music of some Minnesinger, whose song was as the song of birds; to whom the birds were friends, fellow-lovers, teachers, mirrors of all which he felt within himself of joyful and tender, true and pure; friends to be fed hereafter (as Walther von der Vogelweide had

them fed) with crumbs upon his grave.

True melody, it must be remembered, is unknown in the tropics, and peculiar to the races of those temperate climes, into which the song-birds come in spring. Some of the old German Minnelieder seem actually copied from the songs of birds. "Tauderradei" does not merely ask the nightingale to tell no tales; it repeats, in its cadences, the nightingale's song, as the old Minnesinger heard it when he nestled beneath the lime tree with his love. They are often almost as inarticulate, these old singers, as the birds from whom they copied their notes; the thinnest chain of thought links together some bird-like refrain: but they make up for their want of logic and reflection by the depth of their passion, the perfectness of their harmony with nature. The inspired Swabian, wandering in the pine-forest, listens to the blackbird's voice till it becomes his own voice; and he breaks out, with the very carol of the blackbird.

Vogele im Tannenwald pfeifet so hell.
Pfeifet de Wald aus und ein, wo wird
mein Schatze sein?
Vogele im Tannenwald pfeifet so hell!

And he has nothing more to say. That is his whole soul for the time being: and, like a bird, he sings it over and over again, and never tires.

Another, a Nieder-Rheinscher, watches the moon rise over the Löwenburg, and thinks upon his love within the castle hall, till he breaks out in a strange, sad, tender melody—not without stateliness and manly confidence in himself and in his beloved—in the true strain of the nightingale:

Verstohlen geht der Mond auf,
Blau, blau, Blumelein,
Durch Silberwolkchen fuhrt sein Lauf.
Rosen im Thal, Madel im Saal, o schonste
Rosa!
* * * *

Und siehst du mich,
Und siehst du sie,
Blau, blau, Blumelein.
Zwei treu're Herzen sah'st du nie,
Rosen im Thal u. s. w.

There is little sense in the words, doubtless, according to our modern notions of poetry; but they are like enough to the long, plaintive notes of the nightingale to say all that the poet has to say, again and again, through all his stanzas.

Thus the birds were, to the mediæval singers, their orchestra, or rather their chorus; from the birds they caught their melodies: the sounds which the birds gave them they rendered into words.

And the same bird key-note surely is to be traced in the early English and Scotch songs and ballads, with their often meaningless refrains, sung for the mere pleasure of singing:

Binnorie, O Binnorie,

or

With a hey lillelu and a how lo lau,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie,

or

She sat down below a thorn,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And there has she her sweet babe born,
And the green leaves they grow rarely,

or even those "fal-la-las," and other nonsense refrains, which, if they

were not meant to imitate bird notes, for what were they meant?

In the old ballads, too, one may hear the bird key-note. He who wrote (and a great rhymer he was)—

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane,

had surely the "mane" of the "corbies" in his ears before it shaped itself into words in his mind: and he had listened to many a "wood-wele" who first thrummed on harp, or fiddled on crowd, how—

In summer, when the shawes be shene,
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forest
To hear the fowles' song.

The wood-wele sang, and wolde not cease,
Sitting upon the spray;
So loud, it wakened Robin Hood
In the greenwood where he lay.

And Shakespeare—are not his scraps of song saturated with these same bird notes? "Where the bee sucks," "When daisies pied," "Under the greenwood tree," "It was a lover and his lass," "When daffodils begin to peer," "Ye spotted snakes," have all a ring in them which was caught not in the roar of London, or the babble of the Globe theatre, but in the woods of Charlecote, and along the banks of Avon, from—

The ouzel-cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill;
The throstle with his note so true;
The wren with little quill;
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray—

Why is it again, that so few of our modern songs are truly songful, and fit to be set to music? Is it not that the writers of them—persons often of much taste and poetic imagination—have gone for their inspiration to the intellect, rather than to the ear? That (as Shelley does by the skylark, and Wordsworth by the cuckoo), instead of trying to sing like the birds, they only think and talk about the birds, and therefore however beautiful and true the thoughts and words may be, they are not song? That they have not, like the mediæval songsters, studied the speech of the birds, the primæval teachers of melody, nor even melodies already extant, round which, as round a framework of pure music, their thoughts and images might crystallise themselves, certain thereby of becoming musical likewise. The best modern song writers, Burns and Moore, were inspired by their own old national airs; and followed them, Moore at least, with a reverent fidelity, which has had its full reward. They wrote words to music; and not, as modern poets are wont, wrote the words first, and left others to set music to the words. They were right; and we are wrong. As long as song is to be the expression of pure emotion so long it must take its key from music,—which is pure emotion, untranslated as yet into the grosser medium of thought and speech—often (as in the case of Mendelssohn's songs without words) not to be translated into it at all.

And so it may be, that in some simpler age, poets may go back, like the old Minnesingers, to the birds of the forest, and learn of them to sing.

And little do most of them know

how much there is to learn; what variety of character, as well as variety of emotion, may be distinguished by the practised ear, in a "charm of birds" (to use the old southern phrase), from the wild cry of the missel-thrush, ringing from afar in the first bright days of March, a passage of one or two bars repeated three or four times, and then another and another, clear and sweet, and yet defiant (for the great "storm-cock" loves to sing when rain and wind is coming on, and faces the elements as boldly as he faces hawk and crow)—down to the delicate warble of the wren, who slips out of his hole in the brown bank, where he has buddled through the frost with wife and children, all folded in each other's arms like human beings, for the sake of warmth,—which, alas! does not always suffice; for many a bunch of wrens may be found, frozen and shrivelled, after such a winter as this last. Yet even he, sitting at his house-door in the low sunlight, says grace for all mercies (as a little child once worded it) in a song so rapid, so shrill, so loud, and yet so delicately modulated, that you wonder at the amount of soul within that tiny body; and then stops suddenly, as a child who has said its lesson, or got to the end of the sermon, gives a self-satisfied flirt of his tail and goes in again to sleep.

Character? I know not how much variety of character there may be between birds of the same species, but between species and species the variety is endless, and is shown—as I fondly believe—in the difference of their notes. Each has its own speech, inarticulate, expressing not thought but hereditary feeling; save a few birds who, like those little dumb darlings, the spotted fly-catchers, who have built under my bed-room window this twenty years, seem to have absolutely nothing to say, and accordingly have the wit to hold their tongues; and devote the whole of their small intellect to sitting on the iron rails, flitting off them a yard or two to catch a butterfly in air, and flitting back with it to their nest.

But listen (to return) to the charm of birds in any sequestered woodland, on a bright forenoon in June. As you try to disentangle the medley of sounds, the first, perhaps, which will strike your ear will be the loud, harsh, monotonous, flippant song of the chaffinch, and the metallic clinking of two or three sorts of titmice. But above the tree-tops, rising, hovering, sinking, the woodlark is fluting, tender and low. Above the pastures outside the skylark sings—as he alone can sing; and close by, from the hollies rings out the blackbird's tenor—rollicking, audacious, humorous, all but articulate. From the tree above him rises the treble of the thrush, pure as the song of angels: more pure, perhaps, in tone, though neither so varied nor so rich, as the song of the nightingale. And there, in the next holly, is the nightingale himself: now croaking like a frog; now talking aside to his wife on the nest below;

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and now bursting out into that song, or cycle of songs, in which if any man finds sorrow, he himself surely finds none. All the morning he will sing; and again at evening, till the small hours, and the chill before the dawn: but if his voice sounds melancholy at night, heard all alone, or only mocked by the ambitious black-cap, it sounds in the bright morning that which it is, the fullness of joy and love. True, our own great living poet tells us how—

> In the topmost height of joy
> His passions clasps a secret grief,—

and Coleridge may have been somewhat too severe when he guessed that—

> Some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
> With the remembrance of a greivous wrong,
> Or slow distemper, or neglected love
> (And so, poor wretch, filled all things with himself
> And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
> Of his own sorrow)—he and such as he,
> First named these sounds a melancholy strain,
> And many a poet echoes the conceit.

But that the old Greek poets were right, and had some grounds for the myth of Philomela, I do not dispute, though Sophocles, speaking of the nightingales of Colonos, certainly does not represent them as lamenting. The Elizabethan poets, however, when they talked of Philomel, "her breast against a thorn," were unaware that they and the Greeks were talking of two different birds—that our English **Lusciola** Luscinia is not Lusciola **Philomela**, which (I presume) is the Bulbul of the East. The true Philomel hardly enters Venetia, hardly crosses the Swiss Alps, ventures not into Rhine-land and Denmark, but penetrates (strangely enough) further into South Sweden than our own Luscinia: ranging meanwhile over all Central Europe, Persia, and the East, even to Egypt. Whether his song be really sad, let those who have heard him say. But as for our own Luscinia, who winters not in Egypt and Arabia, but in Morocco and Algeria, the only note of his which can be mistaken for sorrow, is rather one of too great joy; that cry, which is his highest feat of art, which he cannot utter when he first comes to our shores, but practices carefully, slowly, gradually, till he has it perfect by the beginning of June; that cry, long, repeated, loudening and sharpening in the intensity of rising passion, till it stops suddenly exhausted at the point where pleasure, from very keenness, turns to pain.

How different in character from his song is that of the gallant little black-cap in the tree above him.—A gentleman he is of a most ancient house, perhaps the oldest of European singing birds. How perfect must have been the special organization which has spread, seemingly without need of alteration or improvement, from Norway to the Cape of Good Hope, from Japan to the Azores. How many ages and years must have passed since his forefathers first got their black caps? And how intense and fruitful must have been the original

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vitality which, after so many generations, can still fill that little body with so strong a soul, and make him sing as Milton's new-created birds sang to Milton's Eve in Milton's Paradise. Sweet he is, and various, rich, and strong, beyond all English warblers, save the nightingale: but his speciality is his force, his rush, his overflow, not so much of love as happiness. The spirit carries him away. He riots up and down the gamut till he cannot stop himself; his notes tumble over each other; he chuckles, laughs, shrieks with delight; throws back his head, droops his tail, sets up his back, and sings with every fibre of his body: and yet he never forgets his good manners. He is never coarse, never harsh, for a single note. Always graceful, always sweet, he keeps perfect delicacy in his most utter carelessness.

And why should we overlook, common though he be, yon hedge-sparrow, who is singing so modestly, and yet so firmly and so true? Or cock-robin himself, who is here, as everywhere, honest, self-confident, and cheerful? Most people are not aware, one sometimes fancies, how fine a singer is cock-robin now in the spring time, when his song is drowned by, or at least confounded with, a dozen other songs. We know him and love him best in winter, when he takes up (as he does sometimes in cold, wet summer days) that sudden wistful warble, struggling to be happy, half in vain, which surely contradicts Coleridge's verse:

In nature there is nothing melancholy.

But he who will listen carefully to the robin's breeding song on a bright day in May, will agree, I think, that he is no mean musician; and that for force, variety and character of melody, he is surpassed only by black-cap, thrush, and nightingale.

And what is that song, sudden, loud, sweet, yet faltering, as if half ashamed? Is it the willow wren, or the garden warbler? The two birds, though very remotely allied to each other, are so alike in voices that it is often difficult to distinguish them, unless we attend carefully to the expression. For the garden warbler, beginning in high and loud notes, runs down in cadence, lower and softer, till joy seems conquered by very weariness; while the willow wren, with a sudden outbreak of cheerfulness, though not quite sure (it is impossible to describe bird songs without attributing to the birds human passions and frailties) that he is not doing a silly thing, struggles on to the end of his story with a hesitating hilarity, in feeble imitation of the black-cap's bacchanalian dactyls.

And now—is it true that

In nature there is nothing melancholy?—

Mark that slender, graceful, yellow warbler, running along the high oak boughs like a perturbed spirit, seeking restlessly, anxiously, something which he seems never to find; and uttering every now and then a long anxious cry, four or five times repeated, which would be a squeal, were it not so sweet.

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Suddenly he flits away, and flutters round the pendant tips of the beech-sprays like a great yellow butterfly, picking the insects from the leaves; then flits back to a bare bough, and sings, with heaving breast and quivering wings, a short, shrill, feeble, tremulous song; and then returns to his old sadness, wandering and complaining all day long. Is there no melancholy in that cry? It sounds sad: why should it not be meant to be sad? We recognize joyful notes, angry notes, fearful notes. They are very similar (strangely enough) in all birds. They are very similar (more strangely still) to the cries of human beings, especially children, when influenced by the same passions. And when we hear a note which to us expresses sadness, why should not the bird be sad? Yon wood-wren has had enough to make him sad, if only he recollects it; and if he can recollect his road from Morocco hither, he maybe recollects likewise what happened on the road—The long weary journey up the Portuguese coast, and through the gap between the Pyrenees and the Jaysquivel, and up the Landes of Bordeaux, and through Brittany, flitting by night, and hiding and feeding as he could by day; and how his mates flew against the light-houses, and were killed by hundreds; and how he essayed the British Channel, and was blown back, shrivelled up by bitter blasts; and how he felt, nevertheless, that "that was water he must cross," he knew not why; but something told him that his mother had done it before him, and he was flesh of her flesh, life of her life, and had inherited her "instinct" (as we call hereditary memory, in order to avoid the trouble of finding out what it is, and how it comes.) A duty was laid on him to go back to the place where he was bred; and he must do it: and now it is done; and he is weary, and sad, and lonely; and for aught we know thinking already that when the leaves begin to turn yellow, he must go back again, over the Channel, over the Landes, over the Pyrenees, to Morocco once more. Why should he not be sad? He is a very delicate bird, as both his shape and his note testify. He can hardly keep up his race here in England; and is accordingly very uncommon, while his two cousins, the willow-wren, and the chiff-chaff, who, like him, build for some mysterious reason domed nests upon the ground, are stout, and busy, and numerous, and thriving everywhere. And what he has gone through may be too much for the poor wood-wren's nerves; and he gives way; while willow-wren, black-cap, nightingale, who have gone by the same road, and suffered the same dangers, have stoutness of heart enough to throw off the past, and give themselves up to present pleasure. Why not? —who knows? There is labour, danger, bereavement, death in nature; and why should not some, at least, of the so-called dumb things know it, and grieve at it as well as we?

It does not lessen their dignity or their beauty in our eyes to hear

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that the birds of the air partake, even a little, of the same gifts of God as we. Of old said St. Guthlac in Crowland, as the swallows sat upon his knee, "He who leads his life according to the will of God, to him the wild deer and the wild birds draw more near;" and this new theory of yours may prove St. Guthlac right. St. Francis, too, he called the birds his brothers. Whether he was correct, either theologically or zoologically, he was plainly free from that fear of being mistaken for an ape, which haunts so many in these modern times. Perfectly sure that he himself was a spiritual being, he thought it at least possible that birds might be spiritual beings likewise, incarnate like himself in mortal flesh; and saw no degradation to the dignity of human nature in claiming kindred lovingly with creatures so beautiful, so wonderful, who (as he fancied in his old-fashioned way) praised God in the forest, even as angels did in heaven. In a word, the saint, though he was an ascetic, and certainly no man of science, was yet a poet, and somewhat of a philosopher; and would have possibly—so do extremes meet—have hailed as orthodox, while we hail as truly scientific, Wordsworth's great saying—

> Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods
> And mountains; and of all that we behold
> From this green earth; of all the mighty world
> Of eye and ear—both what they half create,
> And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
> In Nature and the language of the sense,
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being."

[*Victoria Magazine.*

THE WOMEN OF THE LATIN AND GERMANIC RACES.

BY MADAME DORA D'ISTRIA.

Whilst in France civil society troubles itself very little about questions which most concern its future, the Romish Church, much less careless, labours to consolidate and extend its dominion. Its chosen instruments are the monastic orders, whose chiefs reside in Rome, where they receive their inspiration direct from the spiritual sovereign of 150,000,000 souls.

The time has gone by when the monks, humble and austere anchorites, could pretend neither to priesthood nor episcopacy. In the present day they have invaded everything, and bishops are of but small esteem in comparison with these formidable associations, who dispose of immense capitals, extend their ramifications over the entire Christian universe, and secure for themselves the dominion of the earth, while they unceasingly recommend the poor in spirit to think only of the "kingdom of heaven," like those astute sportsmen who take good care to post tyros in places where the game never passes.

I have already described to you the consummate policy of the Romish Church in the organization of convents of women. I am far from thinking, like most public writers, that this policy has lost its old craftiness. I am rather inclined to believe with Lord Macaulay, the most renowned English historian of our age, that the small amount of success obtained by the Republic and Napoleon I. in their struggles with the papacy, is to be attributed to the astuteness of the pontifical diplomacy. If you will cast a glance with me over the organization of the convents of nuns, you will be in a position to satisfy yourself of the correctness of the assertions of the illustrious contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*.

Latin peoples generally begin their revolutions by getting rid of their monks. The decrees of the French Constituent Assembly are justly celebrated. After the death of Ferdinand VII. constitutional Spain revolted against the convents. Portugal also closes the monasteries of monks under Donna Maria II. In Piedmont, Victor Emmanuel II. has made the monasteries pay for the victory gained at Novara by their allies, the Austrians.

But when the monks disappeared, the nuns remained to prepare a

more or less triumphal return for them. It is thus that in France, after 1848, we have seen the male orders indemnify themselves for the decrees issued against them by the Constituent Assembly, and maintained by Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., the devotee Charles X. (ordinances of 1828,) and Louis Phillippe. Now, Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, Marists, swarm on Gallic soil, and, "for the greater glory of God," accumulate property at such a rate that M. L. de Lavergne, an economist who is not hostile to monachism, has declared, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that the property of the clergy is now as considerable as before 1789. Human credulity is still, in this year of grace, 1864, the most fruitful source of riches.

Our sex, whose capacity in the matters of finance and administration is denied by some woman-haters, has certainly the larger share in this prodigious result.— To give one instance only; were you to go to Lyons you would be surprised, as I was myself, at the magnificence of the houses which the nuns possess there, at the amount of capital at their disposal, and at the sovereign influence which they exercise. An intelligent German lady, whose account M. Michelet quotes, experiences no less amazement on seeing, for the first time, "the pious quarter of Paris which contains so many convents." Many causes contribute to turn the ardent activity of our sex towards a monastic life. Thus the orders, or congregations of women, are still more varied than the orders of monks. They are divided into cloistered and non-cloistered nuns. The Carmelites, the Ursulines, and Visitandines belong to the first category, and the sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul to the second.

The Carmelites, as their name indicates, are an order which professes to have had its origin in the East. The prophet Elijah, that fierce champion of Semitic monotheism, they say built their first cells on Mount Carmel. It is easier to prove that Louis XI. found monks established there, and conveyed some of them to Paris. But the West is not very favourable to Oriental asceticism, and the order degenerated so fast that Theresa d'Avila and John of the Cross, two Spaniards, had much difficulty in reforming the Carmelite convents in the eighteenth century. Theresa, whom the Romish Church has canonised, has left us in her autobiography ("Discurso o Relacion de su Vida," 1562,) one of the books which throw the most light on the moral condition of the nuns of the South.

Madame Acarie (the blessed Mary of the Incarnation), a woman of prodigious activity, established the Carmelites in France, and the Ursulines in Paris. But in the seventeenth century, the spirit of the age was little favourable to an order like the Carmelites, which recommended the austerities of the middle ages. The contemporaries of Gregory VII. and Innocent III. imagined that they could force persons consecrated to a religious

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life to the exact observance of their vows by the help of exhausting fasts, wearisome vigils, and frequent bleedings.

But in the age of Descartes, the fallacy which deemed such means efficacious was no longer believed in. Moreover, the Carmelites never enjoyed great popularity in France. The order having been suppressed in 1790, the female section reäppeared under the Restoration. But the Revolution had inflicted a terrible wound on "contemplative" life, and the Carmelites of our time ought to resign themselves to teaching. As Madame Romieu does not mention them in the chapter of her book* which she devotes to "La Femme dans la vie Religieuse," I conclude that Mount Carmel is far from having, in this department, the importance of the *Sacré Cœur*.

The most ancient congregation of teaching nuns is that of the Ursulines. I saw at Cologne the tomb which tradition has given to the patroness of the Ursulines. The writers of legends having taken the name Undecimilla, which was that of Ursula's only companion, (Ursula and Undecimilla, V. V. M. M.) for a numerical expression, pretend that she suffered martyrdom, with eleven thousand virgins, at the hands of the Hunns, the ancestors of the Magyars. M. Maury remarks that the double meaning of a name has often given the Popes an opportunity of manufacturing saints. But Saint Undecimilla is assuredly one of the the most curious examples of this monstrous trickery. Instead of acknowledging it, however, the priests persist in exhibiting the shrines containing the relics of her companions, with the tomb of the saint, and the pictures illustrating the legend, in the Ursuline Church at Cologne. In this town, more than in most others, they make a deal of money by these strange exhibitions.

When the tomb which they say contains Ursula's body was discovered in 1156, her worship became so popular that she was chosen as patroness by three learned bodies—the Sorbonne in France, the University of Vienna in Austria, and the University of Coimbra in Portugal. Protectress of so many students, in the sixteenth century she gave her name to the congregation founded by an Italian, Angela de Merici, a congregation which applied itself to the education of young girls. Gregory XII. ordained the Ursulines to seclusion, and to three usual nun's vows (poverty, celibacy, and obedience), he added the vow to educate young girls gratuitously. In 1789 they had nearly three hundred convents in France.

The result was not obtained without much trouble. We must read the "Chronique des Ursulines," to form a conception of the repugnance which the bare idea of education, even the most commonplace, for girls, caused in the men of that age.

When Francoise de Saintonge

* "La Femme au XIXe. Siecle."

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wished to found a house of Ursulines at Dijon, her father, who was a councillor of the parliament of that town, would scarcely consent to this strange resolution. He consulted four doctors of theology, to ascertain whether the instruction of women "was not a work of the demon." ("Chronique"—foundation of Dijon.) But their decision, which was favourable to the Ursulines, did not calm the good souls of Burgundy, and a popular rising nearly compromised the work at its birth, so much terror was then inspired by the simplest elementary education.

I cannot exactly describe the system of education pursued by the Ursulines of Prague. Generally, the instruction given by convents varies according to the state of knowledge of each country. On questioning Germans, French, and Italians, brought up by nuns, I have become convinced that they everywhere place "education" far above instruction, and that by "education" they especially mean strict orthodoxy and wide estrangement from the ideas of the time, and from the world. Nevertheless, Madame Romieu, who does not seem hostile to nunneries, avows that they are far from exempt from the malice with which they reproach worldly people, and that "female twaddle is still more intolerable there than in the world."

Many members of the clergy have long been struck with the bad effects caused by the manner of life practised by the Carmelites and Ursulines. At the time of the Catholic restoration we see a prelate, who was one of its principal instruments, make a timid attempt in another direction.

Francois de Sales, Bishop of Annecy, since canonised, detached from the world a charming widow, Madame de Sevigné's grandmother, Jeanne Fréniot, Baroness de Chantal, and with her founded the congregation of the Visitation (1618). The discipline was far from severe, and at first seclusion was not imposed; their chief duty was to visit and comfort the poor sick.

Francois de Sales said that he had created his congregation for widows and infirm women. Vincent de Paul, the founder of the congregation of Saint Lazare, aided by a widow, Madame Legras (Louise de Marillac), employed more energetic elements for a much more important work. He also understood much better the necessity of an organization more in accordance with the ideas of the times and the tendencies of the interests of his country. Consequently, the Sisters of Charity, sometimes called Grey Sisters, have filled the Catholic world with their renown.

In the East you have seen many of the sisterhood of Saint Vincent de Paul, and I have often met them in my travels. Whilst allowing that they possess the qualities of their race, and that they are very superior to those stupid and ignoble nuns who crawl about the cities of central and southern Italy, I still cannot admit that they are to be considered as by any means extraordinary beings.

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In opposition to the Sisters of Charity, I shall begin by stating what are the most important considerations that ought to cause states to dread the idealisation of monasticism. We know what have been the consequences of the enthusiasm inspired by it in Spain, Italy, South America, etc. Whilst the richest countries rapidly decline, poor countries, unfavoured by nature, astonish the universe by their miraculous progress.—England, destined to rule the waves, attained greatness amongst the rocks of Wales and Scotland; amongst the sands of Brandenburg, Prussia created the foremost power of Northern Germany. But men, in London, Edinburgh, and Berlin, did not fall into silly raptures before the wonders of the convents. Thus, whilst the Latin race, with great difficulty, occupies and cultivates the fertile soil left them by their fathers, the Anglo-Saxon race and Protestant Germany waft across the seas every year a "sacred spring-time," which bears with it to the extremities of the world, the religion, the sciences, the morals of the most enterprising and industrious peoples on the face of the globe. Thanks to those intrepid pioneers of civilization, South Africa, North America, Australia, New Zealand, the whole of Oceanica and Southern Asia, are covered with flourishing cities. A new universe arises out of nothing, with marvellous rapidity. The history of these words, which will soon take their place in politics, will glory in devotedness of a very different stamp of greatness and, above all, infinitely more useful than the devotion of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

With M. Feillet ("Vincent de Paul et la misère au temps de la Fronde,") I do full justice to Vincent's humanity, and I would be far from refusing the title of saint to that excellent man. But saints do not live for ever, and alas! are succeeded by fanatics, hypocrites, or plotters. Now M. Michelet in his "Histoire de France" (Louis XIV.,) has proved that the Lazarists are not less intolerant, nor less knavish, nor less pitiless than the Dominicans or the Jesuits. In "Le Pretre" he is not more favourable to the congregation of Saint Lazarus, and all his expressions merit serious consideration, especially in the East.—"Jesuitism," says he, "works by the Sulpicians, who bring up the clergy; by the Ignorantins (brethren of Christian doctrine,) who bring up the people; and by the Lazarists, *who have the direction of* 6,000 *sisters of charity*" (preface to the 7th edition.) The sad part which these last played in the 17th century, by becoming the devoted instruments of the execrable persecutions of Louis XIV. against Protestants, teaches us what we may expect should they and their penitents become masters in a "schismatic country." When a western people, like the Italians, claim their independence and their liberties without the authorization of the "holy father," I need not tell you on which side are the

Lazarists, the Sisters of Charity, their innumerable dependents, and their immense resources. We must not forget that the property of the Lazarists is estimated at 30,000,000 francs by the "Dictionaire de la Conversation," in an article written by one of their admirers.

All these people, you may rest satisfied, have nothing simple about them but its appearance ; they are governed by a consummate policy; they laugh at the candour of which liberals of all shades give fresh proofs every day. When they find a place closed to their dreaded Jesuits, to their Dominicans—those heirs of the Inquisition—to their cynical Franciscans, to their opulent Lazarists; they endeavour to introduce an advanced guard with downcast and languishing eyes, pale faces, gentle voice, timid mien, capable, in a word, of tranquillising the most distrustful ; and, if once they succeed in convincing the enemy that there is nothing to fear from a pious, modest, and timorous sex, their victory is secured. In fact, power of association, unity of direction, proved discretion, unshaken constancy in their designs, immense riches, absolute submission to the plans of the Papacy—every Catholic order possesses these formidable elements of propaganda and conquest, and the apparation of the Grey Sister's cap is a symptom, not so insignificant for the thinker and the politician as for the unreflecting and credulous vulgar.—These considerations explain the uneasiness lately caused in Portugal by the appearance of a colony of Sisters of Charity. But let us pass over considerations which would need considerable development, and take up that passage of Voltaire's—so often enlarged on in prose and verse which have obtained the prize of the French Academy—"Perhaps," said the author of "Candide," in one of those moments when, like M. Cousin, he believed he ought to take off his hat to Catholicism, "there is nothing on earth grander than the sacrifice made by a delicate sex of beauty, of youth, often of high birth, to spend their lives in hospitals, solacing that mass of human wretchedness, the sight whereof is so humiliating to our pride and so revolting to our delicacy."

Such is the ideal: let us compare it with the reality.

"Humanity is not beautiful," is the saying of a well-known monk, the Dominican Lacordaire. I presume monks and nuns, as well as we, the profane, are included in this axiom. But, for the matter of that experience would soon contradict any assertion to the contrary. I never saw anything so ill-favoured or so ignoble as the monks and nuns in southern countries. I can understand how the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, in their coquettish caps, with their great wings flying in the air, with their generally clean grey dress, with their manners of French civilization, look charming by the side of these repulsive creatures. But any illusion tending to transform them into beauties cannot stand exami-

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nation. Convents, generally, are not peopled by girls of an agreeable exterior. And does not M. Legouvé say that, for some French girls, life is "a calvary?" If this be so, does a nun make a great "sacrifice" by joining the Sisters of Charity, where she is well lodged, well clothed, and well fed; and held in such consideration that the cross of honour, in France, refused to the most distinguished women, has glittered more than once on the grey frock of the sisters: crowned by the Academy with its "prize for virtue," in which she is so flattered that the poets exalt her like an actual angel come down from heaven? Talk of "sacrifices!" Seek them not, assuredly, in those opulent ladies of the Sacred Heart, nor in those happy daughters of Vincent de Paul, but in those poor mothers, whose life is but one long martyrdom; who have to contend with nakedness, cold, and hunger; and for whom philosophers, poets, academicians, and politicians have neither a good word nor even a thought.

"Des yeux des Sœurs on a compte les larms;
Les yeux des peuple en ont trop pour cela."

Nevertheless, these forgotten and despised women supply France with the finest soldiers in the world, and it is with the morsel of bread snatched from their famished mouths, that they nourish and bring up the workmen and soldiers, of whom their country, ungrateful to their mothers, is so justly proud.

Voltaire could affirm of his age, that high birth often contributed to swell the ranks of the charitable sisterhoods. At an epoch when the iniquity of the French laws obliged noble girls to choose between the cloisters and the condition of "servants to their brothers," everything tends to the belief that it must have been so. The picture which M. Legouvé draws of the actual condition of the poor daughters of the aristocracy and the upper *bourgeoisie* would lead me to believe that troubles must drive not a few into the convents. But in this despair of the lacerated heart, no one with eyes in his head could see a spark of devotion to the sacred cause of humanity. It is less "humiliating," to tend the sick in an hospital, than to endure the hard trials which poverty imposes on souls naturally high-spirited, in an age "which dances before the golden calf," as M. Pierre Leroux has forcibly remarked.

You will be careful to observe that I deny none of the acts of courage attributed to the sisters. With a cowardly people—there are such, alas!—such acts would certainly be worthy of admiration. But who is not brave in France? Has not M. Victor Hugo said that in July, 1830, old men, children, and women rushed on the serried ranks of the soldiery? Is not the history of the "great nation," full of the energetic deeds of a host of heroic women, from Joan of Arc to Madame Roland? During epidemics do we ever see French doctors, "those odious materialists," those disciples of Cabanis

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and Broussais, shrink from sacrificing their health and their lives to their painful duties? Cease then from quoting as exceptions girls whom their quality of Frenchwomen, still more than their title of nuns, obliges to prefer danger to shame. This remark applies to more than one analagous fact, and M. Clavel, the author of "L'Histoire, des Religions" was correct in saying that it is absolutely impossible to give the Church credit for what is due solely to Celtic bravery and Germanic energy. Did not the Gauls say, before they were Roman Catholics, that if the sky fell they would support it on the points of their lances? Did not the Germans, before they were baptised, cast down the Colossus of the empire in the dust? Did not the women of Gaul and Scandinavia brave death in a hundred battles?

In an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which attracted much attention, and which was reproduced and enlarged in his learned and clever work on magic, M. Maury gives the most curious details on the origin of stigmatisation, so common with the *illuminées* of the West, and of which Gertrude, Ida of Louvain, Catherine of Sienna, and Osanna of Mantua, all canonised, present curious examples. Amongst the most extraordinary whom I have discovered in the West, I ought to give you some account of Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich, whose life was one continuous prodigy, if we are to believe her historian Brentano, a German. In visions not less astounding than the revelations of Bridget and Gertrude, she saw unfolded before her eyes scenes which they wish us to receive as a complement to the New Testament.

Sister Emmerich was an Augustine in the Convent of Agnetenberg, at Dülmen. Leopold Count Stolberg, a credulous mind, who had abjured Protestantism for purely frivolous reasons, placed Bettina's brother in connection with this celebrated visionary. Clement Brentano spent years in her company, studying her visions with truly Germanic patience. She lived in such a close and incessant contemplation of Christ's passion, that she had received the marks of the wounds caused by the Crucifixion. The stigmata reäppeared every year on the approach of holy week, when her meditations became more ardent. On her hands, her feet, and her side, the marks of the nails and the thrust of the spear were indicated by a redness which Brentano innocently deemed supernatural. Her imaginary excursions were not limited to Palestine; she sometimes extended her journeys to the Himalayas, and the blisters on her feet—Dr. Demangeon, author of a remarkable book on the power of the imagination, mentions many similar facts—attested the fatigue which she underwent in these wonderings in dreamland.—One day she visited Marie Antionette in her prison. Excursions to the plains of paradise or the dungeons of hell were not forbidden

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her. She saw Luther tearing about like one possessed, but exempt from the torture of the flames. The Austrian painter Steinle, the Murillo of the Dusseldorf school, has reproduced feature by feature celestial landscapes seen by the nun, in the designs with which her history is illustrated.

The works of Sister Emmerich on the passion of Christ and on the life of Mary, a collection of her principal visions, have been translated into French by M. de Cazales, son of the celebrated orator of the constituent asssembly, editor of the *Correspondant*, an old representative of the people, and formerly professor in the University of Louvain in Belgium. This fact alone will give you an idea of the progress of superstition in the west.—An Italian translation has also been published, and multiplied editions of these fantastical lucubrations now inundate Catholic countries, where the "Life of the Virgin" by Sister Emmerich, competes with a similar work by a visionary nun of Spain—I refer to Maria d'Agreda. Southern France also has her stigmatic, in the neighbourhood of Dragnignan, whose life Dr. Reverdit has written for *Le Mercure Artésien.* If such things were seen in "the credulous East," what cries would not resound from the banks of the Seine to the shores of the Vistula! What would not be said if some Eastern philosopher were to write such a book as the "Mystic Christian" ("Die Christliche Mystik") of Joseph Gœrres, in which one of the oracles of Catholic Germany considers the reveries and infirmities of some wretched nuns as illustrious proof of the divinity of his Church.

Official documents enable me to give you an exact idea of the material resources now possessed by the French convents, and of the part taken by the nuns in the education of girls. In May, 1860, Senator Dupin, Attorney-General of the Court of Cassation, in an official report, said that there existed then in France 4,932 authorised, and 2,870 unauthorised religious associations. He added that the landed property of the former was valued at 100,000,000 francs; but that it was impossible to ascertain the amount of the personal property of either. In fact several law-suits reported in *L'Indépendance Belge* show, that, without the knowledge of the State, the various congregations can increase the amount of their capital indefinitely. In the report of the labours of the Council of State, which M. Baroche addressed to the Emperor in 1862, he stated that from 1852 to 1860 the gifts made to the bishops amounted to 2,125,028 francs; that is, to a sum nearly equal to what they had received in the eight preceding years. In the same time the seminaries obtained 2,759,586 francs from the faithful; and the parishes, 18,500,000. As for the monastic congregations, they put in their coffers—from 1815 to 1830 (15 years,) 17,000,000 francs; from 1830 to 1845 (15 years,) 6,000,000 francs: from 1845 to 1860 (15 years,) 9,000,000 francs.

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We must not omit to add to the above figures the property acquired by the performance of certain services, which is often only a disguised form of donation, and which on any supposition evidences the riches acquired by known or unknown means.

Now the value of these acquisitions made from 1802 to 1814, [Napoleon I.] was only 105,400 francs.

From 1815 to 1830 [the Restoration] there is a very visible improvement, for we now find an amount of 5,500,000 francs.

From 1838 to 1845 [Louis Philipe] we find the amount still increasing; 6,000,000 francs.

Lastly, during the nine years from 1852 to 1860 [Napoleon III.] the acquisitions amount to the enormous sum of 25,000,000 francs.

So that a congregation of women, which dates no farther back than 1844, now possesses landed property to the value of 25,000,000 francs to say nothing of personal property. Poor sisters!

The part which the nuns now take in the education of our sex, secures them, no less than their wealth, an immense influence over the destinies of France. M. Louandre affirmed, in the ***Revue des Deux Mondes,*** in 1844 [reign of Louis Philippe,] that they brought up more than six hundred thousand girls [622,000.]

According to the "Exposé de la situation de l'Empire," 1863, the number of girls' schools is 26,592, of which 13,491, a little more than half, are conducted by lay teachers, and 13,101 by nuns.

Of these 13,000 nuns, 12,335 have the "letter of obedience," only.

The case is similar as regards infant schools. There are 3,162 of these, 958 of which are conducted by lay teachers, all of whom are provided with a certificate of competency.

Thus a deputy, M. Havin, conductor of the *Siècle,* in the debate on the address of 1864, said, "13,000 lay schools count 614,000 pupils; 13,000 clerical schools, 1,000,000 girls."

The law grants a truly extraordinary privilege to these congregations. An authorization of the Superior, which is called a letter of obedience, suffices to give a nun the right of teaching, whether she be secluded, or can leave her monastery. Thus not only is a nun dispensed from undergoing the examinations at the Sorbonne, which would prove her capacity, but she has the protection of the clergy, the support of her congregation, and the good-will of retrogrades of all shades. In such an unfair situation, the poor lay teacher must either die of hunger or take the veil.

The Church does not count only on the devotion of the nuns, but she is certain of the strong sympathies of a considerable section of Frenchwomen.

Doubtless, in more than one town, and even in the villages connected with Paris, the women of the *bourgeoisie* and of the peasant class are in no hurry to go to the confessional. But, in several of the departments, the women of the

nobility, part of the *bourgeoisie*, the greater part of the villagers, and the female congregations, endeavour to console the Church for its desertion by educated men.—We only need enter one of the temples of Catholicism to be struck with the consequence of this state of things. You would say that almost all the men had gone to the wars, so few of the male sex are to be seen round the altars. In Paris, even blouses (the workmen) are conspicuous by their absence, and it is with difficulty that, in this immense city, a few thousand private gentlemen, rich citizens and lackeys, can be collected for those solemnities intended to impress the imagination. Notwithstanding the material resources at the disposal of the Church, resources enumerated in M. de Pressense's curious work "Du Catholicisme en France," it is evident that the Gallican Church is tending to become more and more essentially feminine.

Things have not yet come to this in other Latin countries.

Generally belief in Catholicism corresponds with the greater or less degree of ignorance in a country. Thus Italy is more devout than France; Spain more Catholic than Italy or Portugal. The Church, viewing with terror these results of knowledge, makes every effort to impede the propagation of instruction, especially elementary instruction, under the pretext that it is hurtful to "morality," that is, to her interests. In fact, if her theory were well-founded, the Neapolitan and Sicilian provinces would be the abode of all the virtues, but I have never heard even the most obstinate legitimist dare to maintain this proposition. Up to the present time the Catholic clergy have not been very unsuccessful in rendering instruction almost impossible to the mass of people. It has been asserted that in a Prussian army of 290,000 men, you would not perhaps find six soldiers not knowing how to read and write. If an Italian army were in question, said a learned member of the Italian senate, the converse of the proposition would be nearer the truth.

Even in France ignorance predominates amongst the people.—You would not be surprised at this, had you an idea of the condition of the agricultural classes. "We see," said a writer of the *grand siècle*, "a number of wild animals, male and female, scattered over the country, black, livid, and sunburnt, glued to the soil which they dig, and on which they work with unconquerable obstinacy; they utter a sort of articulate sound, and when they stand up on their feet, they show a human countenance; and in fact they are human beings. At night they retire to their dens, where they live on black bread, water, and roots." Marshal Vauban, Archbishop Fénèlon, the magistrate Pésant de Boisguilbert, bear evidence to the correctness of the frightful picture drawn by the author of the "Caractéres." Doubtless the Revolution, so detested by those who do not know the history of the past, has transformed La

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Bruyère's "wild animals" into men and women; but the condition of French agricultural labourers still leaves much to be desired, as is attested by M. Bonnemére's work "L'Histoire des Paysans."

Their knowledge is still inferior to their comfort. MM. Guichard and Leneveux's books ("L'Instruction en France,") that of Mademoiselle Daubié ("Du Progrés dans l'Enseignment Primaire," 1862,) prove that France is behind Hanover, Saxony, Bavaria, and even Austria. With Prussia no comparison is possible. In 1845, in an army of 122,897 Prussians, there were but two soldiers who did not know how to read and write. In France, in the year 1864, 600,000 children—these are the official figures—were destitute of any kind of instruction, and in 1,018 parishes there is not a school. The nine most enlightened departments are those bordering on Germany, the centre of reform. The Seine (Paris) is only tenth on the list.

[*Chambers's Journal.*

NOTHING LOST.

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
In summer's thunder-shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day—
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good.
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay.
Oh, that our deeds were fashioned so
That they might bless alway!

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[*Chambers's Journal.*

ASHANGO LAND.

Next to the *odium theologicum,* the bitterness of scientific strife may be ranked in intensity among the things which human beings "fall out" about. It is not easy to understand what the advantage and pleasure can be to the combatants; but it is plain that the public, not vehemently concerning themselves in the quarrels, but patiently awaiting results, benefit ultimately and considerably by the strife. Thus, if Mr. Burton had acquiesced in the general opinion that Captain Speke had really discovered the source of the Nile, instead of stoutly maintaining that he had done nothing of the kind, and writing a very entertaining though rather violent book in support of his assertion, the world would have been poorer by that book, which, while it did not effect the "final pulverisation" of Captain Speke, contained a great deal of interesting matter. Again, how much about the structure of ourselves have we not all learned from the Huxley-Owen-Darwinian controversy, though the main point was not settled to anybody's satisfaction. Here,* again, we have a charming instance of the very decided good and pleasure which may be blown across the path of the reading world by the bitter wind of scientific dispute.

Famous among battles, even as that of the Frogs or the Books, is the battle of the naturalists, which was caused by the publication of M. du Chaillu's *Equatorial Africa,* and raged around the devoted head of that intrepid but enthusiastic explorer, of whom the scientific world said he was a modern Münchhausen, with the intention to deceive; and the general public said he was rather too imaginative for absolute reliance. If M. du Chaillu had not been vehemently abused for his pains! if the scientific people had not "denied his facts, sneered at his views, pooh-poohed his arguments," when he told the world wonders about Fans and gorillas; if Mr. Gray had not declined to believe in the existence of the *Potamagole Velox,* classifying the animal, with a technical humour, hardly to be appreciated by outsiders, as *Mythomys;* if the polite French gentleman had not, in short, been roughly handled, and called very hard names, he might not have recommended his toilsome and dangerous researches. He had done enough, even in the

* A Journey to Ashango Land, and further Penetration into Equatorial Africa, by Paul B. du Chaillu, author of Explorations in Equatorial Africa. London: John Murray.

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eyes of those who believed a very small portion of his narrative, to entitle him to abjure the Niger and the Negro, the Gorilla and the Gaboon for ever; but he had been cruelly aspersed, and though nothing is more characteristic in his book than the admirable temper of its writer, he naturally desired to vindicate himself, and cause his assailants to "eat dirt." He has certainly done so; but the dish is cooked daintily, and in the very best French style and taste. The politest and most poignant of rejoinders to Mr. Gray is furnished by the pretty little vignette on the title-page of M. du Chaillu's new volume, which represents (the explorer having fortunately procured a perfect specimen) "*Potamagole Velox, Mythomys of Gray.*"

M. du Chaillu plaintively records how the best informed persons refused to believe him, how his journey into the interior was stigmatised as a fiction, and how Dr. Barth in particular, "a man whose great attainments and services as an African traveller he esteemed most highly," published his entire disbelief in these interior explorations. So the traduced traveller set off once more, consoling himself in the meantime by remembering that all information which should reach this country during his absence must confirm his statements, verify his geographical and astronomical observations, and also, photographic apparatus and materials. His plan was comprehensive; and had he been able to carry out its details, the addition to our knowledge of the interior of the mysterious continent of Africa would have been of the highest value. As it is, though at the furthest point of his journey he met with serious disasters and irreparable losses—losses which, to estimate aright, we must make a great mental effect to discard the sense of our surrounding, and realise his position—this book does afford curious and extensive views of the various conditions of human life in barbarism, and beautiful glimpses of the physical nature and phenomena of Africa, near the equator. M. du Chaillu designed to study, first, the geography of the interior, starting in a Westerly direction from his own village: and secondly, the natives. There are inconsiderate persons who maintain that all savages are alike, and who consequently decline to take any interest in descriptions of their varieties. They are in error. The African tribes described by Captain Speke are very different from those whose acquaintance Sir Samuel Baker made, and his "natives" differ widely from those described in M. du Chaillu's *Equatorial Africa;* while the Apono, Ishogo, Commi and Ashango tribes are unlike the fierce and warlike savages in which his incredulous English critics refused to believe.

In the regions of the Niger and the Nile, the negro has been much modified by the influences of Mohammedanism; in the interior of South Africa, by the incursions of the Boers; and in Eastern Africa, by contact with Arab traders. M. du Chaillu's present narrative re-

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presents the negro in the most primitive condition in which he has yet been studied by any traveller, a condition unconscious of external existences, undisturbed by slave-dealers, traders, or missionaries.—The black man in Equatorial Africa has no history; he has no memorials of his race. Theories of an extinct civilization fail in the presence of the life of tribes which differ in no way from cattle, except that they are covetous, drunken, and superstitious. In the latter respect, there is considerable variation among the different tribes. Nothing can be more melancholy than the state of fear, abjectness, and suffering in which some of them live, under the influence of their dread of witchcraft, and miserable deprecation of the ill offices of the demon, who is their sole conception of deity. In the case of many of the tribes through whose territories M. du Chaillu passed, he found village after village deserted and desolate. Because some had died, the inhabitants believed the place to be bewitched, and fled from it—in one terrible instance, leaving an infirm old woman to perish of starvation.

Exploration of the interior of Africa from the east coast is comparatively easy, but the simplest statement of the difficulties which attended the expedition undertaken by M. du Chaillu, suffice to exhibit his courage and determination, which are not brought out so strongly as in the case of other explorers, because he is so invariably cheerful and sanguine, and contents himself with narrating his exploits, without dwelling upon their perils. His long residence upon the coast had made him familiar with the language of the tribes from which his attendants, porters and guards, were to be taken, and he had established friendly relations with many of the chiefs. But no one had ever penetrated more than four days' journey inland from the mouth of the Fernand Vaz, and no sort of communication had ever been in existence between the western coast and the interior. The men who had come down from their native forests, far inland, had never returned; no tales of the wonderful sea, the mighty ships, the strange, white trading-men, had ever been brought back to the dwellers in the great woods where men live, isolated and self-sufficing, as the first men who came from the Creator's hand.—The dwellers on the coast know nothing of the dwellers in the forest. When they started on their inland journey with "Chaillie," as they called him, they believed themselves to be going to the land of the white man, and constantly declared, upon their way, that they were weary of still being so far from London. One coast chief, of superior intelligence and information, had indeed heard of the Fernando Po. The narrative of this journey, begun under terrible difficulty and discouragement—for the canoe which contained the greatest part of the explorer's scientific instruments was capsized in getting ashore, and he had to wait ten

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months for a new supply from England—is remarkable in three respects—first, for the valuable and exact particulars of the geography of the interior of Equatorial Africa which it supplies; secondly for the information which it affords respecting the various conditions of the human race; thirdly, for the large addition which it makes to our knowledge of the zoology of Africa. All M. du Chaillu's previous statements on these three subjects are confirmed, and much that is entirely novel is added. He has not done as much as he intended, it is true, his project being to penetrate from the west coast to the sources of the Nile, in order to ascertain whether several as yet undiscovered lakes do not exist, contributing to the waters of the wonderful and eternally mysterious river; but he has patiently explored four hundred miles of a region which was hitherto utterly unknown, and difficult and dangerous beyond the difficulty and danger of African travel in general.

Following the traveller's track upon the map, we find him once more at Aniambié, where his old accquaintance, the king, received him. His majesty was already in a sufficiently frightful state of intoxication, but he welcomed the arrival of "Chaillie" by calling for another calabash of palm-wine, and drinking half a gallon at a draught, after which he fell back, ejaculating, "I am a big king, I am a big king!" In this royal personage's dominions there is an island covered with trees, which is held in great awe. "Chaillie" was informed by his guides that whosoever entered this island was sure to die suddenly, or to become crazy, and wander about till he died. They added that the island was the home of a great crocodile, whose scales were of brass, and who never left the island. To the horror of the poor negroes, the white man instantly crossed to the island, and having traversed the jungle in all directions came out quite safely. He fancied he had administered to them a great moral lesson; but they immediately confounded him by declaring that he was a spirit, and therefore the brass crocodile could not do him any harm. M. du Chaillu found the prevalent imputation to him of supernatural powers very embarrassing, and at times dangerous. Many of the inland tribes were immovably persuaded that he had made, by his own will merely, all the goods which he had distributed, and as these included a gorgeous beadle's uniform, exclusive of the trowsers, the demand for the exercise of his powers was brisk. Every one wanted guns, beads, scarlet caps, gold-laced waistcoats, and cocked-hats. Again, the poor creatures frequently displayed the greatest terror of his presence, declaring it brought death, and deserting their villages on his approach. The unfortunate coincidence of small-pox having broken out in some villages through which he had passed, confirmed them in this delusion.—Though the numerous tribes newly discovered and described are much

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less cruel than African negroes in general, their belief in and terror of witchcraft lead them into some strange acts of ferocity. A remarkable instance of this is the ordeal for witchcraft. The supposed agent is forced to drink "mboundou," a poisonous mixture compounded by the medicine-man. If he or she be very strong, the abominable stuff may not kill him or her, and then the trial is declared successful, the accused innocent; but if the poison begins to take effect, the unhappy wretch is immediately cut to pieces. But for these horrid superstitions, some of the equatorial tribes are not unpleasant to think of; and they are all peaceful, settling disputes by palavers, and talking big about war, but cautiously avoiding it, almost as if they had heard of certain countries in Europe, and of the tactics of modern diplomacy.

The personal appearance and physical peculiarities of these tribes vary considerably, and the tribes are extraordinarily numerous and exclusive. Of one, a slave-tribe in the drunken king's dominions, the traveller gives a description like that which Sir Samuel Baker has given of the wretched dwellers on the White Nile. He says they are but little removed from the Anthropoid apes in their shape and features, lean legs, heavy bodies, prominent abdomen, retreating foreheads, and projecting muzzles.—These miserable creatures are well treated by the king and the chiefs. They are inherited property and never sold. Hitherto, the natives of the Andaman Islands have been supposed to be the smallest race of human beings, but M. du Chaillu has discovered in Ashango Land a race of dwarfs. This discovery is the most interesting contribution he makes to ethnological science. The dwarf people are called Obongos, and are hideous, wild, harmless little wanderers. Their movements are uncertain and capricious; they do no work; they never remain long in one place, and they live by trapping game and selling it to the people among whom they migrate. It was with great difficulty that M. du Chaillu contrived to catch sight of a few of them.—They are as hard to find as the gorillas, concerning which this book gives very interesting particulars. The scarcity of animal life in the Equatorial region contrasts strangely with its profusion and immense variety in other parts of the African continent. Goats and fowls abound, and serpents are not scarce, but no beast of burden is to be found there—neither horse, donkey, camel, nor cattle. Neither lions, rhinoceroses, zebras, giraffes nor ostriches are to be found; even the hippopotamus is scarce in the rivers; and the great varieties of elands and gazelles, although found almost everywhere else in Africa, are unknown near the equator. A few leopards, some hyenas and jackals, alone represent the carnivora, which abound elsewhere.—The forest is largely tenanted by reptiles, and an extraordinary number and variety of spiders abound.

This journey has added largely

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to the traveller's knowledge of the chimpanzee and the gorilla. M. du Chaillu found both in immense number in the wooded country south-east of the Fernand Vaz.—He succeeded in securing several live gorillas, but not one lived in captivity. With great difficulty, a photograph was obtained of one grotesque little creature who survived its mother's death for four days, and had begun to know his captor. The negroes were active in procuring gorillas, and also in purveying human skulls for the purpose of the white man; they were rather flattered by his informing them that many medicine-men in his country believed negroes to be apes, almost the same as the gorilla, and that he was anxious to send a number of skulls to England, to shew them they were mistaken. The zeal with which they assisted his views slightly outran discretion on one occasion, when Rabalo, an old chief, came to M. du Chaillu, his face beaming with friendliness, and said, confidentially: "Chaillie, I shall have something for you to-night which will make your heart glad;" and then explained: "Rogala, my little slave, is sick, and will die to night. You have often wished for an Ishogo head, and now you shall have one." M. du Chaillu of course visited the boy, and finally cured the patient instead of acquiring the skull. Occasional eccentricities of this kind occur; but on the whole the book gives a not-unpleasing account of the gentle savages who inhabit Equatorial Africa,

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[*The Saturday Review.*

BRITISH RESERVE.

Englishmen habitually speak of the icy reserve which is supposed to be one of our national characteristics in the spirit in which most national characteristics are discussed by those in whom they are exemplified. They speak, that is, as though they were not quite certain whether it is a disagreeble virtue for which they are bound to apologize, or an amiable vice of which they may be permitted to boast. As it is supposed to be a preëminently English quality, it is to be mentioned with a due mixture of grumbling and congratulation, which equally imply a good solid substratum of self-complacency. We feel the sort of pride which soothes the owner of a queer-tempered bulldog; the beast is not amiable, but the consciousness of having an incarnate growl at his disposal gives his master a certain additional dignity. There is a good illustration of this national peculiarity in *Eothen*, where two English travellers coming from opposite

points of the compass meet each other on their camels in the midst of the desert. They are passing as coolly as if Pall Mall had been the scene of their encounter, until the more sociable propensities of their camels or their Arab servants force them into communication.—Many similar anecdotes pass current abroad as illustrations of our manners, and are still more frequently put into the mouth of that hypothetical "intelligent foreigner" in whose feigned existence we so often find a responsible editor of our criticisms of ourselves. If two Englishmen escape alone in a boat from a shipwreck, they are supposed not to speak, unless they have been previously introduced. Or if any number who have not undergone that mystic ceremony are left together in a room, they will, it is believed, be found in due time arranged with mathematical precision, so that the average distance of every man from all his companions may be a maximum.

Like other sayings about national character, this is far from being a universally accurate statement; the very fact that it has passed into a commonplace is a presumption that it expresses a superficial or a partial view of the case. There is scarcely any popular saying about a nation which does not require to be considerably modified. It is a frequently recurring English superstition that, as the French have no word for "home," and have only one word for wife and woman, they must be weak in their domestic affections; whereas, in many respects, they are certainly more tenacious of domestic relations than ourselves. On the other hand, we continue to hold that the French are the most polite nation in Europe; although it is certain that, however true this may be of French gentlemen in all classes, no men can be more rude and more totally regardless of other people's feelings than those Frenchmen, and they are not unfrequent, who are in no sense gentlemen. The truth is that the various shades of character by which nations are distinguished from each other have not been classified and named with sufficient accuracy to admit of any very unqualified statement about them. Every nation, for example, holds itself to be preëminently brave, and embodies this doctrine in the concrete assertion that no other nation can meet it with the bayonet, whatever it may do at long ranges. This latter superstition can, of course, only hold true in one case; but the word "brave" may cover so many different qualities with only a general resemblance that it is quite possible that every European nation may excel in one particular variety. In like manner, the assertion that Englishmen are remarkable for reserve requires to be at least qualified, and to be stated subject to certain reservations and distinctions.

The theory that travelling Englishmen will not speak to each other seems to be specially unfounded.—At a foreign *table d'hote* the chances are that the English element coalesces enough for conversational

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purposes, whilst the Germans are absorbed in attention to their food, and Frenchmen are oppressed by that extreme discomfort to which the travelling Frenchman is always a helpless prey. The British snob abroad would be more generally accused of too great forwardness than of an undue reserve—a circumstance, however, which might be accounted for by the horror with which men naturally watch his smallest approaches to familiarity. The reverse of this case may be noticed in the popular creed about Americans. It is generally held that every American whom you meet puts you through a deliberate cross-examination. He is expected to inquire as to your name, your profession, the places from which you are coming and to which you are going, and all those subjects upon which the impertinent curiosity of a foreign Government interrogates travellers in hotel-books. This theory is not altogether false; for, doubtless, when a communication has once been opened, the ordinary American is not apt to be hampered by too refined considerations of an overstrained delicacy. But it is quite a mistake to suppose that a traveller has to run this gauntlet of questions frequently. As has been remarked by Mr. Trollope and Mr. Sala, amongst late tourists, the very reverse is nearer the truth.—A railway carriage in America is generally as silent as a Quaker's meeting. A man may travel for hours together in crowded "cars" without having a word addressed to him, and the reason is obvious.—When all classes are mixed together in one carriage in a country where the outward casing of a bishop or a judge is much like that of a day-labourer or a pick-pocket, there are plain reasons for caution.

The provocation to talk is where a small party are pretty certain of finding a common subject of interest, without too wide a divergence of opinion. The provocation reaches its minimum when a miscellaneous crowd is brought together from the four corners of heaven, and when every man is so like his neighbour that there is no chance of their sorting themselves into suits. Two men meeting accidentally in an English carriage, with black coats and white ties, might probably begin to talk about schools or churches, especially if their waistcoats were of the same cut; but if each of them were clad in American fashion, in garments of no distinctive cut or colour, they might never hit upon the connecting topic. Even a general thirst for knowledge and a republican indifference to etiquette are insufficient to break down the conventional barrier which naturally grows up under the system of indiscriminate jumblement.

This result suggests that some of the reserve for which Englishmen have got credit may be due to similar causes. Certain peculiarities of English society suggest some obvious reasons for a very general desire to keep our neighbours at arm's length. There is a certain group of qualities which is gene-

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rated by temporary necessities, and which every society acquires at a particular stage of its progress.—Hospitality, for example, is merely another name for absence of inns. It is an artificial contrivance, which for a time enables praise to do the work of pudding. A strong demand for any virtue will in time be pretty certain to secure a supply. If it is necessary for picking pockets that there should be a certain amount of honour among thieves, thieves will not let their profession suffer from two scrupulous a dislike to virtue in the abstract. Theologians have decided that there must be some confidence even in the infernal regions, since otherwise the permanence of the establishment could not be secured. Thus public opinion contrives to enforce hospitality until it becomes more convenient to secure the result by other means.

The degree of reserve which exists between travellers is regulated in the same way. To meet on the Zambesi is an introduction of itself; for, in such cases travellers need each other's help and society; but to meet on a railway establishes no more claim upon your acquaintance than to be born in the same world—most things human being, if not alien to us, at least bores in practice. The Arab, it is said, when he receives the stranger hospitably, thinks it a point of etiquette not to inquire into his family; he fears to discover the presence of an enemy, whose throat must be cut in obedience to some imperative code of honour. That danger scarcely exists in making casual acquaintance in England; but there still remains the danger of discovering a man whose familiarity would be more or less insulting. It is evident that this danger increases in proportion to the variety of social distinctions and the extent to which members of different classes are intermingled. As England is a country where both of these conditions exist in a high degree, it is no wonder that reserve should grow into a second nature. In a town where the social scale includes every variety of mankind between a duke and a "casual," and where the population is so thoroughly shaken together that the casual may at any moment tread on the duke's toes, such an etiquette becomes a necessity. The existence of a sometimes over-stringent reserve is the penalty which we pay for being members of the largest, the most varied, and the most stirring society in the world. A man who takes an active part in the fray must case himself in good sound defensive armour. The same circumstance explains why Englishmen abroad are, if anything, less given to stiffness than their neighbours. Travelling has not yet become so universal an amusement but that the large majority of visitors to Switzerland or Italy belong to approximately the same social stratum. They are drawn, at any rate, from the same ranks sufficiently to render intercourse easy and a temporary companionship agreeable. And we are, therefore,

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generally delighted to lay aside for a time the system of social regulations with which we habitually surround ourselves. The society from which reserve would be most completely banished would be one like the old French aristocracy, of which all the members were on terms of perfect equality, and which was divided by deep demarcations from the external world. Reserve was unnecessary towards those who were outside the pale, and out of place towards those within it.

When this peculiarity, which is almost essential in our social relations, is carried into private life, it is doubtless less amiable. The man who is separated by an impassable barrier of ice from all his acquaintance certainly helps to make the world less agreeable.—Even in this case, however, it is not to be denied that it is a quality which has some compensating advantages, especially to the proprietor. The thoroughly affable man suffers many things, because of bores and other plagues of society, from which his more reserved neighbour is happily free. Sleep, we know, wraps a man up like a cloak, which is one of its great recommendations. And in your waking moments, when the bore is abroad, it is a blessing to be able to put on the cloak of reserve, which may act as a sufficient non-conducting medium between him and you. It is true that no composition hitherto discovered has been able to resist the terrible attacks of the genuine bore in his full development; still he fastens more freely upon the less reserved of mankind, and any palliative is in such a case better than nothing. And, even in regard to others than bores, there are occasions when a modified indulgence of the malevolent passions is not altogether disagreeable, and a power of keeping one's best friends at arm's length is pleasant in a temporary fit of misanthropy. It acts as a healthy astringent, checking that undue flow of gushing sentiment which will sometimes occur in the best-regulated minds.

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[*The Sunday Magazine.*

THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

There is a legitimate and justifiable interest in tracing the fortunes of those who hold high position in society. At times, for wise ends, God tries strong faith with sharp affliction. The trial brightens the piety, and presents it in vivid light before those by whom the sufferer is known. When the suffering strikes a Christian on an elevated pinnacle, the light of the example spreads far, and throws long and wide lines over the agitated and tempestuous surface of life, cheering hearts and scattering lessons. On this ground we have chosen the life of a princess for the subject of our story.

Helena, Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was born in Germany in January, 1814, and died in England in May, 1858. Within that short space of forty-four years were comprised striking events and rare, but trying fortunes. The young German derived from her parents remarkable qualities. Her father was the reigning duke of a principality in which, up to our own days, the rulers have been known for their integrity. Her mother (of whom, indeed, she was deprived at the early age of two) was the child of the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and the friend of Goethe and of the Princess Louisa, celebrated by the eloquence of Madame de Stäel, and still more forcibly characterised by the caustic remark of Napoleon, in the days of his German triumphs, that she was the only princess he had found within Germany. He had experienced, in the negotiations which she conducted at Berlin, her genius and sagacity. Some of these qualities, as we shall have occasion to observe, descended to her granddaughter.

The Princess Augusta, who became in 1816 Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and after a short period was left a widow, devoted to the children of her cousin her special care. We can remember ten years ago seeing at Hamburg this admirable princess, then an aged person, and the spectacle of of her humility and piety, as she attended the Lutheran service, made on all who saw her, an impression which her life and conduct confirmed. The example of a piety so genuine had a deep influence on the young character which was early placed under her care, and which was undoubtedly cast in a gracious mould.

Even in her childish days her admiration for the acts and life of our Saviour was manifested, and when on one occacion she sacrificed

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with an eager self-denial a childish wish, she explained that she was thus applying to the will of her Divine Master His words designed for man—"Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

One of her earliest pleasures, before she superintended the charitable establishments instituted by her mother, was to draw round her the children of the servants of the household. These stout and coarse Thuringians, gathered marvelling, round the slight and delicate girl, were taught by her the lessons which she was herself learning, and charmed by her affection and earnestness, they obeyed her without a murmur. They saw that in their pleasures as well as instruction she took the keenest interest, and that the Christmas-tree, which, after the old German custom, was covered with gifts for them, received with a lavish self-forgetfulness all she had herself to give. Her early life up to thirteen years of age was spent in the country—in summer on the borders of the Baltic, in winter in the interior. She had the advantage of the instruction of two competent German professors; but their only difficulty arose from the sensitive temperament of their pupil, which made her so touched by affecting incidents or noble traits that they were obliged often to interrupt their lecture for fear of the effect on her health. This temperament, which belongs to the south, was united with German thoughtfulness, so that when at the age of twelve a real sorrow fell upon her, through the death of a dear friend, her grief brought on serious illness, and her looks long retained an air of sadness.

The Grand Duchess acted wisely in removing her from this solitary life to introduce her to the court of Weimar; but through these scenes she moved calmly and without excitement: and the simplicity and dignity of her manner made a strong impression on all. "I see her yet," wrote one of the spectators, "with her simple dress and her brown hair without an ornament, moving about light and graceful as a bird, while the old Grand Duke, her grandfather followed her movements with a look of proud delight." To such a spirit everything brought impressions of good. When she passed from the sandy plains of Germany to the Alps of Switzerland, her wonder and delight were intense. The fall of water at Schaffhausen made her shed tears. Her confirmation in 1830 in the Parish Church of Ludwigslust drew forth the fervent prayers of the simple people who crowded to witness it, and who joined eagerly in the hymn she had selected, which indicated well her feelings—"From the depth of my heart I love Thee, O Lord!"

The illness of the Grand Duchess carried her to Töplitz, where she watched the invalid with the tenderest anxiety, and saw her cares repaid by her recovery. This famous watering-place, which attracts during summer persons of all ranks and nations, made her acquainted with those who afterwads influenced

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her fortunes. There she met the King of Prussia, who remained her friend through life; there, too, she met the poor Dauphin with the exiled Charles X., and so impressed were they, that when afterwards the young girl became Duchess of Orleans, the first question put by the Dauphin to any one who came from France, was whether she was well and happy—"for I desire this because I honour and love her!"

One deep affliction at this time fell on her with an ominous warning. Her brother Albert had a fall from his horse, which after months of hopeless languishing, proved fatal.

His sister watched him through this mournful decline, and led him by her self-restraint, piety, and patience to be reconciled to the blow which cut him off at the early age of twenty-two. To her it was a discipline of trial which bore much fruit, for in referring to this period, when her married life was at its brightest, she says, "I feel that my heart was then crushed, and that my youth never rose from the blow; but tears bore their fruit. I felt it then, and I feel it now, while I thank God for it. I then learned to love His will, even when it thus tries me, and to resign myself joyfully to it."

In the spring of 1836, the Duke of Orleans and his brother, the Duke of Nemours, went on their travels, both unmarried, and both in quest of wives. They visited Berlin, and made a favourable impression on the king. He expressed a good-natured wish that he had had daughters to offer to such accomplished princes; but as he had none he spoke with enthusiasm of the young Princess whom he had met at Töplitz,—her grace, her accomplishments, and her wisdom. The Duke of Orleans, whose interest and curiosity were roused, made himself acquainted with the character of the Princess. And thoroughly satisfied on this point he directed M. Bresson to sound the dispositions of the court of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, but these at first were by no means favourable. The reigning duke was well aware of the position of Louis Philippe; he saw him seated on the throne gained in a popular tempest by practices which gave it the insecure title of an usurpation, and thus it was left exposed from day to day to the same insurrectionary movements which had upset the throne of his predecessor. Added to this were conspiracies which never relaxed their efforts, and which interspersed cabals of insurgents with plots of murder. Such a throne was anything but secure; and a German prince, living among a quiet people, had no mind to expose his sister to so hazardous a fortune. But the dangers which deterred the brother became attractions to the sister; the hazards to which the King of France was exposed whenever he left the Tuileries, the anxiety in which his queen passed her life, the perils which encompassed the princes in the streets of Paris and in the campaigns of Algeria, these seemed,

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to one who looked on life as a battle field, strong calls of her Heavenly Master to a stirring post of duty. The letter in which the Duke of Orleans asked her hand, and which frankly stated the dangers of his position, exactly met her feelings and quickened her desire to give herself to a task inspiring at once from its duties and dangers. The marriage contract was signed on the 5th May, 1839, and the bride, accompanied by the Grand Duchess, descended the stairs of the old chateau of Ludwigslust amidst the blessings and tears of the servants who had seen her grow up, and among a crowd of humble friends whom she had attached to her, and who strewed flowers so thickly over her passage and on the carriage, that she could scarce, smiling and weeping, force her way. Some German lines, written by her on one of the windows, in which she bade farewell to the home of her childhood, and turned fondly to it even when a bright future (as she fancied) opened before her, gave the key to her state of mind, hopeful for the future, but thankful for the past. She rested at Potsdam at the request of the King of Prussia, who gave her his solemn blessing at parting, and at Fulda she was received by the Duc de Broglie, and no higher or more honourable person could have been sent on such a mission; the virtues of his duchess (whom Dr. Chalmers visited), and the high honour of the duke, made him a suitable deputy on such an occasion. The journey to Fontainebleau was a succession of triumphs. In her passage through Alsace she had to encounter a population with which, her youth had made her familiar,—German, rough, rustic, and simple. There she easily pleased; but at Metz she entered on France proper,—a curious, captious, critical crowd, not partial to the new dynasty, not well-inclined to a stranger, not prepossessed in favour of a daughter of a petty German principality. But criticism was disarmed, and objections ceased. The simple grace of manner, the natural dignity, became her well. It was not so much her beauty as the play of a thoughtful countenance and the charm of a manner as simple as it was earnest.

The reception at the grand staircase of Fontainebleau (that chateau in which Francis I. and his sister Marguerite had taken great delight, and passed days of devotion to art and letters) seemed to close the darker period of the Orleans dynasty, and to open a brighter future; and when the young creature knelt with natural grace to kiss the king's hand, and then flung herself with emotion, no longer to be restrained, into the arms of the queen, it seemed as if in this union between Italy and Germany, between a devout Romanism and a fervent Protestanism, there were opening for France better fortunes, and the advent of a sounder faith and purer morality. Little did the spectators guess to what sorrow the scene was a prelude, what long and sharp afflictions were to try two hearts on

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whose embrace they looked with sympathy.

The splendour of the gifts heaped on the princess produced slight emotion, but when (not without fear of some outburst of insurgency) the grand procession passed through the crowded streets and rolled into the Tuileries, a natural movement, that made her rise in the carriage to gaze on the vast multitude collected in front of the old pile, delighted the fickle Parisians; the face so young, bright, and happy, pleased them: themselves blighted with vicious excitement, they were charmed by an innocence so natural and joyous. Radiant with her twenty years of age, what, they asked, will be her future lot?

At first no fortune could be brighter. A year after her marriage, in that month of May when Paris is so pleasant, she writes thus to her chosen friend:—"This is the anniversary of my marriage, and my heart is happier and more thankful than ever. All the hopes I formed are realised, and new hopes stretch into the future—a deep and true affection, my position to the royal family assured, to the country resting on hopes soon to be fulfilled—these are subjects of gratitude beyond our utmost imaginations.—A year ago, I was in the middle of excitement which weighed me down; the pomp, the form, harassed my spirit. Now all is changed; let us bless God that He has given me such an object for my life. It seems to me He sends me too much happiness, and though I feel myself all unworthy of it, I accept it gratefully, and would enjoy it while it remains."

And again, after the birth of her first child, when the arrival of a boy seemed to secure the destiny of the house of Orleans, she writes thus, in words which are a contrast to the fate reserved for the Count of Paris:—"Your heart has risen with mine in thoughts of thanksgiving to God—it has felt the fullness of my happiness. Yes, your child is the happiest of mothers, a new world opens before me—a child to cherish, the hopes of a nation to realise. How great and bright a task! May God give me His wisdom and light."

Fond of letters and art, inclined with her husband to draw persons of literary tastes round them, she yet forbore to make a separate circle, lest the world should imagine a difference between the prince and the king. She spent her life, therefore, exactly like her sisters-in-law, spending part of her mornings with them in the queen's chamber, where each had her separate working table, and where the king often dropped in and read to them any events which formed the latest news; then in the evening the princess took her place beside the queen, and only when the queen had retired, did she withdraw to her own apartments to converse and read with her husband. At times, indeed, the Duke of Orleans gave a fete at Chantilly, and his princess made the fete more radiant by her gaiety; but ever watchful over herself, on the evening before a court ball, she drew a faithful

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friend to her and bade her tell her frankly if there was not a danger to herself and others in encouraging such amusements.

Two years of singular happiness had thus passed. Two years more of unclouded sunshine awaited her. Then she passed into the shade, clouds first, and then the storm.—In midsummer, 1840, the Duke of Orleans returned from his last journey to Africa. The picture she gives to a friend of that peaceful evening, when, after the courtiers had gone, they were left alone to dine and spend the evening together, while their child trotted round the table and delighted both, is a charming sketch of an interior. Already the princess had begun to train her child, to accustom it to look at the marvels of the heavens, and to see in these the power and hand of a loving Father. A setting sun, a bright moonlight as it fell on the Tuileries or Neuilly, were seized as opportunities by the watchful mother to impress her child. She mourns that her station and its duties keep her from being constantly with him. "I brought him," she writes, "from Neuilly, and he fell asleep in my arms; I carried him to his bed, I heaped on him a thousand little caresses; you should have seen him how caressing he was and fond. Oh, the peasant mother is a happy woman!" In November, 1840, her second boy, the Duc de Chartres, was born, and the hopes of the future seemed thus assured. The king, discovering that his eldest son was as remarkable for ability and habits of business as for modesty, employed him more and more in public duties, and turned to him, as did, indeed, the nation, as the mainstay of his throne. In the bright month of May, in the midst of great splendour, took place the christening of her child at Notre Dame. All the court, and many of the people, looked with interest at the child as it was presented at the font. During the long ceremony, the mother was lifting her heart in prayer, and, instructed by the spiritual Fenelon, was extracting piety from the prayers of the Church of Rome.

Strange fate that of France.—Just as Napoleon I. had his dynasty apparently established by the birth of a son, and the child lay on his knees, as he sat delighted at St. Cloud, and France began to breathe and to hope for peace, at that moment the modern Cæsar was brooding over those plans of ambition which were to annihilate his power; and just as Louis Philippe saw in the character of his eldest son and the gift of a family every hope of the future assured, the invisible hand of Providence was writing on the walls of the Tuileries the doom of the dynasty of Orleans.

Warnings preceded the last blow. In 1841 came another (it was the eighth) of these murderous attempts to destroy the king and the royal family, who escaped by a singular interposition of Providence. What the emotions of the princess were she described to her friend. They hurried to St. Cloud to throw themselves into the arms of the king and

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queen. At a later time, when another attempt was made, she showed her feelings. Her boy was now older, and was engaged in his lessons, when the princess, in great emotion, entered the room, and said, as she threw herself on her knees, "Kneel, and thank God with me."

In 1842 the health of the princess, always delicate, began to fail. She took no notice of this, and was only anxious to be left in the quiet of Neuilly, where, spending the summer with her children in the delights and peacefulness of the country, every wish was gratified. But her medical men insisted that she should fortify her health by the waters of Plombières, and she yielded. On the 3rd of July she left her happy home of Neuilly, and as the Duke of Orleans was obliged to return at once to St. Omer, to be present at the manœuvres of the camp, he insisted on taking his wife to her destination, though he could only spend twenty-four hours there.

There seemed a presentiment of something hanging over her. The continued attempts on the king had shaken her nerves; the sight of her sister-in-law's tomb at Dreux had greatly moved her. "These vaults," she writes, "will one day unite us all; but, perhaps, my tears will precede my ashes." Before leaving Neuilly her prayers were more fervent than usual; they led her "to put herself anew entirely, and with full trust, into the hands of the Lord." Another incident impressed her. In driving past a cemetery with the prince as they traversed Paris, he observed stalls at its gates, at which they sold crowns and flowers for the tombs "I hate these people," he said, "who make a traffic of grief. See! there are crowns for a young girl, and others for a child." The princess's eyes filled with tears as she thought of her two children. The prince took her two hands and said, "Well, it shall not be for a child, but for a man of two-and-thirty." She looked at him tenderly, and told him he was only driving away one thought of melancholy by a far worse one. But he soon cheered her; and, as they passed through the Vosges, where the population welcomed them with delight, with triumphal arches, and crowds, and peasants shouting, everything seemed to smile. The prince made every arrangement to secure her comfort, and left her, with many charges, in the hands of those who accompanied her. She herself had no misgiving when the parting came. "Happily," she wrote, "our separation will be short; but the first moments are always trying. I am so happy that I have no wish to be cured. If I had not this trial I should have another, perhaps harder to bear. Of all pains, the physical are most easy to endure." But now the storm was to burst, and of all the many tragedies of this chequered life, the tragedy which now arrived was perhaps the most sudden. Nothing but God's help could have enabled this fragile being to bear it.

Many of us may remember the mournful end of the Duke of Or-

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leans. In the fullness of youth and strength, the only object of popular affection and confidence in the House of Orleans, just entering on duties which, in developing his character, were likely to support the new throne, an accident, often trivial—the running away of a horse in his phaeton, and his fall—ended in a moment his short career. In our day three royal tragedies have come to warn us, and to prove that with princes, as with ordinary men, life and the future are in His hands who rules alone—the death of the Princess Charlotte, the death of our lamented Prince Consort, and between these events the mournful end of the Duke of Orleans.

A short time had elapsed since the loving hearts had parted at Plombières. On the 14th of July the princess had driven into the country, and returned refreshed and radiant. She was dressing for dinner to receive a few friends, when the letter reached General Baudzand, that the Duke of Orleans was dead. The intelligence was broken to the princess by a fictitious telegram reporting his illness. In an agony of distress she started for Paris, but on her route the mourning crowds, who had learned the truth, alarmed her by their silence. Half-way to Paris the physician of the royal family met her and told her of her bereavement. She sat in her carriage for an hour, sobbing in grief, while her attendants, grouped in the darkness round the carriage, could not restrain their tears. The day broke on her desolation, but she passed on to see once more the face of him "who had all her heart. Oh! without him I cannot live." At Neuilly, after a journey of two days, she arrived, and flung herself into the king's arms, and then tottered to the chapel, where under the velvet covering, lay the body of her husband. She knelt in prayer beside it, and strengthened, she rose to assume the widow's dress, which she never afterwards laid aside, and to perform nobly, as we shall see, and consistently, the solitary duties which remained to her.

Nothing but Christian faith sustained her. "Yes, our God is a merciful Father, and I have the unshaken conviction of this. I am in the midst of a trial which demands a blind faith; at times, when faith is strong, love and hope fall on me like rays from heaven, but often I cannot raise my spirit to God. How patient He is with us!" Again, when speaking of the agonising anniversary of their journey to Plombières, and his death, and the anguish of those "terrible days," she writes, "Thank God for me. He has made me taste His peace in His presence. He has made me breathe the balmy air of eternity. I cried to God, and He has heard my prayer. He has had pity on me, and has permitted me to weep tears of consolation, almost tears of joy. My heart has been full of the future of eternal happiness, has forsaken the world and my grief, and has sympathised with the blessed spirit and tasted some of the joy on which

he has entered. Now I feel at peace with God, with my cross, and my earthly future. I go on Sunday to take the Sacrament, and to ask that the Lord would compose my soul in that peace, faith, and love which nothing henceforth can shake."

But though this at times was the attainment of her faith, the events which came upon her opened the wound and made it bleed.—Sometimes the sorrows of another, at times the joy which contrasted with her desolation, the marriage of a sister-in-law, whom she loved, but at whose wedding she could not attend, the necessity of appearing at court where all was gay and uncongenial, a reception of her own household in those rooms where he had once shone, the delight of all, on which now his portrait looked down, but he never to appear,—these things reminded her that she was alone. And then that gorgeous season of spring, with its sunshine and flowers, and its budding leaves and promises, and her children, running in and out so blithely, what memories it opened! "He loved it so fondly; we walked together, and he made me bouquets of the wild flowers; he would no longer put them in his button-hole; 'it is not grave enough,' he said, 'for one who has passed his thirtieth birthday.' The children were with us constantly. 'You think,' he said, with a smile, 'they are well when they are in your sight.' And then we dined *tete-à-tete* at five, and drove in the evening, and returned at nine to talk together, to discuss politics and the prospects of France, and what was good for its moral grandeur and influence, and for the progress of good among the people. These flowers, these birds, which he observed and pointed out to me, these children sporting with me—ah! the world is changed; this glare and sunshine makes me sad. I want to hide myself from the memory which, as it awakes me, renews my grief. Ah! how I recollect the last night I spent in Germany; my depression, my fear, and how hard you found it to reassure me. Then it was a grief not to be defined, which I thought was due to the solemnity of the crisis; now it seems to me a foreboding of the cloud which hung over me; but, if my sorrow is great, unequalled was my happiness."

An accident near the Chateau d'Eu, in Normandy, which might have been fatal to them all, drew out her feeling and opened afresh the wound. They were all, king, queen, princess, and her two boys, in an open char-à-banc, when, in crossing a wooden bridge, the frightened horses plunged into the river, and only by a marvellous escape the carriage and party were kept back and saved. She says so naturally: "Why did the protection which saved us now fail us then? Now a fall of twenty-five feet into the surging waters, and the horses had not even a scratch; then a trifling fall destroyed all. The more one thinks, the more one broods and murmurs. I don't wish it, but my poor heart is driven to it. After the escape, we went on

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foot to the battery at Trépoint; a vast crowd attended us with shouts of joy. I alone wept in the midst of the rejoicing multitude.

The duty which roused her to effort, and by degrees brought comfort, was the education of her sons. To train them as their father would have wished became her absorbing interest; their health, their temper, their sports, their understandings, became the object of her constant care. She carried the elder with her wherever a good impression could be made; to the studio of Ary Scheffer to see one of his beautiful paintings, the character of St. Augustine, the sublime look of devotion in his mother. This touched her deeply, and all the more as she clasped her boy's hand in her own while she looked at the sublime conception.

Politics also engaged her attention. The fortunes of France were her son's, and therefore fixed her interest. She mourned and foreboded during the ominous year of 1847. The Spanish marriages, the horrid crimes among the upper classes; the conspiracies which, radiating from the cabals of Paris, covered France with a net-work; the general movement in men's minds, and the lowering of respect for the higher orders and the king, all these to her observant eye presaged evil. The old king, sordid and satisfied, was sanguine; she was depressed and alarmed. Well and truly she said—"we want a revival, a vigorous hand to repress evil, a sympathetic heart to heal it." How different might it have been had he lived who united these qualities!

> "Oh, where was Roderick then?
> One blast upon his bugle-horn,
> Were worth a thousand men."

"What will be our future?" she writes. "This thought agitates my solitary hours. The evil is deep, because it touches the springs of morality in the nation. Is it temporary, or a sign of decline? I can't say, but I ask of God to spread over our old soil of France His reviving breath."

But spite of the prayers, the decree had gone forth, and the spring of 1848 brought the stroke. To the last the king had been confident, his eyes were closed against evident symptoms, and his ears shut against the thunder. In vain his able minister of police, M. Delessert, warned him and M. Guizot that Paris was undermined by conspiracies. In vain did warnings reach him from Belgium, that Louis Napoleon, then an exile in London, was watching intently the movements in France, and did not conceal from the Belgian minister his conviction that an explosion was near. With satisfied air, like a thriving tradesman, the old king looked round on his schemes prospering, his clever craft in marrying his sons, his thrift in accumulating wealth, and he smiled serenely.—The disrespect which he met as he drove through the streets of his capital, or presented himself in the days of July on the balcony of the Tuileries, not a hat lifted, not a voice to bless him, might have warned him. When a monarchy

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without roots in rightful authority or tradition loses popular respect, its fall is near.

It came with a crash. On the 24th of February, 1848, Louis Philippe rose in the Tuileries the King of the French; before midday he was a fugitive. Fatal changes in his ministry just when all should have been fixed; Guizot displaced by Thiers,—Thiers set aside for Odillon Barrot; the army without orders or generals; the National Guard dissatisfied; the mob, a confluence of conspirators and criminals, occupied the streets, barricaded the boulevards, and poured in fury on the Tuileries and the Hotel de Ville. The princess saw the king make his last effort, review the troops on the Place du Carousel, and discover that the National Guard were alienated. At eleven in the forenoon he returned to the Tuileries, and, after sitting a few minutes in melancholy reflection, he declared his resolution to abdicate in favour of the Count de Paris. In vain the heroic queen protested; in vain the princess knelt to him and conjured him. She knew too well that the crown which he threw off would never come to her boy. The royal party fled, and the princess and her sons, with their household, remained in the deserted Tuileries. Some deputies rushed in, and urged her to assume the Regency; but while they speak the mob approaches, guns are discharged, the surging multitude rush with shouts to the Tuileries. In the terror and danger, the princess alone was unmoved; with her two boys beside her she traverses the long corridor, and places herself and them under the picture of their father. "Here," she says, "is the spot to die on." She bids her servants open the door and let the savage multitude enter.

But at this moment the Duc de Nemours, who with generous care for his brother's children watched over them, despatched two deputies from the Chamber to bid the princess cross the garden and pass the Seine by the little bridge.—Obeying the summons as a direction from heaven, she hurried along that pleasant garden, on which royalty has so often looked, and where the gay and giddy lounge their summer afternoons. Surrounded by a few friends and her household, she was sheltered from the sight of the fierce rabble, who, with passions unchained, were now tearing at the garden rails, and armed with guns and bayonets, were eager to rush in. She had not left the garden before the shouts within the Tuileries told her that the work of pillage had begun. Rapidly crossing the bridge and passing the crowd on the quay, she entered at last the Chamber, and, as the President was in his chair and the deputies in their seats, for a moment she breathed in safety. The crowd which surrounded the Chamber, more orderly and taken from the middle class, showed their wishes by shouts of "Long live the Duchess of Orleans and the Comte de Paris!" The Premier, M. Odillon Barrot, was soon at her side, and she was placed near the tribune with her children.

M. Dupin presents himself, and moves that the act of abdication be received, and the shouts for the Duchess and her son be recorded. This is the signal for a fierce expression of opinion and a great uproar. Many urge the princess to withdraw. "If I leave," was her answer, "my son will never reënter;" and she stands firm. But increasing crowds pour into the Chamber, and her friends remove her, with her children, to the gallery in front of the President's chair. There she seats herself, and, as a last appeal to the loyalty of the French, M. Odillon Barrot proclaims the young prince king.

A vehement debate arose, and M. Lamartine, with compliments to the duchess, but with sinister purpose, directs his eloquence against the House of Orleans. In vain the princess rises and attempts twice to speak: shouts of violence are mixed with cheers of sympathy and drown her voice. The struggle is ended by the arrival of the roughs. They have finished sacking the Tuileries, and they hurry to disperse the Chamber. Pouring in, with groans, and shrieks, and threats, they drive the president and deputies before them. Law and liberty fall before force. Yet the princess remains. The men leave in fear—the woman and the mother braves the storm. It is the last chance for her son, and though guns are pointed at her, she sits unmoved. Leaning forward, and laying her hand on the shoulder of one of her few friends, a deputy, who remained, she said, with a voice which was as calm as in a festival, "What advice do you give me?" "To come to the President's house." And he led the way. From bench to bench she descends till she reaches a corridor, used by the deputies for an exit, and in this, which is dark, and where the crowd is great, she is hurried along, and in the confusion separated from her children. Outside the National Guard receive and protect her. One of her children, thrown down, narrowly escapes being trod to death; the other, seized by a workman in his blouse, is passed from hand to hand till he reaches the President's house. When the princess finds that her children were not with her she loses for the first time her self-possession, and utters cries of despair. As soon as they are restored she becomes calm. As the President's house is likely to be the next point of attack, her friends remove her to the Hotel des Invalides.—Marshal Molitor, who commands there, is ill and incompetent. He represents that he has only a few old soldiers to defend it. "No matter," is her answer; "the place is a good one to die in if there is an occasion for it, and to stay in if we can defend it." Here the Duc de Nemours joins her, and they concert plans for gathering the troops and restoring order. The princess is resolute for resistance. Messengers are despatched to the public offices and to the barracks of the troops. M. Odillon Barrot at his office attempts to regain the authority of government. In vain.

The army is paralysed; the National Guard are disaffected; the surging mob are in possession of the palaces and the Hotel de Ville; the last retreat of royalty is known to them; and they are about to assail the Hotel des Invalides. Then all around her advise her to fly.—"If there is one to counsel my stay, I remain. I am more anxious for my son's life than for his crown; but if his life is a sacrifice necessary for France, a king—though he be but a king of ten years old—must know how to die." She refused peremptorily to take the lace off her gown and put on disguise. "If I am taken, I will be taken as a princess." She crossed in safety the street near the hotel, and on stepping into the carriage, which was to take her from Paris, she said, "Send me word, and to-morrow, or ten years hence, I return."

In a desolate chateau near Paris she awaited some days in trying suspense better news; but all was bad, and at last reaching Amiens she entered there the railway-carriage to Lille, and in crossing the frontier burst into tears. "I weep," she said to her weeping attendants, "from sorrow that I leave France—France, on which I invoke the blessing of heaven." "When the thought crosses me," she said long after, "that I shall never see France again, I feel my heart break." In the fearful struggle of anarchy against order in Paris, in July, 1848, she took the keenest interest. With joy she saw the Rebublican Government prevail, but with prophetic sagacity she said, "Their time will not be long. I fear that the country is fated to pass through many successive changes before it is settled on a foundation that will stand. Poor France! great, but always extreme in its disasters as in its glory."

She herself, after her removal from France, when her fortune was yet uncertain and the sources of means for the time were suspended, went to Ems, where her step-mother and sister joined her. Thence she rejoined her family at Eisenach. The Queen of the Belgians, her sister-in-law, was alarmed for her, lest her poverty should cause her discomfort. She sent a common friend to ascertain her state, who found her in a huge room without fire (for she could not bear the German stove), dressed in a thin dress as when she left the Tuileries, but laughing at her hardships. The people, who loved her and received her back an exile, showed her a delicate sympathy. In the street none looked at her lest they should pain her. But her rooms were filled with flowers—the rich sending her the choicest flowers that wealth could give, the poor gathering wild flowers, and sending them as marks of love. But in the summer of 1849 she removed to England, and became one of the exiled family, with whom her heart was united. The first communion of her son, though of course celebrated according to the Roman Catholic form, was full of interest to her, and drew forth her earnest prayers. She had watched over his religious instruc-

tion with the tenderest anxiety, and the look which he fixed on her after he had received the communion showed that to her he turned as his guide and friend.

After the death of Louis Philippe, which occurred in August, 1850, and which she mourned deeply, she divided her time between Eisenach and England. During this interval, when the state of the French Government was fluctuating and precarious, she turned with a lingering hope that her son might regain his position. But the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, crushed all hope, and her mind remained for a long time dejected. She could not reconcile herself to the fate of the exile and outcast for those she loved. She had hoped that her prayer would be heard; and now all hope was gone. She could scarce pray; she felt it hard to bow. The resignation of the French queen and her gentle submission grated on her mind, sick and distempéred. When her boys were with her, for their sakes she was busy and cheerful; but when they were absent and otherwise occupied, her spirits sunk. She brooded over the hard lot which was theirs—so different from what she had imagined for them. Once when a friend was leaving her, and mentioning her daughter, she inquired her name. "I have called her Helen, after your Royal Highness." "Oh, why did you give her that name? it is ominous of grief!" and she burst into tears, and could not for some time speak. To calm the struggle she resorted to exercise and an unnatural activity. In 1851 she longed to escape from England and its depressing air.—The autumn of that year and a part of the next was passed by her in Germany and Switzerland. This land of mountains brought back consoling memories. There, however, an accident befell her which nearly cost her her life. Her carriage was upset near Lausanne, and she was hurled into a stream. Her shoulder was broken, and for weeks her sufferings were intense. Of these she thought little; she was thankful that her sons had escaped: and the affectionate Queen Amélie arrived from England to nurse her. In that long confinement her patience and composure were regained. The bodily suffering (as is often the case) restored by a gracious influence the spiritual calm; thenceforth she was resigned. She could look at her son's position, and believe that his exile might be for his good. Hope and faith resumed their authority, and with patience came confidence and prayer. The Master had spoken, and on the troubled sea of human emotion there fell a great calm.

After her recovery she removed to England, where she engaged a house at Ketley, in Devonshire, in hopes of finding there a better climate; but the rain and fog pursued her and continued for several months. A lady who visited her in this temporary home found her associating with the most condescending kindness with her country neighbours, visiting the cottage of the poor, and finding work for

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many a destitute peasant. There she became the kindly hostess, receiving her friends, or the young companions of her boys, and providing, in the midst of a household attached to her by her unfailing kindness, for the comfort and amusement of all. The horses were often laid aside by over-work, but then she hired a fly; and it was amusing to see her drive in this humble vehicle into the grand park of Mount Edgcumbe, waited on by my lord's steward, mounted on a superb horse, who rode beside her. Still, at times, the sorrow of the stricken mind appeared to her intimate friends. Depressed one Sunday, she asked her friend to read to her, but unable thus to fix her thoughts, she passed into conversation. "I desire," she said, "to bring round my sons a thoughtful society, not the frivolous and vain, but matrons, mothers of families, and intelligent persons. But sometimes a thought troubles me: my health is weak. I may die.—What would then become of my children?" On another occasion she said, "Give me some music—music calms my thoughts; it cheats me out of my feelings without doing them violence."

In 1856 she passed the winter in Italy, and that genial climate revived her health. It was like being born again. She wrote from Genoa: "Come to this incomparable place, where to live and to enjoy are the same."

In the spring of 1857 she returned to England. In order to be near Queen Amélie, at Claremont, she settled in the little village of Thames Ditton. There, united with the other members of the French royal family, she passed a time of quiet and enjoyment.—The growth and progress of her elder son gave her intense delight. Thoughtful, firm, and settled in his principles, he had a conduct beyond his years. "It is no longer I that protect him, he has become my protector. I love to see that he has a conscience distinct from mine, and when he differs in opinion from me I am delighted." The intimate affection between the brothers was a balm to her heart. Still their future occupied her anxiously, though with frequent intervals of trust and resting on God. "I find gleams of severance from earth, when a mother's ambition disappears; but these moments pass, and heaven is clouded; business distracts—the trifles of life fill my soul. What humiliation to look into one's self!"

For a moment life was bright at Claremont, and the trials of the stricken family seemed suspended. Her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Nemours, to whom she was tenderly attached, had given birth to a child, and both child and mother were recovering. The superstitious fear respecting Claremont seemed dispelled, when, suddenly, without a warning, the Duchess of Nemours, apparently in health, was called to her rest. This blow told heavily on the princess, though as usual she busied herself in comforting others.

But to France she still turned an anxious eye. It seemed a weary

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time till better thoughts and a revival of loyalty should sober that giddy nation. But the attempt on Napoleon's life in January, 1858, filled her with horror. "It is not thus," she writes, "that I wish his dynasty to perish. But our duty is simple, we can only pray God and instruct our sons; in that duty we shall not fail." She had decided in pursuance of her duty, that her sons should leave her for foreign travel—a great strain on her feelings, but one from which she did not for a moment shrink. But that trial she was to be spared.

Early in May, 1858, she had to leave the house at Richmond which she had occupied, and she removed to another, Cranbourne House, close on the Thames. Placed low, and buried in trees, it looked gloomy and was certainly damp. This gave a sombre air which she remarked, and the black gates seemed to her like the gates of a tomb. But she soon made the house cheerful with flowers, ornaments, and her smiles. Soon after they entered it, the Duc de Chartres, her second son, became ill, and she would tend him herself, and sit up during the night in her room. This may have given the last touch, but in truth the fragile body, long tried by emotion, was worn out. A slight attack of influenza laid her on her bed. There she would continue with all her wonted vivacity her conversation with her sons. The doctor interfered at last, and forbade this exhausting talk. "Let me, at least, look at them," she said.

Her attendants had remarked that more and more she had become absorbed in her devotions and her study of Scripture. Faithful to her pledge to bring up her sons as Roman Catholics, she extracted from that religion everything which was true and pure, and made it serve as topics of conversation with them, or as grounds of united prayer. But her own faith never varied. Alone in a Roman Catholic family she maintained her faith, gently but unfaltering, so that no one ever breathed a word against it. Now it was her stay. "Have you remembered," she said to one of her Roman Catholic attendants, "to pray for me?" "Yes, I ask the happiness of Madame and her sons. I dare not ask more precise petitions."—"You are right," she said; "thus we ought to pray, we know so little what is good for us."

Her long trial drew to its end; cough and fainting-fits ensued, and the growing weakness alarmed her doctor. But she remained in perfect calm, and in her half-sleep they caught her speaking of her parents' burying-place, and repeating the favourite words of one of those German hymns which have been the delight of many a fervent heart. She parted with her children on the last night with her usual salutation of "God bless you, my children." Watchful over others, she made the attendant drink a glass of wine and insisted that she should sit down, and seeing her doctor's anxiety she assured him that she was about to sleep quietly.

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He left her for a few moments, and on his return found that she had passed into that sleep which knows no waking here. The sorrow and the sympathy which followed need not be described, nor need we point to the lessons of a life so chastened and purified by sorrow, and so sustained by Christian faith.

A HOLY LIFE AND DEATH.

[The following article from the pen of Mons. Guizot, is translated for the RICHMOND ECLECTIC from the *Journal des Debats*.]

The Reformed Church of Paris has just lost one of its most venerable and venerated members, the President of its consistory, its oldest pastor. Above fifty years Mons. Juillerat Chasseur, preached the christian faith to the Protestants of Paris; for more than thirty years he presided over the councils and the government of their church. He died the 11th March last at the age of eighty and six years, in a profound peace of soul, without great bodily suffering, as one enters upon evening's rest, after a long day of labour. Piety and the simple gravity of duties and morals often prolong life, for they fill its emptiness while they lighten its burden. Who has not known worthy ecclesiastics, priests of the Catholic church or pastors of the Protestant church, attain, without shock or decay, an extreme old age, and quietly descend into the grave after having laboriously traversed the long and modest path which led them to it? Neither life's fatigues nor life's sadnesses were unknown to them. Who is spared acquaintance with them? But life's fatigues and sadnesses found them strangers to this world's agitations, affectionately occupied with the welfare of souls, and they bore them without perturbation and without bitterness, as incidents inherent to man's condition, with confidence that man has a destiny far loftier than his condition, and in drawing in the calm service of their Divine master, a serenity which shed, even in their personal trials, an inalterable gentleness.

Mons. Juillerat was one of the most complete examples of this existence, which was both active and tranquil, full without ever overflowing, beneficent to everybody who came near him, and happy for himself, although he had his share of disappointments and painful bereavements. Born at Locle, in the canton of Neuchatel, the 22d April, 1781, he studied at Lausanne, was ordained in 1805 as an an evangelical minister, came to France as the pastor of the little

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rural parish of Pignan, (Herault county,) and succeeded in being very favourably received there by the gentle dignity of his character and the genial loftiness of his preaching. In 1808 he was called to Nimes, as one of the pastors of that church, the largest Protestant church in the South of France.—His talents were developed, and his reputation increased there rapidly. He was a man whose nature was both sympathetic and reserved, open to lively impressions and to the intellectual movement of the world, without the depths of his mind being disturbed. He married in 1810 Mlle. de Chabaud Latour, who belonged to one of the oldest and most respected Protestant families of that country. He made a good match, to use the world's phrase, so far as social position and wealth went; it was something else and something more, it gave him a wife of a noble character, of rare mind and of indefatigable devotion to her affections and her duties. She took part in all the labours and all the convictions of her husband, and gave him that which strengthens and calms the soul in life's trials, domestic happiness surrounded by public esteem. Trials soon came. The crisis of the Hundred Days rekindled in 1815 throughout the South of France old religious passions, and at the same time new political passions. After Napoleon's second fall, and the return of Louis XVIII., the Protestants of Gard county were the victims of a violent reaction, which, at the first moment, the Royal Government, scarcely seated on the throne, was unable to repress efficaciously.—When the government determined to reöpen the Protestant churches at Nimes, and reëstablish religious liberty, that primal right of souls, a popular sedition occurred the 12th November, 1815. The church, full of the faithful, was assailed. Mons. Juillerat was in the pulpit. The menacing yells of the mob outside the church mingled with, but did not interrupt the congregation's singing of Psalms. The church was on the eve of being invaded. Neither the chanting of Psalms nor the sermon of the pastor was interrupted. He suppressed the fears of the congregation, and at the same time satisfied their souls and confirmed their right freely to worship according to their own conscience. A gallant officer, General Count de Lagarde, a faithful Royalist and *ex-emigré*, then the commander of Gard county, and firmly devoted to the maintenance of order and the rights of the public, hastened upon horseback with some soldiers. He first protected the religious exercises, and then the dispersion of the congregation at the close of the services. They went home amid a perilous tumult. It was while covering their return General Lagarde was wounded by the ball of a fanatical assassin. It was with great difficulty he recovered from this wound; he never regained firm health afterwards, lingering a valetudinarian all the rest of his days; but the soldier and the pastor both

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had discharged their duty and secured to a Christian people their rights.

Courage in the presence of danger, be the hero a soldier or a pastor, invariably inspires public sympathy. Mons. Juillerat's name was spread with great honour throughout Protestant France. In 1816 a pulpit became vacant in the Reformed church of Paris. He was called to it. He filled it without interruption since then, with conscientious and modest activity, always ready for duty and sacrifice, without noise, without seeking rewards, well content to discharge his pious duties.—He did not content himself with preaching and fufilling the various pastoral offices; he took a considerable share in the Christian revival which then occurred among French Protestants. The Protestant church, as well as the Catholic, had been reëstablished by the Concordat of 1802. Churches were reöpened, religious worship was conducted regularly; religious habits were once more formed. This was a good deal; it was not all, it was not enough.. It was essentially Christian; faith reëntered souls as religious worship had reëntered the churches—that profound, efficacious faith, which satisfies the mind, fills the heart, governs life, and which has been, and will be the source of Christianity's power amid the transformations of human societies, and its own internal dissentions. Mons. Juillerat became the friend and co-labourer of Messrs. Encontre, Vinet, Gauthier, Naeff, and of all those other fervent christians who devoted themselves to awakening Christian faith in French Protestantism. He found in his own family affectionate and efficacious assistance. His niece, Mlle. Rosine de Chabaud Latour, a woman whose mind was as lofty as her soul was generous, and inexhaustible in active goodness, translated good foreign religious works, wrote herself, laboured incessantly for the cause, and exerted, wherever she could reach, the most salutary influence. Mons. Juillerat undertook to edit and publish a periodical work, "Les Archives du Christianisme," which is still published and pursues its task with imperturbable perseverance. And recently, when religious, dogmatic, historical, and ecclesiastical questions reäppeared and sowed profound agitation in the Reformed church, Mons. Juillerat remained invariably faithful to his creed and his cause. "I have kept the faith," was the motto of his last days, as well as of his whole life. He might likewise have said: "I have kept charity," for no violent or bitter sentiment was mixed with the energy of his faith. He always respected even the convictions he fought against, and wished for all that religious liberty secured us by the State, while at the same time, he defended the church against anarchy. He never ceased to love and regret peace, even when he placed what his soul considered the truth, above peace.

His funeral showed justice was done him in all these ways, and on every side. It took place the 13th of March, in the church of the Ora-

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toire Saint Honoré, amid a large throng of the sad and respectful faithful. In obedience to the wishes of his family the Reverend Messrs. Rognon, Guillaume, Monod, and Dhombres, in the pulpit or at the brink of the grave, retraced with eloquent emotion the principal passages of his life and pious labours. And all the pastors of the Protestant churches of Paris and its vicinity, Reformed, Lutheran, National or Dissenting, were assembled around his coffin, anxious to express their common sentiments of profound esteem and sincere regret for him. Salutary power of Death which ends all combat in the presence of a virtuous life and in the expectation of eternity!

[*Chambers's Journal.*

CROWN JEWELS.

The Plantagenets, Lancasters, Tudors, and Stuarts, who in turn ruled this island of ours, all rejoiced in a plethora of valuables in the shape of jewelry and plate, which they were not slow in discovering might be put to other than ornamental purposes. Wise in their generation, they never thought of putting the crown jewels in a glass case, for their subjects to stare and wonder at, but kept the precious treasures in chests and closets, that they could empty at their pleasure and convenience.

When Henry III. began to quarrel with his nobles, he provided against probable contingencies by confiding the royal jewels and plate to the care of the queen of France. His foresight was rewarded; for when the successful rebellion of the barons made money scarce with him, he had no difficulty in obtaining a supply from the French merchants upon the security of his valuables, which he left his successor to redeem. Edward I. contrived to order his affairs so well as never to be reduced to the indignity of pawning his crown jewels, of which he possessed a goodly store. He owned no less than four crowns—one set with rubies, emeralds, and pearls: one set with Indian pearls only; a third mounted with emeralds and rubies; and most valuable of all, the great crown of gold used at his coronation, ornamented with emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and large eastern pearls. Among his lesser treasures were gilt combs and mirrors, pearl-covered ewers, silver-gilt mugs, knives and forks in silver sheaths, crosses set with precious stones, silver girdles and trumpets, gold clasps and rings,

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and a fine collection of amethysts, topazes, sapphires, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, carbuncles, garnets, and chalcedonies. These were deposited in Westminster Abbey; but the authorities there seemed to have been rather lax in their guardianship. Taking the opportunity of Edward's departure for Scotland in 1303, certain burglarious monks and their associates broke into the treasure-chamber, and abstracted some of its most valuable contents, finding customers for their plunder in London, Colchester, and Northampton.

The thieves were not without discretion; they wisely left the crowns alone, and threw the consecration ring and Henry III.'s secret seal on the floor; while their patient waiting and careful preparation were quite equal to that of our modern Caseleys—they actually sowed the Abbey cemetery with hemp-seed four months beforehand, calculating that the hemp would afford them a hiding-place for the booty, by the time they wanted one. One of the robbers was taken with above two thousand pounds' worth of property upon him; and he confessed to having himself removed a great crucifix, a silver-gilt Virgin, two little silver pitchers, three pouches full of jewels and vessels, besides gold and silver spoons, dishes, cups, saucers, rings, girdles, and precious stones. The Abbot of Westminster, the sacristan, and forty-eight monks, were committed to the Tower, on suspicion of having directly or indirectly assisted in this daring raid upon the royal treasure-house; and some of them remained prisoners for two years; but of the fate of the actual thieves we can find no record.

Edward III. raised the sinews of war by pawning his crown and sundry jewels to the Flemings.—His grandson got possession of them again, but only to consign them to the Bishop of London and the Earl of Arundel, as security for a loan of ten thousand pounds.—Shakspeare makes Bolingbroke's adherents assert that the proud rebel returned to England to "redeem from broking pawn the blemished crown." The improvident Richard was even obliged to pawn his favourite ornaments, his "jewelled white harts." Henry IV. kept clear of his pawnbroker; but when the quondam roysterer of Eastcheap came to his regal inheritance, it might have been expected that the crown jewels would be sent on their travels, if not gotten rid of altogether. Henry V. certainly did pawn some of his jewels, but it was for a great object. When he resolved to submit his claims on France to the arbitrament of the sword, he raised part of the funds required for his memorable campaign by pawning his "Rich Collar" (valued at L.2800) to the mayor and commonalty of London; and his Skelton Collar, garnished with rubies, sapphires, and pearls, to the Bishop of Worcester and the city of Coventry. The first, he redeemed the following year; but the Skelton Collar was in pawn when the hero of Agincourt died. His unwarlike and unfortunate son,

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thanks to the civil strife marking his reign, was obliged to raise money on his jewels again and again. In 1439, he borrowed seven thousand marks from his rich uncle, the Cardinal Bishop of Winchester, depositing with that wealthy ecclesiastic the Rich Collar (upon which alone his father had obtained ten thousand marks); gold sword garnished with sapphires, known as the Sword of Spain; the Sklyngton Collar; three gold tablets—of St. George, Our Lady, and Christ's Passion; great alms-dish, "made in maner of a shipp full of men of armes feyghtyng upon the shipp side;" and divers chargers, dishes, chalices, pots, basins, and saucers. The bishop—his king's uncle in a double sense—seems to have taken care of his own interest, for the whole of the valuables thus pawned to him were to become his absolute property, unless redeemed within twelve months' time. A few years later, Henry handed over two gold basins, a gold tablet, and a little bell of the same material, to the Earl of Buckingham, as security for the payment of himself and his soldiers for services rendered in France.

Succeeding monarchs appear to have kept the crown jewels for their proper use; Elizabeth indeed lent money instead of borrowing, and left behind her a cupboard full of plate, belonging to the House of Burgundy, which she held as security for advances made to the States of Brabant. One of the first things James I. did, after his arrival in London, was to order an inventory to be made of all the jewels and valuables left by Elizabeth; and to collect those she had allowed to remain in the charge of certain lords and ladies. The Earl of Suffolk was asked to replace a quarter of a million's worth; he did not replace them, however, but put in a plea of condonation.—Among the crown jewels inventoried by the order of James, we find a crown imperial of gold; two circlets of gold; fifteen gold collars; "a great and rich jewel of gold called the Mirror of Great Britain, containing one very fair table diamond; one very fair table ruby; two other large diamonds, cut lozenge-wise, garnished with small diamonds; two round pearls; and one fair diamond cut in fawcetts;" a great two-handed sword, garnished with silver, presented to Henry VIII. by the pope; and three pieces "esteemed to be of unicorn's horn." In the year 1619, James was much offended with the aldermen of London because they refused to advance him a hundred thousand pounds upon the crown jewels, that sum being wanted to defray the moiety of the cost of his progress into Scotland; however, he contrived to raise sixty thousand pounds upon them in some other quarter. His Majesty's progresses were expensive affairs. Two years afterwards, Chamberlain, writing to Sir Dudley Carleton that the king intends making a petty progress to Otelands, Oking, and Windsor, says: "We are driven to hardships for money, and all too little, so that we are fain to make

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sale of jewels for twenty thousand pound to furnish out this progress;" but it seems that his Majesty or her Majesty—for they were the queen's jewels that were pledged on this occasion—could not persuade Master Peter Van Lore to advance more than eighteen thousand pounds.—Chamberlain consoles himself with the reflection, that "the choice of pearls and other rare jewels are not touched, among which there is a carquenet of round long pearls, rated at forty thousand pounds, in the judgment of Lord Digby aud others, the fairest that are to be found in Christendom."

Charles I. followed in his father's footsteps, and when he wanted money, sought, as a matter of course, to raise it upon the crown jewels. In the first year of his reign, he overhauled the contents of the Jewel-house, to see what portion of them he could most conveniently transfer to the care of His Grace of Buckingham, about to proceed as ambassador to the Hague, where his Majesty hoped it would not be difficult to borrow a few thousands upon such tangible security. In vain did Sir Henry Mildmay, the Master of the Jewel-house, venture to suggest the advisability of the king taking the advice of his Council on the matter, and with their concurrence, using a warrant under the Great Seal authorizing the pledging of the royal treasures, on the ground that there were too many, both in the court and in the kingdom, who looked upon the duke's proceedings "with more than a curious eye;" in vain did Lord Brooke, who had some of the crown jewels in his possession, throw difficulties in the way, and complain of having to deliver up such valuables without any proper warrant—his Majesty heeded no remonstrances, and followed no suggestions but those of his necessity; and before long, Mildmay wrote that he had sent all the jewels and gold-plate of any value in his care, and if the king wanted anything more, he must perforce be contented with silver-plate as there was nothing else left in the Jewel-house. Buckingham arrived at the Hague in due time, and at once set about executing the financial part of his mission. It would hardly have been consistent with ambassadorial etiquette for the representative of the king of England to go hawking his master's valuables about among the Dutch money-lenders; so the duke commissioned a Mr. Sackville Crow, and one Philip Calandrini, to raise three hundred pounds upon two parcels of jewels and one parcel of gold plate set with stones.—The shrewd Hollanders, however, were not to be induced to part with their coin quite so easily as his English Majesty anticipated; they actually had the impudence to require a guarantee from some merchants of standing that the jewels should be redeemed within three years' time; and spite of Buckingham's urgings, the business proceeded very slowly and unsatisfactorily. After four months spent in negotiating the affair, Crow declared he utterly despaired of effecting any good, in consequence

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of the opposition of certain factions at Amsterdam; and at length rumours of difficulties between Charles and the Commons came over "in such a full stream as to carry away all hope;" the Dutch usurers expressing great doubt as to the king's power to pawn his jewels without the consent of his parliament; and Crow finally returned to England with the greater part of his precious charge.

Crow's fellow-agent seems to have been more successful, having managed to raise fifty-eight thousand pounds upon certain jewels. In 1628, we find a warrant issued for the payment of three thousand pounds for interest on the above-named sum; but twelve months later, Calandrini writes to Secretary Dorchester that his brother has written to him from Holland, "that those who have the pearls in hand, and also the Widow Thibant, who has his Majesty's jewel of the Three Brethren, will not wait any longer, but will proceed to execution before March;" and begs the Secretary to prevent the damage and dishonour which will be caused by delay in redeeming the jewels. Upon receiving this unpleasant notification, Charles took the affair in hand himself, and sent out instructions to sell 4000 tons of iron ordinance to the States-general for one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. With this sum, the plate and jewels pledged in Holland, and "the collar and rich balhasses" pawned to the king of Denmark for L.12,500, were to be redeemed; but if Sir Henry Mildmay flattered himself that he should have the pleasure of restoring the long-absent jewelry and plate to their accustomed places in the Jewel-house, he was wofully mistaken.

As far as the plate was concerned, it was a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire; its redemption was but the prelude to its being ignominiously sent to the melting-pot, the king specially ordering that the most valuable portions of it should be immediately melted down and sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of certain clamorous creditors in the Low Countries. Even this wholesale transaction did not enable Charles to rescue all his jewels from the hands of the pawnbrokers. In 1631, warrants were granted for nearly twenty thousand pounds to redeem crown jewels held by Dutch merchants in security for loans; and some still remained in pawn as late as 1635, when Boswell and Geraerd were commissioned to recover them; and were not a little disgusted to find that the agents employed to pawn them had raised some five thousand pounds more upon them than they had transmitted home, and so paid themselves pretty liberally for the trouble they had had in the business.

Not satisfied with pawning the crown jewels and plate, Charles every now and then took stock of the regal ornaments remaining to him, and disposed of those he thought he did not actually want for use. Thus, in 1629, he took away from the secret Jewel-House a large agate, engraven with the

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portraits of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; and at the same time ordered the sale of sundry articles of more or less value. Among these discarded ornaments were twelve pieces of goldsmith's work, like friar's knots, with ninety-one pendant pearls, being part of a collar of gold; two great half-round pearls taken from the Mirror of Britain; four gold collars, including that of the Order of St. Michael, composed of twenty-four knots of gold, and twenty-four double scallop-shells with the saint hanging to it by a couple of little chains; also, a gold lorayne or double cross, set with diamonds and rubies; an old jewel in the shape of the letter M; a circlet of gold "new made for our dear mother Queen Anne, having in the midst eight fair diamonds, eight fair rubies, eight emeralds, and eight sapphires, and garnished with thirty-two small diamonds, thirty-two small rubies, and sixty-four pearls, and on each border thirty-two diamonds and rubies;" and a girdle of rubies in the form of red and white roses—possibly first worn by Elizabeth of York, whose marriage with the victor of Bosworth Field united the white rose with the red. A year after Charles had effected this clearance of his surplus gauds, we find him accepting L.1108 from James Maxwell, and in consideration for that sum, authorising him to retain as his own property two large diamonds, upon which he had previously advanced L.11,346; and this is but a sample of many similar arrangements between money-lending goldsmiths and his impecunious majesty.

While all this pawning and selling was going on, Charles patronised the jewellers as liberally as though the royal exchequer was overflowing with riches. With jewelry, as with more important things, the unhappy Stuart was quite oblivious to the wisdom of cutting his coat according to his cloth, and the tradesmen he favoured, found they were dealing with a queer customer indeed. In the very year that his agents were bringing England into contempt abroad, by carrying her crown jewels from money-lender to money-lender, his bankrupt Majesty added to the royal collection a diamond costing eight thousand pounds, a gold ring costing four hundred pounds, a fair jewel set with diamonds worth L.9500, and a looking-glass set with diamonds priced at L.2500. He purchased three thousand pounds' worth of jewelry of Mercadet, for the use of the queen; and when the jeweller presented the order for the money, he was informed the Exchequer had not the wherewithal to satisfy his demands, and was compelled to give it some months' credit. In still worse plight was John Vaulier, who supplied the king about the same time with above two thousand pounds' worth of jewelry, for we find him after a lapse of eighteen months, vainly dunning his royal debtor for his money; while Sir Thomas Roe, after waiting patiently for three years and a half, complained bit-

terly that he saw no prospect of obtaining L.2500 for some jewels he had procured at the express desire of the queen, and for which he had actually paid three thousand pounds. No wonder merchants and traders grew suspicious, and declined, as had been their custom, to desposit their valuables in the Tower, lest their money-wanting monarch should be tempted to relieve himself at their expense.

In 1642, when both king and parliament were preparing for war, Charles authorised Queen Henrietta to dispose of his great collar of rubies, and sundry other jewels she had conveyed abroad, to raise funds for providing arms and ammunition for his adherents. As soon as this became known, parliament (ignoring the fact that the kings of England had never hesitated to deal as they liked with the crown jewels) issued an order of the day, declaring Charles had no power to pawn or sell the crown jewels, and ordering that whoever "had or should pay, lend, send, or bring any money into the kingdom for or upon those jewels," should be accounted an enemy of the state, and be dealt with accordingly.—Assuming to themselves the rights they denied the king, the Commons, in the same year, authorised Henry Martyn to break open the royal jewel-chest at Westminster, and sell the contents. Among the historic regalia thus confiscated were "the imperial crown of massy gold," commonly called King Edward's crown (this dated from Edward III.'s reign, the original Confessor's crown disappeared long before;) King Alfred's crown of gold wire-work set with slight stones and two little bells; the queen's crown; Edward VI.'s crown; and Queen Edith's crown, "formerly thought to be of massy gold, but upon trial found to be of silver-gilt, enriched with garnetts, foule pearl, saphires, and some odd stones." Four sceptres were also broken and defaced, and the perpetrators of this destruction discovered that one of them was only silver-gilt; that a large dove-headed staff was wood inside and silver-gilt without; and a smaller one, decorated with the *fleur-de-luce*, was iron within and gilt without, instead of being "massy gold," as they had fondly imagined.

When England grew tired of the Protectorate, a new set of regalia became necessary, and in the first year of the Restoration, Goldsmith Vyner's bill amounted to L.31,978, 9s. 11d. Besides that, twelve hundred pounds had to be paid for some borrowed stones lost during the coronation ceremonial. Charles II. seems to have lost no time in doing something towards restocking the Jewel-house. He bought a valuable oriental ruby, and a large heart-diamond of great perfection, and decorated his stirrups with three hundred and twenty diamonds. In the third year of his reign, we find one Mary Simpson petitioning his Majesty to award her L.15,595 out of the Dunkirk money, for jewels supplied to him by her father and uncle; and three years later another jeweller pre-

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sented a small account for L.12,179. Immediately after Charles's accession, a proclamation had been issued commanding all persons holding possession of any jewels or plate belonging to the crown to restore the same. Nathaniel Hearne, a London merchant, was arrested for refusing to give up "Queen Elizabeth's great and precious onyx stone," upon which he professed to have lent money. Frances Curson was committed to prison for having received a hatful of gold and jewels at the time of the dispersion of the crown jewels; and she confessed that she knew of a Jesuit who had managed to appropriate property of the same kind worth forty thousand pounds. However, the royal valuables came in but slowly. Two years after the proclamation was issued, a warrant was granted to certain parties to search for and seize a diamond hatband and garter, a gold wedge and cup, and a stirrup of gold taken from the late king's closet at Whitehall. In the same year, too, it was thought necessary to appoint a commission "to examine the accounts of the so-called trustees, contractors, or treasurers for the sale of the late king's goods; namely, the crowns, jewels, plates, pictures, &c., formerly kept in the Tower and Whitehall Jewel-houses, but forced from the persons to whom they were entrusted, and disposed of to those who were not creditors of the late king, and who are therefore not pardoned by the Act of Oblivion, but must return the property, or pay over the money which they received for it." Nothing, so far as we can discover, came of this effort, so we suppose it came to the inconsequential end common to royal commissions. The Merry Monarch very nearly lost his own crown jewels some few years afterwards, and gratefully rewarded Blood for his daring attempt to rob him of his crown by pensioning him for life, while he left the faithful custodian of the Jewel-house unpaid for risking his life in defence of the royal treasures. The crown jewels have ever since remained unmolested by embarrassed sovereigns or light-fingered subjects, and they are not likely to be disturbed by either, in our time.

[*Good Words.*

SCIENCE AND ART.

A CRATER IN THE MOON.

Not among the countless phenomena that we see around us, and the myriad wonders of the distant sky, is there one that bears witness to creative design more forcibly than the airless moon; and in the naked form of our satellite appears, I think, the most obvious objection to what is called the Nebular Hypothesis, at least as it is held in a

spirit of unbelief. A tendency among gases to intermingle is a well-known natural law; and if, without intelligent interference, a vapoury chaos became concentrated into a world of orbs, it has never been shown how certain elements which are abundant in the principal bodies of a system, could be absent in the only secondary which we are enabled closely to examine. The polar snows of Mars, the changeable nature of the markings on his disk, and other unmistakable signs, show him to possess seas and clouds, like the earth; and the spectroscope has detected aqueous vapour in the remoter planets. How is it, then, that the moon also, in the gathering of its mass, did not include the constituents of air and water? Many varieties of constitution appear, indeed, in the spectrum analysis of the stars.—For instance, the element hydrogen, which we know, on the eminent authority of Mr. Huggins, to be widely diffused through nature, is not recognized in some of them, such as *Betelguese* and *Beta Pegasi*; and if we grant that all matter originally existed in a gaseous state, it may be maintained, generally, that any difference in the composition of the bodies of the universe points to an interference and a fiat opposed to any natural law that can be surmised by the nebular cosmogonists. However, the differences between distant suns are not, of course, so striking as those that are exhibited by bodies closely allied to each other, like the earth and the moon. It may be worthy of remark, also, that the exception to a common arrangement in our system should be found in a *satellite*—a fact that seems to indicate (as we may say with all reverence) a special object in creative plan, enabling the moon, devoid of ocean or atmosphere, to give us precisely and unalterably the degree of light that is most beneficial conjointly with the circumstances of size, mass, and distance, which are connected with essential qualities other than light-giving; and we may regard the nature of the lunar surface as contributing to the same effect.

In this surface, as we may fairly speculate, are only the crystalline rocks, as fresh as they were left by the producing fires. No moisture within to break them up in the swelling frost—no rain, no storm, no air, to waste them away by chemical or mechanical forces. In the brighter parts are probably the glistening planes of the felspar, the glassy sheets of the mica, the fretted lustre of the quartz, and the varied glitter of countless minerals unworn and undimmed, and uncovered by aqueous strata or vegetation. Many a metal in unoxydized brilliancy may there be doing a service that we little consider. So, also, in wide formations, may the stones esteemed the rarest and most precious on earth; and jewels, such as based the structure revealed at Patmos, and far removed from the cupidity of man, may be shining for his real benefit in the distant satellite. But the moon is not all thus bright. There

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are large shadowy areas, whose extent serves, no doubt, to attemper her light to a designed amount. The rock products of fire are often of sombre aspect; and the dusky tracts which constitute the flat portions of the lunar surface, are, it may be, vast overflows of trap. Those wide districts are by no means of uniform shading as they appear to the naked eye. The telescope proves them of different tints, in which red, blue, and green predominate; and the colours that were at one time ascribed to vegetation, are, more likely, due to the various rocks. Greenstones and porphyries of many hues, and other minerals, may assist in dimly variegating the broad level; and the black columns of the basalt, with a development compared to which the wonders of Antrim or Staffa would dwindle into specks, may rise above the plain undistinguishable by any optic power that we possess.

To prove indisputably the volcanic nature of the moon's surface, nothing appeared to be wanting since the invention of the telescope but the sight of an actual eruption: and, though there are a few other instances on record of appearances significative of such an occurrence, yet none seem to have been near so striking or so well observed as the recent obscuration of a crater situated in the dark plain known as the *Mare Serenitatis*. An event of this kind makes the friends of science doubly rejoice that the moon has no cloud-bearing envelope. If she had, our acquaintance with her surface would be slight indeed; and we should in a great degree be debarred from some of the most interesting branches of astronomical inquiry. It is generally considered that in the case of primary planets, with the exception of *Mars*, we see only the light reflected from their clouds; and it seems certain that if the clouds in a lunar atmosphere did not completely shut out the disk from our view, they would at least prevent any close examination, such as could lead to a discovery like the obscuration of the crater above referred to.

This crater, called Linné after the great Swedish naturalist of that name, which has been classically corrupted into Linneus, was first observed by Riccioli in 1653; and since that time its features have been recorded by various other observers. It is described as a deep cavity some five and a half miles in diameter, and an easy object for the telescope. Even at the time of full moon, when the shadows that give prominence to lunar details are lost in the general illumination, Linné was not difficult to detect; and it was, therefore, with no little surprise that the distinguished observer Schmidt, of the Athens observatory, perceived, in October last, only an appearance like a white luminous cloud in place of the deep, shadowy crater.

It is on the line of sunrise or sunset on the moon—technically called the *terminator*—that the structure of her surface is best observed. Here it is, when the direct sudden shafts of day strike

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full on each bristling peak, and while still an ebon-black and impenetrable night fills the intermediate valleys, that the difference of feature and the contrast of height and hollow are most distinctly visible. This boundary between night and day, with a sharpness unmodified by any twilight, presents a jagged outline more remarkable than the edges of a piece of lead suddenly cooled from a melted state by immersion in water. The bright and the dark indents of a hundred shapes and sizes are continually changing as the sunlight advances; and slender filaments, seemingly as fragile as if they ought to yield to the brush of a feather, may be seen curving brightly into the lunar night, and gradually gathering up their proportions from the darkness until they shine out in complete development as "ring mountains."

It was under these circumstances, when the crater in question ought to be best defined, that Schmidt made the discovery of its obscuration. But Linné seems to have been obscured before. Schröter saw it in November, 1788, as a small ill-defined patch on the moon's surface. Since then, however, and up to October, 1866, it appeared as a crater with distinct outlines and walls of considerable brightness.

The disappearances of Linné are not the only observed phenomena of their kind; and, in a place previously hidden by a white cloud, Mr. Knot discovered two small craters in December, 1864. It is probable, however, that the present obscuration will turn out the most important that has hitherto been noticed, and the most instructive in the investigation of lunar physics.

In a letter published in the *Intellectual Observer*, January, 1867, Herr Schmidt describes the phenomenon as follows:—"For some time past, I find that a lunar crater situated in the *Mare Serenitatis* has been invisible. It is the crater which Mädler named Linné, and is in the fourth section of Lohrman under the sign A. I have known this crater since 1841, and even at the full it has not been difficult to see. In October and November, 1866, at its epoch of maximum visibility—*i. e.*, about the time of the rising of the sun on its horizon—this deep crater, whose diameter is 5·6 English miles, has completely disappeared, and in its place there was only a little whitish luminous cloud.

"The *light spot* is always visible, but the crater-form has never been visible from October until the present time."

Without further observations, it would be premature to speculate with any confidence on the probable conditions of the eruption. It would appear, according to Secchi's view, that the outbreak has already ceased, after filling up the greater part of the old crater, and leaving quite an inconsiderable one in its place; so that there is now, in fact, no obscuration in the proper sense of the term. If, on the other hand, there is no sign of any crater whatever, the eruption may still be going on, and the crater may be filled with an over-boiling

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mass of bright matter which is flowing away from it on all sides; or it may be really obscured by a vapour.

If the body that obscures the old form of Linné is really a vapour, it would afford an independent proof of the airless condition of the moon in showing the absence of winds over her surface. If winds were there, it should certainly display their action, and could not persistently maintain its circular shape. But its outline has remained unchanged. The white cloud, if cloud it is, betrays no yielding to any superficial force, and its solemn pall hangs motionless over the awful vault.

But here still would be only a confirmation of what is otherwise established; and it may not be inapt to notice one of its peculiar effects in connection with the eruption of Linné, supposing the moon to be inhabited by sentient beings. If, then, our satellite contains a form of life suited to the conditions that obtain there—and we cannot know whether it does or not; it is plain that, unless, indeed, the vibrations of the ground serve with adapted organs for the purpose of hearing, the eruption of Linné, however great it may be, and frightful to the sight, can yield no sound. The whole land may heave with a force unknown in our most dreadful earthquakes; a hundred chasms may yawn wide and breathe forth their breath of flame; the lofty peak may cleave asunder before the issuing lightning; the sun may darken behind volleyed rocks, or the lofty shroud of vapour; and the encircling cliff for miles may fall down in uttermost confusion—still there are no smothered rumblings in the deep abyss—no thunder among the hills—no roaring in the red throat of the fire-mountain; for even Ruin, wielding her greatest terrors, can have no voice in the airless space; and were all the volcanoes of the moon in eruption together they would be as noiseless as, to human ears, the cushioned feet of a butterfly lighting on a flower.

In point of fact the white cloud might be a condensing vapour; or it might be a solid or fluid outpour; or it might be the resulting formation of matter ejected in any shape. But, be this as it may, it seems established on a high authority—and this is the point of paramount importance—that the moon betrays the continued existence of those forces which, in the operations of countless ages, have impressed her surface with a character so strange, so wild, and so forlorn, that if such scenes were discovered in some hitherto unexplored region of the earth, they would freeze with awe the blood of the beholder.

It may be regretted that the phenomenon did not occur in a crater more remarkable and generally known than Linné, for there is, probably, not a person living, besides Schmidt himself, whose acquaintance with the place, derived from his own observations of twenty-five years, would enable him to pronounce decidedly on a change in its appearance.—

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An alteration of feature in any one of a number of other craters might be proved by a host of witnesses; but at the same time it must be remembered that the distinguished observer who presides over the Athens observatory is, indeed, equal to a host in himself.

Having referred to Linné as bearing testimony to the absence of a lunar atmosphere, which, again, I believe to be a strong evidence of creative design, I think it not out of place to state that on the other hand, our satellite was considered by an eminent philosopher as affording a proof that the world was not formed by an omnipotent intelligence. Laplace says that the moon is not situated to the best advantage for giving light, as she does not always shine in the absence of the sun. To attain the object for which the partizans of final causes imagine her to be intended, it would have been sufficient at the beginning to place her in opposition to the sun in the plane of the ecliptic, and at a hundredth part of the distance of the sun from the earth, at the same time giving her a motion by which the opposition would ever be maintained. The distance would secure her against eclipse, and there would thus be a continual full moon rising regularly at sunset.

But it may be proved mathematically that the moon could not retain that position with respect to the earth; and, even if she could, the advantages suggested by Laplace would be more than doubtful. In the tides we see clearly that it is not her light-giving properties alone that mark her usefulness; and her attractive force, which is shown by various other phenomena of less obvious, though, perhaps, not less real importance—such as precession and nutation—would be vastly modified by her removal to near four times her present distance.—In her relatively unchanging position she would be far from serving, as she does now, for the closest determination of the longitude. By the non-occurrence of eclipses we should be deprived of most admirable and instructive phenomena.—We should never watch in wonder the veiling of the lunar disc, nor mark the earth's roundness in her coppery shadow. We should never, and with still more solicitude, observe the sun himself varying, like a mystic day-moon in rapid phase, up to the awe-inspiring moment when he vanishes among the kindling stars; nor should we ever await in astonishment that most enrapturing of celestial sights when, in the annular eclipse, the thin sunstreams flow round on the central darkness, and encircle the pitchy space like a bright setting that has lost its gem. Supposing still that the moon could be maintained in the position favoured by Laplace, her disc would appear near sixteen times smaller than at present, and her illuminating and other influences would be in the same degree less. I am not aware that the philosopher, to meet those objections, suggested any increase of size; and it might be said that the moon of eminent physical and sci-

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entific value would not, according to his plan, exist—neither would the moon of poetry. The ever-round and ever-diminutive-looking satellite would furnish no striking theme for description or romance, nor suggest to genius some of its grandest conceptions. Milton could not have told of the sun *looking from behind* the eclipsing orb in a simile with which no other of any other writer can be compared for an instant; nor, again, could he have thrilled us with the description of the archfiend's shield, whose—

> "Broad circumference
> Hung on his shoulders like the moon."

In a scientific point of view, it will be easily understood that if the distant and nightly-appearing satellite had still the power of giving any effective light to the earth, in place of being an object of high interest, it would be a positive nuisance to the astronomer. How few of its great wonders would the heavenly space have revealed to us through the veil of an eternal moonlight! The most beautiful systems of the double and multiple stars, with their different lights and motions, would be scarcely noticed.—We should never receive delight from the exquisite charms of the many-hued cluster, dappled with coloured fires, like the flashings of the diamond, the sapphire, and the ruby; nor should we know of the far-remote cloud-worlds, with all their surprising shapes of the ring, the sphere, the spindle, the spiral, and a thousand indescribable forms, many of which are already proved by the spectroscope to be no other than what they appear to be—luminous vapour.

And if those mystic glories of the sky would remain unseen, so, also, would the wonders of its darkness. We should have no speculations about the rayless regions, such as stain the brightness of the *Milky Way*, or set off the splendours of the *Southern Cross*. The deep gulf in the great nebula of Orion would be as unseen as the marvellous promontaries that it divides; and, undiscovered among the brilliant tracts of *Scorpio*, would remain the dreary aperture of an Avernian blackness; through which we can perceive, as it were, the eternal night of outermost space, whose secrets no telescope has ever penetrated. Our acquaintance with the moon's own appearance would be vastly circumscribed. At such a distance we should have little pleasure in contemplating the great landscape of half a planet. Thousands of details now plainly enough visible would be only imperfectly or totally unseen; and it is probable that we should never be attracted by such sights as the obscuration of Linnè.

The often expressed wish that we could get messages from the stars has been, in a sense, realized. It is known by recent observations in spectrum analysis, that hydrogen is one of the constituents of a number of the fixed stars. Mr. Graham, Master of the Mint, has experimented on a specimen of meteoric iron, and found it to contain

times more hydrogen than ordinary malleable iron. This gas must have been absorbed in the atmosphere through which the iron last passed when blazing hot; consequently, this iron brings to us the hydrogen of far remote stars, tells us something of their condition, and we infer that they must have a very dense atmosphere of hydrogen gas. In a short paper on this important subject, read before the Royal Society, Mr. Graham remarks that the dense atmosphere here referred to must be sought for beyond the light cometary matter floating about within the limits of the solar system. This opens a grand question in cosmical science: if Mr. Graham can throw further light on it by fresh investigations of meteorites, his name and fame will be deservedly magnified. He, working in his laboratory, and collecting gases by an aspirator, and the astronomer with his spectroscope, are both endeavouring to solve some of the mysteries of the universe.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Mr. E. Byrne has read a paper before the Institution of Civil Engineers, giving an account of "Experiments on the Removal of Organic and Inorganic Substances in Water." The experiments were made with animal and vegetable charcoal, and give results which will perhaps surprise those persons who regard charcoal as the very best substance for purifying water. At first the charcoal produced its usual effect, and separated the organic matters *from* the water; but as the filtering went on, the charcoal began to return the organic matters *to* the water, so that in time the whole would have been returned. With all the kinds of charcoal tried, the result was the same, shewing that it cannot be depended on for purification of water. Mr. Byrne considers, that as we may be again visited by cholera, a series of systematic experiments with various substances should be carried out for the discovery of some trustworthy purifier. Even then, the purification could be on a comparatively small scale only; so that it becomes of primary importance to get a supply of water from a pure source.

Ottawa, which has recently become the capital of Canada, shews that it appreciates its privileges by having established a Natural History Society. The papers read before this Society are not confined to descriptions of birds, beasts, fishes, and insects, but other useful subjects are admitted. One of the papers read last session treated of two plants which grow wild in the country—the silk-weed, and the Canadian nettle, both fibrous, and likely to be of use in weaving. Perhaps the agriculturists of the Ottawa district will turn their attention to these two plants, and convert them, if possible, into industrial resources.

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MISCELLANIES FROM FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

Items about the Paris Exhibition.—The grand avenue to the Palace from the front gate of the Park, facing the Pont d'Iena, is five hundred feet long and wide in proportion. On each side of it there is a row of those tall slender poles called Venetian masts. They are painted pale green, picked out with gold, and a narrow flag streams from the top.

Opposite to the International Club, the British and Foreign Bible Society is represented by a goodly collection of Bibles and religious books, all on sale. We bought a well-bound square Bible in good-sized print for three francs, and several copies, even cheaper, were sold while we were looking on. They told us that the Society had printed the Scriptures in more than ninety different languages and dialects, of which they gave us specimens.

The Exhibition in the palace is open everyday from ten to six o'clock, except on Mondays from twelve to six. The entrance is free on Sundays.

Among other houses of religious worship there is a Mohammedan Mosque, in which the Arab visitors worship. A flight of stairs leads up to a handsome pulpit, where the Koran is read to the people by an Imaum, as the reader is called. The people are summoned to prayer five times a day, by a sort of clerk, who chants from the balcony of one of the minarets: "Prayer is better than sleep or than food; come to prayer!"

When the Empress visits the Exhibition, her style of dress is remarkable for nothing so much as its extreme simplicity and excellent taste.

There is to be one movable object in the Park, that cannot fail to attract notice—a portable Chinese kitchen made of bamboo, and so light, though very roomy, that a man can carry it with one hand while he keeps up the fire and attends to the cooking with the other.

The kitchen is divided, so to speak, into three stories. In the lowest story the fire has the place of honour; in the story next above the wood and matches are kept; and in the top story plates and dishes are ranged in the front compartment, and meat, fish, vegetables, and spices are delicately cared for at the back.

In China, by means of that arrangement, a workman can obtain a comfortable meal at a very modderate price without leaving his work, for at the slightest sign from him one of these ambulating restaurateurs flies to the spot.

On the Boulevard Rapp an iron church has been opened by subscription, the ground on which it stands being lent to the English for six months for that express

purpose. This pretty little church is intended for the use of the English and Americans who may visit Paris during the Exhibition.

WEEKLY COLLECTIONS. — The London Church Association has addressed a letter to the members of the church of England on the subject of free pews and weekly offerings. It contends that the plan of weekly Sabbath collections, properly worked, will provide for all the current expenses of the church, and render pew-rent unnecessary.

Besides being a strictly scriptural system, it is urged that, "It is a far more productive source of obtaining money for the support of the Church than the pew-rent system, which rejects the contributions of the large majority of the people whose weekly earnings would afford an ample and convenient source for weekly contributions, and which encourage the rich to say that, when they have paid their pew-rent—which they naturally look upon as a tax—they have done all that ought to be expected of them for the support of the Church.—The Dean of Manchester, in an address, urged the use of the Weekly Offertory on the highest ground of Christian principle; and also spoke thus regarding it: 'Every one feels himself involved in the Church's work; and instead of depending, as has all along been the custom in pew-rented churches, upon the givings of the rich upon occasion of public appeals for charity, it is found that even the poorest contribute something; and through the small givings of the many, the amounts received have been larger than have been obtained from the greater givings of the few. The principle is a sound one, as experience in secular things testifies.'"

ROYAL PRINTERS.—It is the custom in Prussia, for the sons of the Royal family to be instructed in some handicraft. The present Crown Prince, and heir to the Prussian throne, selected the trade of a printer, and probably, if in some unimaginable reverse of circumstances crowns become at a discount, he could earn a fair living as a compositor. The young Prince Imperial of France is being instructed in the same trade, under the charge of an adept in the art. Whether this is a caprice of the young gentleman, or a part of the Imperial scheme of education, it is certainly a very sensible arrangement.

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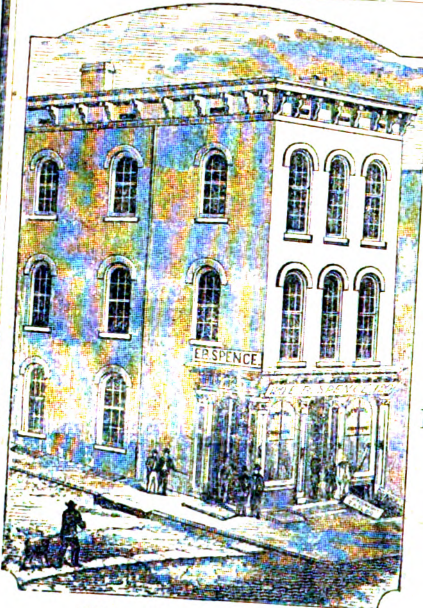

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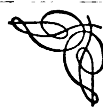

THE

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Religious and Secular.

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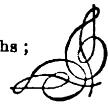

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[*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE LOVE OF THE ALPS.

Of all the joys in life, none is greater than the joy of arriving on the outskirts of Switzerland at the end of a long dusty day's journey from Paris. The true epicure in refined pleasures will never travel to Basle by night. He courts the heat of the sun and the uninteresting monotony of French plains,—their sluggish streams and never-ending poplar-trees,—for the sake of the evening coolness and the gradual approach to the great Alps which await him at the close of the day. It is about Mulhausen that he begins to feel a change in the landscape. The fields broaden into rolling downs, watered by clear and running streams; the green Swiss thistle grows by the river-side and cowshed; pines begin to tuft the slopes of gently rising hills; and now the sun has set, the stars come out, first Hesper, then the troop of lesser lights; and he feels,—yes, indeed, there is now no mistake,—the well-known, well-loved, magical fresh air that never fails to blow from snowy mountains and meadows watered by perennial streams. The last hour is one of exquisite enjoyment, and when he reaches Basle, he scarcely sleeps all night for hearing the swift Rhine beneath the balconies, and knowing that the moon is shining on its waters, through the town, beneath the bridges, between pasture lands and copses, up the still mountain-girdled valleys to the ice-caves where the water springs. There is nothing in all experience of travelling like this. We may greet the Mediterranean at Marseilles with enthusiasm; on entering Rome by the Porta del Popolo, we may reflect with pride that we have reached the goal of our pilgrimage, and are

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at last among world-shaken memories. But neither Rome nor the Riviera wins our hearts like Switzerland. We do not lie awake in London thinking of them; we do not long so intensely, as the year comes round, to revisit them. Our affection is less a passion than that which we cherish for Switzerland.

Why, then, is this? What, after all, is the love of the Alps, and when and where did it begin? It is easier to ask these questions than to answer them. The classic nations hated mountains. Greek and Roman poets talk of them with disgust and dread. Nothing could have been more depressing to a courtier of Augustus than residence at Aosta, even though he found his theatres and triumphal arches there. Wherever classical feeling has predominated, this has been the case. *Cellini's Memoirs*, written in the height of pagan Renaissance, well express the aversion which a Florentine or Roman felt for the inhospitable wilderness of Switzerland.

Dryden, in his dedication to *The Indian Emperor*, says, "High objects, it is true, attract the sight; but it looks up with pain on craggy rocks and barren mountains, and continues not intent on any object which is wanting in shades and green to entertain it."

Addison and Gray had no better epithets than "rugged," "horrid," and the like for Alpine landscape. The classic spirit was adverse to enthusiasm for mere nature. Humanity was too prominent, and city life absorbed all interests, not to speak of what perhaps is the weightiest reason,—that solitude, indifferent accommodation, and imperfect means of travelling, rendered mountainous countries peculiarly disagreeable. It is impossible to enjoy art or nature while suffering from fatigue and cold, dreading the attacks of robbers and wondering whether you will find food and shelter at the end of your day's journey. Nor was it different in the Middle Ages. Then individuals had either no leisure from war or strife with the elements, or else they devoted themselves to the salvation of their souls. But when the ideas of the Middle Ages had decayed, when improved arts of life had freed men from servile subjection to daily needs, when the bondage of religious tyranny had been thrown off and political liberty allowed the full development of tastes and instincts, when moreover the classical traditions had lost their power, and courts and coteries became too narrow for the activity of man; then suddenly it was discovered that Nature in itself possessed transcendant charms. It may seem absurd to class them all together; yet there is no doubt that the French Revolution, the criticism of the Bible, Pantheistic forms of worship, landscape-painting, Alpine travelling, and the poetry of Nature, are all signs of the same movement—of a new Renaissance. Limitations of every sort have been shaken off during the last century, all forms have been destroyed, all questions asked. The classical spirit loved to ar-

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range, model, preserve traditions, obey laws. We are intolerant of everything that is not simple, unbiassed by prescription, liberal as the wind, and natural as the mountain crags. We go to feed this spirit of freedom among the Alps. What the virgin forests of America are to the Americans the Alps are to us. What there is in these huge blocks and walls of granite crowned with ice that fascinates us it is hard to analyze. Why, seeing that we find them so attractive, they should have repelled our ancestors of the fourth generation and all the world before them, is another mystery. We cannot explain what *rapport* there is between our human souls and these inequalities in the surface of the earth which we call Alps.—Tennyson speaks of—

> Some vague emotion of delight
> In gazing up an Alpine height,—

and its vagueness eludes definition. The interest which physical science has created for natural objects has something to do with it. Curiosity and the charm of novelty increase this interest. No towns, no cultivated tracts of Europe, however beautiful, form such a contrast to our London life as Switzerland. Then there is the health and joy that comes from exercise in open air, the senses freshened by good sleep; the blood quickened by a lighter and rarer atmosphere. Our modes of life, the breaking down of class privileges, the extension of education, which contribute to make the individual greater and society less, render the solitude of mountains refreshing. Facilities of travelling and improved accommodation leave us free to enjoy the natural beauty which we seek. Our minds, too, are prepared to sympathize with the inanimate world; we have learned to look on the universe as a whole, and ourselves as a part of it, related by close ties of friendship to all its other members. Shelly's, Wordsworth's, Goethe's poetry has taught us this; we are all more or less worshippers of "God in nature," convinced of the omnipresence of the informing mind.

Thus, when we admire the Alps we are after all but children of the century. We follow its inspiration blindly; and, while we think ourselves spontaneous in our ecstacy, perform the part for which we have been trained from childhood by the atmosphere in which we live. It is this very unconsciousness and universality of the impulse we obey which makes it hard to analyze. Contemporary history is difficult to write; to define the spirit of the age in which we live is still more difficult; to account for "impressions which owe all their force to their identity with themselves" is most difficult of all. We must be content to feel, and not to analyze.

Rousseau has the credit of having invented the love of Nature. Perhaps he first expressed, in literature, the pleasures of open life among the mountains, of walking tours, of the "*école buissonnière*," away from courts, and schools, and cities, which it is the fashion now to love. His bourgeois birth and

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tastes, his peculiar religious and social views, his intense self-engrossment, all favored the development of Nature-worship. But Rousseau was not alone, nor yet creative in this instance. He was but one of the earliest to seize and express a new idea of growing humanity. For those who seem to be the most original in their inauguration of periods are only such as have been favourably placed by birth and education to imbibe the floating creeds of the whole race. They resemble the first cases of an epidemic which become the centres of infection and propagate disease. At the time of Rousseau's greatness the French people were initiative. In politics, in literature, in fashions, and in philosophy they had for some time led the taste of Europe. But the sentiment which first received a clear and powerful expression in the works of Rousseau soon declared itself in the arts and literature of other nations. Goethe, Wordsworth, and the earlier landscape-painters, proved that Germany and England were not far behind the French. In England this love of Nature for its own sake is indigenous, and has at all times been peculiarly characteristic of our genius. Therefore it is not suprising that our life, and literature, and art have been foremost in developing the sentiment of which we are speaking. Our poets, painters, and prose writers gave the tone to European thought in this respect. Our travellers in search of the adventurous and picturesque, our Alpine Club have made of Switzerland an English playground. The greatest period in our history was but a foreshadowing of this. To return to Nature-worship was but to reässume the habits of the Elizabethan age, altered indeed by all the changes of religion, politics, society, and science, which the last three centuries have wrought, yet still in its original love of free open life among the fields and woods, and on the sea, the same. Now the French national genius is classical. It reverts to the age of Louis XIV., and Rousseauism in their literature is as true an innovation and parenthesis as Pope-and-Drydenism was in ours. As in the age of the Reformation, so in this, the German element of the modern character predominates. During the two centuries from which we have emerged, the Latin element had the upper hand. Our love of the Alps is a Gothic, a Teutonic, instinct; sympathetic with all that is vague, infinite, and unsubordinate to rules, at war with all that is defined and systematic in our genius. This we may perceive in individuals as well as in the broader aspects of arts and literatures. The classically-minded man, the reader of Latin poets, the lover of brilliant conversation, the frequenter of clubs and drawing-rooms, nice in his personal requirements, scrupulous in his choice of words, averse to unnecessary physical exertion, preferring town to country-life, *cannot* deeply feel the charm of the Alps. Such a man will dislike German art, and however much he may strive to be catholic in his tastes, will find as

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he grows older, that his liking for Gothic architecture and modern painting diminish almost to aversion before an increasing admiration for Greek peristyles and the Medicean Venus. If in respect of speculation all men are either Platonists, or Aristotelians, in respect of taste, all men are either Greek or German.

At present the German, the indefinite, the natural, commands; the Greek, the finite, the cultivated, is in abeyance. We who talk so much about the feeling of the Alps, are creatures, not creators of our cultus—a strange reflection, proving how much greater man is than men; the common reason of the age in which we live than our own reasons, its constituents and subjects.

Perhaps it is our modern tendency to "individualism" which makes the Alps so much to us.—Society is there reduced to a vanishing point—no claims are made on human sympathies—there is no need to toil in yoke-service with our fellows. We may alone dream our own dreams, and sound the depths of personality without the reproach of selfishness, without a restless wish to join in action or money-making, or the pursuit of fame. To habitual residents among the Alps this absence of social duties and advantages is of necessity barbarizing, even brutalizing. But to men wearied with too much civilization, and deafened by the noise of great cities, it is beyond measure refreshing. Then again among the mountains history finds no place. The Alps have no past nor present nor future. The human beings who live upon their sides are at odds with nature, clinging on for bare existence to the soil, sheltering themselves beneath protecting rocks from avalanches, damming up destructive streams, all but annihilated every spring. Man who is all things in the plain is nothing here. His arts and sciences, and dynasties, and modes of life, and mighty works, and conquests and decays, demand our whole attention in Italy or Egypt. But here the mountains, immemorially the same, which were, which are, and which are to be, present a theatre on which the soul breathes freely and feels herself alone. Around her on all sides is God and Nature, who is here the face of God, and not the slave of man. The spirit of the world hath here not yet grown old. Why do the slopes gleam with flowers, and the hillsides deck themselves with grass, and the inaccessible ledges of black rock bear their tufts of crimson primroses, and flaunting tiger-lilies? Why, morning after morning, does the red dawn flush the pinnacles of Monte Rosa above cloud and mist? Why does the torrent shout, the avalanche reply in thunder to the music of the sun, the trees and rocks and meadows cry their "Holy, Holy, Holy?"

But indeed there is something awful in the Alpine elevation above human things. We do not like Switzerland merely because we associate its thoughts with recollections of holidays and health and joyful-

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ness. Some of the most solemn moments of life are spent high up above among the mountains, on the barren tops of rocky passes, where the soul has seemed to hear in solitude a low controlling voice.—It is almost necessary for the development of our deepest affections that some sad and sombre moments should be interchanged with hours of merriment and elasticity. It is this variety in the woof of daily life which endears our home to us, and, perhaps, none have fully loved the Alps who have not spent some days of meditation, or it may be of sorrow, among their solitudes. Splendid scenery, like music, has the power to make "of grief itself a fiery chariot for mounting above the sources of grief," to ennoble and refine our passions, and to teach us that our lives are merely moments in the years of the eternal Being. There are many, perhaps, who, within sight of some great scene among the Alps, upon the height of the Stelvio, or the slopes of Mürreu, or at night in the valley of Cormayeur, have felt themselves raised above cares and doubts and miseries by the mere recognition of unchangeable magnificence; have found a deep peace in the sense of their own nothingness. It is not granted to us every day to stand upon these pinnacles of rest and faith above the world. But having once stood there, how can we forget the station? How can we fail, amid the tumult of our common life, to feel at times the hush of that far-off tranquillity? When our life is most commonplace, when we are ill or weary in city streets, we can remember the clouds upon the mountains we have seen, the sound of innumerable waterfalls, and the scent of countless flowers. A photograph of Bisson's, the name of some well-known valley, the picture of some Alpine plant, rouses the sacred hunger in our souls, and stirs again the faith in beauty and in rest beyond ourselves which no man can take from us. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to everything which enables us to rise above depressing and enslaving circumstances, which brings us nearer in some way or other to what is eternal in the universe, and which makes us feel that, whether we live or die, suffer or enjoy, life and gladness are still strong in the world. On this account, the proper attitude of the soul among the Alps is one of reverential silence. It is almost impossible without a kind of impiety to frame in words the feelings they inspire. Yet there are some sayings, hallowed by long usage, which throng the mind through a whole summer's day, and seem in harmony with its emotions; some portions of the Psalms or lines of greatest poets, inarticulate hymns of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, waifs and strays not always apposite, but linked by strong and subtle chains of feeling with the grandeur of the mountains.

There is a profound sympathy between music and fine scenery: they both affect us in the same way, stirring strong but undefined emotions, which express themselves in "idle tears," or evoking thoughts

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"which lie," as Wordsworth says, "too deep for tears," beyond the reach of any words. How little we know what multitudes of mingling reminiscences, held in solution by the mind, and colouring its fancy with the iridescence of variable hues, go to make up the sentiments which music or which mountains stir. It is the very vagueness, changefulness and dreamlike indistinctness of these feelings which cause their charm; they harmonize with the haziness of our beliefs and seem to make our very doubts melodious. For this reason it is obvious that unrestrained indulgence in the pleasures of music or of scenery must destroy habits of clear thinking, sentimentalize the mind, and render it more apt to entertain embryonic ideas than to bring thoughts to definite perfection. As illustrating the development of music in modern times, and the love of Switzerland, it is not a little remarkable that the German style of music has asserted an unquestionable ascendancy, that the greatest lovers of this art prefer Beethoven's symphonies to merely vocal music, and that harmony is even more regarded than melody. That is to say, the vocal element of music has been comparatively disregarded for the instrumental; and the art, emancipated from its subordination to words, has become the most accurate interpreter of all the vague and powerful emotions of yearning and reflective and perturbed humanity. If some hours of thoughtfulness and seclusion are necessary to the development of a true love for the Alps, it is no less essential to a right understanding to their beauty that we should pass some wet and gloomy days among the mountains. The unclouded sunsets and sunrises which often follow one another in September in the Alps have something terrible. They produce a satiety of splendour, and oppress the mind with the sense of perpetuity. I remember spending such a season in one of the Oberland valleys, high up, above the pine-trees, in a litle chalet. Morning after morning I awoke to see the sunbeams glittering on the Eiger and the Jungfrau; noon after noon the snowfields blazed beneath a steady fire; evening after evening they shone like beacons in the red light of the setting sun. Then peak by peak they lost the glow; the soul passed from them, and they stood pale and garish against the darkened sky. The stars came out, the moon shone, but not a cloud sailed over the untroubled heavens. Thus day after day for several weeks there was no change, till I was seized with an overpowering horror of unbroken calm. I left the valley for a time; and when I returned to it in wind and rain I found that the partial veiling of the mountain heights restored the charm which I had lost and made me feel once more at home. The landscape takes a graver tone beneath the mist that hides the higher peaks, and comes drifting, creeping, feeling, through the pines upon their slopes—white, silent, blinding vapour wreaths around the sable

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spires. Sometimes the cloud descends and blots out everything— Again it lifts a little, showing cottages and distant Alps beneath its skirts. Then it sweeps over the whole valley like a veil, just broken here and there, above a lonely chalet, or a thread of distant dangling torrent foam. Sounds, too, beneath the mist are more strange. The torrent seems to have a hoarser voice and grinds the stones more passionately against its boulders. The cry of shepherds through the fog suggests the loneliness and danger of the hills. The bleating of penned sheep or goats, and the tinkling of the cow-bells, are mysteriously distant in the dull dead air. Then again, how immeasurably high above our heads appear the domes and peaks of snow revealed through chasms in the drifting cloud; how desolate the glaciers and the avalanches in gleams of light that struggle through the mist! There is a leaden glare peculiar to clouds, which makes the snow and ice more lurid. Not far from the house where I am writing, the avalanche that swept away the bridge last winter is lying now, dripping away, dank and dirty, like a rotting whale. I can see it from my window, green beech-boughs nodding over it, forlorn larches bending their tattered branches by its side, splinters of broken pine protruding from its muddy caves, the boulders on its flank, and the hoarse hungry torrent tossing up its tongue to lick the ragged edge of snow. Close by the meadows, spangled with yellow flowers, and red and blue, look even more brilliant than if the sun were shining on them. Every cup and blade of grass is drinking.— But the scene changes; the mist has turned into rain-clouds, and the steady rain drips down, incessant, blotting out the view.

Then, too, what a joy it is if the clouds break towards evening with a north wind, and a rainbow in the valley gives promise of a bright to-morrow. We look up to the cliffs above our heads, and see that they have just been powdered with the snow that is a sign of better weather. Such rainy days ought to be spent in places like Seelisberg and Mürren, at the edge of precipices, in front of mountains, or above a lake. The cloud-masses crawl and tumble about the valleys like a brood of dragons; now creeping along the ledges of the rock with sinuous self-adjustment to its turns and twists; now launching out into the deep, repelled by battling winds, or driven onward in a coil of twisted and contorted serpent curls. In the midst of summer these wet seasons often end in a heavy fall of snow. You wake some morning to see the meadows which last night were gay with July flowers huddled up in snow a foot in depth. But fair weather does not tarry long to reäppear. You put on your thickest boots and sally forth to find the great cups of the gentians full of snow, and to watch the rising of the cloud-wreaths under the hot sun. Bad dreams, or sickly thoughts, dissipated by returning daylight or a friend's face, do not fly away more

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rapidly and pleasantly than those swift glory-coated mists that lose themselves we know not where in the blue depths of the sky.

In contrast with these rainy days nothing can be more perfect than clear moonlight nights. There is a terrace upon the roof of the inn at Cormayeur where one may spend hours in the silent watches when all the world has gone to sleep beneath. The Mont Chétif and the Mont de la Saxe form a gigantic portal not unworthy of the pile that lies beyond. For Mont Blanc resembles a vast cathedral; its countless spires are scattered over a mass like that of the Duomo at Milan, rising into one tower at the end. By night the glaciers glitter in the steady moon: domes, pinnacles, and buttresses stand clear of clouds. Needles of every height and most fantastic shapes rise from the central ridge, some solitary like sharp arrows shot against the sky, some clustering into sheaves. On every horn of snow and bank of grassy hill stars sparkle, rising, setting, rolling round through the long silent night. Moonlight simplifies and softens the landscape. Colours become scarcely distinguishable, and forms, deprived of half their detail, gain in majesty and size. The mountains seem greater far by night than day—higher heights and deeper depths, more snowy pyramids, more beetling crags, softer meadows, and darker pines. The whole valley is hushed, but for the torrent and the chirping grasshopper and the striking of the village clocks. The black tower and the houses of Cormayeur in the foreground gleam beneath the moon until she reaches the edge of the firmament, and then sinks quietly away, once more to reäppear among the pines, then finally to leave the valley dark beneath the shadow of the mountain's bulk. Meanwhile the heights of snow still glitter in the steady light: they, too, will soon be dark, until the dawn breaks, tinging them with rose.

But it is not fair to dwell exclusively upon the mere sombre aspect of Swiss beauty when there are so many lively scenes of which to speak. The sunlight and the freshness and the flowers of Alpine meadows form more than half the charm of Switzerland. The other day we walked to a pasture called the Col de Checruit, high up the valley of Cormayeur, where the spring was still in its first freshness. Gradually we climbed by dusty roads, and through hot fields where the grass had just been mown, beneath the fierce light of the morning sun. Not a breath of of air was stirring, and the heavy pines hung overhead upon their crags, as if to fence the gorge from every wandering breeze. There is nothing more oppressive than these scorching sides of narrow rifts, shut in by woods and precipices. But suddenly the valley broadened, the pines and larches disappeared, and we found ourselves upon a wide green semicircle of the softest meadows. Little rills of water went rushing through them, rippling over pebbles, rustling under dockleaves, and eddying against their wooden

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barriers. Far and wide "you scarce could see the grass for flowers," while on every side the tinkling of çow-bells, and the voices of shepherds calling to one another from the Alps, or singing at their work, were borne across the fields. As we climbed we came into still fresher pastures where the snow had scarcely melted. There the goats and cattle were collected, and the shepherds sat among them, fondling the kids and calling them by name. When they called, the creatures came, expecting salt and bread. It was pretty to see them lying near their masters, playing and butting at them with their horns, or bleating for the sweet rye-bread. The women knitted stockings, laughing among themselves, and singing all the while. As soon as we reached them they gathered round to talk. An old herdsman, who was clearly the patriarch of this Arcadia, asked us many questions in a slow deliberate voice. We told him who we were, and tried to interest him in the cattle-plague, which he appeared to regard as an evil very unreal and far away, like the murrain upon Pharaoh's herds which one reads about in Exodus. But he was courteous and polite, doing the honours of his pasture with simplicity and ease. He took us to his chalet and gave us bowls of pure cold milk. It was a funny little wooden house, clean and dark. The sky peeped through its tiles, and if shepherds were not in the habit of sleeping soundly all night long they might count the setting and rising stars without lifting their heads from the pillow. He told us how far pleasanter they found the summer season than the long cold winter which they have to spend in gloomy houses in Cormayeur. This indeed is the true pastoral life which poets have described, —a happy summer life among the flowers, well occupied with simple cares, and harrassed by "no enemy but winter and rough weather."

Very much of the charm of Switzerland belongs to simple things, to greetings from herdsmen, the "Guten Morgen" and the "Guten Abend," that are invariably given and taken upon mountain paths; to the tame creatures, with their large dark eyes, who raise their heads one moment from the pasture while you pass; and to the plants that grow beneath your feet. It is almost sacrilegious to speak of the great mountains in this hasty way. Let us, before we finish, take one glance at the multitude of Alpine flowers.

The latter end of May is the time when spring begins in the high Alps. Wherever sunlight smiles away a patch of snow the brown turf soon becomes green velvet, and the velvet stars itself with red and white and gold and blue. First come pale crocuses and lilac soldanellas. These break the last dissolving clods of snow, and stand up on an island, with the cold wall they have thawed all round them. It is the fate of these poor flowers to spring and flourish on the very skirts of retreating winter; they soon wither—the frilled chalice of

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the soldanella shrivels up and the crocus fades away before the grass has grown; the sun, which is bringing all the other plants to life, scorches their tender petals. Often when summer has fairly come, you still may see their pearly cups and lilac bells by the side of avalanches, between the chill snow and the fiery sun, blooming and fading hour by hour. They have, as it were, but a Pisgah view of the promised land, of the spring which they are foremost to proclaim. Next come the clumsy gentians and yellow anemones, covered with soft down like fledgeling birds. These are among the earliest and hardiest blossoms that embroider the high meadows with a drift of blue and gold. About the same time primroses and auriculas begin to tuft the dripping rocks, while frail white fleurs-de-lis, like flakes of snow forgotten by the sun, and golden-balled ranunculuses, join with forget-me-nots and cranesbill in a never-ending dance upon the grassy floor. Happy, too, is he who finds the lilies of the valley clustering about the chestnut boles upon the Colma, or in the beechwood by the stream at Macugnaga, mixed with fragrant white narcissus, which the people of the villages call "Angiolini." There, too, is Solomon's seal, with waxen bells and leaves expanded like the wings of hovering butterflies. But these lists of flowers are tiresome and cold; it would be better to draw the portrait of one which is particularly fascinating. I think that botanists have called it *saxifraga cotyledon*; yet, in spite of its long name, it is a simple and poetic flower.—London pride is the commonest of all the saxifrages; but the one of which I speak is as different from London pride as a Plantagenet upon his throne from that last Plantagenet who died obscure and penniless some years ago. It is a great majestic flower, which plumes the granite rocks of Monte Rosa in the spring. At other times of the year you see a little tuft of fleshy leaves, set like a cushion on cold ledges and dark places of dripping cliffs. You take it for a stone crop—one of those weeds doomed to obscurity, and safe from being picked because they are so uninviting—and you pass it by incuriously. But about June it puts forth its power, and from the cushion of pale leaves there springs a strong pink stem, which rises upward for a while, and then comes down and breaks into a shower of snow-white blossoms. Far away the splendour gleams, hanging, like a plume of ostrich-feathers, from the roof of rock, waving to the wind, or stooping down to touch the water of the mountain stream that dashes it with dew. The snow at evening, glaring with a sunset flush, is not more rosy pure than this cascade of pendant blossoms. It loves to be alone—inaccessible ledges, chasms where winds combat, or moist caverns overarched near thundering falls, are the places that it seeks. I will not compare it to a spirit of the mountains or to a proud lovely soul, for such comparisons desecrate the sim-

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plicity of nature, and no simile can add a glory to the flower. It seems to have a conscious life of its own, so large and glorious it is, so sensitive to every breath of air, so nobly placed upon its bending stem, so gorgeous in its solitude. I first saw it years ago on the Simplon, feathering the drizzling crags above Isella. Then we found it near Baveno, in a crack of sombre cliff beneath the mines. The other day we cut an armful opposite Varallo, by the Sesia, and then felt like murderers; it was so sad to hold in our hands the triumph of those many patient months, the full expansive life of the flower, the splendour visible from valleys and hillsides, the defenceless creature which had done its best to make the gloomy places of the Alps most beautiful.

After passing many weeks among the high Alps it is a great pleasure to descend into the plains. The sunset, and sunrise, and the stars of Lombardy, its level horizons and vague misty distances, are a source of absolute relief after the narrow skies and embarrassed prospects of a mountain valley. Nor are the Alps themselves ever more imposing than when seen from Milan or the terrace of Novara, with a foreground of Italian cornfields, and old city towers, and rice-grounds golden green beneath a Lombard sun. Half-veiled by clouds the mountains rise like visionary fortress walls of a celestial city—unapproachable beyond the range of mortal feet. But those who know by old experience what friendly chalets, and cool meadows, and clear streams are hidden in their folds and valleys, send forth fond thoughts and messages, like carrier-pigeons, from the marble parapets of Milan, crying, "Before another sun has set I too shall rest beneath the shadow of their pines!" It is in truth not more than a day's journey from Milan to the brink of snow at Macugnaga. But very sad it is to *leave* the Alps, to stand upon the terraces of Berne and waft our ineffectual farewells. The unsympathizing Aar rushes beneath; and the snow-peaks, whom we love like friends, abide untroubled by the coming and the going of the world. The clouds drift over them—the sunset warms them with a fiery kiss. Night comes, and we are hurried far away to wake upon the shores of unfamiliar Seine, remembering, with a pang of jealous passion, that the flowers on Alpine meadows are still blooming, and the rivulets still flowing with a ceaseless song, while Paris shops are all we see, and all we hear is the dull clatter of a Paris crowd.

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[*The Saturday Review.*

THE FIRST OF JULY IN PARIS.

There was a oneness and completeness about the prize-day of the great Paris Exhibition which it would be the extreme perversity of cynicism to deny. Paris at its very best is a spectacle which not only Paris and France, but all the world, may gaze at with wonder and satisfaction. Any idea thoroughly and exhaustively realized is worth something more than a languid smile of affected interest. And France generally carries out an idea. The special French talent for organization, and the exquisite tact with which artistic taste intuitively suits details to a great conception, had in last Monday's pompous ceremony a fine occasion, and being put on its mettle, with all the world as spectators and critics, did ample justice to a noble opportunity. In England we affect to despise this sort of thing, but it is usually with that philosophic recurrence to first principles with which plain women discuss the charms and successes of female beauty. We here in London would be Paris if we could. It is rather with envy than with ascetic dignity that we read of the magnificence and poetry of the coronation of the King of Hungary, or of the blaze of splendour, the harmonies of colour, and the flashing of diamonds, the velvets and brocades, the sumptuous triumphs of art in every combination of gold and precious stones, enamels, and jewelled glass, which were presented to the eye in the Palace of Industry on the Seine—all blazing under the almost intolerable rage of sunlight such as marks only the few fortunate days of the calendar.—After all, Monday's ceremony was the real end and object of the Exhibition. It was for France to show off, and France showed off splendidly. Let us not grudge nor disparage the success. It is not the highest triumph of humanity to be able, with unbounded means, to combine all that artistic decoration and courtly pomp and music and gorgeous attire have of the most beautiful and rare in a single *fete,* attended by the representatives of twenty centuries of civilization and progress. But it is something, and more than something, as a mere show. If all this is a barbarism it is a barbarism which tells. Even philosophy teaches us that nature scatters the lavish beauties of form and colour not always with a utilitarian purpose; or rather that beauty—merely to display beauty—is often, as in birds and flowers and shells and crystals, the object of material organization. There is no special

use in the metallic lustre on the plumage of the humming-bird, and tropical blossoms blaze for the mere sake of being splendid.—There is no reason why man should not follow this law of life. Possibly it is not the highest form of being: but that the fact is so is a sufficient reason for its being accepted and repeated.

The only thing to be quite sure of is, not to make this principle of magnificent display for the mere sake of display bear too much. It is noticeable that it is only in the lower ranks of the kingdom of being that nature is lavish of beauty for the mere sake of the beautiful. As we advance upward in the scale of created things, a certain severity and reserve seems to grow upon nature itself; and while man may be admitted to be the very perfection of this world's being, himself the microcosm, yet his imperial dignity does not consist in what merely strikes the external senses. This conclusion ought to lead us to give ceremony and stateliness its place, but at the same time to estimate that place at no more than its just value. France and France's Emperor, and the good city of Paris, may be quite pardoned, and almost justified, if they exaggerate the value of their recent display. As display it is all first-rate, rounded off and elaborated with a fineness of thought and delicacy of touch, and subtlety of loving care which we must frankly acknowledge. But when we are told that all this finery, not to say frippery, reveals and embodies "the whole world simultaneously launching itself in the infinite career of progress towards an ideal incessantly approached but never finally attained," even if we could admire this sonorous talk, we seem to be listening to sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Like the Exhibition itself, the Emperor's speech is a striking show. Display for display's sake may well be capped and completed by talk for talk's sake. And the Imperial harangue admirably fulfilled its idea. There is a vast, hazy, subdued splendour, a sort of mystic glory, in those periods of rolling sound which seem to mean so much, and are so insignificant. The clouds are tinged with crimson and gold, but they are but clouds after all. Science, art, and industry; peoples and kings; civilization and peace; the federation of the world; the liberation of humanity; science celestializing matter, and gross earthly labour superseded, or about to be absorbed, by intellectual progress; these are fine words, and may embody fine thoughts, which we might admire if we could but understand them. But somehow there is a hollow and sophistical ring about them. They echo too much, and suggest a sense of hollowness. If this be the end and purpose of International Bazaars, and illustrated Treatises on Ethnology, how is it that our own national contribution to the Exhibition consists so much of munitions of war? How is it that so much interest centres round the competition in armour-clad ships, in rifled cannon, and in

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all the devilish devices of slaughter and blood? The ministers and priests of the sacred religion of humanity should have been white-robed pontiffs, not the Guides, and the Cent Gardes, not "the cavalry, infantry, and police," who lined every street and commanded every avenue. Peace and Fraternity anyhow took care to array themselves in martial uniform, and their procession and liturgy consisted of a martial array, an army, and the cannon's roar. Besides which, we cannot but remember that we have heard all this before; not perhaps so superbly spoken; and we have seen what it all comes to. We have had the Palace of Industry and the Temple of Concord and Humanity erected twelve years ago in Paris, and once and again in London, and once in New York; and reduced copies of the Sacred Edifice have sprung up and faded away in many a capital of Europe; and they all preached the same gospel, and made the same hopeful pledges, and announced the same blessings. Yet we have lived through three bloody wars in Europe; we have seen fratricidal strife and a more than civil war raging in the very paradise of industry across the Western seas; and we have witnessed one quiet Kingdom dismembered and an ancient Empire torn to pieces, and all for greed and ambition and passionate selfishness; and at this very moment Europe is armed to the teeth. We are preaching peace, and rehearsing and practising for war. The disarmament of all the nations of the world would be at least as intelligible a contribution to that "new era of harmony and progress," which is always just coming but never comes, as a competition in porcelain and hardware and breechloaders, and a living exhibition of all the drinking customs of the world.

No doubt the Emperor felt this incongruity, and he was astute enough to remember that he must hedge his position, and that France was the very last among "the peoples" to practise this pretty talk. "The fibre of the French nation is always ready to vibrate as soon as the question of honour and the country arises"; and this "noble susceptibility" would in an instant brush away those glowing aspirations about sympathy, and brotherhood, and Astræa's return. This noble susceptibility, to be sure, has been of late more susceptible than successful. France has not been fortunate in that susceptibility which has more than once taken the form of annexation; and France has planted French ideas in Mexico only to see them fall away in the unpleasant form of a dethroned and murdered Emperor. Did Maximilian's spectre rise as Napoleon spoke of the honour of France? And if France, sated with theatrical pomps, should take to ideas by way of change, the fibre of the nation may vibrate towards its neighbour's landmarks. It is not because the Emperor has acted as graceful host to the King of the Belgians and the Sultan that the Rhine frontier question and the

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Eastern question will never be mooted. It is undoubtedly an incident in the world's history that the Commander of the Faithful has so far modified the fundamental principles of Islam that he has consented to be the guest of the Giaour, but it remains to be seen whether this very intelligible act of Occidentalism will be quite appreciated by what remains of the fierce fanaticism of the Turk in Turkey.

The Emperor has, moreover, to look at home. This very feasting and banqueting has not been without the handwriting on the wall. The pistol-flash of the regicide Pole must have disturbed the Belshazzars of the day; other fibres than those of France vibrate and throb to other emotions than those of national honour. The greatness and grandeur of France are incalculable; but from the splendour of the present great show the Emperor concludes, not only France's grandeur and prosperity, but its freedom. Liberty, then, seems to follow as a thing of course, because French skill has gathered together this fine Exhibition, and French industry and art have not only held their own, but distanced perhaps their competitors. It is for France to say how she accepts, or how long she will accept, this easy argument. There are minds, or fibres—which we suppose, in the Imperial jargon, means minds—vibrating towards a sort of liberty, a liberty of thought, speech, and writing, which, somehow or other, they are perverse enough to prefer to M. Barbedienne's splendid bronzes, or even to the Emperor's own success in the "Tenth Group." Nor is this all. Though industry and manufacture have achieved this Parisian triumph, is it not possible that there may be misgivings about the permanence or vitality of even trade and industry itself? There are Frenchmen who can quite understand, and who are marking—with what feelings we do not say—what is revealed to our Sheffield Inquisitors and the Royal Commission on Trades' Unions. Amongst those English ideas which France has imported, that of Strikes and Unions is one; and France is a soil in which this sort of idea very rapidly fecundates. If that notion of industry and industrial duties which prevails in England and America spreads as it seems to be doing, the greatest display of modern civilization in the way of trade and industry is likely enough, for the most practical of reasons, to be the last.

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[*Cornhill Magazine.*

COOLIE LABOUR AND COOLIE IMMIGRATION.

[We give place to the following article, notwithstanding the minuteness of some of its statistical details, because of the information it gives on a subject that is attracting so large a share of public attention, and because of certain reflections which its perusal will awaken in the mind of the thoughtful reader.]

The pressing and increasing cry for field-labour in our intertropical colonies and dependencies, and in other countries lying within or adjacent to the tropics, has turned the attention of cultivators and of governments to that available supply, which, under the comprehensive name of Coolies, embraces the yellow-skinned men of China and the darker races of India.—The production of sugar, cotton, coffee, rice, and tobacco is so dependent for the future on Oriental labourers, who must take the place of, or at least supplement, the African negro, diminished in numbers, and no longer economical in husbandry, that Europeans have ceased to regard the subject of coolie labour with apathy, and feel the sincere interest which arises when the supply of accustomed comforts is endangered.

In presenting the following particulars and statistics relating to coolie labour and immigration, we have availed ourselves largely of the enlightened reports furnished to the Hawaiian Government by Dr. Hillebrand, the commissioner despatched by that government to travel in China, India, and through other regions whence a supply of labour might be expected. We commence with the Chinese emigrants.

The principal ports from which coolies are drawn are Hong Kong, Macao, Canton, Amoy, and Swatow. Emigration from the North of China has been attempted, but without success. The Northern Chinese are greatly attached to their homes, poor and miserable as they are, and they look with suspicion upon any proposal which would remove them from their accustomed haunts. The French Government endeavoured to induce the peasantry to emigrate by issuing advertisements, with detailed conditions, in some of the principal Northern cities; but their invitations produced no effect on the population. Bonded coolies are demanded by and deported to the following places which are arranged in the order of their importance and urgency of demand:—To Peru, to Cuba, to the British West Indies (principally Demerara and Trinidad), to Dutch Guiana, to Tahiti, to India, and to Java. The coolie trade to Peru and to Cuba is entirely in the hands of private contractors—Peruvians, Spanish Portuguese, and French. It is carried

on entirely from Macao, with the exception of one establishment at Canton, that of a Frenchman, who ships to Havana.

There are at Macao six or eight depots, from which about 30,000 to 40,000 coolies are shipped every year to Peru and Cuba. The coolies are furnished to the depots by recruiting-agents, Chinese or Portuguese, many of them men of very disreputable character, and not a few more than suspected of being connected with piracy. It is almost needless to remark that they resort to most unscrupulous means for obtaining recruits. The firms in Macao which they supply are very well aware of their character; but the demand for coolies is too active to allow them to inquire particularly into the means employed to obtain them. The laws regulating the trade are enacted by the government at Macao are fair and humane, but they are habitually disregarded or evaded. One salutary regulation exists, that all intending emigrants shall have free ingress and egress at the depots till two days previous to their sailing; but it is well understood in Macao that no Chinaman once entering the depot will leave it again before his departure. Recruiting under these circumstances is very unpopular, difficult, and dangerous. It is also, as a consequence, expensive. Coolies delivered at a Macao depot cost the trader from 35 to 70 dollars each, head-money. The number of ships at the disposal of the Macao traders is limited, English and American ships being forbidden to carry Macao coolies, and it being seldom that German vessels can be induced to engage in this service. Freights are therefore high. The ships employed are under military equipment and discipline, somewhat resembling English convict-ships; the coolies on board them are only allowed an airing on deck by squads of twenty to forty together, and the whole proceeding resembles the middle-passage in its general features; but the coolies being far less submissive than negroes, revolts and mutinies frequently occur.

Suicides are common, and the mortality is very great, averaging as high as 25 per cent. A frightful disaster happened in April, 1866, when 550 Chinamen were burned to death on board the ship *Napolean Canavero*, in a conflagration purposely kindled by some mutineers. During the eight months, from August, 1865, to April, 1866, no less than sixteen cases of mutiny—many of them having very serious results—were reported in Hong Kong papers; all but two of them having occurred on board ships sailing from Macao. These circumstances tend to raise the price of a Macao coolie. At Callao they are "sold" at an average price of 300 dollars, and at Cuba they often "fetch" 500 dollars.*

* We leave these naive expressions, which may have escaped unperceived from Dr. Hillebrand's pen, without other comment than inverted commas. They are sufficiently suggestive of some unexpressed truths lying behind the details of "free coolie labour."

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The contracts run for eight years, The Macao coolies are all males, no women being ever shipped there; the men are selected entirely for physical qualities. It is quite a relief to turn from this account to the ameliorated system pursued under the agency of the British West India colonies in Canton. A depot is there established large enough for the reception of several hundred emigrants at a time. The present agent receives a standing salary. No head-money is permitted, and no contractors are dealt with. The establishment is conducted according to the laws and regulations of the British Government, and is placed under the supervision of the regular consular authorities. The doors of the depot remain open, and the emigrants are free to go in or out till the day before their sailing. Ships are despatched only during the north-east monsoon. Single-decked vessels are alone employed, and not more than 500 coolies are sent in a ship of 1,300 tons. The average length of the voyage is from 86 to 120 days; and the mortality ranges from 1 1-2 to 2 1-2 per cent. The entire cost of the coolies, when landed in Trinidad or Demerara, is from 23*l.* to 26*l.* for each individual. 30 per cent. of women are sent from Canton. These receive a bonus of 20 dollars, and are not bound by any contract to work. The planter who takes the husband takes the wife with him, pays her cost, and maintains her. The colonial governments which conduct the immigration business defray one-third of the expense from the public treasury, and the planters pay an even rate for men and women. In the colonies mentioned, both Chinese and Indian labourers are employed. The colonists seem hitherto to have been well satisfied with the mixed emigrants; but of late the question has been under discussion whether it would not be desirable for the future to draw the whole supply from China, a rise being anticipated in the cost of labourers from India.

Surinam and the whole of Dutch Guiana stand next in precedence in the demand for coolies from China. These colonies established an agency in 1863, or 1864, and have drawn probably up to the end of 1865 from 1,500 to 2,000 coolies. A return passage is secured to these emigrants, also the right of changing their masters. The rate of mortality during their transport does not usually exceed 2 1-2 per cent; and women and children accompany the men. Letters from Surinam express entire satisfaction with these emigrants.

Tahiti drew, in 1865-66, 500, and was continuing to import them.—Very satisfactory accounts of them have reached Hong Kong from Tahiti, and from London, where the chief office of the company is established which has entered exclusively on the cultivation of cotton and sugar in Tahiti. This emigration is carried on by the same agency that acts for Surinam, but no women are sent to the South Pacific.

It is a remarkable fact that India should have entered the Chinese

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labour market. In 1863, 3,000 Chinese coolies were sent from Hong Kong to Bombay to be employed on railroads. They were supplied through the agency of an English mercantile house in Hong Kong; they proved, however, so turbulent that they were returned before their term of contract expired. Nevertheless, the directors of a company formed for draining extensive marshes in the Sunderbunds contemplate introducing some 6,000 labourers from China for that work. It must be borne in mind with regard to India, that Calcutta and Bombay are themselves the principal marts of the labour export from India to other countries.

Java again, although it has a population of thirteen millions, has sent to China for labourers to complete the first railroad in the island. During Dr. Hillebrand's visit to Hong Kong in April, 1865, the Dutch Government employed a commercial firm there to secure at least 5,000 men. Besides these contract-exported coolies, there has been a steady voluntary emigration for many years from China to the Straits Settlements and all the islands of the Indian Archipelago, in most of which the Chinese monopolize the petty trade, and also perform a large proportion of the agricultural labour. There is also a steady influx of Chinese to Australia and California, and in California the railroad work is being monopolized by them, in spite of a violent prejudice against their race. Dr. Hillebrand thinks it also probable that the Chinese labourer will very shortly have made his entrance into the cotton and cane fields of the Southern States of the American Union.

The foregoing facts show the great importance of the Chinese labourer, humble as is his position or his individuality. He supplants the Malay or the negro: outdoes the Javanese and the Hindoo in their own countries, where wages do not average above five rupees per month; and he even begins to rival the white man in his own domain. There must be some potent reason for this preference, which overbalances the great moral defects inherent in the Chinese coolie. One point seems established, that their labour is more profitable than that of other races, except the negroes in slavery, and even that exception is not universal. It is of course unavoidable that any country importing coolies to a large extent will have a certain proportion of bad characters; especially as China is disorganized and demoralized by many years of civil war. The Chinese are, on the whole, peaceable and orderly, but their natural character is very different from the negro or Polynesian. They are tenacious of their rights, quick in temper and ready to fight, and accustomed to see death and suffering with indifference. In Hawaii, coolies are anxiously desired for the sake of their labour; though, owing to some atrocious crimes having been perpetrated by them there, there is among the non-employers of labour a considerable prejudice

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against them. Dr. Hillebrand is strongly persuaded of the extreme importance to other countries of coolie labour, and enters minutely into the plans for procuring it, securing a good quality of labourers, testing their capacity, avoiding fraud, regulating the expenses, &c. He strongly urges the desirableness of importing women as well as men, considering that upon the association of the sexes greatly depends the difference between their condition and that of slaves. At the same time he perceives that this introduces a special difficulty in the choice of the men, healthy married women being preferable to others; but he mentions as disappointing to planters the ugliness and low stature of Chinese women of the labouring classes, accustomed to domestic drudgery and to field-work from their earliest childhood.

Passing now to the other great emporium of labour, coolies are imported from India to Ceylon, Bourbon, Mauritius, Demerara, Trinidad, St. Kitts, Santa Lucia, Jamaica, the Danish colony of St. Croix, and the French West India islands. Emigration to all these places is conducted by agents of the respective countries, except to Ceylon, to which island the flow is spontaneous.

Labourers can be drawn from India only under a special treaty engagement by the several governments of the importing countries, Great Britain being exceedingly watchful over the rights of its Indian subjects, securing for them every possible guarantee for good treatment and fair dealing, and insisting on a free return passage for them or a commutation thereof in money. Dr. Hillebrand accords great praise to the Indian Government for the care and attention which is bestowed on this subject, and he was struck by the minuteness of the regulations issued by the Secretary for India and all the details bearing on the condition of the coolie.

The number of railroads to be constructed in India, the many fresh agricultural enterprises undertaken there, and the increasing tea and cotton cultivation, promise, however, so great and increasing a demand for labour, that in spite of the difference of wages obtainable elsewhere compared with the low payment in India, a feeling is rising there against the emigration of coolies, and there is an apparent probability of a rise in the prices of exported labour. Labourers for the tea districts of Assam and Cachar are recruited from the low countries on both sides of the Ganges—from the hilly country south of Behar, and in less numbers from Nepaul. These coolies are shipped at the rate of from 1,500 to 2,000 a month. Their engagement is for three years, and they are paid five rupees a month, nine hours being reckoned the working day. A daily task is, however, generally assigned to them such as an ordinary labourer could accomplish in nine hours, and for what they do above that they receive extra payment. They are carried by railroad to Kooshtee,

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and thence in boats up the river, the voyage occupying from two to three weeks. The labourers drawn from the countries along the Ganges are low-caste Hindoos, not particularly strong and muscular, but hardy and accustomed to labour, and they bear the voyage well. The best of these are from the district of Shahabad. Those from the hill country, comprising the districts of Chotanagpore, Palamow, Ramgurh, Singbhoom, Dalbhoom, and Manbhoom, belong to various tribes of Koles, Sontals, and Dnuggurs. They are very dark and rather small, with a strongly developed thorax. They have lower foreheads, broader faces, and flatter noses than the Hindoos, and somewhat coarse hair. They are dirty in habit and very low in civilization, have no particular religion, and though docile and willing to work, they bear the voyage very badly. The mortality amongst them on journeys to the tea districts has been 20 to 25 per cent., and has even risen as high as 30 per cent. on a voyage to the Mauritius, on which account the planters there now refuse to take them, although they would otherwise choose them, especially as these coolies preferred remaining on the island at the expiration of their term of service to returning to India.

The coolies from Nepaul are considered too fiery and independent for use in agriculture, and they resent corporal punishment. They are of the Thibetan branch of the Mongolian race, and very similar to the Chinese. For recruiting labourers native officers are employed, and on being brought to Calcutta, the coolies are maintained at the depot, till the required number is made up. They are then provided with everything necessary —clothing, provisions, bunks, medical attendance, &c. The expense up to the time of shipment, and apart from clothing, is from 21 to 25 rupees for each person. Freight to Mauritius, including all extras, has averaged from 48 to 52 rupees a head. This information was obtained from Messrs. Bennerly and Co., Emigration Agents, and was confirmed by Captain Burbank, Protector of Emigrants. The latter estimated the average mortality on a voyage to the tea districts at 3 per cent. only. Mauritius draws coolies chiefly from Patna, Behar, Monghyr, Shahabad, Ghazeepore, Azimgurh, and Goruckpore. The West India colonies receive them from Benares, Cawnpore, Allahabad, and other districts farther up the river. The charges for recruiting vary according as the countries for which emigrants are sought are favourably known or otherwise.—Mauritius is in great favour; whilst the tea districts have to pay the most, the people disliking to go to the highlands and wet forest districts, where the breaking up fresh ground for new plantations causes fevers and other diseases. The recruiting charges for Mauritius are 6 rupees; for the West India colonies, from 10 to 12 rupees; for the tea districts, 16 to 18 rupees.—These charges are exclusive of the

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Calcutta agent's commission, and of the expenses of maintenance and at the depot. Freight to Mauritius averages 55 rupees; to the West Indies, 12*l.* sterling. The agent for the West India colonies was allowed to draw for the expenses of each coolie till he is ready for shipment 3*l.* sterling, but latterly the amount has been increased to 3*l.* 5*s.* Mauritius allows one-third less. Captain Eales, agent for Mauritius, complains of the increasing difficulties thrown in the way of recruiting by planters, manufacturers, and all Europeans settled in the country. Lately it had been somewhat easier, on account of the famine caused by the failure of the rice-crop. During the year 1865 Demerara received 2,500 statute adults; Trinidad, 1,200; St. Croix and Grenada, 400. Coolies for Mauritius are engaged for five years. They receive for the first year 5 rupees per month, and are found in everything. Their wages increase regularly, up to 14 rupees a month in the fifth year. A back passage is not granted. In the West Indies a male adult can earn from 10 to 12 annas a day wages, equal to fifteenpence to eighteenpence a day, pay being given for work above the regular task.—A back passage is guaranteed, after ten years service in the colonies.

The great mortality amongst the Hill coolies alluded to is caused by cholera and is ascribed chiefly to sudden change of diet. These poor people are accustomed, in their own country, to an insufficient supply of the worst and poorest food. As soon as they are on board ship, where they are able to eat well and abundantly, the effect on their digestive powers appears to be most disastrous. But for this mortality in transport, they would be very useful and desirable labourers.

During nine months of the year 1865 the number of emigrants from the three Presidencies of India amounted to 13,774 men, women, and children; and 3,500 more at sea —on their passage thence—made a total of 17,274 persons. Deducting 2,274 for young children, and 4,000 women, there remain 11,000 males, a number evincing the willingness of East Indians to emigrate to Mauritius, while the comparatively small number returning speaks well for their satisfaction with the treatment they receive there. Dr. Hillebrand, comparing the relative merits of Indian and Chinese coolies, writes as follows: "While the Indian coolie is easily managed and submissive—thanks to the low servile condition in which the low-caste Hindoos are born and brought up in their own land—the Chinaman is independent and fiery in his disposition, and violent in action. The former has hardly a conception of rights, while the latter will stick or fight for what he considers his rights and privileges. Supposed wrongs and insults he will at once oppose by force, while the Indian accepts them with apparent submission, quietly biding his time; with him poison takes the place of the knife. Their relations to the white race are alike unsatisfactory, but altogether different.

The Chinese, in the vain conceit

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of the superiority of his race and civilization, looks on the white race as inferior—at least in this country. The Hindoo, under the external garb of submissiveness, bears and nourishes towards his white master an intense hatred. The Indian accommodates himself to circumstances, works himself readily into new conditions of life, change of food, dress, &c.; while the Chinaman will cling pertinaciously to the staple of his country—rice, and the final scope of his life and labour is always to return to the flowery kingdom, that his bones may find there a suitable burial-place—a notion with which the low-caste Hindoo is not tainted to any extent. He will be ready to emigrate with his wife and children, in the hope of bettering their circumstances, a resolution to which a true Chinaman can only be moved with difficulty. As to capacity for labour, the difference is very great: in general, the Chinaman is more muscular and bony, though small of stature; he has been accustomed to hard labor from childhood, is quick and energetic in his actions, and enduring in his labour—qualities which contrast strongly with the slow and lazy movements of the Indian. On the other hand, the Indian is less exclusive, and more likely to amalgamate and fix his permanent abode among other races."

The nineteenth century has witnessed the commencement of an exodus of labour, in several directions, from an empire which contains in itself one-third of the human race. It is as the first overflowings of some vast reservoir, or of a long pent-up mountain lake. Our age has also seen the breaking down of national prejudices and the influx of European ideas in China. Whereas, formerly, death was the penalty on returning, for those subjects who forsook her shores, no restriction now prevents the celestials visiting other countries. Twenty years ago an Englishman could only leave one of the five treaty ports for a few hours; at the present day the emissaries of Christianity may penetrate every part of the empire in freedom and in safety. The Chinese have already settled themselves in Australia, in the islands of the Pacific, in Mauritius, and elsewhere; and it seems likely that they will extend their march to other kindreds, nations, and languages. Like all great emigrations, their arrival brings good and ill to the peoples among whom they carry their labour, or allow it to be carried. "The evil that men do lives after them." The Chinese are already sowing the seeds, in the countries which invite them, of some unknown vices and some new diseases. The former must be controlled and repressed by police regulations; the latter require the utmost vigilance to prevent their spread, and their becoming endemic in new abodes.

The most dreaded disease of China is leprosy, called there *Ma Fung*, which is apparently identical with the leprosy seen in Arabia and Hindostan, where it is named

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Juzam or *Judham*, from a root signifying amputation, because of the erosion or truncation of the fingers and toes which takes place in the last stage of the disease. This scourge is intertropical, and is clearly distinguishable in its symptoms and diagnosis from the European leprosy. It is hereditary, but is commonly believed in China to disappear in the fourth generation. It is uncongenial to cold climates, and apparently finds cleanliness as uncongenial. Persons afflicted with the disease are said to have lost it during a residence in Pekin, but were attacked by it again on their returning to the South. Heat, dirt, the unwholesome diet of the poorer classes of the Chinese, swamps and stagnant water, are conditions favourable to the propagation and development of the disease, if they do not by themselves originally induce it.—Doctor Lockhart mentions leprosy being very prevalent in a low-lying and much flooded valley called Yen-tung. Goitre and cretinism in Switzerland abound under analogous circumstances. In a paper read before the Royal Asiatic Society in 1852, Dr. Benjamin Hobson, whose long residence as a physician in Canton had given him ample opportunities of studying the disease, collected in one view all that was up to that time known, believed and surmised about leprosy. We may, therefore, spare ourselves many of its painful details. Among its first symptoms are a redness and numbness of parts of the body, hoarseness of voice, thinness of the hair, and often baldness, whitlows under the nails, &c. The Canton Leper House, at the time Dr. Hobson wrote, contained seven hundred patients of both sexes. The afflicted people themselves believed the disease to be incurable. Other information was furnished to Dr. Hobson by Dr. Mouat, Professor of Medicine in the Medical College of Calcutta; Dr. R. Stuart, in charge of the Calcutta Leper Asylum; and by Dr. W. Lockhart, at Shanghai.—The question of the malady being contagious is strongly debated. It would appear from the evidence to be so, but not upon slight contact. The Hindoos regard leprosy as highly contagious. Dr. Stuart entertains great doubts on this head, and says that he had only seen one case which appeared to have been the result of contagion, and that case was cured. There is, unhappily, a more universal consent as to the difficulty and rarity of cures, and the inefficiency of remedies for its relief.

It seems possible, then, that this miserable endemic, which affects the minds as well as the bodies of its victims, does not propagate itself by mere contact, even in its true habitat; and in China there is no record of a time when leprosy did not exist among the people.—It is probable that change of place and external circumstances may render Chinese emigrants more free from its approach themselves, and incapable of infecting with this disease the strangers among whom they sojourn. It was the appear-

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ance of a disease of this nature in the Hawaiian islands, called in the native tongue *Mai Pake*, which induced the government there not only to make arrangements for segregating and curing the patients attacked, by erecting a leper hospital near the capital, and forming a settlement on the neighbouring island of Molokoi, but to commission Dr. Hillebrand in China to visit the leper establishments there and investigate the disease closely in that and other countries where it prevails. In pursuance of his instructions, Dr. Hillebrand studied the disease, and wrote the reports we have previously spoken of. He examined a considerable number of cases, and on a portion of these he made annotations, which he sent home to his government.

To the Mongol, the Hindoo, and the remnant of earlier races that in India, hover like ghosts, about their ancient haunts, the world must look for its supply of tropical labour. For a time, at least, they will bring the energies of bone and muscle of peoples whose hereditary lot has been labour, but whose intellectual powers and whose education, low though it be, are higher than the African's; and they will give them in return for rice, for lodging, and some dollars. Whilst the emancipated negro throws away his hoe, and dreams of political privileges, the Eastern immigration will be making a silent change in the countries where its labour is prized.—These imported workers will not be easily dismissed where they have taken root, and a "miscegenation" not dreamed of by planters and governments, will follow as a consequence. For good and for ill they will come into our colonies and dependencies, into that America which we are so often told is "for Americans," into the gold fields of Australia, and into the scattered islands of the Pacific.—Many of the Chinese will acquire property by their frugal and abstemious habits; but crimes of violence have already distinguished their settlements; and as they place little value on their own life, they do not respect the life of others, nor will the fear of death deter them from breaking into the "bloody house" when instigated by anger, jealousy, or the sense of wrong and injustice. Centuries perhaps will, however, have to elapse before the effect of the breaking forth of the old Mongol race among the nations of the earth is seen in its entirety.

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[*Blackwood's Magazine.*

MY HUNT OF THE SILVER FOX.

Sable and ermine are associated in our minds with rank and wealth, and at the mention of them, images of duchesses and princesses, of judges and kings, clothed in the robes of dignity or royalty, at once rise up before us. But the use of furs as an article of dress is not confined to the noble and rich of civilized countries. The Indian wears his sables as well as the delicate lady; and buffalo-skins form the robes of the savage as well as the rugs of English carriages or Canadian sleighs. The soft rich velvet skin of the sea-otter adorns the person of the native of the North Pacific as well as the cloak of the Chinese mandarin; and the delicate white ermine, with black-tipped tail, is the choicest ornament of the Blackfoot warrior of the American prairies as well as the symbol of royalty and dignity in this country. The wearing of skins seems, indeed, to be a mark of each extreme of the human race—the most primitive and the most civilized. Nature has supplied the animals of northern climates with coats of unequalled quality for keeping out the cold and enduring wear; and these admirable properties, and the fact of the material being ready made, no doubt induced our savage forefathers, and their contemporaries, in the first instance to transfer such useful coverings from the bodies of the inferior creation to their own. But this is not the only cause of the almost universal love for furs.—There is a handsome appearance about soft glossy fur of the finest kind, which is very striking, and which has caused it to be valued as an article of ornament alone. It may be questioned whether the ladies who roll along in their carriages wrapped in seal-skin and sables do not regard the beauty of their clothing quite as much as its property of warmth; and it is the combination of usefulness with a handsome appearance which makes them prize it so highly. The mandarin, however, wears the fur of the sea-otter—nearly the whole supply of which he monopolises—purely for the sake of ornament. The Blackfoot chief prizes the tiny ermine-skin as a garniture for his head, or a trimming for his firebag or his medicine-belt. The same fur is esteemed by Christian princes as an emblem of dignity and regal power. It was borne alone on the coats-of-arms of the ancient earls of Brittany; and in England, in the time of Edward II., none but members of the royal family were permitted to wear it. I also,

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in my humble way, have a great fancy for furs. I have felt their value in the bitter cold of the far north, and admire them too for their rich, and beautiful appearance.

A year or two ago, another Englishman and myself spent a winter in the wilds of the Hudson Bay Territories, the Rupert's Land of the missionaries and old geographers, and there I learnt a great deal about furs and fur-hunting.— For these Territories, together with Russian America and Siberia, supply the whole world with furs of nearly every kind, the chinchilla of South America being the only important exception. Hence come sable (the fur of the marten) and a little ermine, although neither of these are quite equal in quality to the Russian varieties, and also the beaver, the mink, the lynx, the fisher, the otter, the black bear, the sea-otter, and the cross and silver foxes. The sea-otter and silver fox, although less known than sable and ermine, are the most valuable of all furs, a single skin of each being sometimes worth £40. The sea-otter is only found on the North Pacific coast, and has now become exceedingly scarce. The few which are taken are bought by the Russian merchants for the Chinese market. The fur is very close, and beautifully soft and velvety, like that of a mole, but longer, and in colour a rich brown slightly tinged with grey. For the softness, smoothness, and closeness of its pile it is perhaps unequalled. The silver fox is found all through the forests of the northern part of the Hudson Bay Territories. The greatest number of their skins go to Russia, where they are esteemed the choicest of all furs, fit wear for grand-duchesses and princesses.— The coat of the silver fox is not of a glistening white, like that of the Arctic fox, as might be imagined from the name, but is more nearly black. The fur is more valuable in proportion to the darkness of its colour, although it is never quite black even in the finest specimens, but a beautiful grey. The white hairs, which predominate, are tipped with black, and mixed with others of pure black. This admixture of pure white and black gives a peculiarly silvery or frosted appearance to the coat of this king of the furry tribe, which is more delicate in proportion to the amount of black it contains, and with the softness and fineness of the hair would cause its rich quality to be recognized at once by the most superficial observer.

I have described the true silver fox only, which seems very distinct from the common red fox, and yet foxes of every variety of colour between these extremes are found.— These are called cross foxes, from their being marked along the back by a band of silver grey, with another over the shoulders, at right angles, in the shape of a cross, like the stripe of a donkey. The stripes may be slight, and the fox closely resemble the red one, or broad and distinct, so as to occupy the principal part of the skin, when it more nearly approaches the silver fox both in appearance and value.—

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There are two other distinctions between the red, the cross, and the silver fox—that of size, and the localities which they inhabit. The red fox is much larger than his English representative, which, however, he closely resembles in other respects. He frequents the prairies and the park-like country which lies between the great plains to the south of Rupert's Land and the vast forests of the north. The silver fox is much smaller than the red one, and is found only in the thick woods or their immediate neighbourhood. The cross foxes vary in size as in colour, and frequent the country between the two extremes, being found on the edge of the woods and the borders of the plains also—those nearest the habitat of the red fox of the prairies being larger and lighter-coloured, those of the woods where dwells the silver fox darker and smaller. At the close of autumn, when the animals have donned their winter coats, and fur is in full season, every Indian and half-breed in this wooded country turns trapper; for it is their time of harvest, and on their success in obtaining skins with which to trade depend their supplies of ammunition and all comforts and luxuries, such as tea tobacco, and blankets. I determined to follow the fashion of the country, and invade the home of the sable and the silver fox, gathering what spoils I could for my fair relations and friends at home; and if I caught a silver fox—*if*, I said to myself, I *should* have such luck, for a fox is not easily circumvented—well, vulpicide is a sin in Leicestershire, but a virtue in Rupert's Land; and there was one, I thought, who deserved the prize, and would, I half believed, be proud to wear a gift of mine which, if all went well, might perhaps recall how long days of weary absence had been succeeded by a happier time.

Established, then, in a little log-hut, with my friend and two half-breeds, on the southern border of the great forests of the north of Rupert's Land, I commenced my journeys into the woods. As my companion and instructor in the art of trapping, I took one of the men we had engaged, a French-Canadian half-breed, by name Louis la Ronde, or *De* la-Ronde, as he delighted to sign his name—a noted hunter of the fur animals. By this time it was the beginning of November. The ground was covered with a slight coating of snow, and the cold very consider able, although not to be compared in severity with that which we afterwards experienced in mid-winter. The only provisions we took with us on our expeditions consisted of a little dried meat or pemmican, which we rolled up in a couple of blankets, together with a few steel traps, and slung the pack thus made upon our backs. A small axe and a gun apiece completed our equipment, and we started into the woods for an excursion of six or eight days, marching straight towards the north for thirty or forty miles.—We set traps at intervals along the route wherever we observed the

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tracks of the animals we sought, returning home again when our provisions were exhausted. At night we slept in the open air, clearing away the snow, and strewing a few pine-branches on the bare ground for a bed, on which we lay wrapped in our blankets, with a huge fire of great dry trunks blazing at our feet. Our stock of food was frequently finished long before we regained the hut, and we were compelled to eat the bodies of the animals which we killed for their skins. The marten, fisher, and mink, which were our principal objects of pursuit at first, are all of the pole-cat tribe, and as the taste of their flesh exactly corresponds with the odour of their bodies —and this is very similar to the disgusting smell of the ferret—it may be imagined that sharp-set appetites were needed to enable us to face such nauseous fare. These we never lacked, however, for hard work and severe cold begot the most savage hunger; and we grumbled not at our condition, for we were in robust health, and I enjoyed keenly the excitement of the novel pursuit, which La Ronde followed with the utmost ardour. At first we contented ourselves with the capture of the less important animals I have mentioned, although the marten, or sable, and the fisher, whose skins are worth about a guinea apiece, can hardly be deemed very humble game. They were tolerably plentiful, and entered readily into the traps — simple wooden contrivances on the plan of a figure-of-4 trap called a "deadfall." This is a small enclosure of short palisades covered in at the top, an opening being left at one end. Above the entrance a heavy log is propped up, so arranged that when an animal seizes the bait the log fells upon it and crushes it to death. Occasionally we shot a frozen-out otter travelling along the banks of a stream, or caught musk-rats by placing steel traps in their winter huts on the ice-bound lakes, or snared a lynx with a noose of deer-skin, which that simple animal never attempted to gnaw through, but remained half-strangled and helpless until we arrived to despatch him. Our success with the wooden traps was seriously interfered with by the depredations of the wolverine and the ermine. The latter merely devoured the baits, and sprang the traps without injury to himself—since his small size permitted him to enter the enclosure with his entire body safe from the fall of the fatal tree at the door. The former, however, gave us far more trouble, and inflicted far greater loss. He sometimes destroyed the whole of a long line of traps, often one hundred to one hundred and fifty in number, as often as they were rebuilt and re-baited. His ravages inflict such loss upon the Indian hunters, that they have named him the Evil One. But in spite of these enemies we managed to amass a goodly store of furs, and I daily attained greater skill in my new calling. I had, however, made up my mind to have a silver fox if possible, and was eager to find an opportunity of se-

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curing the greatest prize of the fur-hunter. We met with several tracks, which were pronounced by La Ronde to be those of fine cross foxes. The only way in which the presence of animals can be ascertained in these wilds is by their footprints in the snow, which lies a field of virgin white, whereon these tell-tale marks are printed. The animals which make them are rarely seen, for they are so constantly hunted by the Indians, and associate the approach of man only with danger and pursuit, that they take alarm at the slightest sound, and immediately hide themselves from view. The so-called wild animals of civilised countries are accustomed to meet with men who are not intent on their destruction, and thus we see rabbits playing about in the fields, and even foxes forget in their six months' holiday the constant dangers of the hunting season. But it is far different in the trapping-grounds of North America, where game must be tracked up before it can be found. The eye of the practised hunter reads without difficulty the signs left in the snow. He detects at once, with the most astonishing accuracy, the species of animal which has passed, whether it had been frightened by his approach, the pace at which it was going, and how long before or how recently it had visited the place. At first sight it appears extremely difficult to the uninitiated to distinguish between the footprints of a fox and those of a small wolf, or a dog of similar size. But to the Indian or half-breed this is simple enough. The dog blunders along through the snow with low action of his legs, and scrapes the surface with his toes as he lifts them forward in his stride, thus leaving a broad groove in front of the footprint, and perhaps the mark of his tail carelessly dragging behind him. The little wolf, also, generally catches the point of the toe, but less roughly than the dog, leaving merely a slight scratch on the surface. But the dainty fox, stepping with airy tread and high clean action, clears the snow perfectly in his stride, however deep it may be, and leaves no mark whatever, except the seal of his foot sharply lined and clearly impressed upon the white carpet. To distinguish the footprint of a silver fox from that of a cross fox or a red one is more difficult. The only difference between them is in size, and this is so slight that it requires much experience to attain any certainty in detecting it.

Now although, as I have said, I was exceedingly anxious to attempt the capture of the prize I coveted so much immediately, my eagerness was repressed by La Ronde, who argued that it was useless to set any trap for a fox until the frost became more severe, whereby the hunger of our destined prey would become more keen, and the scent of the human fingers which had touched the bait would be destroyed by the intense cold. The fox is the most sagacious and wary of all the fur animals except the wolverine, and is never taken in a deadfall. A steel trap or poisoned bait

are the only devices which have any chance of success with such a knowing fellow. And in setting these it is necessary to obliterate all traces of man's presence by smoothing the snow evenly around for some distance; and then in course of time the action of the wind, or a fresh fall of snow, destroys every footmark, and the bait lies buried as if it had fallen from the skies. The position of the bait is marked by a twig or long stalk of grass planted in the snow above it, which is displaced by the fox if he digs out the seductive morsel. When the trapper visits his baits, he is careful not to approach them, but contents himself with observing from a distance whether the significant stem stands undisturbed or not. When a steel trap is set, moreover, it requires to be watched daily; for if a fox be caught, it is by the fore-leg as he cautiously scrapes away the snow to get at the bait beneath, and since the trap is merely attached by a chain to a heavy log, he marches off, dragging them away with him, until he is brought up by its becoming entangled amongst the the fallen trees and underwood which cover the ground in the primeval forests. When the animal discovers that he is unable to proceed any farther, he commences without any hesitation to amputate the imprisoned limb, and thus freed from the clog, escapes on three legs far out of the reach of the hunter unless he be quickly followed up.

Soon after the commencement of winter the numerous lakes which occur in the forest were firmly frozen over, so that we were able to traverse them as if they had been dry land. These we frequently sought on our excursions, since we were able to march more easily over the smooth ice than if we kept to the woods, where our progress was impeded by the prostrate trunks which lie undisturbed where they have fallen for ages—timber of every size in every stage of growth and decay, entangled in every possible combination. On one of the largest of these lakes, prettily situated in the centre of a cluster of low hills covered with birches and aspens and tall slender firs, whose branches, white with hoar-frost and snow-wreaths, sparkled in the sunlight as if set in diamonds and silver, I stopped an instant to admire the strange beauty of the scene; I forgot all about furs and traps for the moment, but my attention was speedily recalled to the subject by La Ronde, who marched ahead of me. Pointing to a neat little footprint impressed distinct and clear, without blur or fault, he remarked, with some excitement, "Un beau reynard, Monsieur; un beau—un noir—noir." There was no doubt about it. The delicate impress of the dainty foot told us as plainly as if we had seen the owner of it himself, that we had found on this wild lake of the woods the haunt of a true silver fox of the finest kind. I was highly delighted at the discovery of the object I had so constantly sought, and I resolved to exert all my ingenuity to circumvent this rare an-

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imal, whose caution and sagacity were on a par with his extreme beauty and value. "Mais tout a l'heure, Monsieur," said La Ronde; for the weather was not yet severe enough to afford us a fair prospect of succeeding, and we decided to await a more favourable opportunity. Before we were able to carry out our plans, however, the stock of provisions at head-quarters fell short, and in order to escape absolute starvation it was imperatively necessary to secure a fresh supply as soon as possible.—The only place where the things we required could be obtained was the Red River Settlement, above six hundred miles distant, the intervening country a trackless wild, and the snow already two feet deep on the ground. But there was no choice, and La Ronde and the other half-breed cheerfully tied on their snow-shoes and set out on their long and harrassing journey. I and my fellow-adventurer were thus left entirely alone, a few Indians being our only society. I secured the services of a little Indian boy, who accompanied me on my trapping excursions, which I forthwith resumed. My new juvenile companion, Misquapamayoo, or "The thing one catches a glimpse of"—for this was his name and its meaning in the Cree language—proved one of the jolliest, merriest little fellows possible, and as active and clever as he was agreeable. His large black eyes, set in a full round face, twinkled with fun, and he would lie down and hold his sides with laughter at my very poorest jokes with most gratifying appreciation. He possessed a strong sense of the ridiculous, and a very slight mistake or failure was quite sufficient to rouse his mirth. As I knew but little of the Cree language, and the boy nothing of English, puzzles and blunders were frequent. I displayed, moreover, on some points, an ignorance of woodcraft which to an Indian seemed very absurd, and Misquapamayoo spent a very merry time on our first excursion together. But although he was thus lively and laughter-loving when the occasion permitted it, such as in camp or in the hut, the moment he slung on his pack and placed his gun on his shoulder to pilot us through the woods his manner changed completely. He seemed to pass from a child of thirteen to a man on the instant. The Indian hunter never lightens the tedium of the way by song or whistle, but walks stealthily along without word or sound, lest he should disturb the game for which he is unceasingly on the watch. So the little Misquapamayoo marched on in front of me, dignified, grave, and silent, as became an Indian hunter, his keen restless eyes scanning every mark in the snow and noting every broken twig or displaced leaf with as clear an understanding of their significance as La Ronde himself.

The frost had continued to increase in severity for several weeks after the departure of the men; the thermometer went down from 20 degrees to 30 degrees below zero, the lakes were frozen over to the thickness of several feet, and the

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snow accumulated on the ground until it was nearly a yard in depth. In order to obtain water we were compelled to melt ice or snow, which caused tea-making to be a very slow process, and a washing-day a vast deal more serious and tedious business than in this country. As we walked along the moisture of our breath froze in passing through our beards, and formed great masses of ice, often the size of a man's fist, on our lips and chins. The oil froze in our pipes, which required to be thawed before we could smoke them. The bare hand laid upon iron stuck to it as if glued, from the instantaneous freezing of its moisture. Although I wore four flannel shirts, with leather shirt and buffalo-skin coat over all, had my feet swathed in bands of thick blanketing, and my hands in enormous leather gloves lined with the same warm material, my cheeks, ears, and neck being protected by a curtain of fur, we could only keep warm, in open ground, unsheltered from the wind, by the most violent exercise.—When resting under cover of the woods, we kept ourselves thawed by the aid of a long fire piled up until we had a great hot wall of blazing trees in front of us. The snow was light and powdery, and did not melt beneath the warmth of the foot, so that we walked dry-shod in our pervious moccasins; and although we often tumbled in our unwieldy snow-shoes over the fallen timber treacherously hidden under the deep snow, into which we soused head-first, we did not get wet, for the dry hard-frozen powder could be shaken off as if it were so much sawdust.

Surely, I thought, the time must have come for me to try for my prize. The nose of a fox even cannot scent danger in such cold, nor his habitual caution control the fierce hunger which it creates. We therefore turned our steps towards the haunt of the silver fox, and in two days reached the margin of the lake. I walked quickly on to the wide-stretching plain of ice, and looked eagerly round for the little footmarks I had by this time learned to know so well. There they were sure enough, freshly printed the night before, and my satisfaction was very great at the discovery that this rare fox still frequented the lonely lake. I had noticed, whenever I had seen the track before, that it always traversed the lake in the same direction, diverging from time to time as the animal turned aside to look at one or other of the numerous houses of the musk-rats which dotted the frozen surface, the only objects which relieved the uniform pure whiteness of the bare expanse.—These he visited in order to see whether the inmates were still unassailable in their ice-bound domes; but he invariably returned to the old course again. The fox was evidently in the habit of regularly visiting some point at the farther side of the lake, and I now carefully followed up the trail. As I neared the opposite shore, I observed a great variety of tracks of different animals converging to-

wards the one I followed. There was the huge print of the lion-like foot and claws of the ubiquitous wolverine placed two and two together, as he had passed in the hurry of his invariable gallop; the careless step of the little wolf, with its scratch of the toe in the light powdery snow: the soft cat-like tread of the lynx; the regular firmly sealed mark of the great marten or fisher; and the clear, sharply cut impress of the less hairy foot of the active, cantering mink,—all tended to the same quarter, and it was plain that there was some great attraction which these smaller beasts of prey were seeking with one accord. The tracks became more and more numerous, until they were so blended together in one broad path that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other, as if a whole army of animals had trooped along in a body. The trees on the verge of the woods which surrounded the lake were here tenanted by a flock of carrion crows, which at times flew lazily about, and then settled again on the branches, hoarsely croaking, while the little blue and white magpies were fluttering and hopping about in a state of great excitement. Within a few yards of the shore the snow was beaten down for a considerable space into a broad road by the multitude of feet, and through the trees we saw other well frequented paths coming in from the opposite direction. Where the ice and land met, I observed, to my surprise, a little pool of open water, in which numberless small white objects seemed in constant motion, glistening in the sunshine. On a nearer view, I saw that this was owing to the presence of myriads of small fish, varying in size from that of a minnow to a gudgeon. They were so closely packed together that they could with difficulty move one on the other, and, constantly struggling to get to the surface, appearing like one moving mass of bodies. I bared my arm and plunged it in up to the shoulder, as into a mess of thick stirabout, and found the same dense collection of fish, as far as I could reach with my hand, in every part of the pool. A clear spring bubbled up at one corner; and after much puzzling over this curious circumstance, I came to the conclusion that the only reasonable explanation of it was, that the lake being shallow, had frozen to the bottom except in this single place, whither the fish had been gradually driven as the ice gained ground and the constantly flowing fountain and the moving bodies preventing the formation of ice, fish had thus collected in such countless shoals. This was the secret of the concourse of animals which flocked nightly to the spot, to feast, in the season of scarcity, on the Lenten fare. I now turned back, and in the middle of the lake, near the nocturnal walk of the silver fox, away from the tracks of the rest of the four-footed supper-party, set a steel trap, temptingly baited with a piece of raw buffalo-meat, and covered over carefully with snow, its position being marked in the approved manner by a reed-stalk planted upright

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above it. Time after time I visited my trap, and found that the fox had not failed to discover that something to eat was hidden there, but he resolutely abstained from any attempt to appropriate it. From the footmarks which circled round and round it at a respectful distance, I interpreted his great desire to enter in and partake, and the extreme caution which prevented him from yielding to his inclination. At length the weather became still more severe—the north wind blew strongly, with scathing blast, and the thermometer went down to 36 degrees below zero.—Again I visited the lake, hoping that the extreme cold might have sharpened the fox's hunger and destroyed all human taint which might have defiled the bait; but the telltale straw still stood erect, and I found that the wary silver fox had still wandered longingly round and round it without yielding to the fatal temptation. I was now almost in despair of ever outwitting so cautious a quarry. I had a last resource, however, which I resolved to adopt. I had heard from La Ronde that a fox could detect the presence of a steel trap by his keen sense of smell, or some inexplicable instinct, and I thereupon removed the one that had rested uselessly hidden for so long, and substituted for it a most appetising piece of meat, in the centre of which a small quanity of strychnine was enclosed. The bait being frozen as hard as a piece of stone, and strychnine too being completely inodorous, it seemed impossible that my discriminating acquaintance—for I may call him an acquaintance, since I knew his form and habits so well, although I had never seen him—should detect anything wrong in the savoury morsel offered for his acceptance. I buried it in the snow and smoothed the surface as carefully as before, planting a significant straw above it, which was visible for a considerable distance in the pure white expanse.

The snow fell fast as we finished our task, and with the aid of the north wind, which was now blowing fiercely, must soon have obliterated all traces of our visit. The blast seemed to grow colder and colder, as we recrossed the lake, so that before we gained the shelter of the forest my fur-protected ears tingled with pain, my bare cheeks and ice-covered lips and chin ached again, and my benumbed fingers could with difficulty retain their grasp of my gun. The tall fir-trees groaned and creaked as they bent and recoiled under the pressure of the increasing wind, and these mournful sounds, together with the explosions of the trunks cracking and splintering from the intense frost, resounded through the desolate woods. Not a sign of life greeted us; for the rabbit was cowering in his haunt under the fallen timber; the bear hugged himself more closely in his wintry cave as he heard the roaring of the storm without; the willow-grouse sheltered with ruffled feathers, hidden in the thick underwood; and even the lively squirrel, who seldom found it too cold to come out,

resolutely remained in his warm hole, and refused to cheer us with his pleasant chatter. The only animal which still went abroad was a rare marten or fisher, roaming about to appease his sharpened hunger; but they passed within a yard of the traps, regardless of attractions usually irresistible not because they had any new fear of treachery, but because scent was destroyed, and they could not perceive the proximity of the bait.—The masses of snow collected on the broad flat branches of the fir-trees, dislodged by the wind, showered down upon our heads; dead twigs and branches, snapped off by the violent air, pelted us; and every now and then some huge dead and withered tree, which, though dry and half-rotten, had long withstood the assaults of time and wild weather, overcome at last by the tempest, came thundering down with a mighty crash close by, and threatened to crush us in its fall. The snow-fall from the skies, made denser by the masses which tumbled from the trees, and increased yet more by the clouds whirled up from the ground by the circling currents, blinded us so that we stumbled and fell continually over the fallen timber which beset the way, and wearied us with frequent shocks. The path which we had made on our outward journey, broadly and deeply ploughed though it was with snow-shoes, became confused and uncertain, and at length completely drifted over and undistinguishable from the rest of the snow-covered ground, whose uniformity was only varied by the slight difference in the patches of shrubs or the arrangement of trees. To retrace our steps was our only means of finding the way back, since the sun was hidden, and we had no other compass by which to steer. Pelted by branches, buffeted by the wind, blinded by the driving clouds of snow, benumbed by the cold, and bewildered by the disturbance of our senses, the obliteration of the track, and the absence of the guiding sun, even the brave little Misquapamayoo, who led the way, was compelled to exclaim at last, "Osharm aimen,"—"It is too hard,"—and suggest that we should camp for the night, trusting to have clearer weather to-morrow. I was only too glad to agree to a course which I had been too proud to propose to the boy, and we thankfully threw off our packs in a sheltered hollow, protected from the hostile north by thickly-growing trees and underwood, and with a good supply of dry trunks hard by. It was with great difficulty that we lighted a fire, for flint and steel fell repeatedly from our palsied fingers, incapable of feeling them, and almost powerless to grasp them; but in spite of many fruitless attempts we persevered, knowing well that failure meant death. The welcome sparks struck by our shaking hands at last caught the ready tinder, and a wisp of dry grass and a birch-bark was fanned into flame by spasmodic puffs from our cold-stricken lips, as we knelt side by side, eager and intent over the hopeful glow. Chips of resin-

ous pine fed the tiny fire, on which we proceeded cautiously to place a few dry branches, and then, as the blaze grew stronger, added larger and larger boughs, until with great dead trunks of trees we made a huge bonfire, from which we drew warmth and life. When we had somewhat recovered, we diligently melted snow in our kettle, and before long one of the most grateful cups, or rather mugs, of tea which I ever drank, restored me to a contented frame of mind; then to lie down on a bed of springy pine-boughs seemed to complete my happiness for the moment. Peace and rest lasted but for a short time, however. We had but three blankets between us, and one of them we spread on our evergreen couch to lie upon; and though the boy and I clung together, full clothed as we were, covered by the other two, with our feet close to the roaring fire, the relentless wind found us out, pierced through the pervious coverlets as if they had been gauze. The tired boy slept on, but I, less hardy, soon trembled and shook with cold, and finding sleep impossible, crept away from my companion and cowered over the fire, nodding as I sat in the fast-falling snow. From time to time I awoke from my doze, with aching limbs, as the fire waxed low, and jumped up to heap on fresh logs, and then resumed my weary watch. The dark and stormy night seemed prolonged to twice the usual number of hours, for I could but guess the time as I had no watch, and the stars were not visible in the clouded heavens. Daybreak—"keekseep," as it is poetically named by the Indians, or "the time when the birds begin to chirp"—appeared at last, the wind went down, and before long the sun rose in a clear sky. I woke Misquapamayoo, and after a hasty breakfast we commenced to search for the lost track, which we eventually succeeded in discovering, and reached the hut the following evening. But my return to seek the silver fox was delayed by more urgent and important business. The Indians around us were starving and our scanty reserve of pemican was soon exhausted in their relief.

The men we had sent for provisions could not possibly accomplish their hard journey of twelve hundred miles through the snow, with heavy-loaded sledges, in less than three months, and not one had yet elapsed since their departure. It was imperatively necessary to obtain meat at once, and we were obliged to give up trapping for furs for the time, and take to hunting for our subsistence. Although moose were to be found in the neighbouring woods, our need was so urgent and immediate we dared not trust to the chance of killing them; for of all animals the moose is the most wary, and can only be approached by the most skilful hunter, except at certain seasons, under peculiarly favourable circumstances. We turned our faces, therefore, towards the great plains, about a hundred miles away, on the skirts of which, where prairies and woodland meet and form a beautiful

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park-like country, we hoped to find bands of buffalo. These animals, contrary to the usual practice, migrate northward in the winter, leaving the open prairie of the south for the protecting woods, and sheltered valleys of the mixed country, and even at times penetrating far into the great forest itself. It is not necessary to relate how we sought, with much toil and suffering, the game which could save us from starvation. Buffalo were exceedingly scarce, having been driven southwards by the Indians; but we managed to secure a few of the stragglers left behind by the main body. Famished Indians, less fortunate than us, with their patient squaws and gaunt and hungry children, crowded to us, looking with longing eyes at the meat which they were too proud to ask for, although they had eaten but little for weeks, and fasted totally for several days. Thin skeleton dogs, so wonderfully thin that it seemed hardly possible for life to remain in the framework of skin and bone, or motion be consistent with such an absence of muscle, came to feast on the offal; and packs of hungry wolves hovered round us, waiting to pick the abandoned carcasses, serenading us with a morning and evening chorus of dismal howls.

When we returned to the hut, the supply of food we brought with us was speedily consumed by the help of voracious Indian friends, and again we had to renew our hunt for provisions. After a time we stored up sufficient to allow of our devoting a week to our traps again. The weather had become even colder than before—the thermometer went down to—38 degrees; and it was hardly possible to induce the Indians to leave their lodges and face the bitter, benumbing, untempting air of the open ground. My faithful little ally, Misquapamayoo, however, cheerfully responded to my invitation to visit the poisoned bait, and we started on our way to the forest lake. The frost abated slightly, the sky was clear, and the sun shone brightly during the short day, although its rays yielded no perceptible warmth, and we travelled along cheerily. The animals were abroad again, and the woods less silent and deserted than in the terrible storm which battered us so unmercifully on our return from the former expedition. That arch-burglar, the wolverine, had broken into all the marten traps, and either devoured the baits, or, where an animal had been caught, had abstracted it, torn it to pieces, and half eaten it, and hid the scanty remains in the bushes. We found little but the tails of the victims, and a few scattered tufts of the fur which I had destined for enduring service. Yet as the severity of the cold had been sufficient to drive the wolverine to eat martens, which he devours only under dire extremity—for the more savoury baits are what he generally contents himself with, although he wantonly destroys in his malice the animals which he finds in the traps—I had good hopes that the same urgent hunger might over-

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come the scrupulous caution of the fox and betray him into the indiscretion of tasting the deadly morsel I had prepared for him. Three days brought us to the margin of the lake, and I eagerly scanned the broad expanse for the dark object I fondly believed I might see lying there, conspicuous in its contrast to the pure white plain of ice. As we began to draw near the centre of the lake, I detected a black spot about the very point where I had placed the snare. It was, however, more undefined and irregular than it would have appeared if merely the body of the fox, and I hastened on, troubled with grievous doubts whether I had succeeded after all. As I drew near my misgivings increased; the one black spot which I had seen at first appeared less and less like the form of an animal, an indistinct conglomeration of dark patches, some of which seemed to be moving. I ran quickly to the place, eager to solve the mystery, half hoping I might have killed a whole family of black foxes, forgetting in my excitement that I had set but a single bait. I could see that the single straw was down, and the snow scratched up where it had been planted; a pair of carrion crows flapped up from the dead body with an angry croak, and I found that it was indeed a matchless silver fox—"un beau Reynard, noir, noir," as La Ronde had prophesied—not whole and perfect, but a half-eaten and mangled carcass. The eyes were picked out, the beautiful coat torn to pieces, and fragments of the rich gray fur lying scattered around. The ill-omened birds, which had gathered together to feast on the shoals of fish hemmed in by the ice in the little pool at the end of the lake, had served me an evil turn. My return had been too long delayed; the pool had become frozen by the extreme cold, and the ruthless fish-eaters had appeased their hunger by the costly meal which the body of my victim had supplied them. My disappointment and chagrin were unbounded at the provoking result of all the ingenuity and toil with which I had laboured to secure the great prize—nay, my devices had better have failed altogether to deceive the ill-fated animal, and I felt unfeigned regret at the useless destruction of the dainty fox. The sympathising Misquapamayoo, who had entered into my plans with all the ardour of an Indian hunter, joined heartily with me in anathematising the vile birds to whose unscrupulous appetites we owed our loss. My only chance of obtaining the skin of a silver fox was gone for the season, and we plodded our way home to the hut disgusted and disconsolate.

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[*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE DEATH OF SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

It is the lot of those who conduct periodicals such as ours, to feel, from time to time, more than a common share in the loss of writers whose repute is national, or European, or world-wide. Brought often into intimate relation with celebrated men, we become bound to them by the double tie of literary connection and of personal friendship. Those who, for the public, are but the shadows of great names, may be to us tangible and near realities; we may lose in them, besides the author, the constant correspondent and intimate associate; and their fame is sometimes so entwined with this Magazine, from which their early efforts derived support, and to which their talents lent lustre, "stealing and giving odour," that out brightest pages become the monuments of the great contributors whom we have lost.—Less than two years ago Aytoun died in his prime; now full in years and ripe in fame, Alison has descended to the grave; and, for both, there is added to our part in that general sorrow which is felt when such men leave us, the deeper mourning and sense of bereavement which flow from our more than common calamity.

Nearly fifty years have elapsed since Alison sent his earliest contributions to these pages. In 1819, when in his twenty-eighth year, his first paper, "On the Discovery of the Bones of Robert Bruce," appeared in this Magazine, which he continued with little intermission, up to seven or eight years ago, to embellish with his powerful and popular pen. It was in the interval between 1836 and 1856 that his articles followed each other most rapidly. Their subjects are widely diversified, though, as might be supposed, politics and modern history are most frequently discussed. Essays on Reform—on the Fall of Charles X., and of Louis Philippe—on Negro Emancipation—on Irish Affairs—on many commercial and financial questions, and on Colonial Government, mark the track of his thoughts in following the great political events of his age. The lives or the works of notable personages called forth reviews of such diversity of subject, as proves that his sympathies and range of thought extended far into the past, including great men of many nations, and great works in many languages. Homer and Virgil among the ancients—Dante and Tasso in a later past—Chateaubriand, Guizot, Sismondi, De Tocqueville, Montesquieu, Mirabeau, and Madame de Staël among the moderns, are some

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of the subjects of these; while articles on the Greek Drama, the Roman Republic, the Athenian Democracy, and the Crusades, attest the variety of the channels into which his speculations were directed. Written as they were in the intervals of a busy professional career, which is marked too by his standard work on the Criminal Law of Scotland, they would of themselves have borne ample testimony to the culture and industry of their author; but they formed only a small proportion of the offspring of his prolific intellect.

Many of these papers were but offshoots from the important work which is, and will long remain, identified with his name, and which occupied so large a space in his life. It was, he tells us, while visiting Paris during its occupation by the Allies after the fall of Napoleon, that the idea of writing the History of Europe from the French Revolution took possession of him. Paris, when he saw it, was still the Paris of the former kings of France; streets and palaces, and parks and public buildings, were still the standing records of the old and picturesque monarchy, suggesting its traditions, its policy, its costume; but the city was thronged with the alien troops, whose vast camps lay all around it. It was the striking contrast between that not remote past and the actual present which led him to picture to himself so vividly the successive and startling changes that had produced it, and inspired him with the desire to record in one narrative the great events of the Revolution and the Empire. The downfall of the monarchy—the crimes and horrors of the Revolution—the victories of the Republican armies—the glories and final overthrow of the Empire; such was the rapid and extraordinary course of events which drawing the destinies of other nations into its current, formed, with them, the subject of his brilliant plan.—He tells us in his Preface how high was his conception of the capabilities of his theme. "A subject," he says, "so splendid in itself, so full of political and military instruction, replete with such great and heroic actions, adorned by so many virtues, and darkened by so many crimes, never yet fell to the lot of an historian." And we learn from his Preface that he approached the great task in a becoming spirit. "Inexorable and unbending in his opposition to false principles, it is the duty of the historian of such times to be lenient and considerate in his judgment of particular men." To this just and lofty view of the duties of his vocation he was absolutely faithful. Bringing to his task very strong opinions of his own, and, in accordance with them, judging rigorously all great national and political questions, it is only when the actions of the men whom he paints are ignoble or criminal that he visits them with absolute condemnation, extenuating mere errors, and setting down nought in malice.

Actuated by this candid and just spirit, he brought also to his work an admiration amounting to

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an enthusiasm for heroic effort, whether exhibited in statesmanship or war; and the battle-pieces which abound in his narrative are touched with a fire and vigour which only a kindred feeling for those whose high achievements he recounts could inspire. The revolutionary soldiers of France; the great marshals who upheld the despotism of Napoleon; Suwaroff, the faithful servant of the Czar; and the Arckduke who covered Austria with his powerful shield, all met with as just, as discriminating, and as warm appreciation as their native historians could bestow, and as our own generals could obtain from Alison.—Critics have objected to his style; yet, if the art of engaging the reader's attention, and sustaining it by the vigour, spirit, and vivacity of the narrative, be a high merit, many popular and many great historians must cede superiority of this kind to Sir Archibald. He wrote, not certainly in the cold judicial style of philosophical history, but with the warmth of one who not only believed but felt all he uttered. And there are long episodes in his work—those, for instance, on the American war of 1812, and on some of our Indian campaigns—which are in themselves complete and elaborate histories of those events, and which give us most useful and interesting information respecting the countries which were the scene of them. It has been the trick of a part of the press, whose cue it is to caricature Conservatism, to disparage his History, questioning its accuracy, and sneering at the principles it upholds. But the best testimony to the candour, fidelity, and ability of his great work is in its enormous popularity. As he says himself of another writer, "No one ever commands, even for a time, the suffrages of the multitude, without the possession, in some respects at least, of remarkable powers."—Those suffrages were largely given to Alison. His work, in its original and larger form, obtaining that wide popularity which is attested by its presence on the shelves of so many public and private libraries, a people's edition was issued, and met with a reception which proved how ineffectual had been the malignity of his assailants. His popularity, however seemed only to exasperate those whose dislike to his steady, consistent, honourable Conservatism had already rendered them hostile, and no great writer of our time has been more consistently and unjustly disparaged by an extreme section of the press than Sir Archibald. But we will dwell no further on this topic in speaking of a man whose character exhibited no more distinctive features than the large, generous, tolerant spirit in which he viewed adverse opinion.

The same union of lofty principle and kindly feeling which he evinced as an author marked his career as a man. Mildness, firmness, fairness, and dignity distinguished his long and honoured administration of the duties of Sheriff; and the legal functionaries who lately gave expression, in the

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Court over which he had presided, to the loss which the tribunal had sustained, bore eloquent testimony to the urbanity, impartiality, and high ability which commanded the respect and confidence alike of suitors and of advocates. Nor was his exhibition of these qualities confined to the judicial bench. As a magistrate it was more than once his lot to exercise his function of assertor of the law in times of popular disturbance; when the same mixture of courage and conciliation enabled him not only to retain, but even to increase, his great popularity in Glasgow, while firmly suppressing riot; and the Tory Sheriff has for at least a whole generation been the most popular citizen, as well as the foremost historian in Scotland.

Such, for a large part of the present century, has been the useful, industrious, honourable, and honoured public life of Sir Archibald Alison. In the law, as well as in literature, his eminent services were recognised and rewarded, and he was enabled to devote the leisure which remained to him from the duties of his office to the pursuit which he prosecuted with such signal success. Again and again, after completing the portion of his arduous task which he had made his immediate object, he started afresh to continue it; and in the present year he projected an addition which would have included the Crimean War. With this warm and constant interest in public affairs he united the finest domestic tastes; these were shared by a wife whose affectionate devotion always lightened his labours and cheered his home; and we cannot better conclude this memorial than with the following picture of his old age and his end, drawn by one nearest to him in blood, and who was of those who stood round his deathbed:

"You ask for any of the characteristics of the latter years of my father's life. The most remarkable of them certainly was the extraordinary development of his love for the beautiful, alike in nature, literature, and art. To walk under the old trees at Possil, or pace up and down the pretty flower-garden there, was to the last one of his greatest enjoyments. Every day he read works in English, French, Italian, and German, generally of imagination,—and to the higher branches of German literature he was perhaps most devoted. His small but very beautiful collection of water-colour drawings used to afford him the greatest pleasure; and he often used to sit and gaze for minutes together at the fine sketch of the 'Ruins of Pæstum' by Williams. The loneliness and tranquillity of this picture seemed to exercise a singular fascination over his mind.—He used constantly to say that he had found old age the happiest period of life, and those who saw the remarkable and almost unearthly serenity of expression which marked his latter years will have been fully convinced that it was so in his case. He had come to care little for mixing in general

or gay society, and his greatest happiness was derived from his books and his own domestic circle.

The concourse of the citizens of Glasgow at his funeral was a great proof of the respect and affection with which he had inspired them. From Possil Gate (his residence, two miles from the town) to the railway station, the whole way was lined with a dense mass of people, estimated at from 100,000 to 150,000. Of these, who numbered half the working population of the city, at least three-fourths were artisans, mill-girls, and iron-foundry workers, swarthy with toil. These were the attendants who, at the sacrifice of some of their means of livelihood, assembled to pay a last respect to the most unbending Conservative in Great Britain. Such obsequies were honorable both to the dead and the living. They were a tribute to qualities, the recognition of which is a public virtue; a tribute the more welcome as rendered at a time when courage and consistency seem almost out of date, and when there are many signs that in the public men of the future we are likely to feel more and more the want of the manly and generous spirit which to the last animated Alison.

[*Blackwood's Magazine.*

PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE.

A thousand silent years ago,
The starlight faint and pale
Was drawing on the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil;

When from his work the Sculptor stayed
His hand, and turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, "'Tis done."

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay,
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;

"But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live,—
For Art can grant what Love denies,
And fix the fugitive.

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"Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust;
When the quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I, are dust!

"When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And Love is like a tune that's played,
And Life a tale that's told,

"This counterfeit of senseless stone,
That no sweet blush can warm,
The same enchanting look shall own,
The same enchanting form.

"And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.

"And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved,
So smiled upon Praxiteles,
The Phryne whom he loved."

[*The Saturday Review.*

GENERAL JAMES OGLETHORPE.*

England may well congratulate herself upon having produced worthies whose love of fame or whose native philanthropy was superior to the incitements of sordid interest or vulgar ambition. Her list of disinterested benefactors would not be complete without the name of James Oglethorpe. Certainly in his own day he received no other reward than fame for services of great and enduring value, and that fame hardly extended beyond his own lifetime. And we fear that the publication of this memoir is hardly calculated to redress the balance in favour of his memory; for, although it recounts many no-

* A Memoir of General James Oglethorpe, one of the Earliest Reformers of Prison Discipline in England, and the Founder of Georgia, in America. By Robert Wright, Author of "The Life of General Wolfe." London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

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table incidents in the hero's life, yet it fails to impress the mind with a clear and distinct picture of the man. The style of the author does not indeed tend to the vices of fine writing. It is plain and conscientious, but it is dull; and we feel, while we read the narrative of the several actions of his life, that they deserve a more vivid and picturesque record than that which is here presented to us.

James Oglethorpe, the scion of a very old Yorkshire family, which formerly possessed an estate of that name in the parish of Bramham, but lost it during the Civil War, was the third son of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, a major-general in the service of James II., and was born in 1689. In consequence of his fidelity to his sovereign, Sir Theophilus was deprived of his commission after the Revolution, and retired to Westbrook, a property which he had bought in Surrey.—His two eldest sons successively inherited this estate, which, after their death, devolved on James, who had enjoyed the threefold advantage of a University education, service as a volunteer in the Austrian army, and service as an officer in the British army. It was during the second of these epochs that the incident occurred which is thus described in the work before us:—

Boswell relates that, dining one day, in the year 1772, in company with Johnson and Goldsmith, at the General's house, in Old Palace Yard, the question having been started—Whether duelling is consistent with moral duty? the veteran fired up, and with a lofty air replied:—"Undoubtedly a man has a right to defend his honour." He then illustrated his argument by the following reminiscence: When a very young man ("I think," says Boswell, "only fifteen,") serving under Prince Eugene of Savoy, he was sitting at table in company with a Prince of Wurtemberg, who took up a glass of wine, and by a fillip, made some of it fly into Oglethorpe's face. The young soldier was in a dilemma. He durst not challenge so distinguished a personage, yet he must notice the affront. Therefore, keeping his eye upon his Highness, and smiling all the time, as if he took what had been done in jest, Oglethorpe exclaimed, "That's a good joke, but we do it much better in England," whereupon he flung a whole glassful of wine into the Prince's face. An old general who was present observed, "Il a bien fait, mon Prince, vous l'avez commencé;" and thus the affair ended in good humour.

In 1722 he entered parliament as member for Haslemere, a borough which was destroyed by the Reform Act. He seems to have spoken frequently, and with a certain degree of vigour. On the Bill for inflicting pains and penalties on Bishop Atterbury, he veiled his objections to its harshness under a plausible protest against its impolicy:—

"It is plain," said he, "that the Pretender has none but a company of silly fellows about him; and it

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is to be feared that if the Bishop, who is allowed to be a man of great parts, should be banished, he may be solicited to go to Rome, and there be in a capacity to do more mischief by his advice than if he were suffered to stay in England under the watchful eye of those in power."

Shortly afterwards an incident happened which appealed to Oglethorpe's "vast benevolence of soul," and called forth his energetic interference. An unfortunate debtor, named Castell, had been committed to a spunging-house in which small-pox was notoriously raging, had caught the infection, and died of it, leaving behind him a family in utter destitution. Oglethorpe seized the occasion to examine and reform a system which was known to be tainted with horrible cruelty. He moved for and obtained a Committee, whose inquiries, resisted and thwarted as best they might be by the officials of the King's Bench, yet disclosed a state of facts which shocked the moral sense of the nation, and led to certain important reforms in the government of the Marshalsea, the Palace Court, and the Fleet. The whole condition of their management may be summed up in the statement that all the prison offices were bought in order to be let, and let to be under-let again.

It was reserved for the officer of an English gaol to reproduce the worst atrocities which heathen poets feigned of ancient tyrants:

Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora
Tormenti genus! et longa sic morte necabat.

The Mezentius of the Marshalsea "actually coupled the living with the dead, and frequently locked up his prisoners for days in the same yard with unburied corpses. The upshot of these revlations was that many new regulations were established, and many fees and pretexts for extortion abolished, that the way was smoothed for Howard's more complete reforms at a later date, and that now we who were born in happier days look back with contemptuous pity on an age in which gaolers and marshals paid yearly fines to Her Majesty's judges for permission to mulct, torture, and oppress unfornate prisoners committed to their charge. Oglethorpe's share in the exposure and overthrow of these enormities was not unappreciated by the most eminent of his contemporaries. Thomson, in "*Winter*," "alludes to" his services (as our author phrases it) in lines which can only be called "undying" because Thomson's "Seasons" have been, by some peculiar caprice of fate, regarded as part of every bookseller's stock in trade.

But a wider and more important sphere was soon to be opened to Oglethorpe. He was to be founder and organizer of an important colony, the lawgiver of a new community, and the interpreter between the civilization of England and the savagery of America. The bad feeling between England and Spain,

which dated from centuries back and used every accidental occasion for expression and indulgence, had exposed both our traders in the Caribbean Sea and our colonists in America to repeated acts of pillage and annoyance. The colonists of South Carolina especially suffered from the incursions of neighbours on the Florida side, who pleaded the pretensions of the Spanish Crown in justification of their encroachments.

It became an object of public policy to erect a frontier-barrier which should protect the English, and define the Spanish, possessions. The establishment of this colony was in happy unison with Oglethorpe's pet scheme. For the poor debtors whose sufferings he had brought under the notice of the country and the Parliament, and for the persecuted Protestants of the Austrian Empire, an asylum would be found in the settlement which gave a new frontier to English power, and—we fear it must be added—a new *entrepot* for English smugglers. To attain this object an association was formed; the sympathies of charity and the energy of speculation were equally embarked in the enterprise. A charter from George II., dated 1732, created the country between the Savannah and the Alatamaha and from the headsprings of those rivers due west to the Pacific, into the province of Georgia, and placed it for twenty-one years under the guardianship of a corporation "in trust for the poor."

Oglethorpe's exertions in forwarding this enterprise naturally led to his being appointed Governor of the young colony. The same disinterestedness which had inspired him and his colleagues in their previous labours inspired him in accepting this office. As the trustees had undertaken their trust on condition of receiving no territorial grants, so he undertook his office on condition of receiving no salary; and on the 15th of November, 1732, he embarked at Gravesend with a motley suite of destitution and distress recruited from many ranks and many nations—poor gentlemen, the victims of the spunging-house and the debtor's ward; the refuse of the idle and unemployed poor of London, together with certain industrious artisans and labourers. Oglethorpe and his party dropped anchor outside the bar of Charleston, in South Carolina, on the 13th of January, 1733. After passing on to the frontier town of Beaufort, he ascended the river which was to form the boundary of the new colony, and gave the name to the city of Savannah, which he founded on its banks. Oglethorpe represented the old heroic type of colonist—plain, simple, frugal, and benevolent. He was called by his people "Father." He was their ruler and their judge; decided their quarrels: assigned their work; prevented them from drinking spirits; and cultivated relations of amity with the Creeks and other Indian tribes in the neighbourhood, whose manners and opinions he diligently studied. After allotting the lands

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and grounds to the young community, settling some exiled Protestant Salzburghers, and making excursions into the interior, he prepared to return to England. His departure caused great grief among his people, who wept bitterly on bidding him adieu. On his return home he resumed his duties in Parliament, and used his influence there to legislate for the new Georgian dependency. Two Bills were passed—one to prevent the importation of spirituous liquors, the other that of negro slaves, into the province. At the end of 1735 he set out again for his Government with about three hundred emigrants, among whom were persons of good family and some means, and sixty Salzburghers and other German Protestants. Among other companions were the brothers Wesley, then stirred by the first impulse of that religious enthusiasm which was to work such a change in the middle-class life of England. In the early part of February, 1736, they arrived off Savannah, where Oglethorpe was received by a body of freeholders under arms, and a salute of twenty-one guns from the fort.

His labours in his government were neither few nor unimportant. He had to redress the grievances and appease the disaffection of the settlers, many of whom evinced the greed and unscrupulousness common to all British colonists; he had to diplomatize with the Spanish authorities in Florida, to keep the neighbouring Indians friendly to himself and to each other, to maintain a state of military discipline and preparation among his own followers, to resist aggressions and negotiate treaties. In all these undertakings Oglethorpe combined singular tact and address with intrepidity and resolution. He never risked the lives of his small force by courting a conflict when he could succeed either by stratagem or by negotiation; and whenever he was compelled to fight, he contrived to acquit himself with credit. At the beginning of 1737 he was again in London, charged with the duty of bringing under the notice of the Trustees of the Colony and of the Ministry the Spanish encroachments in Georgia. It was during this period that Johnson published his *London*, which called forth a complimentary letter from Oglethorpe, and was the foundation of his friendship with the author. The journals of that day affirm that the highest testimony to the value of his services was given by the Court of Spain, which had requested that he might be removed from his office. By the end of September, 1738, Oglethorpe had again returned to Georgia, having been appointed colonel of a newly-raised regiment, and Commander-in-Chief of Georgia and Carolina. His usual visits of exploration and of friendly intercourse were about this time varied by the necessity of suppressing a mutiny of his own soldiers and a rising of the negroes of Carolina. These duties he discharged with the coolest intrepidity, and reported home in a style of singular modesty. The commencement

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of hostilities between Spain and England taxed his resources as a general to the utmost. An attack upon St. Augustine failed, partly through want of concert between Oglethorpe and the naval commander, and partly through the cowardice of his Carolina troops. The obloquy which this failure directed against Oglethorpe was neutralized by the public eulogies of men of station and professional knowledge like the Duke of Argyll.

In may be added that a partial interruption of his friendly intercourse with the Indians was caused by his prohibition of the cruelties which his Indian allies practised on their prisoners. They were disgusted at the inexplicable humanity of the English General and returned home. The next two years he was engaged in defending Georgia; and he did this so successfully that the Spaniards ultimately retreated, and both Georgia and Carolina were saved. During all this time he had many difficulties, both civil and military, to contend with. And, as happens to every Colonial Governor in times of peculiar difficulty, he had little support or encouragement from home.

After having saved two important colonies and the English trade which depended upon their safety, Oglethorpe returned to England in 1743, not to receive rewards and thanks, such as Admiral Vernon had received for services far less valuable, but to find his accounts disputed, and to be refused the repayment of moneys he had expended for the public service. The detriment which his private fortune had sustained was repaired by his marriage to the heiress of Sir Matthew Wright in 1744. With other property she brought him the manor of Cranham in Essex, where Oglethorpe, with brief intervals of absence, passed the last forty years of his life. He was first recalled to active service by the rebellion of 1745, when, with the rank of Major-General, he joined the forces sent against the Pretender at Newcastle. His conduct in this position did not satisfy his chief, the Duke of Cumberland, by whose directions he was tried by court-martial for having "lingered on the road," but was honourably acquitted. After this, Oglethorpe devoted himself for some years to his Parliamentary duties and society, giving the Government and the Legislature the benefit of his knowledge and experience in matters which related either to the army or the colonies, and enjoying the conversation of men of letters. His connexion with Georgia ceased in 1752, in which year he resigned the Government which he had held for twenty years, and the province which he had created obtained the same constitution as its sisters. In 1754 he lost his seat in Parliament; in 1765 he became a full general. He cultivated the friendship of Goldsmith and Johnson, and revived an interrupted intimacy with Horace Walpole. In 1784 Hannah More writes:—

"I have got a new admirer, and we flirt together prodigiously; it is

the famous General Oglethorpe, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time. He was foster-brother to the Pretender, and is much above ninety years old; the finest figure of a man you ever saw. He perfectly realizes all my ideas of Nestor. His literature is great: his knowledge of the world extensive, and his faculties as bright as ever."

In 1785 he was seen by the poet Rogers at the sale of Dr. Johnson's books, and told him that he had formerly shot snipes on the site of Conduit Street. In April of the same year Horace Walpole wrote of him thus:—

"His eyes, ears, articulation, limbs, and memory would suit a boy, if a boy could recollect a century backwards. His teeth are gone; he is a shadow, and a wrinkled one; but his spirits and his spirit are in full bloom."

But in the following July a violent fever carried him off.

In tracing his career, one cannot but observe what a fickle and uncertain thing fame is. Many men have done less and been longer remembered than Oglethorpe. Celebrated by Pope and Thomson, lauded by Johnson, Hannah More, and Horace Walpole, he is comparatively unknown to the present age. Yet he consummated and completed the great work of American colonization which Raleigh had begun; he united, as the heroes of olden days united, the functions of a military commander and a civil administrator; he anticipated Howard and the modern philanthropists in the removal of abuses which were a flagrant scandal at once to the humanity, the justice, and the civilization of England; and his rare intervals of leisure were cheered by the familiar intercourse of scholars, poets, and wits. It is only to be regretted that his biographer has not been able to photograph a life so varied, so interesting, and so instructive.

[*Chambers's Journal.*

SPLENDID SAVAGES.

If we were indebted to the newspaper Press for nothing else than our better knowledge of foreign countries, the debt would still be large. We had no Informant upon this subject in old times equal to the Special Correspondent of to-day.—The man who resided in some far-off land for half a lifetime, and came home and published the results of his experience, was of course more exhaustive in his account; but his remarks were wanting in freshness: he forgot his first impressions (which, for a book of travel, are the most essential) before he began to write; his details were often uninteresting, and his

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reflections (for readers like to reflect for themselves) almost always superfluous. On the other hand, the traveller who merely strayed beyond the limits, of the Grand Tour, and published his *Fortnight in Timbuctoo*, or elsewhere, had little to say, because he had no opportunities for investigation. Now, to "the Special" in strange latitudes, all doors—almost those of the harem itself—fly open. Emperors who wish to stand well with England, and shrewdly suspect that she is most easily cajoled by means of her favourite, the Press, issue the *mot d'ordre* that its emissaries shall be royally treated. Generals, of opposing hosts, vie with one another in placing these Bohemians on their staff. They see more of everything that is worth seeing, and that from the most convenient point of view, abroad, than do policemen of the A division at home; and of course they are the very people to give us a graphic account of it all. They are chosen, not upon the diplomatic system, because they are stepsons or first-cousins of newspaper proprietors, but simply because they are the best writers that can be got for the work; and excellently well do they perform their office.

One of the most talented of these gentry, and who bids fair ("bar one," as the betting-men say) to stand at the very summit of his profession, has lately favoured us with his experiences of a month in Russia.* It is true that these are confined to St. Petersburg and Moscow; but the new and the old capitals of that vast empire are admirable types of new and old Russia; and our author's eyes let nothing slip. The occasion of his visit was the late marriage of the Czarovitch with Princess Dagmar, and everything that could wear a holiday aspect was made to do so; if rose-colour, therefore, is not the prevailing hue of the narrative, we may conclude that Russia in ordinary times is not a very cheerful country to live in. That, indeed, would be naturally one's own supposition. An inclement climate; a despotic and venal government; and a population in which only one-half per cent. can read or write, do not present materials of much promise. But that large class of persons who delight in paradox, have been so won over by that small class of persons who travel and lie, that the general opinion in England is, that the Muscovite noble is a man of great intelligence and refinement, and the Muscovite peasant not worse off, at all events since the abolition of serfdom, than the Dorsetshire labourer. Mr. Dicey's book will go far to dispel this mischievous illusion.

The first glimpse which our author meets with of the preparations that are awaiting him and all Western visitors at St. Petersburg, upon this auspicious occasion, is at Cologne; he has there, for fellow-traveller, a Russian government courier, who, besides his ordinary luggage, conveys with him twelve enormous cases—each taking four men to lift

* A Month in Russia during the Marriage of the Czarovitch. By Edward Dicey. London: Macmillan.

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it—covered with black oilcloth, and of most funereal aspect; these contain the wedding-dresses of the imperial family, made of course in Paris, St. Petersburg, in spite of the late Czar's endeavours, having not yet rivalled the capital of France in fashion, although it may have surpassed it in a certain savage splendour.

The Northern Terminus at Berlin, says our author (who did not visit it upon this occasion for the first time), is the point on the journey Russiawards where you seem to begin really to leave Western Europe behind you, and to pass the confines of its civilization. The chimney-pot hat and trousers which form the ordinary garb of gentlemen, whether in London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, nay, New York or St. Louis, are here exchanged for more fantastic costumes. The railway platform looks like the stage of a theatre, so variously apparelled are these who stand there, waiting to be whirled to their far-off homes; in gorgeous caps, in immense fur-pelisses, in boots—such as the Baron in the story used to call for in his voice of thunder. Walachians, Magyars, Bohemians, Poles, Muscovites, all speaking in tongues which, even to our travelled author, were entirely unknown. But it was not until he had left Prussian Poland far behind, and even the provinces of the Pomeranian Baltic, that the landscape altered in its German features. "The night had closed in again when we left the last Prussian station, passed over a narrow stream on which the rails on either side were painted in different colours, and found ourselves in Russia. I have never crossed a frontier where the change between two countries was so marked and signal. We could still see the lamps of the Prussian station, and yet we were amidst a population to whom German appeared well-nigh unknown. Wild-looking porters, dressed in sheepskin coats, and resembling the Anabaptist peasants in the *Prophète*, jabbered round us in an unknown jargon. Passports were asked for, and scrutinised rigidly; we were driven through one room after another, provided with mysterious passes, to enable us to make our way past sentries, so that nobody could leave the room unauthorised; and were soon taught by unmistakable signs that, if we wanted to get our passports viséd, and our luggage passed without unnecessary detention, we must fee somebody for the privilege. The rooms in which we waited were really magnificent of their kind; but the food was bad, the attendance worse, the charges for everything were enormous, and cheating appeared to be the received rule of everybody connected with the establishment."

Nor was the "look-out" from the carriage-window more promising than the moral aspect.

"Pomerania was 'triste' enough; but there, at anyrate, there was the look of life, and comfort, and prosperity. Here the one prevailing aspect was that of exceeding loneliness. For mile after mile we went creeping on—our average pace,

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I should say, was fifteen miles an hour — through immense stunted forests. The pine-woods of Poland are dismal, but they are cheerful compared to these endless larch forests, half-swamps, half-plantations. The bare white stalks of the larch and the silver birch stood gaunt and grim by the side of the squat fir-trees amidst which they were interspersed. The earth was dun-coloured, covered with dark mosses and lichens. All through the woods, there lay charred and blackened stumps; there was water everywhere, not running brooks or clear streams, but dark pools surrounded with dank weeds, and gloomy meres with stacks of black turf piled beside them. The woods appeared well-nigh tenantless; a few wild-fowl hovered about the marshes; I saw a hare or two startled from the ferns by the rattle of the train; water-rats could be seen stealing down to the edge of the pools; but other life there was none. When you left the forest for a time, and got out into the cleared country, the aspect was not much more cheerful. The bare fields were half-covered with boulders of gray round stone; the soil looked so sodden with wet, it seemed hard to believe any crops could ever grow there; the field-roads were black tracks of earth, mashed down by horses' feet; every now and then, you saw a herd of black pigs, or a few lean oxen, guarded by a peasant clad in sheepskin so dirty as to have become the same colour as the sombre fields; in the distance, there were blocks of low wooden huts or sheds, which, I suppose, were villages, but from which no smoke issued; heaps of dead soaked hay could be seen stacked together loosely; in the fields themselves there were pools without end, fringed with rows of bare bulrush stalks. Half-a-dozen times within the day, I caught sight of a town with gilt minaret towers, which, I presume, were those of churches. Twice, I think, we passed a chateau, with white-washed Corinthian pillars, and a stucco facade, cracked and weather-stained. But the general impression left by the fleeting glances I caught of such things in passing was one of extreme desolation." There were points of resemblance, indeed, between this cheerless landscape and the half-cleared settlement of Western America, but there was this important difference: in the latter case you see at once that the wilderness is being brought into cultivation; in Russia, it looks as if the forest and the swamp were gaining ground upon the settler.

"Russians tell me," says Mr. Dicey, "without moving a muscle, that to see their country in its true aspect, I must go southward. *I only speak of what I have seen.*"

There is an air of truth, indeed, about all Mr. Dicey's descriptions which is very refreshing to us stay-at-homes. We feel that we are not reading, in this volume, one of those laborious attempts, only too common with travellers, to make facts chime with their preconceived theories; we have a confidence that our author is shewing us genuine

photographs, and that whatever looks ugly is at least no fault of the sun's: and, above all, we are grateful to him for protection against those travelled nuisances among ourselves (although to do ourselves justice, we have never believed them) who are always making insidious comparisons between what they have seen in Nova Zembla, or other out-of-the-way region, and what we have to shew at home.

"I have a friend," says he (and who has not?), "who never loses an opportunity of asserting that some quay or other in Monte Video, or Rio Janeiro, or Valparaiso, I forget now which, is the finest thoroughfare in the world. If I thought St. Petersburg were far enough off, I would certainly declare that persons who had never seen the 'Newski Prospekt' have no notion of street architecture. But, as the imposture is certain to be detected, I confess that even Regent Street, not to mention the Boulevards, or the Corso at Milan, is a much handsomer street than the far-famed 'Prospekt.' The latter bears a strong family resemblance to the modern portion of the Rue Rivoli, after the arcades have ceased. It has a close cousinship with New Oxford Street; it shews an unmistakable affinity to Tottenham Court Road and to Market Street, Manchester. I do not say this from the slightest wish to cry that all is barren from Dan to Beersheba. But when I am told, as I have been constantly, by travellers in Russia, that the Newski Prospekt is one of the grandest of European streets, I am bound, in common honesty, to protest that it is not."

The roadway is very broad, and the street stretches for an interminable length; but when you have said this, you have said pretty well all. Externally, the shops are not brilliant to look at. Signboards, advertising placards, and painted figure-heads are stuck all over the frontage. The lower part of every house is occupied by shops; and and most of those shops have a miscellaneous "general-store" look about them which deprives them of any appearance of grandeur. At the same time Mr. Dicey admits that the Newski Prospekt is one of the most interesting thoroughfares, from the contrasts it affords in those who frequent it. Ladies dressed in the richest and most costly sables, followed by chasseurs in gilt braid, feathers, and stripes, are seen there side by side with Russian peasants clad in sheepskins hanging to their heels, and tied tightly around their waists. And until you have seen these last, you do not know what dirt is. You must go to Russia to see filth in its perfection. In these sheepskin coats the peasants lie night and day, nor ever change them until they fall to pieces.—The foreheads of these men are broad and low; their cheek-bones stick out, their eyes are sunken, their noses flattened, with wide, open nostrils, their mouths large, and their complexion of a yellow hue not common in the West.

But let us leave such compara-

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tively worthless objects as the common people, and hurry with our author to the railway station to meet the Prince of Wales and the other invited guests, whose special train is already signalled. The emperor himself is there of course in full uniform (as every male Russian who is worth mentioning always is); and our own Prince and his suite have decked themselves in military costumes accordingly. In the four immense saloon-carriages there are nearly a hundred officers in the most brilliant uniforms, and almost as many stars among them as in the firmament. This contrast between the splendour of the few and the squalor of the many is continuously being presented in Russia. In St. Petersburg, unlike any western city (where, however, such contrasts are striking enough), this extends even to the buildings. Next to the palace stands the hovel. All the wealth is lavished upon church and mansion: there is nothing to spare for the general comfort. St. Isaac's Church, for instance, is perhaps the most gorgeous shrine in all Christendom. Its steps are of porphyry, its pillars of basalt, its walls of marble, its capitals of bronze; "yet the square in the centre of which it stands is worse paved than the back-streets of the poorest German town." It is said that in London are to be seen the extremes of riches and poverty; but then there are many intermediate states. Now in St. Petersburg, there is nothing of the sort. Luxury and misery stand shoulder to shoulder. The most sumptuous civilization (although, indeed, it may be only uniform-deep), confronts the most filthy barbarism.—"Dives and Lazarus are the only two parts in the Russian life-drama." There are no respectable classes in St. Petersburg. The extreme paucity of well-dressed people in the streets, although the people that *are* well-dressed are gorgeous, strikes every stranger; and those who are ill-clothed, that is, nineteen-twentieths of the population, have a brutal and degraded look in the extreme. Folks are not all sober in Glasgow (it is whispered), but Glasgow is a temperance town compared with the Russian capital. "Everywhere, and at all hours of the day, you meet with intoxicated people." Our author beheld an elderly gentleman attired in the most splendid furs, go reeling down the Newski, lurching from lamp-post to lamp-post, without attracting any particular attention, far less the attention of the police, which would have certainly happened in Regent Street. "Amongst the lower class—for the word class can hardly be used in the plural number in Russia—drunkenness is said to be universal. It is not odd that it should be so, for any sort of intellectual amusement, or even innocent amusement, is out of their reach. The theatres are splendid, and the performances excellent; but then the prices of admission are utterly beyond the means of common pockets. . . . . Boozing on bad spirits, in stifling cellars of

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cut-throat aspect, is, so far as I can learn, the one solitary enjoyment provided for the Russian peasant."

Without the means of getting sufficient warmth, too, life at St. Petersburg must be wretched indeed. The cruel sharpness of the east wind, that blows across the Gulf of Bothnia, is something indescribable; and, wrap yourself up as you may (you who have got them), in furs and cloaks, your feet and ears tingle with the pain. Yet St. Petersburg is one of the few cities where a large number of people sleep habitually in the open streets at night. Our author saw plenty of them (not, mind, to be confounded with the watchmen who gaurd every third house) lying on benches before the street doors, when he was returning late from the splendid entertainments at the palace.

Let us turn from the contemplation of such abject misery to the other side of the picture of Russian life. Our author, as British special newspaper correspondent, has, of course, an invitation to the imperial wedding, and makes one of the couple of hundred black coats that serve as foils there to the two thousand brilliant uniforms.

In the Winter Palace, which stretches for nearly half a mile along the banks of the Neva, the quarters of the officials are more splendidly furnished than the most luxurious of Albany chambers.—The state-apartments are palaces such as the genii of the *Arabian Nights* were wont to raise for those who possessed the almighty ring of Solomon the Great.—"Wealth was lavished everywhere, in every form. Outside immense picture-galleries, along spacious corridors, across vast reception-rooms, by winter-gardens filled with aloes and orange-trees, and cactuses and palm-trees, we passed on and on. Through the windows you could see the snow-flakes falling against the dull dim sky; and when you looked back again, you seemed to be in fairy-land. I have a confused recollection of splendid malachite vases, of porphyry tables, plates of solid gold, cups studded with precious stones, of cases full of gems, of gilded cornices, and silver hangings, scattered about in every corner where room could be found to place them. Old Blücher's saying, when he surveyed London, rose unbidden to one's mind. Even the least covetous of mankind could not, I deem, have avoided thinking to himself what a place it would be to plunder."

At last, our author reached the long suite of halls that look forth upon the Neva, where the persons admitted to witness the procession of the court to the chapel were collected. "Anything more brilliant than the crowd so formed cannot easily be imagined. There was to be seen well-nigh every description of uniform which sartorial ingenuity could devise; though they differed in every other respect they were all alike in their elaborate richness. Gold was literally scattered about them by handfuls. An officer with one of the

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least gilt-bebraided uniforms I observed there, told me that the gold upon his coat alone had cost him a hundred pounds. If this was the case, it is terrible to think what must have been the value of many of these costumes. Looking on the rooms from above, you must have seemed to see below a floating haze of gold and scarlet.

The ladies were attired in the most gorgeous colours. Crimson, saffron, violet, pink, and green were only a few of the hues of their shining silks; while, as for jewels, there was scarcely a lady who had not such a profusion of them as would have made their wearer an object of attention in any London ball-room. The chapel where the ceremony took place was, of course, a still more gorgeous spectacle. But the description of so much magnificence, and pomp, and parade, however graphically described, becomes as wearisome to read as, sooner or later, it must become to witness. The only touch of pathos connected with the marriage of that beautiful young girl with the heir of All the Russias (whose somewhat truculent portrait contrasts with her own sweet face not altogether pleasantly in this volume), occurs in our author's account of the burial-place of the House of Romanoff. Under the last and latest in the gallery of tombs lay the body of the poor lad who died at Nice, and was to have been the hero of all this festivity. On his tomb was a plain black chaplet, newly placed among the many with which the grave was decorated. "It had been hung there the other day, so the sexton told me, by the lady who was sometime Princess Dagmar, and is now the orthodox Grand Duchess Maria Federovna."

Where the Prince of Wales went, it was necessary (in the interests of the British public) that our author should also go, and accordingly he went to Moscow. When the Czar Nicholas had the plans of the projected railway between his two capitals laid before him, zigzagging hither and thither, in order to secure the traffic of the other great towns upon the way, he drew a straight line upon the chart, and said: "So must it be." The result is, great convenience of communication, to be sure, but, on the other hand, this great railway only passes one important town in the whole of the six hundred versts it traverses. A fellow-traveller assured our author that, constantly as he had been on the line, he had never seen anybody either get in or out at the roadside stations.

The completeness of the arrangements for the comfort of passengers seems something marvellous compared with our own wretched railway accommodation. "The train consisted of half-a-dozen cars of immense length. They were all much of a pattern. Entering by the middle, you come first into a small saloon, with a table in the centre, surrounded by sofas and divans. From one side of this saloon a passage, broad and high enough for a tall man or a lady in crinoline to walk along without

much difficulty, leads to the further end of the carriage, opening by a door on to the iron platform outside. Out of this passage you pass, pushing aside the heavy curtains, into any one of the three private apartments—I know of no more appropriate word—into which the carriage is divided. In the daytime, these apartments look like very luxurious first-class carriages, with arm-chair seats for six persons.—On the other side of the saloon I have spoken of was a passage leading to similar apartments, reserved for ladies; and on the roof there was a sleeping saloon, to which you ascended by a winding staircase.—The view from this upper floor is excellent, but in winter-time the lower apartments are chosen by preference. Everything in the whole place was admirably arranged; the doors fitted closely; and, as in entering the carriage you have to pass through a succession of doors, one of which you close before you open the other, there is no draught from the cold, bleak air outside. . . . . Besides the apartments set apart for travellers, there were washing-places and dressing-rooms, all very handsomely fitted up, and, what is even more remarkable, scrupulously clean."

When night arrived, the attendants, "three of whom—two men and one woman—are attached to every car, lit the lamps, the curtains were drawn, a green baize portable table was fixed in the centre of our compartment, wax-candles were fastened at the corners, and chess, and draughts, and cards were offered to us, in case we did not wish to sleep or to read. Learning that the duty upon cards was paid over to the funds of the noble foundling-hospitals with which Russia is provided, we thought ourselves justified in supporting the cause of charity, and from dark till it was time to go to bed, we played at whist as comfortably as if we had been seated in a London club-room." Every fifty miles or so, was a first-class station, with refreshment-rooms, supplied with every delicacy, duck, and geese, and venison, huge fishes and plump partridges, jellies and puddings, tarts and pasties, all laid out so charmingly, that it seemed a shame to eat them. No wonder our author blushed to think of "the shabby counters, the stale buns, the grizzly fly-blown patties, the horse-bean soup, and the scraggy drumsticks of similar establishments at home. It must be added, however, *per contra*, that at the booking-office of this Elysian line of railway, there is something still to be learned even from the *London, Chatham, and Dover*. "I was served with a ticket—the document looked so like a writ, that that the word 'served' suggests itself naturally—about a foot in length, covered with cabalistic characters. Then I had to procure another document of the same length for my sleeping-berth in the train, and then I had to obtain a separate ticket for every article of luggage I did not take in the carriage with me. One ticket would have done as well; but it is the cardinal

principle of all Russian administration never to use one piece of writing where two can possibly be employed. I may mention, as an instance of the way in which business is carried on, that at one bureau in the station they gave me a five-rouble note in change so tattered, and torn, and greasy, that I declined taking it till I was assured of its genuineness; at another bureau in the self-same hall I tendered this note in payment, and had it positively refused as worthless. Happily, I had time to insist on its being changed. It was returned to the railway officials, and will doubtless be passed off on some other stranger, who is either more unsuspicious or more pressed for time than I chanced to be myself."

At Moscow, the squalor and the splendour afford even sharper contrast than in the more modern capital. There is an utter absence of all *bourgeois* houses. If you are a prince or a peasant, you can be suitably lodged enough; but if you want an eight-roomed house, or a flat to yourself, you will look in vain. The fact is, the only persons in all Russia with moderate incomes are the officials and these are miserably underpaid. An officer of high rank informed our author that his pay of one hundred and fifty pounds (spent, we imagine, on uniforms) was utterly insufficient to support him, and that he should be literally in want, did he not carry on private business as a nondescript broker. Some officers carry on much less legitimate trades.

A paragraph in one of the Russian papers, describing the breaking up of a gang of burglars in Kazan, whose chief was ascertained to be Lieutenant ——, of the —— regiment, quartered in that town, did not appear to excite the slightest surprise. When *our* officers go wrong, they generally adopt the wine or the small-coal trade; but in Russia there is a great opening among them for felony, since the police (all old soldiers) never venture to interfere with an officer in uniform, but only stand at the salute while the little peccadillo is being transacted. As for the taking of bribes, that is universal among all functionaries, whether military or civil. A gentleman who has much experience in dealing with Russian government officials, thus describes his operations.—"When he had stated his business, whatever it might be, he pulled out his cigar-case, and offered it to his interlocutor, telling him to help himself. In one side, there were cigarettes, in the other, the sum of paper roubles he intended to offer; and it was very seldom he found the notes still left in the cigar-case when it was returned to him."

The Kremlin at Moscow, on which the wealth of the empire has been expended since Napoleon left it but bare walls, is such an edifice as you behold in dreams. "From the pavement to the summit of its lofty domes, supported on its vast porphyry pillars, it is one mass of gold and colour. You can hardly put your hand upon a place not decorated with stones and jewels.

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Amethyst and onyx, jasper and opals, and all the stones whose names are recorded in the adornment of Solomon's Temple, seem to have been employed to make the shrine more splendid still. Upon the dusky portraits of the Virgin Mother and her Child, with which the walls are covered, you see hanging necklaces of diamonds, strings of jewels, each one of which must be worth a fortune. . . . . The very walls are wrought of silver; the roof is of solid gold." In the courtyard of this gorgeous edifice there stand nearly a thousand guns, all captured from the *Grande Armée*. Equally characteristic of the morals of Moscow, as the Kremlin is of its religion, is the Lying-in Hospital. "Women enter here with masks on, which they wear during their whole time of residence in its secret wards. No questions are asked; and they leave, when their confinement is over, as unknown as when they entered the establishment."

Back at St. Petersburg, our author finds the princely fetes going on as briskly as ever. He goes to a state performance at the theatre, where everybody is the guest of the Czar, and where the champagne flows like water for all comers—you might even fill your pockets with bon-bons: in all that splendid house, there were not a score of men in civilian attire; no occupant of the pit-stalls held rank lower than that of a general officer, and each one, without exception, wore the Grand Cordon of some native or foreign order. Not a lady there was without diamonds, or those strings of pearls which they are said not to take off even when they sleep, lest the pearls should *die* and lose colour. Perhaps the finest spectacle which St. Petersburg afforded, however, during this month of feasting, was the ball given by the Grand Duke Constantine at the Marble Palace. This magnificent mansion was not only thrown open to his thousand guests, so far as the reception-rooms were concerned, but every apartment in the house was placed at their pleasure. The bedrooms and dressing-rooms were promenaded as freely as the drawing-rooms. "It seemed to me as if the long procession would never end. Out of halls blazing with light and colour you passed into low galleries; then into bedchambers hung with rich tapestries; then into alcoves surrounded with gorgeous flowers; then into corridors where fountains sparkled brightly: and then again into new ranges of halls, each more splendid than the last which you had traversed."

But enough of this surfeit of splendour. Our author did not omit to make himself acquainted with how the mass of the population of St. Petersburg were amusing themselves during these great doings. He spent a night in "seeing life," as it was to be seen in those favourite places of resort, the public spirit-cellars. "I have seen low drinking-shops in St. Giles's; I have been into pretty waiter-girls' saloons in the Bowery, New York; I have seen whisky stores in the wynds of Glasgow; but I have

never seen anything, bad as these are, approaching to the squalor and degraded misery of these Russian wodka-shops. The cellar was damp, and reeking with a hot, fetid air; the walls were bare, and slimy with wet; furniture there was none; around the walls there were wooden settles, on which men and women sat huddled together, stupid with drink. Every face was bleared, blotched, and blurred by intoxication. None of the company were talking, or even quarrelling.—Wrapped in their sheepskins and soiled furs, they sat there silently. There is nothing sociable about the drinking of the common Russians; when they get liquor, they gulp it down, and will go on gulping till their supply is gone or they are dead drunk. . . . Through the window-panes I looked into numbers of these stores; they were all the same—all bare, all filthy, all crowded with men and women besotted with liquor. And then I had a hideous vision of a public tavern, where a hundred men, sunk to the level of brutes, and unsexed women all in rags, all far past the stage of feeling the slightest care for their personal appearance, all filthy, most of them with black eyes and broken heads, sat boozing together at long deal tables, literally black with dirt. Neither the men nor the women looked like human beings. There was no rioting, no singing, no entertainment of any kind; and from the wall the picture of Christ looked down upon this wallowing mass of creatures made after God's own image. I had seen life enough, and I went home wiser perhaps, sadder certainly."

From the journal of Mr. Dicey's graphic volume we also rise "wiser perhaps, sadder certainly." What is fine about Russia is its court.—As a country it seems simply barbarous; nay, worse than barbarous, for there is no rough and ready justice to be got in it that may sometimes be procured even among savages. Might is right from end to end of it. Even the sleekness of manner about the courtiers themselves—to whose constant courtesy our author bears grateful witness—has something of the tiger-cat about it. "The Russians I was thrown into contact with were polished, well educated, high-bred, to an almost exaggerated degree. But I could never shake off the impression that they had got on their company-manners for the occasion. Moreover, in my case, this impression was heightened by the fact that I had once seen the Russians under a different aspect. Three years ago, I was in Poland during the insurrection. I am myself by no means a Philo-Pole. From what I have seen of both nations, I should say Poles and Russians were very much alike, especially the Poles.—Of the two races, I prefer the Muscovite, which, I believe, will ultimately absorb the other. But nobody who ever saw Warsaw as I did, during Mouravieff's reign of terror, could avoid the feeling that the Russians of real life are extremely different to what they appear in the artificial world of court

gaieties." In a word, Russian civilization extends no further than her court, and even there is only skin-deep: nay, it scarcely penetrates the skin. It is lost in the costly fus and brilliant uniform.

[*Chambers's Journal.*

WELCOME TO THE ROSES.

Roses, roses, beautiful flowers!
  Pearly and pale and pink-lipped roses,
In ye, the light of the laughing hours,
  The smile of the summer sun reposes.

Children of distant climes are ye,
  Flushing the vales with your purple bloom,
Living your life on the breast of May,
  And steeping her breath in your soft perfume.

Near ye, the nightingale tenderly sings,
  Loving and lone, in the pale moonlight;
His gushes of song, like falling springs,
  Bathing in music the lids of night.

And when your reign in the east is o'er,
  He looks to the sea, and prunes his wing,
And seeks once more, on our northern shore,
  The rose that he loves in a later spring.

For blossom and bud you then are ours,
  And ours the voice of the nightingale,
As it floats along on the breath of flowers,
  Dewy and soft, through the star-lit vale.

Beautiful strangers! your home is far;
  Yet welcome, and three times welcome here,
To us, who, beneath the ice-king's star,
  Sit songless and flowerless half the year.

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AN EXTRAVAGANZA BY HENRI HERZ.

[Translated for the RICHMOND ECLECTIC from LE MONITEUR UNIVERSAL.]

One day Ulmann came to tell me we were to set out for Philadelphia. I (Henri Herz, the pianist,) had made it my invariable rule to obey Ulmann. I followed him without saying a word. An hour afterwards we were rolling along the railway. We were lucky as could be, for not a single bridge over which we shot broke under us and not one single train came in collision with ours, which so often happens in those United States where time is money and men's lives nothing. Whenever we went over a bridge I made sure my last hour had come. The train gave the bridges, which were no môre than slightly built, such an oscillating motion, it was by a miracle they did not break to pieces and shatter us with them. Ulmann quietly said: "At all events 'tis not for this time."

I asked: "Do you expect it will happen on our return?"

"It is quite probable, for in the United States they generally wait until an old bridge breaks down under a railway train, to build a new one."

The day after my arrival in Philadelphia, I received the visit of a charming young lady. I one day described this visit to one of my friends, Oscar Comettant, who repeated it in one of his works.—

Although Comettant's narration is by far too flattering for me, I cannot do better than transcribe it here, for it is true in every particular.

"Henri Herz is a piano master in the conservatory where he teaches girls. There are in France and abroad some four or five thousand women to whom he has given lessons during his long and laborious career. This beautiful army of pianists judge Henri Herz at his true value, and it is always with a just sentiment of pride each pupil adds as she mentions his name: "I am his pupil." To be Herz's pupil is a title, it is almost a certificate of merit. How many female piano teachers are there who have no other title to the confidence of families except their being Herz's pupil! If all the pupils of Herz had really taken lessons from this master there would be no harm done, but one might easily find a great many of them—and the most audacious of them all—who don't even know Henri Herz by sight. One day while Henri Herz was travelling in America he received the visit of a young lady who seemed to be greatly agitated which added a new grace to all the graces of her person. She asked in a quivering voice:

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"Are you Mr. Henri Herz?"

"Alas! madam, that is a misfortune I can't help!" replied the pianist smiling.

"Are you very sure you are?" added the young lady with emotion *crescendo.*

Henri Herz's smile became a hearty laugh as he rejoined: "I believe I may swear to it and not be guilty of perjury."

"Good gracious! How provoking that is!"

"What, madam, do you think it provoking I am not some body other than myself?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you cannot understand"—

"I confess, madam, I do not clearly see"—

"Well, sir, I will confess the whole truth to you"—

"Pray take a seat, madam."

The lady sat down and looked anxiously and nervously all around the room. Henri Herz divined the cause of her uneasiness, and said, "We are alone, madam."

There then was a moment's silence. At last the lady sighed and said, "Monsieur Henri Herz, you have too much talent to be otherwise than generous, and 'tis to your generosity I have come to appeal."

"To my generosity, madam?"

"Yes, sir, to your generosity! I am a piano teacher. Desirous of adding to my poor talent some more powerful recommendation to the people of this city, where I have been living some years, I ventured to proclaim myself your pupil.— Thanks to this audacious imposition, I rapidly acquired a brilliant reputation, and here I am known only as Herz's pupil. Your unexpected arrival in America has thrown me into the most painful anxiety, for if you expose my falsehood, I have nothing left me but to fly this city, where my title of 'Herz's pupil' will become a cruel irony."

Herz looked attentively at her and scratched his head as if to recall a souvenir, and then said: "Why, good me! are you not Madam—Madam—Pshaw! what a wretched memory I have for names! Madam——"

"I am unmarried, Mon. Herz."

"So you are! so you are, to be sure!—Heavens! what wretched memory is mine!—you are Miss—Miss—Miss—Miss—"

"Miss Fidler."

"To be sure! Fidler!—Fidler! I am ashamed that name should have escaped me—I remember you perfectly well Miss Fidler, and the lessons I had the pleasure of giving you in Paris."

"What! Monsieus Herz, you remember me — Miss Fidler — and the lessons you gave me—in Paris —a city in which I have never set my foot?"

"Certainly! And I remember what talents for the piano you had. If either of us should feel grateful I should be for your kindness Miss —Miss—Miss Fidler, in calling yourself my pupil."

"Ah! Monsieur Herz, exclaimed the young woman, pressing her heart with her hand, as if to master its rapid throbs, your behaviour is more than generous, it is most

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exquisite delicacy. I do not know how to show my gratitude to you."

At this moment, M. Herz's secretary entered the room, coming to get the title of pieces in order to write the concert bill. The pianist turned to his secretary, saying, "Put on the posters and on the concert bills, I give my first concert, aided by my favourite pupil, Miss Fidler, here present."

"What, sir, do you consent to allow me to play before you in this concert, which——?"

"Before me? no, at the same time with me."

"Ah! that is still more flattering—and with two pianos?"

"If you wish it!"

"Indeed I do, for I know by heart the first part of your duet on the Enchanted Flute."

"Very well, we'll play my duet on the Enchanted Flute. We will play it over together when and where you please."

"Ah, Monsieur Herz!" exclaimed Miss Fidler in a voice full of emotion, "how fortunate I am never to have taken lessons from you, since it will enable me to pass for your favourite pupil!"

The concert night came. Miss Fidler, excited by M. Herz's presence, played better than ever and merited a good share of the applause. Two months afterwards, she made a rich marriage, marrying a respectable and wealthy dilettante, who was especially delighted to have for his wife "Henri Herz's favourite pupil."

I leave the responsibility of this last assertion to Comettant.

Everything wears out in this world, and the pleasure of hearing music does not escape this common law. Notwithstanding all the interest the American public continued to show me, Ulmann was desirous to add a new attraction to my concert, some powerful, irresistible attraction to the attraction of music. He reflected and striking his brow with an inspired air, he repeated Archimedes's cry as he came out of the bath, *Eureka!*

"What a concert we shall give! What an idea I have discovered!"

I asked Ulmann: "What do you mean? Do you intend to engage one, two, or three orchestras?"

"I would not give my idea for all the orchestras in the world!"

"Your idea must then be an unprecedented idea?"

"It is an unprecedented idea."

"Will you not communicate it to me?"

"You are the last man to whom I wish to communicate it, for I know you are fastidious about the proper ways of attracting the public and have a will of your own; but as you insist upon knowing, I'll tell you. I am going to buy a thousand candles."

"I don't understand you."

"I say I am going to buy a thousand candles."

"I know what a thousand candles mean, but I cannot see the connection between candles and concert. Are they musical candles?"

"Dear Monsieur Herz, music is the matter which gives me least concern, since it is represented by you."

"Mr. Ulmann, your gallantry is

exquisite, and you are the most ingenious flatterer."

"That has always been my character. No, I do not intend to buy musical candles, for your concert, but ordinary candles and there lies the super excellence of my unprecedented idea."

Ulmann left me without saying another word. I comprehended his idea less than ever, though I felt sure it must be a very brilliant idea with all those candles. I had forgotten this conversation, when walking about town I saw my next concert announced by immense bills capped with these capitals:

"A THOUSAND CANDLES!"

I read the bill and at last discovered the thousand candles were to be used to light up the concert room. This manner of attracting dilettanti, seemed to me as ridiculous as inefficacious. I was mistaken. Those thousand candles raised so much curiosity among the American people that in less than a day all the seats were taken.—This people, so masculine in their genius, are often most ingenuous and infantine in the nature of the impressions they receive. Despite the result obtained, I wished to remove the thousand candles from the bills; but Ulmann positively refused to hear of any such thing, and bluntly told me I did not unstand business at all. I must confess Ulmann's candles had greater success than my Russian Rondo, which I played amid general inattention. I was quite vexed, but Ulmann was triumphant in counting the receipts, which were most honorable in his eyes. At the close of my first piece one of the audience rose and said to me: "There are not a thousand, sir!"

I had forgotten all about the candles, and replied by asking, "A thousand—what?"

"A thousand candles. Them's the fellows what fotched me here to this 'ere concert."

"How many do we fall short of the promised number?"

"Eight!"

This distinguished amateur of —— candles had had the patience to count all of them, and, being a man who had no idea of being duped, asked for the eight missing ones. I replied to him in the gravest manner, "Very well, sir, I consider myself your debtor for eight candles and I shall hold them subject to your order."

I told Ulmann what had taken place, he replied: "You don't know the Americans. That man will be sure to còme for those candles. He will see in this business a way of making some money, not much 'tis true, but sure, and consequently very acceptable money."

I made a bundle of eight candles and wrote on it: "Good candles make good friends, and good concerts." However, nobody came for the candles.

Success gives confidence. The thousand candles with which Ulmann lighted the audience of my last concert, to the great profit of our receipts and to the increase of his glory as an *impresario*, must have given him many sleepless nights. What odd, impossible

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things Ulmann imagined to excite the ardour of *dilettanti*, who were, I must confess, rather tired of pianos, would form the elements of a fantastic story such as Hoffman or Poe would like to write. He communicated all his schemes to me, and despite all my efforts to keep a serious countenance, more than once I have been obliged to greet his secret communications with a peal of laughter. One day when my secretary had proposed to me something more extravagant than usual—maybe more ingenious than usual—I told him I wished so far as possible to have no partner in my concerts and to resort to no means of attracting the public besides my art.

"Art! art! always art!" replied Ulmann with a doubtful look, "Pray what do you think music is?"

"Do you wish a definition of music?"

"Yes."

"Music is the art of teaching people by a combination of sounds."

"Is that all!"

"It seems so to me."

"You are wrong. Music is the art of attracting in a given hall, by means of accessories, which often become the principal, the greatest possible number of curious people. By so combining the expenses and the receipts the latter exceed the former as far as possible."

"Say rather, Ulmann, music is a balance, and one of its scales filled with sound (a negative substance) should always be outweighed by the scale containing dollars (a positive substance.")

"I admit the definition, if agreeable to you. So, and in order to sink to the very earth the *good* scale of the musical balance, I have been thinking over a programme for our farewell concert in Philadelphia."

"I dare say you want to light the concert room, for this last night, with fifteen hundred, instead of a thousand candles."

"I wish to do something still better than that, I want to give a political concert."

"What do you say? A political concert? Surely you are not in earnest?"

"Indeed I am. I have never yet heard that music spoiled anything, and a political concert would succeed marvelously well in this young and enthusiastic America."

I said to Ulmann, "Explain yourself more clearly, I am not sure I understand your meaning."

Without saying another word, my ingenious secretary drew from his pocket a long sheet of paper, on which I read as follows:

FAREWELL TO THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Grand festival in honour of the Declaration of Independence published in this City before the Assembled People, amid indescribable enthusiasm on the Fourth of July of the immortal year, 1776.

PROGRAMME.

1. Homage to Washington, a cantata for eight voices with *soli* and choruses, executed by five orchestras and eighteen hundred singers.

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N. B.—The bust of the Father of the Country will be crowned at the close of the cantata.

2. Concerto of the Constitution, composed expressly for this occasion, by Henri Herz, and executed by the author.

3. Lecture on the genius of the American People and on the Rights of Women, by Miss —— (the name was a blank.)

4. Grand Triumphal March, dedicated to Young America, and arranged for forty pianists, by Henri Herz.

5. The Capitol. An apotheosiacal chorus to the Manes of the Presidents of the United States.

6. National Air, Hail Columbia, executed by all the bands of military music in Philadelphia and the neighbouring cities, collected together expressly for this occasion.

N. B.—The illuminations in the inside of the concert-room will form allegorical figures, representing the celebrated events in American history.

Admittance—Six Dollars.

I looked at Ulmann with astonment. I really did not know whether it was a joke or was meant seriously.

He said to me with an air of the greatest confidence, "I have made careful calculations. Our expenses will be $8,000 and our receipts will be $16,000, so we shall put $8,000 into our pockets. Do you consent?"

I replied: "No, never."

He responded: "It is unlucky you will not. Your refusal shows how ignorant you are of the Amercan character."

[*Leisure Hour*.

ENTRANCE TO THE ENGLISH BAR.

A clear and concise account of the entrance to the English bar may interest many of our readers. Laymen generally have the vaguest possible notions of all that appertains to the mysteries of the legal profession; and, bearing in mind the difficulties that beset him in his search after a full acquaintance with the rules and regulations connected with the Inns of Court, it has occurred to the writer to give as briefly as possible the result of his own experience.

It seems hardly necessary to mention the fact, so generally is it known, that the privilege of conferring the degree of barrister-at-law, with its attendant right of appearing as counsel in any of the courts of justice, resides exclusively in the benchers, or governing members, of the four Inns of Court, as they are called; namely,

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the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. These four societies form the university (as it may be called) of the laws of the realm. They neither demand nor acknowledge a degree in laws conferred by any other university, and the degree of barrister-at-law which they confer was anciently understood to correspond to that of *bachelor* in the civil law, which is still to be obtained only in the great incorporated seats of learning.

To become a member of one of these societies, with a view to being called to the bar, it is by no means essential that the applicant should be a man of independent means. So long as he does not fall within certain disqualified classes of persons, it is believed that he may be engaged in any occupation whatever during the time of membership previous to call. In this respect it is evident that the embryo barrister of slender means is at a great advantage as compared with the intended attorney or solicitor, who is compelled to exercise no other vocation during the term of his articles than that of the law, which in the majority of cases brings him no pecuniary profit. There is nothing whatever to hinder a poor bar-student from maintaining himself by his own exertions in any calling, provided, as we remarked above, he does not fall within the prohibited classes to be mentioned presently.

The first step for the applicant to take is to apply to the treasurer of the inn with which he wishes to connect himself, for a form of application for admission, which will be transmitted to him on receipt of one guinea, which sum goes to a general fund. In this form the name of the applicant and of his father must be stated, and the occupation of the latter; and it contains a declaration that the applicant is *not* an attorney, solicitor, writer to the signet, writer of the Scotch courts, proctor, notary public, clerk in Chancery, parliamentary agent, agent in any court, original or appellate, or clerk to any justice of the peace; that he does not act in the capacity of clerk to any of the above, or as clerk to any barrister, special pleader, equity draftsman, or of or to any officer in any court of law or equity. It further contains a promise that the applicant will not practice as a special pleader, or draftsman in equity, without the license of the benchers. This declaration must be countersigned by two barristers in the following terms.—"We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we believe the above-named —— to be a gentleman of respectability, and a proper person to be admitted a member of the said society."

It will be observed that the prohibited classes above referred to consist solely of persons engaged in the inferior branches of the law. The bar-student may be who he pleases and what he pleases, "provided only," as the statutes have it, that he is not comprised in the list of persons above specified.—The policy of the Inns of Court has always been unfavourable to

the admission of such persons as members, possibly on account of the influence and connection which they naturally bring with them, which it is supposed would prevent gentlemen who had not such advantages from competing with them on equal terms in the race for professional distinction. It used indeed to be the rule at Lincoln's Inn, that no person, who had *ever* been a paid clerk to any barrister, should be admitted as a student; but this abominable rule, a relic of more exclusive and conservative times, is now, we believe, rescinded. At present, however, no person belonging to the prescribed classes can enter at any of the inns until, if an attorney, he has been struck off the rolls, or, if one of the other persons enumerated, he has *bona fide* ceased to act in such capacity. We cannot help observing here, that, while there is certainly some justice in the view taken by the several societies as to the undesirability of sanctioning the admission of actual practitioners of the law, it does bear very hardly upon these that they are compelled to go through precisely the same course of probation as the merest tyro, although after years of study and practice in another branch of the profession.

We will suppose, however, that the student is not disqualified under the above regulation; that he has signed the declaration, and safely lodged it at the treasury-office with the counter-signature of two barristers as required. His next step must be to submit himself for examination in the Latin language, the English language, and English history, before a joint board of examiners, appointed by the four inns, who sit once a week in every legal term, and once in the week preceding each legal term. This examination is not very formidable. It occupies only two or three hours. The examiners set some twenty or thirty lines of a classical author to translate into English, and afterwards give a paper in history, such as any person with an ordinarily good knowledge of the subject may be expected to answer easily. We believe that there is no formal examination in the English language, the history paper being reckoned a sufficient test. As to this examination, the writer can only say that, from his experience of it, no one having a moderately good acquaintance with Latin and the leading facts of English history, need be afraid of it. It is, however, to be observed, that the classical subjects for the examinations are not defined beforehand, as at the London or Dublin matriculation examinations, but may be selected from a wide range of authors, so that a tolerable capacity for reading Latin at sight is almost indispensable. Should the candidate produce a certificate of having passed a public examination at any of the universities of the United Kingdom, he will be exempt from this preliminary one; and the examiners have the power, though the writer is not aware whether they ever avail themselves of it, to

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report any special circumstances to the benchers which may appear to justify a departure from the rule of examination.

His examination over, and his certificate obtained from the examiners, the candidate next presents himself at the treasury-office, and proceeds to the business of paying the fees—an indispensable part of the matter, which even the benchers have no authority to remit! The entrance fees vary a little in the different inns. The difference, however, is very small, and the average is about 40*l*. In addition to this, unless the applicant be a member of one of the universities, he must pay a deposit of 100*l*. as caution-money, which will be returned, without interest, on his call to the bar, or, in case of death before call, to his personal representative. As to what constitutes "membership" of a university within the meaning of the regulation, the writer has been at some pains to ascertain that a certificate of membership from the tutor of a college, or, in the case of the London University, from the registrar, is sufficient to exempt from the deposit. Residence not being essential at the latter, any person who has *matriculated* is entitled to such a certificate, and, reasoning by analogy, we should suppose that a matriculated student of the Dublin University would be so equally.

The candidate is required to enter into a bond, with two sureties, for the due payment of his commons, &c.—a somewhat needless regulation, one would think, in the case of persons who have paid the deposit. This is a merely formal affair, however, after all; and the candidate will probably find no difficulty in obtaining the signatures of the two barristers who have already been obliging enough to sign his admission-form. These preliminaries over, he is now in a position to commence *dining*—an important part of the process of transforming a layman into a lawyer, as is pretty generally known. Until a few years back, indeed, dining was the *only* qualification required.

Under the new regulations the student is required to keep twelve terms, and further to qualify for call to the bar by one of the three methods now to be described.—Terms are kept by dining six days each term in the hall of the society to which the student belongs; and, as there are four legal terms in each year, it follows that he must have been admitted three years previous to call to the bar, unless, indeed, two terms, or half a year, have been dispensed with under a regulation to be mentioned immediately. And, with reference to this dining, we may remark that, if expense be an object to the student, he had better eat all his six dinners in the same week, as the charge of one guinea is made per week, and should he break into a second week he will have to pay another guinea.

Members of universities, by-the-bye, enjoy an important privilege with respect to dining—they are

allowed to keep each term by dining *three* days instead of six.

There are three different ways in which the student may qualify for the bar, the above rule as to dining being a necessary part of them all. He may produce a certificate that he has attended during one whole year, or parts equal thereto, the chambers of a barrister, special pleader, conveyancer, or draftsman in equity; *or* that he has attended during a whole year (*i. e.*, legal educational year—about nine months) the lectures and private classes of two of the law-readers—of whom more anon; *or* that he has successfully passed a public examination. Attendance in a barrister's chambers is so excellent a mode of preparing for future practice, that it is believed many students choose this method of qualifying; it is, however, expensive—the ordinary fee paid for the privilege of going into chambers and seeing practice, being one hundred guineas a year. The law-readers, of whom mention has been made above, are four in number, one being appointed by each inn for the purpose of giving direction and assistance to the students in their course of reading, to which end the private classes, doubtless much more than the public lectures, conduce. As an inducement to diligence in attendance upon lectures, an examination is held in July each year upon the subjects of the lectures, for which every student may enter himself on producing a certificate from the reader of the particular branch in which he desires to be examined, that he has duly attended the lectures and classes of that branch. And, for the encouragement of students, the undermentioned exhibitions have been founded, to be conferred as follows:—Five such exhibitions to members of the *advanced* classes in the common law, in the law of real property, and in equity; and to the most proficient of the students in jurisprudence, civil and international law, and to the students in constitutional law and legal history, every year. These are of the value of thirty guineas a year, and endure for two years, making ten running at one time. To members of the *elementary* classes in the law of real property, in the common law, and in equity, three exhibitions are open, each of the value of twenty guineas a year, to endure for two years, making six running at one time: but to merge, on the acquisition of a superior studentship. In order to keep these valuable auxiliaries to students within their legitimate limits of aids to industry, it is provided that students who have kept more than eight terms shall not be admitted to compete in the examination upon the subjects of the elementary course of lectures in common law, equity, or the law of real property; and, after keeping all his terms, he is ineligible for examination in any of the subjects.

The reader will, of course, understand that these examinations are of a purely voluntary character, and entirely distinct from the general examination to which we have made reference above, as one

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method by which the student may qualify. If he desires to qualify by lectures, all he has to do is to obtain the necessary certificate of attendance from the readers; if by examination, he must go in for one of the general examinations held in Trinity and Michaelmas terms each year.

A list of the books, in which the student will be examined for a certificate of fitness for call to the bar, are published twice a year, some four months before the examination, which comprises constitutional law and legal history, equity, law of real property, jurisprudence, including civil and international law, and, lastly, common law. The number of the books required varies according as the student's object is to compete for honours, or simply to obtain a pass. The severest papers are those set in constitutional law and in equity; but it may be observed that they appear rarely to vary at all materially; and, indeed, in the other heads of law, many of the text-books seem to be the same year after year. The papers may be obtained at the treasury-office of the inn to which the student belongs. In connection with each of these general examinations, a studentship of fifty guineas a year, and an exhibition of twenty-five guineas a year, both tenable for three years, are open to competition; and the remaining students, who have successfully passed in the honours list, are entitled to certificates of honour. A valuable privilege is appendant to the *third, fourth,* and *fifth,* of these in precedence—that is, to the three certificates next in precedence after the taker of the exhibition: the holders are entitled to claim exemption from keeping the last two terms, and may accordingly be called to the bar in two years and a half instead of three.

The writer would remark, that even those who have decided to qualify by the mode last mentioned, would do well to avail themselves of the lectures, or, still better, if they can afford it, of attendance in chambers, with a view to having "two strings to their bow," as the saying is. A friend of the writer's, a rising man at the bar, and one to whom he has been much indebted for advice and assistance, told him that when preparing for the examination he read *eighteen hours a day*, and the consequence was—as, might have been expected—that when the time came he broke down entirely, and was unable to sit for it at all. Fortunately, he had attended the lectures, and so was able to claim his call.

No doubt there are few so enamoured of study as to emulate this gentleman's example; but, as health is always precarious, it is undoubtedly the safest to be prepared for the worst. However, should circumstances prevent the student from adopting this plan, he will be glad to know that he may go in for examination any number of times until he obtains his certificate.

When the twelve terms have been duly kept, the name and description of the candidate are placed inside the screen of the hall of his

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inn, and also in those of the other inns, and in certain other places.—This is with a view to affording opportunity for objection on the part of the benchers to his admission, should he be a person of bad character. After passing through this, his last ordeal, he will be called to the bar, and may buy his wig and gown as soon as he likes. The fees attendant on the ceremony, with the expenses of dining and lectures during the three years, will all be covered by the £100 deposit already paid; so that the whole expense of call to the bar from first to last need not exceed £140.

[*The Saturday Review.*

CHATEAU-GAILLARD.

Very few, we fancy, of the thousands of English people who have been rushing this summer through Rouen to Paris have cared to break their journey at the little station of Gaillon for an hour's look at the one mighty ruin which preserves for us the name and spirit of Richard the Lion-hearted. And yet we can conceive few scenes more worthy of a visit, not merely from historic students but from anybody whose notion of a holiday consists in something better than the exchange of one big busy town for another yet bigger and busier, than the "Saucy Castle" whose grey rock and gleaming river-curve tempted, again and again, the pencil of Turner. It is at Gaillon that the Seine bends suddenly from its course westward in this great semicircle to the north, and it is at the northernmost point of the bend, where the valley of Les Andelys breaks the line of its chalk-cliffs, that the great Norman border-fortress still looks out over river and plain. At the first sight of it, indeed, Turner's sketches seem to be wild exaggerations, and it is only the long still pull up to the ruins, and the sight of Le Petit Andelys right at our feet, with its brown lines of roofs, its wooden gables, and its little flêche dwarfed into a toy-town by the height, that teaches us how much truer a great painter's eye is likely to be than our own. But the view which breaks on the visitor as he looks southward from one of the windows of the ruined fortress—one from which Hugh de Lacy may have watched the long year through for succours that never came—well rewards him for the climb.

The moment of our visit was just such a moment as Turner has himself selected. The rain which had been pouring down through the morning ceased suddenly, rifts of

pale sky parted the grey cloud-masses, the low mists lifted slowly from the dull reach of flat meadow that lay within the river-curve and from the blue masses of woodland along the southern hills, while the Seine itself, broken with green islets, and dappled with the grey and blue of the sky, flashed round like a silver bow on its way to Rouen. The castle is worthy of its site; as a monument of military skill it holds without doubt the first place among the fortresses of the middle ages, and its capture ranked among the exploits of Philip Augustus even above his history over King and Emperor at Bouvines. Till its partial demolition in the seventeenth century it remained what Richard had left it, unaltered and unenlarged, yet the strongest among the fortresses of Northern France. The learned researches of M. Deville and M. Viollet le Duc, completed as they have since been by the excavations, conducted at the cost of the French Government, and whose results have been embodied by M. Brossard de Ruville in his recent *Histoire de la Ville des Andelys*, leave little to desire as to the character of the fortress itself.

The great point to remember about it in a military sense is that it formed but a part of a vast system of fortification, a sort of entrenched camp which Richard designed to cover his Norman capital. The approach by the Seine itself was blocked by a stockade and bridge of boats, which were protected by a fort on the islet in mid-stream, and by the town of Le Petit Andelys which the King built at the mouth of the valley of the Gambon. This valley was at the time an impassable marsh, and in the angle between it and the Seine, on a spur of the chalk hills which rise immediately over Little Andelys, but which only a narrow neck of land connects with the general plateau, rose, at the height of three hundred feet above the river, the crowning fortress of the whole. Its outworks, and the walls that connected it with the town and the stockade, have for the most part gone, but time and the hand of man have done little to destroy the fortifications themselves—the fosse, hewn deep into the solid rock, with casemates hollowed out along its sides, the curiously fluted walls of the citadel, the almost untouched donjon tower, soaring above all. Even now, in its ruin, one can understand the triumphant outburst of its royal builder as he saw it rising against the sky, "How pretty a daughter is mine, this child of but one year old."

The fortress was indeed Richard's "child" in more senses than one. Few places preserve more faithfully in ruin and legend the impress of their founder—his character, his military skill, his political ability, the boldness with which he had grasped the altered relation of Normandy to France. Nothing could show more clearly, that Richard was something greater than the mere brutal soldier of Thierry or Lingard. The Crusade had proved

him to be a consummate general; Chateau-Gaillard stamps him as first of mediæval engineers. He saw distinctly that the great advance in the art of attack had rendered useless the older fortifications of the Norman towns which had sufficed to keep Henry or Louis of France at bay, and that not even Rouen could now hold out against a serious assault on the part of Philip. This vast entrenched camp was designed not merely to cover Rouen, but to guard the whole Norman frontier, and with it and its defence the adhesion of Normandy to the Angevins would, he foresaw, stand or fall. The easy reduction of Normandy on the fall of Chateau-Gaillard, which has so often been attributed to the mere cowardice or negligence of John, is the best witness to the foresight and sagacity of Richard.

But it was a sagacity that, in him as in his father and successor, mingled strangely with a brutal violence, and a perfect indifference to what passed among the men of his day for religion or honour. "Andelys shall not be fortified," were the very words of the treaty with Philip, and three months after its ratification he was digging the trenches of Chateau-Gaillard.—"Saucy Castle" was the characteristic name he preferred for the fortress which, in cynical indifference to his plighted word, "bearded the King of the French." "I will take it were the walls of iron," was Philip's threat as he saw it rise.—"Were they of butter," was the reckless answer, "I would hold it against all the knighthood of France."—The associations of the site itself might have scared other men; it was the scene of Richard's cruelest murder, where, in revenge for the slaughter of his Welsh auxiliaries, he had flung three of his French captives headlong from the rock.—It was church-land, and the Archbishop of Rouen laid Normandy under interdict at its seizure, but the King met the interdict with mockery, and intrigued with Rome till the censure was withdrawn.—He was just as defiant of the "rain of blood" whose fall scared his courtiers. "Had an angel come down from heaven to induce him to abandon his work," says the coolest observer of the time, "he would have answered with a curse."

There were reasons even graver than the military reasons which we have stated for the reckless indifference to all higher feeling with which Richard pressed on the execution of the work. Few passages in our history have ever appeared more inexplicable than the loss of Normandy under John, the ease with which the French conquest was effected, and the utter absence of any provincial resistance. Half a century before, the sight of a Frenchman in the land would have roused to arms every Norman peasant from Avranches to Dieppe; but town after town surrenders at the mere summons of Philip Augustus, and the conquest is hardly over before the province settles down into the most loyal of the provinces of France. No doubt much of this was owing to the

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wise liberality with which Philip met the pretensions of the greater towns to increased independence and self-government, and the overpowering force and military ability with which the conquest was effected. But this will hardly explain the utter absence of all opposition, and the readiness with which the Normans imbibed the antipathies and hopes of their conquerors. The truth was that provincial feeling had no place in the matter; to the Norman his transfer from John to Philip was a mere passing from one foreign rule to another foreign rule, and, foreigner for foreigner, Philip was the less alien of the two. Between France and Normandy there had been as many years of friendship and mutual aid as there had been of strife; between Norman and Angevin there lay nothing but a century of bitterest hate. Moreover, the subjection to France was the realization in fact of a dependence which had always existed in theory.—Philip entered Rouen as an overlord, not as a conqueror; while its reduction by the Angevin Geoffry had been the most humiliating of all submissions, the submission to an equal. So long indeed as the daughter of King Henry held court, practically as their duchess, at Rouen, the loyalty of Normandy had something to cling to, but with Matilda's death all seemed to pass away. The hired panegyrist of Henry II. might indeed trace his descent from the line of Rollo, but to the Normans and to himself he was a stranger in the land. There is no sign of disloyalty on their part, but there is none of the deep-hearted loyalty that had rallied the whole people round the standard of the Conqueror, or lined the road from Lyons-le-Foret to Caen with thousands of weeping peasants as the corpse of the last of William's sons was borne to rest awhile, ere it crossed the seas, in William's great minster. On the other hand, Henry himself never appealed to their loyalty; he held them as he held his other provinces, by a strictly administrative bond, and as a foreign master; he guarded their border with foreign troops. Richard succeeded to the heritage of his father's policy only to exaggerate it. It was impossible for a Norman to recognise with any real sympathy his Duke in that French prince who he saw moving along the border at the head of his Routiers and Brabançons, in whose camp the old names of the Norman baronage were missing, and a mere Gascon ruffian like Marchadè reigned supreme. The bond became more and more artificial till it snapped. But it did not snap till the erection of Chateau-Gaillard had proclaimed to the world the revolution in the position of Normandy.

The purely military site which Richard selected showed his clear realization of the fact that Normandy was henceforth to be held in a purely military way; the creation of a vast entrenched camp implied that all trust in the occasional service of its baronage was at an end, and that their sole busi-

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ness in the matter henceforth was to pay for the maintenance of the King-Duke's adventurers.

It is thus a characteristic fact of the final conquest by Philip Augustus that the last struggle for the lordship of Normandy was fought out on the part of its Angevin masters, not by Norman levies, but for the most part by foreign swords; not on any of the old historic sites of Norman tradition, not around the minsters of Caen, or beneath the walls of Rouen or Gournay, but on a spot unknown in Norman history and connected with no great Norman name. The history of that last year of John's Norman rule is still too obscure to allow us to venture on any very certain explanations of his course; but to those who have realized that whatever were the defects in John's character, it was eminently distinguished by the inventiveness, the "shiftiness" (if we may use the word), of his race, nothing is more striking than the abandonment of all hope for Normandy on the failure of his great attempt to relieve Chateau-Gaillard. The skill with which the combined attack was planned would prove, even if the surprise of Arthur at Mirabeau left the matter uncertain, the military genius of John. The French invaders were parted into two masses by the Seine; the bulk of their forces lay camped in the level space within the great curve of the river, while one division was thrown across it to occupy the valley of the Gambon, and sweep the Vexin of provisions before undertaking the siege of Chateau-Gaillard. The combined attack which John projected from Rouen was one not merely ingenious in itself, but immensely ahead of the military strategy of his day. He proposed to cut the French army in two by the destruction of their bridge of boats and the capture of the fort in the middle of the stream, while the whole of his own forces, under the Earl of Pembroke and the Routier Lupicarius, flung themselves on the rear of the forces encamped in the *cul-de-sac* formed by the bend of the river, and without any means of exit from it save by the bridge of boats, which would already have been destroyed.

But the military conceptions of John, like his political conceptions, were too far ahead of the means of execution which his age presented, to succeed; and the attack which, had it been accurately carried out, must have ended in the defeat and surrender of the whole French army and the utter ruin of Philip, failed from the impossibility, in the then infancy of the military art, of carrying through with any accuracy so delicate a combination. The two assaults were made, not at one, but at different times, and were successively repulsed. Then came the utter collapse of the purely military system on which the Angevine had relied for their hold on Normandy. John's treasury was exhausted, and his army of mercenaries dispersed or passed over to the foe. The appeal to the Norman baronage, so long neglected, was now too late to be of

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any avail. The fortifications of the towns were incapable of resisting the new engineering and seige train of the French. Moreover, the hearts of the people were cold, and the nobles were already treating with Philip. It was of little consequence how many small towns Philip picked up. John's cynical comment, "I can retake them in a week," was a perfectly true comment; but it was the conviction that, save behind the walls of Chateau-Gaillard, there were no elements of resistance in his Duchy of Normandy that drove John to seek aid, almost as fruitlessly, in his realm of England. After a gallant defence Chateau-Gaillard fell, and Normandy passed without a struggle into the hands of her French overlord. On that loss of the old home of her Kings hung—little as she knew it—the destinies of England; and the greatest interest, after all, that attaches one to this grand ruin is that it is the ruin of a system as much as of a camp. From that dark donjon, from those broken walls, we see not merely the pleasant vale of the Seine, but the sedgy flats of Runnymede.

[*Good Words.*

A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

In the hand—fluttering fearfully,
Lonely and helpless—poor little thing,
In the bush—peeping out cheerfully,
Two together, gaily they sing.
Why is it best to have one in the hand?
Father, tell me,—I can't understand.

Best it is because you have hold of it;
Child, it is only a figure of speech!
Sunset shines, you look at the gold of it,
Knowing well it is out of your reach;
But the sixpence your godmother gave,
Yours it is, to spend or to save.

Ah, that sixpence! already I've done with it:
Never a penny with me will stay.
If I could buy but an inch of the sun with it,
I might look at it every day.
Father, the birds shall stay in their nest!
Things that we never can have are best.

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[*Chambers's Journal.*

FOR LIFE OR DEATH—ON SKATES.

Last winter, while skating on a small piece of water, or lake, as its proprietor makes a point of grandiloquently terming it, some three hundred yards in length by twenty in width, I could not help recalling to mind two adventures that befell me on the ice, some years ago, in more northerly latitudes than this.

Pleasant it is to have only a small piece of water to skate on, if the ice be good, and there are a few companions with you; but how is that pleasure enhanced when you are skating on a Norwegian fjord, let us say, or on one of the large inland lakes with which Norway abounds. No need to turn back, and go the same ground over and over again, like a caged bear; no fear of getting run down in a crowd and having your head cut open by some muff skating with you; and no fear of the ice breaking.

I was one of a party, then, consisting of six or seven young Norwegian and English students. It was our intention to skate down the fjord to a village about twenty miles distant from Christiania, and then return on the ice by moonlight. A charming plan, and one which is calculated to make many a tyro's mouth water, whose skating excursions are necessarily limited by the banks of a small piece of water, or haply to a long and narrow canal.

It was a lovely morning when we set out. The sky was of a deep azure blue, equalling in intensity and clearness any I have ever witnessed in more southern climes; the ice was all that the most fastidious member of the Skating Club could possibly desire; and the feeling that it was not less than three feet in thickness, and that there were no dangerous springs here and there, did not render it the less agreeable. When I add that the fjord was at least two miles in width, and kept getting wider and wider the further we left the town behind us, and that, if we had wished, we could have skated to the open sea, a distance of nearly eighty miles, it will readily be understood that there was no lack of room for the full display of our skating powers.—Not that we indulged in any fantastic evolutions; we had a long journey before us, and it was necessary to husband our strength.

Swiftly we sped along, a gentle breeze from the north kindly assisting us, stopping every now and then to pass a word or two with some solitary fisherman, camped out on the ice, under the lee of a piece of sail cloth rigged upon poles. The fish seemed to be hun-

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gry, judging by the quantity of whiting and small cod some of them had in their baskets. Presently, an "ice-ship" passed us with the velocity of an express-train. I had never seen one before; and as many of your readers, doubtless, have never even heard of such vessels, I will briefly describe the one that passed us. It was constructed exactly like an ice-plough—that is, was of a triangular shape, and ran on skates.—It carried one large square sail, which could be taken in by letting go the rope that held it. Indeed, this is the only way of stopping these ships, and thus a voyage in them is frequently attended with danger and loss of life; for should one come unawares near the end of the ice, and the wind be high, the only chance of salvation is to throw one's self out on the ice, and risk a broken head, or a dangerous concussion, rather than be carried out into the open water.

After a pleasant journey of three or four hours, for we took it coolly, remembering that we should have the wind against us on our return, we arrived at our destination at about one o'clock need I say, ravenously hungry. How excellent the hot coffee was—how piquant the smoked salmon—how fragrant the cigar, and how exhilarating the little dash of cognac! Thus the time quickly passed; and it was with a feeling akin to reluctance that we quitted the warm room of the village station for the open fjord once more. And so we set off on our homeward journey, not quite so merry, perhaps, as when we had started, for the sun was down, the wind in our faces, and we a little stiff. Still we went gaily on, at "half-speed," and were disagreeably surprised when about half our journey was completed, to perceive a dense fog gradually stealing over the ice. On and on it came, till at last we were enveloped in an impenetrable mist.—Then, for the first time, it flashed across our minds that we were in a fix. How were we to steer? There was no longer a star whereby to shape our course; indeed, the whole sky was shut out from view. What was to be done? Wiser far had we retraced our steps to the village we had left, and passed the night there; but we did not like the idea, and determined to brave it out.

Need I say that we were soon as completely lost as any hunter ever was on trackless prairie or boundless forest. And yet there was something to guide us—the wind; by keeping it on a certain quarter of our faces, we trusted, if it had not shifted a point or two since morning, that we were going at least in the right direction. But why had we no compass with us? Ah! why had we not?

"Keep close together," shouted our leader, as we followed each other in single file, "and mind the holes in the ice!"

There was another danger; for the holes the fishermen made in the morning might not be strong enough to bear a man's weight by night; and though not big enough

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to let one through, a broken leg might very likely be the result of getting into one of them unawares. Meanwhile the fog grew denser and denser, till at length we were obliged to hold on by each other's coat-tails, somewhat after the fashion of a scaling-party up Mont Blanc. We had been already five hours on the ice, and ought to have been home by that time, had we steered rightly. But there were no signs of human life near; not a sound was to be heard, though we often halted, and strained our ears to catch the voice of some fisherman or other who might be returning home late from his work. A deathly, ominous silence prevailed.

"Well, we are lost," said our leader!

Now, to be lost out on an open fjord, with the thermometer down twenty degrees below zero, and with a keen north wind blowing—to feel that fatal drowsiness stealing over one, which, if given way to, would prove a sleep of death, is by no means an agreeable predicament to be in. Moving we must keep, no matter in what direction—resting would prove fatal; and so we kept on, hoping we were in the right course still. Presently, we distinctly heard the roaring of a distant cascade: we stopped, and held a consultation.

"Stay! I have it," said our leader; "that is the——Foss we can hear, and this, therefore, is the——Creek. Back, back, for your lives!" For he knew that this was the most dangerous ground to be on; it was in fact, the frozen surface of——River we were standing upon, the current of which was so swift and fierce, that the ice there was always unsafe. Fear lent speed to our skates, and we did not pause till the sound of the falling water had faded from the senses.

One good, however, resulted from this incident; it enabled us, as we thought, to shape our course for the town. Alas! the hope was a vain one; for after skating for a couple of hours more, we could still perceive no signs of home.—It was getting serious. Midnight was past; anxious friends would be awaiting us at home. I was so fatigued and so worn out, that I could scarcely get on. I begged and prayed them to let me lie down on the ice, if only for a moment. "No, not for a second!" shouted our leader. "Pull him up, pull him up!" for I was flinging myself down on the ice. A drop of brandy revived me; I verily believed it saved my life.

Presently, through the gloom, we espied a number of dull-looking lights. Was it the town? No, for they were moving. Were they phantom lights, then? No, thank God, kindly human forms were behind them. We were saved! "Hurrah!" we shouted—"hurrah!" and the lights came nearer and nearer; and in a few minutes we were among a crowd of people, whom our friends in town got to accompany them, to try and save the missing ones. We were still eight miles from town; and I verily believe that had the searching party not fallen in with us as

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they did, seven frozen corpses would have been found on the ice next morning.

The other adventure that befell me was when skating across the Baltic, or that part of it that separates Sweden from Denmark. I was staying at Copenhagen one winter, and amused myself with sledging and skating on the ice. One morning, on going down to the quay, I learned from the fishermen that, midway between the town and the Swedish coast, there were several auks frozen into the ice by their feet; and to prove that it was no fabrication, they shewed me some they had brought with them. To rush back into the town, and to make up a party to see the curious and unusual sight, occupied but a short time; and, indeed, our numbers swelled so much, that we could not have been fewer than a hundred in all when we started from Copenhagen.

There is a little island midway between the opposite coasts, and it was round this that the poor birds had got frozen into the ice. There must have been hundreds of them, without any exaggeration—auks, gulls, and sea-birds of all kinds, most of them quite dead, but others with just enough life left in them to enable them to wag their heads in a most piteous way, as if beseeching us to release them from their icy chains. I did rescue one poor gull, and literally cut it out of the ice, and then thawed it as well as I could under my coat, and let it go. But the silly bird only flew a short distance, when down it plumped on the ice once more, and doubtless got frozen in again.

Now, it was an unusual thing for this part of the Baltic to be frozen over; and as none of our large party had ever visited Sweden by the ice, and it looked so tempting and inviting at a distance only of ten miles from us, it was determined that we should continue our journey thither.

Great was the excitement as we drew near the shore, for, as I said, we must have numbered at least a hundred. Indeed, I verily think the good Swedes must have imagined we were a party of invaders coming to take possession of the little town and fortress of Malmö, on skates. Bang! bang! thundered out the guns from the castle; but it was only meant, of course, as a friendly salute, for, as we reached the shore, we were met by no less a personage than the mayor of the town, who insisted upon our all coming up to his house, where an impromptu banquet was speedily prepared, and in an incredibly short space of time we were partaking of hearty good Swedish cheer, and quaffing off tumblers of champagne, and making speeches by the dozen, of which I could only catch a word or two here and there, but quite sufficient to convince me that the Swedes were jolly good-fellows, and that they took this unprecedented visit from their near neighbour Denmark as a very great compliment.

Well and wisely did nine-tenths of the guests accept the hospitable mayor's invitation to pass the night

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in Malmö; not of course that he could accommodate them all; but a night's lodging was speedily arranged, for every householder in the place deemed it a great honour to have two or three of the visitors billeted upon him; and foolishly, madly, did the remaining tenth, of which I was one, determine to return to the Danish coast that very night. It was useless for our host to remonstrate; go we would, and go we did. And so we started on our homeward route under another salute from the fortress, which we answered by waving our handkerchiefs and shouting. The wind blew at starting from the east, and we therefore found it easier work to steer our course in the direction of Elsinore than to return direct to Copenhagen. We had completed, perhaps, four-fifths' of our journey, and were not more than ten miles from Elsinore, when the wind suddenly veered round to the west. It was hard work now, for it soon began to blow a gale; and a snow-storm setting in, we were almost blinded with the driving snow. Presently, we heard a sound to the westward, which I shall never forget, it was the ice breaking up. A north-westerly wind, I should add, brings a great deal of salt water into the Baltic, and when it blows high, speedily breaks up any ice that may have formed in the narrow Sound. It was a race for very life. Distinctly we could feel the ice moving under our feet in an undulating manner, while but a short distance to our right we could see the waves dashing over it, and breaking it up into fragments.

We were still a mile from shore, and it was a question whether we should ever be able to reach it in time. Oh, never shall I forget those moments—the ice surging up and down under our feet, and we fearing each moment it would break up. To add to our troubles too, one of our party just then, when moments were of priceless value, fell down in a fainting-fit. Boom! boom! went the guns from the Kronborg; a kindly signal to any who might be out on the ice to hasten ashore. To us, it sounded like a death-knell. By dint of great exertions, we managed to raise our companion to his feet, and then one holding him up on either side, and the rest pushing from behind, we shoved him slowly along towards the shore. Five minutes later, and we must all have been lost, for just as we were stepping on land, the ice rent with a crash and a roar like an avalanche, and the waves dashed over it impetuously, as if in anger at our having escaped them. We carried the poor fellow to an inn, where he lay for a long time in a most critical state, while we made the best of our way to the city, to acquaint his friends of the sad occurrence, rejoicing and thankful that we had escaped. God help any poor fellow that might have been out on the Sound that night! Three days later, our friends from Malmö returned in a steamer, for they had, of course, been detained prisoners by the ice breaking up; and agreeably surprised they were to see us safe and sound.

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SCIENCE AND ART.

[*Chambers's Journal.*

LUCIFER-MATCHES.

Since the beginning of the present century, it may with truth be affirmed that by the many inestimable benefits which have resulted from application of science to our every-day wants, human life has gained in duration, and its pleasures have been increased a thousandfold. Of these benefits, not the least important in utility and convenience, is the common lucifer-match.

The old methods of obtaining light were very clumsy and uncertain, compared with it. The earliest recorded plan was that of rubbing together two pieces of dry wood, such as laurel and ivy. That was followed by the "flint and steel," a method which remained in general use in this country till about thirty-five years ago. The plain splint dipped in sulphur is also an old invention, and may be viewed as the original form of the lucifer-match.

Previous to the introduction of the lucifer-match in 1833, various kinds of chemical matches were tried, but with little success, owing to their expense, and the danger attending their use. The "Eupyrion," "Promethean," and "friction" matches were the most important of these early attempts.—The Eupyrion consisted of a splint of wood dipped in sulphur, and afterwards tipped with a paste containing chlorate of potash, colophony, and gum. When a light was desired, it was dipped into a little sulphuric acid in a bottle, and rapidly withdrawn, when the chlorate of potash, owing to the strong chemical action which ensues between it and the acid, burst into flame, and set fire to the wood.—This match was introduced in 1807, and was sold for one shilling per box. The Promethean match was invented in 1828, and was a modification of the Eupyrion. It consisted of a roll of gummed paper, containing at the one end a mixture of chlorate of potash and gum, and a small glass bulb filled with sulphuric acid, and was ignited by breaking the bulb with a pair of pliers, and allowing the chlorate of potash and acid to come into contact. The friction-match was first made in 1832, and resembled the Eupyrion in every respect, with the exception that the paste with which it was tipped contained the additional ingredient of sulphide of antimony, and instead of being dipped in acid to cause ignition, it was merely rubbed firmly between glass-paper.

A year afterwards, phosphorus

was introduced into the match composition, and lucifer-matches were manufactured for the first time, although in a much less perfect form than the present. It is remarkable that phosphorus was not thought of before that period for the purpose of match-making, as it was discovered so far back as the year 1669, and its peculiar property of being easily ignited by friction was known soon afterwards. When phosphorus was discovered, it was regarded merely as a chemical curiosity, and was sold for four guineas an ounce; now, however, it has become an article of commerce, and may be bought for less than half-a-crown per pound.

In a lucifer-match manufactory, the first department you enter is that in which the wood is cut into splints. Each plank is sawn into thirty blocks, and these by means of lancets set in a frame which is worked by steam, are cut into splints four and a half inches long. One frame may readily produce from two to three millions of splints per day. The splints are next collected into bundles and dried by exposure in an oven to the temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit. They are then conveyed to the sulphur-house, where both ends of each bundle are dipped in melted sulphur. The next and last process is called "dipping," and consists in tipping the ends of the splints in the phosphorus mixture. The composition of this mixture differs according to the country in which the matches are to be consumed.—Matches for use in moist climates, such as our own, contain less phosphorus than those for use in warm countries, and phosphorus, when it becomes moist, loses its property of combustion. A match composition for use in England should contain two parts of phosphorus, four parts of chlorate of potash, two parts of gum, three parts of powdered glass, and a little vermilion or other colouring matter.

The phosphorus is the most important ingredient in the match composition, as this it is which ignites when the match is subjected to friction, the combustion being conveyed to the wood by the chlorate of potash and sulphur. The gum is introduced for the purpose of making the mixture adhere, and also to protect the phosphorus from the action of the air. Matches which contain a considerable quantity of chlorate of potash make a snapping noise when ignited, while those which contain a small quantity of that substance make little noise, and require less friction for their ignition.

To return to the process of manufacture. The splints, after being sulphured are conveyed to another room, in which are arranged plates of stone or iron, covered with the phosphorus composition to the depth of an eighth of an inch, and heated underneath by steam, for the purpose of keeping the mixture in a fluid state. The splints are dipped once, twice, or even oftener if necessary, then dried; and as both ends are tipped with the composition, they are next divided, each splint forming two matches. In

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some manufactories, the splints are divided before the composition is added. The matches, after being packed in boxes, are ready for the market.

The rapidity with which these various processes are gone through is truly astonishing, it being not unusual in large works to introduce the raw wood into the saw-mills in the morning, and a few hours afterwards, to ship it in the form of lucifer-matches.

The manufacture of matches is one attended with considerable danger, owing to the very inflammable nature of the materials used; and those operatives engaged in tipping the splints with the composition are liable to be attacked by a very distressing disease in the lower jaw, caused by the fumes of the phosphorus. This evil, however, may be avoided by the use of amorphous phosphorus, a modification of the ordinary kind, which is quite innocuous and destitute of odour.

Another improvement in this industry was made recently in the substitution of paraffine for sulphur as the substance to convey combustion to the splint. The very noxious sulphurous fumes, which the ordinary lucifer-match evolves when lighted, are thus done away with.

Many attempts have been made of late to reduce the liability of matches to ignite by accidental friction, as from this cause very serious calamities have originated. An ingenious plan, devised by a continental manufacturer, reduces this risk to a minimum. It consists in dividing the match composition into two parts, placing the one on the end of the splint, and the other, containing the phosphorus, on the side of the box. By this means, the match will only ignite when rubbed against the box.

The statistics of the lucifer-match manufacture are very extraordinary. Austria, which is the great centre of this industry, exports about two thousand five hundred tons of matches annually.—One maker sells one thousand four hundred matches for one farthing, another offers five thousand in boxes for fourpence. In France and Sweden also, the manufacture is very extensive. In this country, two hundred and fifty millions of matches are used *daily*, which is at the rate of eight per day for every individual. Of this enormous number, we only manufacture one-fifth, the other four-fifths being imported from the continent.

In a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution *On the Doctrine of the Correlation of force in its bearing on Mind*, Professor Alexander Bain shews that the extension of that correlation to mind must be made through the nerve-force. According as the mind is exerted, force is drawn away from the proper corporeal functions, which are to that extent weakened. We all know by common experience that great mental exertion is rarely combined with great physical robustness; neither do we find many examples of a combination of dif-

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ferent modes of mental excellence. Leonardo da Vinci was a great artist and a great man of science; but how few have there been like him. Great sensibility is seldom associated with great activity of temperament, nor intellectual originality with emotional exuberance.

A petition praying for the planting of woods over large districts of France has been laid before the Imperial Senate at Paris, with a suggestion that the army might be advantageously employed in the work. People have talked and sung about "sunny France" till they made themselves believe that France was everywhere delightful and fertile. But who that has travelled therein has failed to note the absence of timber trees? Even in the fertile departments, the wood is small; while in the south, whole districts have been rendered barren by increasing dryness of climate, and the sweeping away of the good soil by fierce floods rushing down from the hills. Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war, writes the poet, and it would be indeed a famous victory if the Emperor would set all his fighting-men to plant trees. The climate of some of his provinces would become more agreeable than at present, fertility would replace their barrenness, and the example might induce other monarchs to employ their troops in growing trees instead of killing men.

The Monoscope.—The effect of looking with one eye on pictures, especially landscapes, is familiarly known, though the explanation requires special knowledge of optical laws. The exclusion of extraneous light is also commonly appreciated, as we may see when people peep at a picture through the narrow tube made by the loosely-clenched fist. To combine monocular vision with undisturbed light a simple mechanical contrivance has been invented by a gentleman in Scotland, to whom the readers of the "Leisure Hour" have been indebted for occasional contributions in former years. To construct the "monoscope," as he calls it, take two pieces of circular card, blackened, say four inches in diameter; in the centre of one make a square orifice one and a half inch square. From the second piece remove a quadrant or section of a fourth of the circle. By sliding one of these cards on the other, the orifice in No. 1 can be adjusted to inspect a picture of any size. Our correspondent mentions that the monoscope has been submitted to Sir David Brewster, who approves its fitness for the purpose intended.

Among the papers read at the closing meeting of the Royal Society's session, there were a few of special interest. One by Mr. Stoney of the Queen's University, Dublin, on the Physical Constitution of the Sun and Stars, is worth notice, as it treats of a subject which has of late years grown to be more and more appreciated by students of physical science. The gases which form the atmosphere outside of the

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sun's photosphere, lie, so to speak, in strata, the heaviest (barium) at the bottom, and the lightest (hydrogen, at the top. The rays of light which pass from the lowermost and most intensely heated strata, are stopped by the upper and cooler strata, which send them forth with a subdued radiance.—The three outermost gases, hydrogen, sodium, and magnesium, constitute a very cold region, and the lines they shew in the spectrum, when examined for analysis, are black. The two most abundant gases of the sun's outer atmosphere are hydrogen and iron, and they play therein the same part which nitrogen and oxygen do in the earth's.

Mr. A. G. Ballantyne has made a communication about ground batteries, in which he argues that the best way to develop electrical science and its applications would be to make free use of the earth as a reservoir of electricity. A battery for generating a permanent current of galvanic electricity, uniform in its action, and of considerable power, can be made by burying in the earth, a few feet below the surface, a sheet of zinc and a sheet of copper, about eight inches apart, the space between them being filled with the damp earth dug from the hole. An insulated wire attached to each plate will lead the current generated by the action of the two means to any place where it may be required for use. By a contrivance of this kind, Mr. Ballantyne kept a mechanical figure moving for three years without interruption. Hence other mechanical movements might be devised and electrotype processes carried on by the cheap and simple operation of burying a couple of plates as above described. Another way tried by Mr. Ballantyne was to plunge a basket of coke into a pond, and connect it by a copper wire with a buried zinc-plate, whereby he produced a current which was employed to excite an electro-magnet during several months.—And it may be accepted as a fact, that a permanent ground-battery may be made by burying some five or six feet deep a zinc-plate bent into the form of a tub without a bottom, with a layer of common coke enclosing it within and without, but not in contact. The contact must be made by copper wires carefully insulated, which, when prolonged, will convey the current in any direction. From these practical details, Mr. Ballantyne proceeds to explain that the whole subject of electrical science is much simpler than most people suppose, and that all we have to get thoroughly acquainted with is, that there are but two currents that have ever been detected in any electrical, magnetic, or galvanic series, and that these two currents have but two properties—quantity and intensity. All the terms hitherto used to describe these currents are faulty, but the most faulty are positive and negative. These two terms, originated in the early days of electrical experiment, will now have to be discarded by men of

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science, who will probably substitute for them the terms major and minor. In any case, the ground-battery remains as an available apparatus for various economic purposes, electrotypy, and so forth; while it is perhaps the best that could be adopted to generate currents which are to be applied in the treatment of disease.

If caricatures, medals, coins, and engravings of every kind can in many cases serve to illustrate history, pottery may likewise be made to contribute its share to the same object. Twenty years ago a friend gave to Mon. Champfleury an old plate, on which was painted a cock standing perched on a cannon, with the motto "*Je veille pour la nation.*" Many other pieces of china of the revolutionary period having subsequently fallen under his eye, he was struck by the singular variety of the devices which they represented, and it occurred to him that the different phases of popular opinion during the Revolution might in all probability be found commemorated on the various items of a dinner-service—plates, cups and saucers, &c. Such is the case, and M. Champfleury's diligent researches have produced a most interesting volume, full of curious illustrations. Here we have Necker immortalized on a milk-jug; there Mirabeau's coffin embellishes a dessert-plate: on a salad-bowl a priest swears to keep the Constitution, whilst the words "Ca ira!" and the cap of liberty remind others that the guillotine is permanently erected for the purpose of clearing the earth of aristocrats. M. Champfleury's comments on the various specimens he brings before us are uniformly apposite and suggestive. His book has also the merit of giving more than the title promises, for it goes beyond the revolutionary period, and the last page contains facsimiles respectively of the Empire, the Revolution and the reign of Louis-Philippe.

A conviction has for some time been growing among the leading civil engineers of Germany that the use of wood in the construction of railways is a mistake. Wooden sleepers soon perish, especially in hot climates, and the cost and risk of renewal are alike great. If nothing but iron were used, the renewal would not be so frequent, as at present, for the life of a good iron rail may be reckoned at thirty years; consequently, in different parts of Germany, railways have been constructed without the use of wood. The rail is made about nine inches high, with a broad flat base, which rests on a well-prepared bed of ballast, and when properly fixed, is further supported by a layer of gravel. Thus constructed, the jerky motion of a train, occasioned by numerous cross-sleepers, is done away with: the hammering sound becomes a steady, continuous roar, the longitudinal bearing is distributed over a greater distance, and the need for repairs occurs but rarely. Some of the railway engineers in the United States have taken up the question, and come to

the conclusion, that an iron permanent way is the best for their country, especially in the vast treeless regions of the North-west.—The iron trade is reported to have been dull of late: if all the railway companies of Europe were to resolve on adopting an iron permanent way, the demand for the metal in the new form would be so great, that the trade could hardly fail to be brisk for years to come.

MISCELLANIES FROM FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

New Schemes of British Æronauts.—At the last meeting of the Æronautical Society in London, several interesting papers were read. Mr. F. Bourne minutely described a model of his invention which raises itself by screws.—Major J. S. Philips gave a rough sketch of a machine with large flat planes before and behind, so as to heap up before and under it, when in motion, a pressure of air equal to its own weight. Mr. H. R. St. Martin showed a model made on the principle of the kite, and guided by screws.

The greatest interest, however, attaches to an account of some recent experiments by Dr. William Smith. He asserts that the wing of a strong pigeon strikes the air with a force which will raise a pound weight one foot high in a minute. But as soon as the stroke has produced its greatest mechanical effect it is suddenly cut short, nerves in the wing of the bird letting it know when the maximum effect is attained. He has succeeded in cutting some of the nerves of the bird from the organs of motion, the result being that although the bird flapped the air harder than before, it could not fly. He thinks, therefore, that in attempting flight by means of artificial wings, the stroke must be cut short when it has attained its maximum. On these principles he proposes a machine with artificial wings, propelled by motive power obtained from the explosion of mixed oxygen and hydrogen gases. The heat thus produced is not great, the gases would be exploded in India rubber accordeon shaped vessels, and these by their expansion would give the stroke.

Bridging the British Channel.—A French engineer has made a plan for a bridge which is greatly praised by the Paris *Moniteur*, broad enough to hold a double line of railway, a carriage road, and a path for foot passengers. There would also be space for a row of

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shops along this Dover and Calais road which, once established, would no doubt become a very popular thoroughfare; and half way across there would be a restaurant. The bridge would rest on a series of thirty-two vertical, rectangular iron piles, each pile to be about 670 feet high and 335 feet broad. The depth of the channel between the two points named is found to be not over 135 feet, so that the bridge would be about 535 feet above the sea level. The journal quoted continues that in building the bridge the first step taken would be to connect the iron piles by means of sixteen cables of plaited wire, stretched in parallel lines from Shakspeare's Cliff, on the English side of the channel, to Cape Blanc Nez, on the French side, a distance of about twenty miles. The body of the bridge would thus be formed of iron tresses stretched from pile to pile. The iron piles would not be nice things for a vessel to run against; but they would be of great value as lighthouses, and accordingly each pile would be fitted with a signal light. The cost of the bridge is estimated at $80,000,000.

THE GREAT FALLS OF RAIN.—The *London Post* has prepared a record showing the rain-fall in this city during the past thirty years. The mean annual fall of rain and snow from 1836 to 1854 was 42.23 inches. In 1855 the precipitation in rain and melted snow reached 57 inches; the next year, 46: the next, 57; and for each of the succeeding four years till 1861, about 50 inches. In the next three years it varied widely. In 1865 it reached nearly 57 inches, and last year 48. The tables show the average annual fall of rain for 30 years, from 1836 to 1866, to be 44.62 inches. The average for the past 13 years is 48.11 inches. But since the heavy storm in October last the fall has been almost unprecedented, namely, in ten months 48.57. The current year has been remarkably wet. But the excess of the present year over the last may be more clearly stated in this way:

Rain-fall in 1867, first seven months.................36 50 inches.
Rain-fall in 1866, first seven months.................27 04 inches.

Excess in 1867........9.46 inches.

If the rain-fall during the remaining five months of the current year should prove equal to that of the corresponding months of 1866, it will amount to 57.68 inches, a larger amount than has fallen in any one year within the memory of man. But if it should continue to fall for the coming five in the same proportion as during the past seven months, the precipitation in rain will be 62.57 inches, or 5 ft. 2 1-2 inches for the entire year, or 5.07 inches more than has ever been known to fall upon this island in the same length of time.

The *Post* comes to the conclusion that the earth has now more water than it can hold, and wherever the drainage is imperfect, must soon begin to give off such infections as it cannot retain. While the rain-

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fall continues we shall be safe, but when the process of evaporation begins, miasms will arise, which, to a great extent, will jeopard the health of the city. Wells that are in a situation to receive surface water impregnated with vegetable or other foreign matter, should not be used to drink from.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—A landscape by the excellent artist Mr. Graham, is among the pictures worthy of note in the Exhibition this year.

Mr. Graham's understanding of Highland landscape seems to us more profound than that of any other artist who has hitherto attempted to paint it. The harmony between the character of the artist's mind and the character of the scenery to be rendered is in this instance so complete that we recognise in him the gifted interpreter we have so long waited for in vain. With the single exception of Mr. Newton, no artist has ever before rendered Highland scenery in its pathos and magnificence, and Mr. Newton has been attracted far more to the magnificence than the pathos. Now there are many things in this "O'er Moss and Moor" of Mr. Graham which are so intensely and peculiarily true to Highland character that no other picture we ever saw interprets the Highlands for us so perfectly as this. It has been raining, but it is fair now after sunset, and the chilly twilight is falling over the moor. The sky is pale with heavy shreds of broken rain-cloud, slate-colour chiefly, but lighted in the zenith with a dull tawny hue, and nearer the horizon with crimson, the dying light of the afterglow. These relations of colour in the sky are admirably right, and few artists have either the knowledge or the courage necessary to paint the tawny cloud and the crimson cloud both in the same pictures, though nature does so frequently enough.

The cloud-forms, too, are as admirable as the colour; wind-torn, and yet again delicately curved by the same wind, the fragments hold their places in a beautiful order. Against the dark crimson of the lower sky comes a wood of Scotch firs; to the right and to the left we have a bit of purple hill, not an ambitious mountain emulous of the Alps. The strongest point of all is the colouring of the foreground. All the rich Highland colours are there—emerald moss and grass by the little pool, purple heather, gray stones, and brown earth; dry gray sticks of old heather too, for sobriety and a little sadness. Across this come the peat carts, the leader with a white horse, who holds his place artistically amongst the gray stones, and therefore is not isolated.

The pleasure of praising heartily is one which a sincere critic can so rarely enjoy that we might be tempted, by our delight in this work, to an undue estimate of the artist's rank. We are not quite sure yet whether Mr. Graham is to turn out a truly great artist or only an excellent interpreter of nature, but we are certain that he is entirely to be relied upon as a true

and earnest observer. His most dangerous tendency in colour is a tendency to blackness, but in last year's picture and this no harm has resulted from it. His manual skill is above criticism; the hand is clever enough. Whether the range of his sympathies is narrow or extensive remains to be seen, and it is not easy to determine yet whether he has the creative gift, or only a fine sensitiveness and a powerful memory.

French Literature.—M. Michel Nicolas has added one more volume to his interesting and erudite works on sacred literature and on Church history. The view which he takes of the Apostles' Creed may be new to many persons, but we think it will be found to deserve serious examination. It is currently assumed that the Creed was composed at once; that it is the production, if not of one person, certainly of one epoch; and that it has been handed down to us in its entirety, such as we have it now, from the apostolic age. M. Michel Nicolas takes a diametrically opposite view. He shows that the symbol of faith to which Christians were originally expected to subscribe amounted to very little at first, but that, as heresies manifested themselves and sects sprang up, clause was added to clause, definition to definition, until the formulary assumed the shape under which we are now familiar with it. M. Nicolas discusses in detail the origin of the creed, the transformations it has undergone from time to time, and the meaning of the various articles of which it consists. By way of appendix he has added a translation of the principal symbols of faith which have at various times obtained in the Church.

The Raining Tree.—The island of Fierro is one of the largest in the Canary group, and it has received its name on account of its iron-bound soil, through which no river or stream flows. It has also but very few wells, and these not very good. But the great Preserver and Sustainer of all, remedies this inconvenience in a way so extraordinary that man will be forced to acknowledge that He gives in this an undeniable demonstration of His wonderful goodness. In the midst of the island there grows a tree, the leaves of which are long and narrow, and continue in constant verdure winter and summer, and the branches are covered with a cloud which is never dispelled, but, resolving itself into a moisture, causes to fall from its leaves a very clear water in such abundance that cisterns placed at its foot to receive it are never empty.

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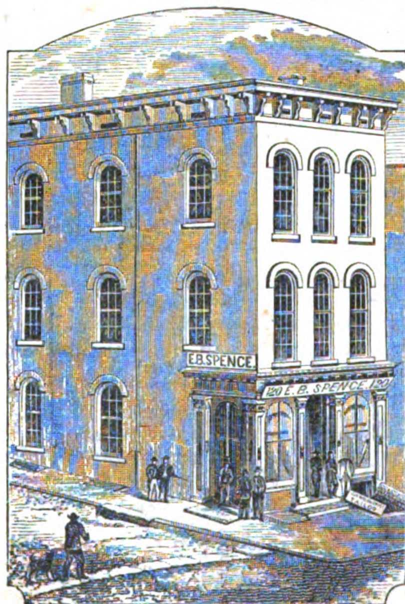

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RICHMOND ECLECTIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE,

Religious and Secular.

EDITED BY
Rev. MOSES D. HOGE,
Rev. WILLIAM BROWN.

Vol. II. OCTOBER, 1867. No. 6.

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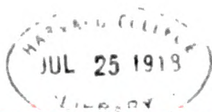
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[*Good Words.*

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

The physical benefits which come from a month among the mountains or by the sea, are obvious; but summer holidays may have other uses which, perhaps, are not so often thought of. Apart altogether from any direct intention to employ the pleasant leisure for the highest ends, most men are the better for it. A precocious child, after reading the inscriptions in a churchyard, which recorded the incomparable virtues of the dead lying beneath, wondered where they buried all the bad people; and I have often wondered, when away from home, where the ill-tempered and irritable people go for their holiday. How genial every one seems to be on a Rhine steamer!—Who was ever known to be out of temper on Loch Katrine? Meet a man at the Furca, and walk with him to the Grimsel, and you are sure to find him one of the most kindly of the human race. Share a carriage to Inverary with people you chance to meet at Oban, and you think it would be charming to travel with them for a month. Extortionate bills and rainy weather may ruffle the temper for a moment, but so far as I have observed if a "tourist ticket" is ever issued to a cantankerous man (of which I have serious doubts), he no sooner gets it into his waistcoat pocket than it acts like a charm. If we could only keep some of our acquaintances always on the top of a Highland coach, or crossing Swiss passes, or climbing Welsh hills, what a happy thing it would be for them—and for us! No theological reading does them half as much good as "Murray" or "Baedecker," and a volume of "Black" is more useful to them than a score of sermons.

Our summer holidays, like our Sundays, should give us rest. The month away from home should be the Sabbatic month of the year. The hurrying, eager, unquiet way in which many people spend their holiday, the passion to see everything that is praised in the Guide-book, and to "do" everything that ought to be "done," the long weary journeys in close railway

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carriages, the evenings in crowded coffee-rooms, are very remote from that ideal peace and tranquility which most of us need quite as much as change of scene and physical exercise. In our common life "the world is too much with us." Wisdom

> "Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
> Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
> She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
> That, in the various bustle of resort,
> Were all to-ruffled, and sometimes impaired."

But what do most of us, in these times, know of solitude? How many hours have we in the week for "contemplation?" The "wings" of our souls are not only "ruffled" and "impaired," they are almost useless and refuse their proper functions. Our intellectual faculties and our spiritual affections both suffer from the incessant turmoil and anxiety in which most of us are obliged to live; and both the intellect and the heart might be, and ought to be, the better for the quiet days which are within our reach when the summer and autumn come.

Not that I think it would be at all a profitable way of spending a holiday to determine to master the elements of a new science, or to devote three or four hours every day to the declensions, conjugations, and vocabulary of a new language. But every man who was a student in his youth is conscious, I suppose, of the difficulty, when the strain of active life is fully upon him, of securing time for that deliberate and thoughtful reading of a great book, which often constitutes an epoch in the history of our intellectual development. The fragmentary and interrupted reading, which is all that is possible to nine men out of ten when they are at home, does very little for them; and the more serious and vigorous studies, which a few men attempt to carry on when their brains are wearied with the work of the day, are not much more fruitful. There are fastidious books, which ask for a mind perfectly fresh and sensitive to every subtlety of thought and every grace of expression; there are jealous books, which are impatient of every rival, and reject our homage altogether if we cannot bring them an undivided soul. It is useless for a physician to try to read "Comus" in his carriage, or for a clerk in the City to take "In Memoriam" with him on the top of an omnibus. De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America" might as well not be read at all as read at night, with a mind continually turning aside to the day's vexations and annoyances.—But let any one of these books be put into the portmanteau when starting for Scotland or the Lakes, and, if there must be lighter reading too, one of Sir Walter Scott's best novels, or one of George Eliot's; and, if the traveller knows how to read, he will return home not only with vivid memories of rugged mountains and peaceful waters, but conscious that his whole intellectual life has been wonderfully quickened and stimulated. He has

travelled with Milton, with Tennyson, or with the profoundest of political philosophers, and, in his lighter moods, has listened to the wisest and most charming of modern story-tellers. We cannot, when we are at home, live with a book for a whole month—we can do it when we are away; and what took a great author months or years to write, can hardly reveal to common men all its wisdom and all its beauty in a hasty reading which is over in a few hours.

There is, however, a still higher use to which a month's holiday may be well applied: we may play the part of Socrates to our own minds. Since the beginning of the sixteenth century, I suppose there was never a time when the intellect of Europe was agitated by so many fierce and conflicting influences as at the present moment, and there has certainly never been a time since then when men of active intelligence were so likely to be swept away by currents of speculation, without knowing either their original source or their direction and ultimate issue. Our popular literature is penetrated through and through with the principles of hostile philosophies and creeds. Mill and Hamilton, Comte and Hegel, the gross materialism of the *enfants perdus* of Positivism, and a vague, dreamy spiritualism—you come across them all, under the strangest disguises and in most unexpected places.

A keen, clever man, without much time for systematic thought, is struck with an article in the columns of a newspaper, or the pages of a review; he thinks over it at odd moments, talks about it at a friend's dinner-table, and gradually makes it his own. He does not inquire on what ultimate theory of the universe the speculations which have fascinated him must rest, or with what parts of that system of truth which seems to him most certain they are altogether irreconcileable. He is charmed by the beauty or ingenuity or grandeur of the new ideas, or they seem to solve difficulties which have troubled him, or to afford useful and available aids to an upright and noble life; and therefore, without inquiring where they came from, and what kind of a "character" they bear, and whether they have disreputable and vicious connections, he receives them at once. They have a pleasant look, a gracious manner, a musical voice, a dignified bearing, and he never dreams of suspecting them. But, once securely lodged, they soon gather their friends and confederates about them; the whole clan gradually assembles. The man finds that somehow—he does not know how—his whole way of looking at the world has been changed, or else he is living in a new universe. The "everlasting hills" themselves, with whose majestic outlines he was so familiar, have melted away, and the old constellations have vanished from the sky. The change may be for the better; perhaps he has parted only with delusions, and has risen into the region of realities: but such vast revolutions ought not to be

the work of accident and chance. Would it not be well for those who are conscious that they are intellectually alive, and that they are powerfully influenced by the speculations and controversies by which they are surrounded, to try and find out, during their summer holidays, to what quarter of the troubled ocean of human thought they are drifting? They resolutely believe, as yet, in the eternal and infinite difference between right and wrong: are they insensibly yielding to a philosophy in which that difference virtually disappears? They think that nothing could persuade them to abandon their faith in moral responsibility, and to contradict the clear testimony of consciousness to the freedom of the will: are they sure that the silent but inevitable development of theories by which they have been greatly charmed, will not necessitate the denial of both? Is their faith in a personal God quite safe? If the ideas which have come to us from books, from conversation, from sermons, from solitary meditation, are all true, they will be the better for being thoroughly organised, and considered in their mutual relations, their original grounds, and their final results. If they are false, if they are destructive of truths and laws to which our own consciousness and the history of the human race bear irresistible witness, the sooner they are expelled from the mind, the safer for ourselves and for all with whom we have anything to do.

The highest end of all to which protracted leisure can be applied remains to be illustrated. For a month, for six weeks, we cease to be merchants or lawyers, manufacturers or tradesmen, preachers or physicians, and become men. We cast off the occupations and cares which limit and restrain the free action of our nature through the greater part of the year, and may, if we please, rise beyond the control of "things seen and temporal," and live for a time in untroubled and uninterrupted fellowship with "things unseen and eternal." Our summer holiday, or part of it, may be a kind of "spiritual retreat."

There are many people, no doubt, who only become more restless when they are obliged to be still. They cannot escape from their counting-houses, their banks, their conflicts with trades' unions, their legal troubles, except by violent physical exertion or the strongest stimulant which they can get, from travel in strange countries and sight-seeing in strange cities. Unless they are climbing mountains, or grinding over glaciers, or stirred by the pleasant excitements which come from listening to a foreign tongue and watching the unfamiliar manners of a foreign people, they might as well be at home. Every man must judge for himself, and find out how he can best get his brain quiet, and run the whole current of his thoughts out of its accustomed channel. But even those persons who would not be able to shake themselves free from their common cares, if they spent all their holiday in a quiet country inn,

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among the elms and oaks and corn-fields of their own country, or in a lone farm-house among the silent hills, might be able to devote a few days or a week to tranquil religious thought when they have fairly got away from the steam and the stir and the tumult which followed them till they were five hundred miles away from home.

It is to be feared that some Christian men return to their ordinary life with less devoutness and spiritual intensity then when they left it. While they were away, public worship was not regularly attended, private prayer was offered hurriedly, and Holy Scripture was read carelessly, or not at all.—Their temper is better, and they are more kindly and generous, from the brief interruption of common duties; but their vision of God is none the clearer. They have not escaped from the entanglements which, even in their devoutest moments, keep them among the lowest ranks of the hierarchy of worshippers around the eternal throne.

And yet, when they are hurried and pressed by the incessant claims of their profession or trade, they often sigh for days of solitary thought and unbroken communion with Christ. They sometimes think that if they could only contemplate more steadily and continuously the august and majestic realities of the invisible world, they might be able to live a nobler and more saintly life. They feel that "the mighty hopes which make us men" must be firmly grasped by sustained and undistracted thought, if they are to have power to subdue the inferior but vehement excitements by which day after day they are swept helplessly along. But they have no time or strength or stillness for lofty meditation. They wish they had. They envy the people who have more quietness and leisure, and, conscious of the difficulty of mastering the world while engaged in its conflicts and surrounded with its tumult, half suspect that ideal saintliness is possible only in monastic seclusion.

Why do not such men spend a few of the bright, calm hours of their yearly rest in that prolonged spiritual meditation, and in those acts of more intense devotion, in which they cannot engage at other times? Their feet are free to wander now along the remoter and less familiar paths of religious thought. The noise of the distant world of care and toil is hushed, and they may listen to the voice of God. They have time for the steadfast contemplation of the burning splendours of the divine nature, and may catch the fervour and inspiration of cherubim and seraphim, who have nearest access to the infinite glory.—They may invite by patient expectation, and by the penitent and humble confession of weakness, the baptism of the Holy Spirit and of fire. They may anticipate the final judgment. They may see afar off the palaces of heaven, and the nations of the saved walking in white raiment and crowned with immortal honour and blessedness. They may find that even here, there is "fulness of joy" in the presence of God,

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and that the light of His countenance can surround the devout soul with celestial glory.

No Christian man need find it difficult to make this lofty use of his summer leisure. It is not the faculty for creating striking and original lines of thought that is necessary. We may all "wait upon God;" and it is by *waiting* on Him, not by elaborating grand and splendid conceptions of Him, that we "renew" our "strength." If spirtual impulse and power were derived from the reflex action on the heart, of our own intellectual activity directed to the regions of divine truth, the measure of our religious earnestness would be determined by the vigour and brilliance of our intellectual faculties, and persons unexercised in abstract thought would be placed at a grievous disadvantage. But the simplest truths, when they lead us direct to God, answer all the practical purposes of the most profound thoughts of theologians. A single parable of our Lord's, a well-known promise of mercy and strength, any one of the divine attributes considered in its most obvious aspects and revelations, is enough to open our whole nature to the tides of divine life and joy. The cry of the heart after God will surely be answered; and, allowing for rare and abnormal conditions of the spiritual nature, the Christian man who longs to live and move and have his being in God, has only to separate himself for a time from the agitations and pursuits of his secular life, and he will find himself surrounded with the innumerable company of angels, and in the very presence of the Highest.

Would not the pleasure as well as the lasting profit of a summer holiday be almost infinitely augmented, if part of it at least were set apart and consecrated to this tranquil yet intense contemplation of God, and of the heaven where God dwells? There are some men, I am told, who, when they come home after a month's absence, seem to have forgotten everything about it except the bills they have paid, the dinners they have eaten, the wines they have drunk, and, if they have been abroad, the strange customs of the countries they have visited. There are others whose memory is enriched for all coming years. They can recall the stateliness and majesty of ancient cathedrals, the splendour of imperial palaces, the look of streets and houses which have become famous in the history of Europe, the awful grandeur and chaotic waste of mountains they have climbed, the dazzling glory of wonderful sunsets, the changing lights which have made river or lake look like a dream of fairy-land. Happier still are those who in addition to such memories as these, can recall how in mountain solitudes it seemed as if the heavens opened and they talked to God face to face; or how when alone by the sea-shore, mists and clouds which had surrounded them for years suddenly broke and melted away, and the divine goodness or the divine justice stood visibly revealed. Pleasant glens

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and lonely paths among the hills will henceforth have everlasting associations, and will be vividly recalled when the solid earth has melted with fervent heat; for when eternity comes we shall remember most distinctly and most gratefully not the places where we accumulated our wealth, or won our transient social triumphs, but those where we came to the resolve to live a holier life, and received strength to do so.

Used wisely and earnestly, every successive summer holiday might leave us with larger and nobler thoughts of God, with a loftier ideal of character, with every devout affection more fervent, and every right purpose invigorated and confirmed.

[Blackwood's Magazine.

A NEW LIFE OF NAPOLEON I.

The appearance of a new History of Napoleon the First would deserve little attention in the presence of so many already existing, unless it could lay claim either to extraordinary literary merit or to decided originality in the treatment of so trite a subject. While the first volume of M. Lanfrey's history is quite up to the mark in a literary point of view—being written in unpretentious yet clear and forcible style—it is something entirely new to read a life of the first Emperor, written by a Frenchman, which is not only hostile to his memory, but the hostility of which is not illustrated by ebullitions of passion or prejudice, and justifies itself by adducing the clear testimony of historical facts and correspondence, supported by the great man's own memoirs. It is indeed a sign of the intellectual convalescence of the thinking part of the nation when a Frenchman is able, without raising a storm of obloquy, to apply the crowbar of logic with such fatal effect to the national idol, that Dagon tumbles from his pedestal, and only the stump of Dagon is left to him; that mutilated remainder consisting in an admirable calculating machine, galvanised into life and action by the solitary human passion of ambition. With regard to ourselves, it may be said that after sixteen years of alliance and friendly relations with the present French Emperor, we are at length able to regard the image of his famous predecessor with perfectly dispassionate eyes, inclined, if any thing, to put the greater weight into the favourable scale in the estimation of his character. The time is past when he appeared as a

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mere fiend to the mass of Englishmen, and a worst kind of fallen angel to a few eccentric Ishmaelites, like Lord Byron; and we may generally be presumed to look upon him now as a potential senior wrangler who turned his mathematical talents to the subjugation of mankind, and perhaps reconciled his supposed mission to any conscience that he had, by imagining, from what he had seen of them, that such subjugation would be for their good. That a genius with a peculiar bent in the direction of order and subordination, whose youth was nursed in the chaos of the French Revolution, should have sincerely taken up with a cynical and pessimist view of human nature, is intelligible and excusable; and on this point, led astray by his republican sympathies, we do not think that M. Lanfrey is quite just to the memory of Napoleon I. He appears to have taken it too much for granted that the constitution which Buonaparte destroyed in the *coup-d'état* of the 18th Brumaire was capable of standing on its own legs, and represented a stable Government forgetting that up to that date there had been a perpetual see-saw of parties since the Reign of Terror, and that a recurrence of the Reign of Terror itself at any moment was by no means improbable. The great French Revolution, it must always be remembered, was much more than a revolution in the commonly accepted sense of the term. It was a deluge which entirely submerged, or swept away, all the old landmarks of society. As the waters subsided some of these had reäppeared, but, as it were, polluted with diluvial slime, with all their beauty and prestige gone for ever. A government of centralised force, capable of keeping up dykes to prevent the return of the flood, seemed thus the only one possible for France—indeed, even now it may be doubted whether any other is possible, since the French have not, with all their political experience, learned the lesson that it matters little under what form of government they live, so that it be righteously administered, and still refuse to understand opposition in any other sense than subversion of the existing authority. Under the present regime the English word "self-government," though still printed in italics as foreign, has passed into a sort of Shibboleth among liberal French writers as an expression of national aspiration, they being unable to see the deductions from its excellencies which most sensible Englishmen would readily allow; and also that, as a condition of its successful realization, the individuals who compose a nation must first practise it in their own proper persons in the sense of self-restraint and self-respect; such feelings being intimately bound up with a fear of the consequences of untried theories, a certain love of anomalous institutions which have, on the whole, worked well, and deep regard for the vested rights and liberties of other people. It may, perhaps, be sadly questioned, taking into consideration all the

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elements of human nature, whether any people is capable of entirely realising self-government. The mass of the nation is governed well or ill by one man, or well or ill by a number of men: in the one case the Government taking the shape of a beneficent despotism, a constitutional monarchy, or a more or less aristocratic republic, as in Switzerland still, or in America before the Civil War—in the other case, of a tyranny, an oligarchy, or a democracy, which being the tyranny of the worse many over the better few, is the worst shape in which government can exist at all. In short, in spite of our affection for the term, it would perhaps be best to discard it as illogical and to pronounce the thing itself as quite impracticable in its application to a nation. We may still allow with M. Lanfrey, setting aside the question as to whether the Republican Government of France had established its right to exist, that there may be reason to doubt whether General Buonaparte was the very best man who could have been found to supersede the Director, and agree with him that the means he took to possess himself of the Dictatorship were utterly unjustifiable. With the circumstances of the 18th Brumaire (9th November 1799), which placed General Buonaparte firmly in the saddle in that position of absolute power which, under the names of First Consul and Emperor, he was destined to hold for fifteen years, M. Lanfrey's first volume concludes. As a political study, this is doubtless the most interesting part of the Life of Napoleon I. At the end of the first thirty years of his life he had achieved the work of Philip of Macedon, to prepare himself henceforth to play the part of Alexander. In spite of the proverb, his was certainly an old head placed on young shoulders. M. Lanfrey dismisses the anecdotes of his childhood and youth as more or less apocryphal, merely stating some facts which show that Nature virtually dispensed in his case with childhood and youth altogether. No little Arab of London streets could have developed a more precocious manhood. At school he was one of those quiet boys who give no trouble to masters, but are unpopular with their comrades through not caring about play. At the military school at Paris, to which he passed from Brienne, we find him making the strange complaint in a boy of the laxity of the discipline. At sixteen he passed into the army, where he at once distinguished himself by his studious and ascetic character. Among his papers was found a dialogue on love, in which he says "Love does more harm than good; and it would be a blessing if some protecting divinity could relieve us of it, and thus effect the deliverance of mankind." In the "History of Corsica," which employed his leisure at this period, he delighted to contrast the pure manners of his native isle with the dissoluteness of French society. His affections clove to the Corsican patriot Paoli, but his ambition soon corrected them

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when he found that patriotism would not pay. His sentimental sympathies were rather the reflection of his studies of Rousseau than the promptings of his own heart. He soon outgrew any youthful weaknesses, and then the politics of his native island gave him an opportunity of trying his hand at a *coup-d'état* on a small scale. He was a candidate for the post of "chef de bataillon" of the National Guard of Ajaccio (Corsica having now been united to France) against several influential competitors, the chief of whom were Marius Peraldi and Pozzo di Borgo. The energy of his canvass against what seemed overwhelming odds was perfectly astonishing; and by dint of flattery, bribery, and intimidation, he soon succeeded in forming a party which was nearly equal to that of his antagonists. But the more important business was to gain the Commissaries of the Constituent Assembly. As soon as these arrived, Murati, the principal man amongst them, became the guest of Peraldi, Buonaparte's most formidable competitor. This clearly pronounced partisanship stung Buonaparte to the quick. To let things take their course was certain defeat, to resist was decidedly dangerous. After many close conferences with his friends, in which he tried to make inuendoes serve for explicit words, he resolved on action. Towards evening, as the Peraldi family were at table, there was a sudden knocking at the outer door. The instant the door was opened a body of armed men rushed into the presence of the dismayed dinner-party. Murati, however, had flown, but was easily caught again, and dragged to the house of his daring kidnapper. Buonaparte, mastering his emotion, and composing his countenance to affability, said to him, "I only wished you to be free, entirely free; you were not so at the house of Peraldi." The Commissary was so astounded by this audacious conduct that he did not even protest or attempt to return to the place whence he had been brought. The next day the poll took place and Buonaparte was elected "chef de bataillon." Pozzo di Borgo, having raised some objection to the illegality of the proceeding, was seized by his legs from below, thrown down, hustled and trampled, and had to thank Buonaparte himself for interfering to save his life. In the storms of the period the affair blew over, and Buonaparte was allowed to retain his command; but if this episode in his early life had been known to the Five Hundred the day before the 18th Brumaire, the results of that day might have been different. When the Girondins came to power, Buonaparte was found again at Paris in military command. The scenes of the Revolution had by this time thoroughly disgusted him with its spirit, but he was too politic to throw himself at once into the ranks of its adversaries, and still continued to parade the Jacobinical principles that he had learned to detest, because no other party presented a similar opening for his

future rise. The siege of Toulon, where he commanded the artillery, first drew upon him the eyes of mankind. He had displayed in that siege, when only twenty-four, all the best qualities of a veteran captain. During the Reign of Terror he was operating with the French army in northern Italy, and his reputation was every day increasing: but he had soon to bear the consequences of acting with the Robespierres, and, when they fell, found himself under arrest, and cited to appear before the Committee of Public Safety—a summons which in those days was considered equivalent to a sentence of death.

The charge brought against him was one resulting from his mission to Genoa, which, it was contended, was made with treasonable intentions. After ten days of terrible anxiety, during which he used every effort to destroy all evidence of his undeniable relations with the Robespierres, he was acquitted on the ground of the utility of his talents to the Republic, rather than because his judges were persuaded of his innocence. He was still under a sort of suspicion, and was removed from the Italian army to take a command in the army of the West, which disgusted him to that degree, that he lingered in Paris, and was suspended from his command for neglecting to go to the post assigned him, so that he had to pass through a period of enforced idleness, the spell of which he attempted to break by negotiating to be employed on a mission in Turkey; but when his mind was set on this scheme, the army of Italy having sustained some reverses, he was refused leave to go, for the honourable reason that his presence was required in Paris, that he might assist in forming plans for the campaign, but really because the Committee of Public Safety wished to keep him in their power. It was thus that, in an evil hour for the English monarchy, Cromwell was prevented from sailing for America. The plan which he drew up for Kellermann, the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, was most admirable in a scientific point of view, and superior to that which was carried out subsequently, in that it contained no scheme for conquests and annexations under the pretence of the emancipation of oppressed nationalities. But the principle of drawing up at home schemes of action for a distant theatre, was one which he was the first to repudiate, as soon as he was able to do so. He was under the eclipse of a temporary disgrace when fortune offered him an opportunity of reëstablishing his position in a most signal manner by the events of the 13th Vendémiaire (5th October, 1795), when the existence of the Convention was threatened by an insurrection of the reäctionary sections. An officer named Menou, sent to disperse the meeting of one of the most powerful of these sections, having compromised the position of his troops, parleyed instead of acting, and withdrew the Government force, while the insurgents omitted

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to fulfil their part of the agreement by separating. At this crisis of danger, Buonaparte, who happened to be in the theatre, hastened to the Assembly to observe what would take place. Menou was voted under arrest, and then the question was raised as to who should be appointed in his place. Buonaparte, still among the audience, heard his own name mentioned, and deliberated, in consequence, for a full half-hour as to what line of conduct he should pursue. Barras was the favourite, and on his recommendation, which Buonaparte appears to have conveniently suppressed in his Memoirs, the latter was joined to him as his lieutenant. The result of Buonaparte's deliberation had been, that the chances of success were chiefly on the side of the Convention, and that, on the whole, it would be politic to do his best to make those chances a certainty. Forty pieces of artillery conveniently disposed about the Louvre and the Tuileries, and, when the time came, vigourously served, enabled the 8000 troops of the Convention to disperse the 40,000 national guards and others, of whom the insurgent army was composed, and who thought to carry all before them by numbers and dead weight. A vote of thanks was passed to Barras and Buonaparte, as having deserved well of their country; and the resignation of the latter soon left the field open for the appointment of his colleague as General of the Interior.

The prestige which the 13th Vendémiaire conferred on the name of Buonaparte enabled him to turn his success to good account by enriching himself and his family.—The Directory began to wish, finding how indispensable he had become, that he had not been detained at Paris; and his nomination to the command of the army of Italy was partly owing to the general distrust he inspired. It was indeed the most brilliant form of ostracism. Still it is doubted whether such good fortune, so fatal to the State, would have fallen to his lot, had he not been assisted by his marriage with Josephine Beauharnais. The way in which he first became acquainted with this lady was romantic. Some days after the disarmament of the Sections, a child of ten or twelve years old called at the General's quarter's, and begged for the sword of his father, a former general of the Republic, who had died on the scaffold. The child was Eugene de Beauharnais. The General acceded to his prayer, and the next day was thanked in person by his charming mother, whom Buonaparte as yet only knew by name, though she was the intimate friend of Barras. M. Lanfrey says, "The silence kept by Buonaparte on the subject of this *liaison* and of the part which Barras had in the determinations of Madame de Beauharnais, is more easily explained than his forgetfulness of the service rendered him on the eve of the 13th Vendémiaire." But the fact is none the less patent, being established by all the evidence of

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the time, attested by Josephine herself, who, in her Creole nonchalance, would perhaps have never decided on that marriage, unless Barras had added to the trousseau the command of the army of Italy. She wrote a short time before her marriage, "Barras assures me that if I marry the General he will obtain him the command in chief of the army of Italy. Yesterday, Buonaparte, in speaking to me of this favour, which already causes murmurs among his brothers in arms, although it is not yet granted, said, 'Do they believe, then, that I have need of protection to get on? The day will come when they will be only too glad if I am willing to give them mine. My sword is at my side, and with it I shall go far.'" M. Lanfrey seems to insinuate that there was something more than intimate friendship in the relations between Josephine and Barras. If such was the case, considering the whole character of Buonaparte, and especially his manifest desire to cut a figure in a world that he affected to despise, to suppose that he was in the full confidence of the parties is scarcely conceivable. Having been a student, and being an imitator of Cæsar, he can hardly have forgotten the legend about Cæsar's wife. It is quite certain that he never let pride or self-respect stand in the way of any object he wished to gain, but the meanness of marrying another man's mistress would have been fatal to the ends of his ambition. Besides, as she was an independent widow moving in high society, it is hard to conceive what object Barras could have had in wishing to pass her over to his friend.

Friendship seems to explain the matter better than anything else; but yet there seems to have been a certain levity in Josephine's conduct, especially during the subsequent absence of her husband in Italy, which might have induced him to wish as little as possible said about a transaction which might bear an ugly construction.—It is possible that there were other reasons besides her childlessness which prompted the Emperor's final determination to divorce Josephine, but if so, his delicacy in sparing her character, as well as his policy in sparing his own, is to be commended and seems to furnish an indication that, at the time of his marriage, he at all events believed in her innocence.

On the whole we do not think M. Lanfrey's proofs quite justify the insinuation conveyed against the memory of a lady who, common-place enough in herself, has become through circumstances a national heroine. And, after all, his words are not so explicit, but that they leave the denial of the insinuation itself possible. Whether Buonaparte was much in love with Madame de Beauharnais is another question. He appeared to be so, but he was a consummate actor, while she at first seems to made have no secret of her indifference; the social *éclat* which both would derive from the marriage, sufficiently accounting for their having ulti-

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mately come together. It is remarkable that, in the marriage contract, Buonaparte seems to have added a year to his age, and Josephine to have subtracted four from hers, so as to make their ages correspond, and that Paul Barras's name was in the list of witnesses—a fact rather in favour than otherwise of the honourable nature of his former relations with Josephine. The marriage took place on the 9th March, 1796, and a few days afterwards Buonaparte left to take the command, and was fairly launched on the career of his wonderful successes. It was perfectly well understood by the Directory and their General, that the war now entered upon was to be of a different character from those that had preceded it. The "idea" was to be a secondary consideration. It had been found that a propaganda for the Rights of Man and universal emancipation did not pay its way; and the main object was now to fill the empty coffers of the State. The army that the General had to lead into Italy was a pack of famished wolves, and, with a cynicism which almost overacted its part, he addressed them accordingly. "Soldiers," he said, "you are badly fed, and hardly clad at all. The government is much in your debt, but can do nothing for you. Your patience and courage do you honour, but get you neither profit nor glory. I am going to lead you into the most fertile plains in the world: you will find there large towns and wealthy provinces. You will find there honour, glory, and riches. Soldiers of Italy, under such circumstances, will you be lacking in courage?" This new form of address was the beginning of the transformation of the soldiers of the Republic into the soldiers of the Empire, and its effect on the ragamuffin bands may easily be imagined. As a consequence, they took to indiscriminate pillage on their own private account, which was not part of the General's programme, and he expressed his moral reprobation of such acts in no measured terms, and affected to punish them with the greatest severity. But he was the first to excuse those he was obliged to punish. "These poor creatures," he said, "after having sighed for it for three years from the summit of the Alps, arrived at the promised land, and they will have a taste of it." In his proclamations to his soldiers he called Italy a conquest; while in those addressed to the Italians themselves, he told them that he was come to break their chains. The orders sent from the Directory to Buonaparte from home, showed how thoroughly the spirit of rapine had taken possesion of the Government, so that, if he had wished, he had no more the power of restraining the movement than his keeper has in controlling a tiger that has tasted blood. Even the states which had not been subdued by arms, but only by the terror inspired by the victories over Piedmont and Austria, and which hoped for better terms by appearing to court the alliance of France,

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were to be treated no better than her open enemies. Those who pretended to deliver the Milanese from the yoke of Austria wrote: "It is especially the Milanese territory which must not be spared.—Raise contributions there in ready money, and during the first terror that the approach of our arms will inspire, let the eye of economy watch over the employment of them." And no less explicit were the directions to be observed with respect to Rome. "If Rome makes advances, the first thing to require is that the Pope should immediately order public prayers for the prosperity of the French arms.—Some of his fine monuments, his statues, his pictures, his medallions, his libraries, his silver Madonnas, and even his bells, will indemnify us for the expenses of the visit we may find necessary to make him." This kind of spoliation was entirely new; for all the conquerors of Italy had respected her monuments, the alienation of which was equivalent to the destruction of her past history.

The only question with regard to it is whether it was suggested by Buonaparte himself in the first place, or whether he was only carrying into effect a scheme which had originated with others, but with a zeal as to details which left them nothing to desire. Another scheme of the Directory—the division of the command of the army of Italy—did not please him so well. It was four days after his brilliant success at Lodi that he received the letter announcing that he had for the future to share his position with Kellermann. His resolution was taken in a moment. He tendered his resignation, in a letter which began by announcing the conquest of Lombardy, and ended by remarking that one bad general was better than two good ones, and that he could not consent to share his command. It was rather inconsistent with an opinion he had expressed, to the effect that too much power ought not to be given to one general, when there was a question of uniting the commands of the armies on the eastern frontier.

The Directory did not send an answer to his communication for a fortnight; but in the interval the news they received of new and yet more signal successes forced their hand, and he was requested to continue in that sole command which had proved so profitable to the Republic. Though a purist himself, he willingly connived at the peculations of his generals and others who served under him, since the knowledge that he had the power to ruin them made them more convenient instruments of his will. When the exactions of the French had driven the people in Milan and Pavia to revolt against their liberators, the insurrection was redressed with the utmost severity, and made the excuse for fresh exactions. The deliberate violation of the territory of Venice, which had refused to join the coalition against France, and the subsequent annexation of the republic on the pretext of acts of hostility,

which the intrusion of French arms had studiously fomented, was the most glaring of all the acts of perfidy and injustice perpetrated during the Italian campaigns. M. Lanfrey lays great stress on the treatment of Venice, as more calculated than any other series of events to dissipate the halo of romance which still surrounds Bonaparte's victories as a republican general, not only in the eyes of France, but of Europe. He clearly shows by facts that it was not only

"When tortured by ambition's sting,
The hero sunk into the king;"

but from the commencement of his command, that Buonaparte, though a consummate captain, was never to be looked upon as a hero in the just sense of the word. "Our relations at that time with Venice were such as serve best to characterize the spirit of this war, and it is to the purpose to carefully follow the incidents of them if we wish to form an impartial judgment on the final result. It is not less indispensable to consider under what conditions that offer of alliance was made with which our historians have so often armed themselves against that republic.

"We had at first violated the neutrality of Venice in occupying Brescia—an act which led the Austrians to violate it in their turn by occupying Peschiera for the purpose of defending the passage of the Mincio. Then, under the pretext of punishing Venice for having suffered this second violation, which was the consequence of the former, and which in any case she had no power to prevent, we took possession of most of her strong places on the continent. We partly drove her garrisons away from them that we might make ourselves more at home in them—we plundered her arsenals and her magazines, we required her to feed and supply the wants of our troops. That was not all: as a reparation for the evil we had done her, we now gave her to understand that she would have to pay an indemnity of several millions. All this was done under pretexts which Buonaparte in his correspondence admits to be entirely without foundation, after he had invented them and appealed to them so loudly. It was at this stage that the unhappy republic, crushed by our exactions, compromised with Austria, driven to despair, had recourse somewhat late to an expedient which might have saved her at first—that of arming, no less for the purpose of causing her neutrality to be respected than of defending herself against insurrectionary tendencies which began to reveal themselves obscurely in her continental provinces. This measure had only the effect of eliciting fresh reproaches on our part. From the 12th July (1796) Buonapart denounced these armaments. He seized with eagerness this new text of recrimination; he warned the Directory not to let slip so precious an opportunity of accusation and complaint. 'Perhaps,' he wrote to them on this subject, 'you will think it advisable to begin at once a little quarrel with the Venetian Minister at Paris, that, after

I have driven away the Austrians from the Brenta, it may be more easy for me to enforce the demand of a few millions which you wish me to make from them.' It is not difficult so realize the sentiments which such a policy was calculated to inspire in those who were its victims—a policy by no means calculated to pave the way to an alliance. Nevertheless, such was the terror inspired by our arms, that the Senate of Venice bore it all, if not without complaint, at least without attempting resistance. To these measures the iniquity was soon added of not paying the Venetians for the stores which they had advanced to the army. By the 20th of July they had already furnished to the amount of three millions, and had only received in payment, by dint of importunity, a letter of exchange for 300,000 francs. But the very wrongs which we did them were imputed to them as a crime, and became the occasion of new machinations against the republic. Thus this payment of 300,000 francs, inadequate and illusory as it was, was in Buonaparte's eyes a real fault, and became the source of such vexations that the Venetians had, as it were, an interest in never being paid. This payment was, he said, a fault, because it let them see that by importunity and neglecting of services they had the power to get money out of us. 'So that,' he continued, 'I am obliged to put myself in a passion with the purveyor, to exaggerate the assassinations they commit against our troops, to complain bitterly of the armament which they did not resort to at the time that the Imperialists were the stronger party, and by these means I shall oblige them to furnish all I want, in order to appease my wrath. That is the way to manage these people. They will continue to supply me, partly by fair means, partly by foul, until I have taken Mantua, and then I will declare to them openly that they must pay me the sum mentioned in your instructions, a measure which will be easily carried into execution.'" It is not surprising after this that the Venetians elected to remain neutral, in a case, however, where neutrality was impossible. The assassinations mentioned by Buonaparte referred to some disturbances raised by the exactions of the French soldiers, in which a few of the latter had been slain, the outraged peasants having taken the law into their own hands. If the Venetians had accepted the French alliance, it might have saved them from being handed over to Austria by the Treaty of Compo Formio, but they would only have exchanged the Austrian yoke for the French. As it was, their refusal of the alliance of France sealed the doom of their republic. Buonaparte finding, notwithstanding that he had carried all before him in Italy, and beaten one Austrian army after another, until that most long-suffering of States was almost reduced to despair, that the army of the Rhine, which ought to have fought its way to a junction with him in the Tyrol,

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made little progress, and, fearing to compromise his position by involving himself further in the mountains without support, wrote to the Archduke Charles on the 31st of March, 1797, making propositions of peace. He invited that Prince to deserve "the title of the benefactor of humanity," declaring that, as far as he was concerned "if the proposition which he had the honour of making him would have the effect of saving the life of a single man, he should feel prouder of the civic crown that would be his due in such a case than of any melancholy glory which could result from military successes." What his humanity was worth M. Lanfrey shows from a quotation from the words of Napoleon himself, in Las Casas's Memoirs, in which, during his early campaigns in Italy, he caused a position to be uselessly attacked near the Col di Tenda, sacrificing the lives of a number of men for the sake of showing a favourite lady what war was like. He admitted, however, that his conscience had always reproached him for the act.

In the negotiations which followed this letter, Buonaparte soon showed that he intended the republic of Venice to be the scapegoat which should bear the sins of France. Under various pretexts, the French army took possession of the town, and superseded the government. Venice was condemned to pay several millions, to cede to France three ships of the line, two frigates, provisions of all kinds, and, in accordance with the rule now established in Italian spoliation, twenty pictures and five hundred manuscripts, at the discretion of the conqueror, as the price of the friendship of France. Painful as this treaty was, it was a relief to the Venetians to have their independent political existence still recognised, since it was possible that all they had suffered might be repaired by time. But they were not allowed to remain long under the influence of any such illusion. Buonaparte, in a letter to the Directory, explained his reasons for sparing Venice for the present, but added that it would be soon desirable to annex it to the newly-formed Cispadane Republic, which was a mere dependency of France. In the meantime, he took every advantage of the helpless situation of the republic. He sent a commissioner to Corfu and the other Venetian dependencies, with full instructions as to the means of keeping the authorities of the republic faithful to the French connection, in which this very characteristic passage occurs—"If the inhabitants of the country should be inclined to independence, you will flatter their taste, and not fail, in the different proclamations which you address to them, to speak of Greece, of Sparta, and of Athens." In accordance with these instructions, the French envoy, Gentili, presented himself at Corfu as the agent of the new government, and, introducing himself into the fortress, assumed the tone of a master, took possession of the whole navy, five hundred guns, and im-

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mense stores. Nevertheless, Buonaparte continued to lull the suspicions of the Venetians with fine speeches and promises of liberty and future greatness, for whose performance he made himself personally responsible, at the precise time when, in his letters to the Directory he was proposing to hand them over body and soul to Austria, to indemnify her for the loss of the rest of Italy.

Notwithstanding that the struggles of parties in Paris at this time drew off the attention of the Government from foreign affairs, the conduct of Buonaparte with regard to Venice and the other Italian states was questioned in the Legislative Body, to his extreme indignation. He wrote letters to the Directory fulminating against his accusers, and accusing them of being in the pay of England, and of favouring the emigration; and threw himself into the arms of the army, who promised devotion without limits to his person and to the Executive, and destruction to the enemies of the State, by which he understood those who called his acts in question. He was ably seconded by the Directory at home, who wished to make the pure and patriotic Hoche the instrument of their will, by ordering him to direct a body of troops on Paris, under the pretext of marching them to the ocean for an attempt on Ireland. This did not, however, quite suit Buonaparte, who was jealous of Hoche, and sent Augereau to Paris as a better instrument for carrying out the contemplated *coup-d'état*, and Augereau was supported by Bernadotte and Lavalette. On the 18th Fructidor (4th September 1797,) Augereau with 12,000 men invested the Tuileries, where the Legislative Body was sitting, and, securing all the avenues that led to it, took possession of the palace in the middle of the night with little resistance from the guard, most of whom had been previously gained over. The bolder deputies still tried to enter, but were received with fixed bayonets, and had to return; and those devoted to the triumvirate met at the Odéon and School of Medicine to ratify their acts, and proscribed a large number of their former colleagues. This *coup-d'état* changed the government into a tyrannical oligarchy, and paved the way for the more decisive one of the 18th Brumaire, which was destined to further change it into a dictatorship. Though license reigned as before, it was the end of liberty. Though Augereau boasted that there had been no blood shed, the transportations to Cayene that followed his success were equally calculated to strike terror into the vanquished party. By the death of Hoche, which followed soon after, Buonaparte was deprived of a dangerous rival—the more dangerous because above corruption, although he suffered himself to be made for a time the tool of a corrupt party. "The 18th Fructidor," says M. Lanfrey, "was, in fact, the almost immediate *contre-coup* of the violations of right which he had committed at Venice. The protest of the Legislature brought about the

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threatening manifestations of Buonaparte and his soldiers; the irritation of the army furnished the Directory with a weapon without which it would never have been able to triumph over the Councils: and by a just expiation France saw her own liberty struck by the same death-blow which had destroyed the independence of Venice." Up to this time the Republican *régime* had been sincere in its fanaticism; it now became hypocritical, and swayed entirely by interested motives. Henceforth the army was everything, the bourgeoisie next to nothing, in the State; and without Buonaparte's presence, a vast step had been made in his progress to power by the agents who served him so well. He did not, however, show any indecent joy, but rather, with profound dissimulation, affected indifference to the constitutional change, talked of being disgusted with power and responsibility, and of his wish to retire into private life, where he might take his chance with other citizens. Above all, he warned the Directory of the evils of establishing a military government, and acted his part so successfully that his repeatedly proffered resignation was earnestly deprecated, and he was requested to continue in his command as the only safety of the State.

Such was the state of affairs immediately before the peace of Campo Formio. Buonaparte was anxious to conclude it that his hands might be free to carry out his vaster projects; the Directory was equally anxious to defer it for the opposite reason. In his letters to the Directory he kept up a running fire of arguments why peace should be immediately concluded, even at the sacrifice of Venice, which the Directory were rather ashamed of entertaining.—He urged especially the necessity of an invasion of England, since "the English people was worth more than the Venetian people, and its *liberation* would consolidate for ever the happiness and the liberty of France!" It is doubtful if Buonaparte ever was serious about invading England, for none knew better that without the command of the sea England was impregnable, and at this very time his mind was full of the scheme for the invasion of Egypt, for which he was even beginning to make active preparations. The peace of Campo Formio was signed 17th October, 1797, just in time; for immediately after the signatures were affixed a courier of the Directory arrived, forbidding him to assign to Austria the line of the Adige, and announcing that he himself was soon to be superseded as a negotiator. The Directory was furious, but such was the explosion of joy in France at the conclusion of the peace, that they did not dare to refuse their ratification. The free republic of Venice was sold into Austrian slavery by the emancipator of Italy, who was thus left free to enslave his own country at the first convenient season. In 1859 there was an opportunity for France to repair the wrong she then did to Venetia, but she mainly owes the tardy reparation to the arms of Prussia. Still

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it must be allowed that when the Emperor of Austria, after Königgratz, ceded Venetia to France, France had the power to have retained it, and would probably have done so, had the spirit of the second Empire been similar to that of the first. When Buonaparte arrived in Paris on the 5th of December, 1797, after a delay which was studiously imposed on himself to show that he was indifferent to popular ovations, he was the object of universal attention; but he conducted himself in such a way that the people had no time to get tired of their idol, and he was anxious to be off again as soon as possible, that the enthusiasm should not be in danger of cooling. The time was not yet come for his making himself master of the State; but his modest and thoroughly civic demeanour in Paris, as a foundation on which to build still more dazzling exploits, was a step in the right direction. Having won golden opinions while at home, he would be more easily able to silence the calumnies of the envious in his absence. He now let it be known that he had come to the conclusion that the preparations intended for the invasion of England herself ought to be destined for the East, where she might be struck in a more vulnerable part. The expedition to Egypt certainly promised brilliant results, but little solid advantage. The conquest of the country was easy, but what to do with it when conquered was another matter; and as long as the English possessed the sea as a road to India, the shutting up of the overland route would only produce a temporary inconvenience. Buonaparte was certainly too wise a man to think that he could bring troops by the path of Alexander into India, in a state fit to encounter the forces that the English would bring against them. M. Lanfrey is here somewhat severe on the prudence of the great captain. "The idea of dragging out of France into a distant and little known country, with which our communications were sure to be cut off within a given time, the *élite* of our soldiers, generals, and savans, at a moment when peace was not yet signed, when Europe was still in arms against us, when such a conquest could not fail to aggravate discontent and rekindle discouraged but not extinguished enmity, was one almost as impolitic as that which, at a later date, gave birth to the Russian war, although not of a nature to bring in its train such great disasters." But Buonaparte was a daring gamester, and not afraid to stake high on occasion. He had apparently calculated, that while he was winning laurels in Egypt, the other French generals would be losing them elsewhere, and by the time it became a question of how to get the army home again, public opinion would have sealed him as the indispensable man. Of course there was a very strong chance of Nelson catching him on the high seas, but he trusted in his star, and in this instance his star did not forsake him. M. Lanfrey quotes the "Mémoires

de Napoloen," in support of the reality of this Machiavellian policy: "In order that he should be master of France it was necessary that the Directory should experience reverses in his absence, and that his return should recall victory to our standards." He was also doubtless instigated by his natural restlessness, and more than repose itself "he feared that inevitable analysis to which he was sure to be submitted by the clever and penetrating scepticism of the salons of Paris, a sort of intellectual laboratory which decomposes everything. He knew that fickle and satirical public which avenges itself for its infatuations by its indifference, and so soon acquires a familiarity with the idols to which it has offered most incense. "At Paris," said he to his confidants, "nothing is remembered; if I stay long without doing anything, I am lost. If they see me three times at the theatre, they will not look at me any longer." And in the East a sufficiently large field of action opened itself to an ambition as vast as that of Alexander, who, at the same early age found Europe too small to hold him. Such trifles as the unjust occupation of Malta, against whose knights France had no complaint, and the seizure of a province belonging to Turkey, which had proved herself the faithful ally of France, were light as air, when projects so vast weighed down the other scale of the balance. The only preliminary difficulty was one very common in all enterprises, but very prosaic—the want of money. To provide this it was necessary to occupy Rome, and to invade and pillage Switzerland. So the cradle of European freedom was sacked, and the metropolis of the fine arts denuded of its treasures, to supply the greed of the model Republic, whose inhabitants plumed themselves on being the most refined of European nations. Notwithstanding Buonaparte's exquisite policy, the Directory were so afraid of him that they were glad to get rid of him at any price, and this only can account for their falling into his trap, and allowing him to drag into exile the flower of their armies and the best of their generals. They may possibly have seen that the danger resulting from his presence was only deferred, and would increase with his successes; but they doubtless thought it very likely that some accident might happen to him. Thus it was with the Athenians when they sent Cleon to Pylos. They reckoned that either their army would be successful, in which case they would be consoled for the safety of Cleon, or that, if unsuccessful, its failure would involve a riddance from the troublesome demagogue. So the expedition to Egypt sailed after a harangue to the soldiers, in which, with his usual *naiveté*, Buonaparte chiefly dwelt on the booty to be got, an argument the efficacy of which he had fully proved by past experience. We all know how narrowly it missed being caught by Nelson in the Mediterranean, who said with reference to its escape, that when he died, "want of fri-

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gates" would be found engraven on his heart; and how, after it had safely disembarked, the fleet which had carried it was caught in Aboukir Bay by our immortal sailor, and blown to pieces. Sea-battles were not decided in those days by collisions between huge tea-kettles on wheels, but fought ship to ship, and gun to gun, and man to man, and the gallant landsmen with which the French navy was manned had from the first no chance with the hardened tars of England, and Buonaparte knew this, and knew that the fleet, if seen, was destroyed; but he did not hesitate to lay the blame of the disaster on poor Admiral Brueys, who was unable to answer him, for the very good reason that he had died the death of a hero in that magnificent action. Europe would have been saved a good deal of trouble if General Buonaparte had been on board the Orient on that memorable occasion. But his star was true to him, and he had an additional reason to believe in his star. The hardships with which the French army had to contend after the disembarkation were very considerable; and the spirit of mutiny was aggravated by the soldiers seeing as yet no way to the realization of the splendid promises of their commander. Buonaparte bore it all with a patience and resignation worthy of a better cause, for he trusted in the tide soon turning; and in fact the battle of the Pyramids, in which the French lost a very few men, but killed some two thousand Mamelukes, had a wonderful effect in raising the spirits of the army, especially as these strange cavaliers were in the habit of carrying all their property on their persons, in the shape of costly arms or specie. When this first became known, however, a howl of disappointment arose from the French finding that they had driven so many of their valuable enemies into the Nile. But a remedy was soon found. They bent their bayonets into hooks, and attached them to ropes, and for many days the army had all its time employed in fishing up dead Mamelukes; on which Napoleon's Memoirs quietly observe, that "the army began from henceforth to get reconciled to Egypt." The conquest of Egypt was followed by the campaign of Syria, which ended in what was represented by Buonaparte as a "strategical movement," but was really a retreat occasioned by that wonderful and signally successful defence of Acre by Sir Sidney Smith, which, after a long eclipse, was the first gleam of glory that shone on British arms engaged on dry land. Two incidents which occurred during this campaign have contributed as much to blacken the memory of Napoleon as any others in his short but tumultuous life. These were the killing of his Turkish prisoners at Jaffa, and the reputed poisoning of his own plague-stricken soldiers. The first is indisputable as a fact, and M. Lanfrey considers that it was justified by no military necessity. The second he looks upon as apocryphal, since some of the men

alleged to have been poisoned were afterwards found alive by Sir Sidney Smith ; but it seems that Buonaparte suggested the advisability of poisoning them to the army-surgeons, who at once, to their honour, refused to entertain the idea. It was not unnatural that the report arose, since at St. Helena Napoleon himself argued that the measure would have been justifiable under the circumstances.

After a brilliant land victory at the same Aboukir where the fleet had been lost, Buonaparte thought that he could afford to return to France, and he accordingly stole away from Egypt, leaving his army without a head, to shift for itself as it best could. His star was still in the ascendant, and he ran the gauntlet of the English crusiers successfully. As he had reckoned, things had gone badly during his absence, and even worse than he had hoped. But all was well as long as public opinion only laid the blame on the Directory. To this weight of unpopularity the Directory was forced to bow its head, and the party beaten on the 18th Fructidor begun to get the upper hand again, and the 13th Prarial was a sort of *coup-d' état*, in which the Legislative Body took its revenge on the Directory, and new men came to the helm. The fermentation and confusion of parties at this time was extreme, and those who had no convictions at all but such as corresponded with their interests would manifestly be in a position of great advantage. This was the case with Buonaparte, who was seconded by friends of the same principles, and by members of his own family who supported him, as he had always fraternally supported them. His arrival in France, while looked upon with suspicion by a few reflecting persons, was regarded by the mass of the people, and by all those who were wearied with the storms of State, as the advent of a new era of confidence and prosperity. He was as careful of his conduct as before the Egyptian expedition, allowed himself to be seen little in public, declined being exhibited as a lion, affected a republican austerity and simplicity in his ways, and quietly surrounded himself with men on whom he could depend, listening much and talking little, but encouraging others to talk, that he might sound their views, and know to what extent they would be likely to support him.

As was natural, he could count most on the chiefs of the army, which had served under him. There was a difficulty about Lefebvre, an excellent soldier, with a weak head, who commanded the division of Paris, and swore if necessary to die for the Rupublic, or exterminate its enemies. Buonaparte thought it unnecessary to open his views to him, calculating that in the surprise of the moment he would be carried away by example. As for the inferior officers they were taken care of by their chiefs. Murat undertook to deal with the cavalry, Lannes with the infantry, and Marmont with the artillery. Siéyès, who was fully in Buona-

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parte's confidence, now undertook to get the Councils transferred to St. Cloud under the pretext of a Jacobine conspiracy. The Red spectre was especially formidable so soon after the Reign of Terror, and even yet its influence has not quite worn out. As Buonaparte was to be invested with the command of all the forces, he anticipated his appointment a little, and ordered the generals and superior officers to meet on the 9th November, 1799, (the 18th Brumaire) at six o'clock in the morning at his hotel in the Rue de la Victoire. They were all there, and Lefebvre, as was anticipated, was there also, but in no very pliant humour.—"Well, Lefebvre," said Buonaparte, "you who are one of the props of the Republic, will you let it perish in the hands of these lawyers? Come, here is the sabre I carried at the Pyramids; I give it you as a pledge of my esteem and confidence." "Let us throw the lawyers into the river," answered Lefebvre. Paris seemed spell-bound by the audacity of these manœuvres, though all was known and foreseen. The Directory was like a man who had fallen into a trance, having his eyes open. In a short time it found itself in a state of paralysis by the secession of two important members, Siéyès and Ducos. By way of throwing off the mask, Buonaparte now began to hurl reproaches in simulated passion at the head of the helpless Directory, as the cause of all the evil that had come upon France. Some stern Republicans were still incorruptible, but Buonaparte was so little afraid of them, that he refused to fall in with the proposition of Siéyès, who advised him to arrest in the night the more independent members of the two Councils. That so little resistance was encountered was indeed extraordinary, but resistance had literally lost its head. All the men of mark who might have stood in Napoleon's way had been eliminated by repeated proscriptions. The conspiracy appeared likely to be attended with the most signal success, when it was threatened with failure from a most unexpected source, a want of nerve in Buonaparte himself. The great majority of the Council of Five Hundred were Republicans, and now fully alive to the imminence of a Dictatorship. In the afternoon General Buonaparte appeared amongst them, but in a state of agitation which promised ill for the effect of his presence. The speeches which he made were strangely wild and incoherent, and he seemed completely awed by finding himself alone in the midst of hostile faces. He could make out no plausible case for himself, no valid excuse for overthrowing the Constitution. He at last turned on the Assembly with a sort of impotent violence, giving vent to the wildest reproaches. He then retired, to return again at the head of a party of a grenadiers. The Assembly was furious at this infringement of civil rights, and a general cry arose, the cry which cost Robespierre his supremacy and his life, of "Hors la loi le

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dictateur!" At this crisis the courage of the intending usurper completely forsook him, and he fell fainting into the arms of his grenadiers, as the indignant members pressed on him and hustled him. A story was afterwards got up that poniards were pointed at him, and a grenadier named Thomas Thomé was rewarded with a kiss and a valuable diamond by la Citoyenne Buonaparte, for saving the life of her husband at the risk of his own. At all events his clothes had been torn in the scuffle. It was fortunate for Buonaparte that the nerves of Siéyès were stronger than those of his principal; he fought his battle stoutly, and said that instead of the General the members themselves ought to be placed out of the pale of the law. But it was to the cool assurance of Lucien Buonaparte that the success of this *coup-d'état* was mainly due. As president of the Assembly he harangued the hesitating soldiers, and exhorted them to deliver the Five Hundred from a band of assassins in the pay of England. Murat then, profiting by the impression he had produced, led his troops to the charge. They stopt a moment at the door, overawed by the conscious illegality of their proceedings; but the drums drowned the protesting voices of the members, and the hall was cleared. In the evening Lucien admitted thirty of the members whom he had gained, got them to vote themselves the majority, and then to pass a resolution that Buonaparte and his lieutenants had deserved well of their country. A provisional consulship, or triumvirate, was appointed, consisting of Buonaparte, Siéyès, and Roger Ducos, who appear to have taken the most unnecessary oaths of fidelity to the constitution and the cause of liberty; and the great Revolution was accomplished, in which the wild but free Republic breathed its last, and the Prætorian bands, as in ancient Rome, became the sole arbiters of the destinies of France. With this important event the first volume of M. Lanfrey's History concludes.

The wonder is that the French censorship should have ever allowed it to see the light. But this may possibly have been owing to the influence of some sagacious friends of the present Emperor, who think that when all the facts are placed in the full light of day, the fame of the nephew will suffer no diminution by being measured with that of the uncle, and that it would be politic to allow public opinion to put them on a footing of equality as far as possible. The bitterest enemies of Louis Napoleon speak still with the greatest respect of the founder of his dynasty, and endeavour to disparage him by the comparison. Men like Victor Hugo, who in their indomitable independence would have been the first to hate the living tyrant, are ready enough to consecrate his memory at the expense of his sage and moderate successor. An Englishman may now form a cooler and juster estimate than of yore. If Napoleon I. hated England, it was only a natural return for the im-

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placable animosity of the English nation to him. He would have been willing enough, as he said at St. Helena, to have let the English alone in their dominion of the sea, if they had let him alone to work his will on the Continent.—We strove in our wars with him to make ourselves the champions of the quarrels of others, as well as of abstract principles, and reaped so little gratitude thereby, and found our glory so expensive, that we seem now inclined to surrender entirely our position as a European power. If we are still interested in European questions, it is mainly because the present rule of France, the corner-stone of whose policy has always been the English alliance, keeps us up to the mark. Of course, if we have to choose between the greatness of the two men, we should naturally prefer one who has been for sixteen years our consistent friend, to one who during the same period was our most dangerous enemy. And he has been our friend through evil report and good report, though we have often, in our insular pride, slighted his advances, and on one occasion refused to take measures to prevent a recurrence of a desperate conspiracy against his life, which was unfortunately hatched on our soil. The most valuable legacy which Lord Palmerston left his country was his statemanship conviction that a firm alliance with France was her true policy, and this conviction has always coincided with that of the Emperor.

The temporary weakening of that alliance has been attended already with the most momentous consequences. Had it been more strongly cemented, we might have stopped at its beginning the frightful Civil War in America; and instead of allowing a monster Democracy to form itself, which threatens the rights and liberties of the whole world, have secured the division of North America into two great Republics, to the inestimable advantage of each of them, and with an incalculable saving of blood and treasure,—we might have insisted on Russia performing her engagements with respect to Poland, instead of absorbing that unhappy country,—we might have prevented the spoliation of Denmark, which brought on so deadly a quarrel between the two robbers that one was laid prostrate at the feet of the other,—we might have favoured a peaceful consolidation of Germany, instead of looking on while her smaller States were overturned by violence, and her free but patriarchal governments forced to bow their necks under the iron yoke of Prussia—we might, if we pleased, have shared the gratitude of the Italians, as the joint-founders of their nationality, instead of their owing it half to France and half to Prussia,—and lastly, in concert with France, we might have prevented the formation of another great military empire on the French frontier, the equality of whose resources, and the similarity of whose institutions as now altered, is likely to lead ere long to a gigantic fight for the championship of Europe,

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even if the little affair of Luxemburg be safely settled. Some, however, consider this no affair of ours, and see a safeguard to England in the rivalry of Prussia to France, and this from a distrust of the French character which history undoubtedly justifies. The opportunity for all this has passed by; but the alliance of England and France, which might have secured the supremacy of those two States in the world, and bound over all other nations to keep the peace, is still a matter of the utmost importance, for powers have been allowed to lift their heads, against whose possible aggressions such an alliance is the only pledge of comparative security. England and France, in consequence of their mutual coolnesses, must now be content to abdicate their position as the world's police, happy if only by a close union they can preserve their own persons and properties from pillage, assault, and battery. A few years ago, by keeping up their absolute and relative positions, they might have disarmed themselves, and effected the disarmament of the world, inaugurating by mere preponderance of protecting force a millennium of peace; now nothing is to be seen before us but a vista of chaos and confusion, and a great gulf of military expenditure, both in men and money, which will make life a burden to the citizens of great nations, while those of small ones tremble for the remnant of their liberties and the shadow of a national existence. It is not our good friend Napoleon III., but the American Federals and Count Bismark and his master, who have acted on the traditions of the First Empire in our generation, which were, after all, but a plagiarism from the times of Frederick the Great of Prussia. That great captain acted on the simple principle of unscrupulous aggrandisement; a principle by no means new, but generally restrained in ancient times by some moral or religious weakness in kings and conquerors, which the disciple of Voltaire despised, and by despising gained a vast accession of power. It was reserved for the grandson of the great Frederick to improve on his atheistic principles by investing brigandage with the odour of sanctity, and enlisting the sympathies of Exeter Hall as the champion of Protestant ascendancy in the North of Europe, while his acts display a heart as rugged as the nether millstone in his dealings with his fellow-men. Taught by historical lessons, the day has perhaps arrived when France is able to contemplate the character of Napoleon I. without prejudice or partiality. Such a contemplation cannot fail to place her present ruler in a much more advantageous light. As far as mere military glory is concerned, the Second Empire may well bear a comparison with the First. Every victory of Napoleon I. had to be paid for by disastrous defeat, and the final national humiliation surpassed in its pathos the utmost "pride of place" attained by the eagle of his reign; whereas Napoleon III., by slightly modifying his

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uncle's maxim of "impossible n'est pas Francais," and confining himself to the limits of the attainable, has secured for France during his tenure of power an uninterrupted series of victories, uncheckered by a single important reverse—has raised his country to a preëminence in the arts of peace which she had never known before—has made her rich and respected in the commercial world by boldly adopting free-trade principles in spite of the prejudices of his subjects, and the opposition of narrow-minded self-interest—has made Paris the wonder of the world in beauty and convenience for residence—and, although despotic in his rule, has done more to advance real substantial freedom than all the Governments preceding him, even including the Republic.

Though the Press may have been more free under Louis Phillippe, it must be remembered that the restrictions on trade in his reign were founded on the narrowest principles of exclusion, and that, while the passport system was applied with its utmost rigour to foreigners, no born Frenchman even could pass from one town to another without leave. If the right of meeting existed, it was violated at the pleasure of the Government, since it was such a violation that produced the Revolution of 1848. In asking for more extended liberties, the French forget what they have gained under the present reign. There is no doubt which way the personal sympathies of the Emperor lean ; and if the Opposition would clearly show that they only mean friendly criticism of, and not hostile action against, the existing power, there is every probability that he would give the country all it sighs for, or at least all that is good for it, and all that is advisable in a regime behind which is Universal Suffrage. It must not be forgotten that Louis Napoleon was carried into power on the prestige of the First Empire; that the *coup-d'état* was in a manner forced upon him, with the alternative of abdicating his position altogether; that it was not open to him to remain President of the Republic if he had wished it, because France insisted on having an Emperor, under whom she hoped to revive her former military glories. He has so steered his course for sixteen years, that he has managed to satisfy the vanity of France, and to do her more good than evil at the same time, which was far from being the case with his famous predecessor, who left her in the most miserable state in which it was possible for a ruler to leave a nation; he has on the whole behaved well and justly towards other nations, and the two political blunders that he has made are pardonable errors in judgment; one being a well meant attempt to restore good government to a distracted country; the other resulting from too close an imitation of the non-intervention policy of England. The present state of Mexico is a justification of the French expedition, which would doubtless have been a success if the Ameri-

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can Confederates had been successful in asserting their independence, and if England had properly supported France in recognizing the South; and the aggression on Denmark and the war which laid Germany at the feet of Prussia, were allowed to take place, partly because the Emperor had had too much experience of the untrustworthy policy of our Foreign office, partly because it was generally believed that the war between Austria and Prussia would be long and indecisive. It is easy to say after the event that the Emperor ought never to have allowed it to take place at all. Many patriotic Germans believed, that nothing better could happen than that their two bullies should give each other a thorough pommelling, and allow the spirit of the small States, which excelled as much in liberty and intellectual life as they did in brute force, to assert itself for the regeneration of the country. Certainly, whatever it may be for us, the revolution which has converted Germany into a vast Prussian barrack, is a great calamity both for herself and for France. Instead of disarmament being thought of, the French army must now be increased and brought to its highest perfection, to meet any possible aggressions from such a formidable neighbour; peasants must be torn from the fields more pitilessly than ever, and the commercial prosperity of the country checked in its growth, for how long a period it is impossible to say. Many intelligent Frenchmen think that a short and sharp struggle for the mastery would, with any result, be less calamitous than such an armed and threatening peace as is likely to ensue now. Certain it is that the French alliance is more necessary to us than ever, and the closer it is made, and the more of the small States it can be made to include, the better it will be for all the parties interested. The alliance of America, Russia, and Prussia, would be quite a match for that of England and France; and it would be as well to take every possible precaution, for if not quite probable as yet, it is always possible. When Russia makes her next attack on the Ottoman Empire, we shall know whether or not she has really ceded all that large territory in North America to the United States for little more than an old song. It is sad that the present combination of affairs threatens to dissolve our old family connection with Germany, a country with which we have never yet been in a position of hostile collision, which will infallibly ensue if the Germans try to emulate our naval supremacy, as well as the military supremacy of the French. It has been said with a degree of satire, that Nature, in dividing her empire, gave England the sea, France the land, and Germany the air. Taken seriously, this might mean that while her sisters excelled her in arms and commerce, Germany excelled them in the fields of science and art, and that her standard of general education was higher than that of either. Why

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could she not be satisfied with this gentle supremacy? In coveting new realms which do not naturally belong to her, she imperils that which is peculiarily her own. In future European complications, however much sympathies of race may draw us towards Germany, our interests will probably be found to coincide with those of our next-door neighbours, and when a choice is forced upon us, we shall, in all likelihood, be found at their side.

[*Leisure Hour.*

PERSONNEL OF THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT.

The second session of the seventh Parliament of her Majesty Queen Victoria, recently prorogued, will long be memorable as that in which the elective franchise was widely extended. The political considerations involved in this change are beyond our province. Not so, however, the constitution of the House which passed the "Bill to amend the Representation of the People." An analysis of this yields some results that may interest our readers.

Let us first note what were the places of education of the members. We learn that 169 were at Eton, 81 at Harrow, 32 at Rugby, 29 at Westminster, 18 at Winchester, 11 at Charterhouse, 2 at Merchant Taylors', 1 at St. Paul's School, 19 at Military or Naval Colleges, 7 at King's College School, 4 at University College School, 42 were educated by private tutors, and the remainder at grammar schools or private academies.

At Universities of the United Kingdom 348 graduated, in the following proportions: Oxford 169, Cambridge 124, Dublin 28, Edinburgh 15, London 7, Glasgow 4, and St. Andrew's 1.

Commissions in the army were, or had previously been, held by 113 members, in the navy by 13, in the yeomanry by 65, in the militia by 63, and in the volunteers by 68.

The legal profession was represented by 128 members, 95 of whom had been called to the English bar, 47 at the Inner Temple, 36 at Lincoln's Inn, 9 at the Middle Temple, and 3 at Gray's Inn, 18 to the bar in Ireland, and 6 to the Scottish bar, the remaining 9 being attorneys. Of this number 5 had attained the dignity of the coif (serjeants,) and 30 a silk-gown (Queen's Counsel.) Of the medical profession, there were 3 members; while literature had no fewer than 81 representatives in the persons of authors or editors.

Public companies had their interests protected by 128 M. P. directors, and the commercial community generally by 35 bankers, 10 brewers, 19 merchants, 9 iron-

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masters, 9 cotton, linen, or worsted spinners, 5 ship-owners, 3 silk-manufacturers, 3 stock-brokers, 2 corn-merchants, 3 glass-manufacturers, 3 contractors, 2 calico-printers, 3 coal-owners, 2 tea-merchants, 1 brick-maker, 1 underwriter, 1 timber-merchant, 1 paper-maker, 1 agricultural–implement–maker, 1 copper-smelter, 1 hosiery-manufacturer, and 1 auctioneer.

Pursuing our analysis still further, we discover that 53 members are Privy Councillors, 4 are Irish peers, 71 are baronets, 16 of whom have been created; 10 are knights, 16 lord-lieutenants of counties; 38 are heirs apparent to peers, and 9 to baronets; 65 are younger sons of peers, and 15 of baronets; 11 are heirs presumptive to peers, and 2 to baronets; 8 are sons of members; 97 have held or are holding official government positions; 93 have served, or are serving, the office of high-sheriff; 363 are deputy-lieutenants of counties; 471 are justices of the peace. The great majority have been attached only to their present places of representation; but 117 have sat for more than one constituency.

No less than 41 have changed or added to their patronymics.

The oldest member was Sir William Vernon, born 1782, and the youngest Lord Newport, born 1845. We also learn that the ages of the members, excepting only a few of which no public record is found, are as follows. There is one member of each of the following ages: 83, 81, 80, 79, 78, 76, and 22; two each are 75 and 74; three are 73 and 72; four are 77, 71, 28, 26, 25, and 24; six are 69 and 29; eight are 68, 39, and 30; nine are 70, 60, 59, and 33; ten are 66, 36, 34, and 32; eleven are 65, 64, 63, 57, 43, and 31; twelve are 27; thirteen are 67: fourteen are 46 and 40; fifteen are 53 and 44; sixteen are 61, 54, 38, 37, and 35; seventeen are 48; eighteen are 56 and 55; nineteen are 58, 51, and 50; twenty are 45 and 41; twenty-one are 52; twenty-three are 49; twenty-four are 62 and 47: and twenty-seven are 42.

Among other subjects of interest, we find that three of the members, the Hon. A. H. A. Anson, Lord H. H. M. Percy, and Sir C. Russell, are decorated with the Victoria Cross. There are three "members of the Hebrew persuasion," being the first to whom legislative, municipal, and forensic disabilities were conceded—viz., Baron Rothschild, the first Jew who sat in Parliament, Alderman Salomons, the first Jew who became a member of a borough corporation, and Sir F. H. Goldsmid, the first Jew called to the English bar, and the first who became a Queen's Counsel.

The number of merchants who have risen from comparative obscurity to a seat in the Legislature are very great, and afford ample evidence that any person possessing a mind well directed, pursuing an honourable course, and following one pursuit with diligence, may attain a high position in the country. As examples of what industry will achieve, we may mention

Sir John Rolt, Attorney-General (now Judge), who commenced life as an office-boy in the establishment of Messrs. Pritchard and Sons, proctors, Doctors' Commons; Alderman Lusk, the present member for Finsbury, whose early years were spent behind a counter; Mr. Gilpin, M. P. for Northampton, who for a long period kept and served in a retail bookseller's shop in Bishopsgate Street; Mr. Rearden, M. P. for Athlone, who even now follows the pursuit of an auctioneer in Piccadilly; and Mr. Duncan Maclaren, member for Edinburgh, who kept a draper's shop in the High Street of that city. To refer to all the instances of humble origin and success achieved would draw too heavily upon our space, and we must needs glance briefly at some members whose services, if not brilliant, have been useful.—Under this head we may include Mr. Bazley, M. P. for Manchester, who set an example to employers of labour by initiating the principle of establishing schools, and lecture and reading rooms for the benefit of his work-people, upwards of a thousand in number. Mr. Laird also did great service to Liverpool and to the North of England, by his exertions in founding the borough of Birkenhead. He was an extensive ship-builder in that place, and so great an employer of labour that, when the volunteer movement was first established, he was enabled to furnish, from among his own workmen, not less than three companies of artillery. The present generation may not be aware that it was Mr. W. Ewart, M. P. for Dumfries district, who, thirty years ago, succeeded in abolishing capital punishment for cattle and sheep stealing, for stealing in a dwelling-house above the value of £5, for letter-stealing and sacrilege; and also in abolishing the practice of hanging in chains.—Such punishment at the present day is deemed barbarous, and it is but fair that the man who achieved the success indicated should not be forgotten.* It was also mainly by this gentleman's advocacy that schools of design and free public libraries were established.

Of those members who are physically afflicted, and wonderful examples of the triumph of mind over matter, Professor Fawcett, M. P. for Brighton, is an instance. He is blind, and became so through an unfortunate accident in 1858, when two stray shots from a sportsman's gun pierced the centre of each eyeball and instantly deprived him of sight. A more singular example of physical defect is that of Mr. Kavanagh, M. P. for county Wexford, who was born without either arms or legs. This gentleman, however, is, by mechanical contrivance, able to ride and drive well, and we have in our possession some letters written by him, the caligraphy of which might do credit to any person.

The number of members who may pride themselves upon the antiquity of their family genealogy is not great; but among them we may mention Sir Andrew Agnew, whose ancestors, prior to 1747, when hereditary jurisdictions were abolished,

had been sheriffs of Galloway for 400 years; the Right Hon. Fitzstephen French, members of whose family have represented Irish constituencies since A. D. 1374; E. Heneage, whose ancestors have resided at Hainton Hall, his present seat, since the thirteenth century; Sir Thomas G. Hesketh, the descendant of a family settled in Lancashire upwards of 700 years; J. N. M'Kenna, who claims to be the lineal descendant of the last Prince of Truagh; and C. S. Read, who prides himself on being a yeoman, and following the same occupation that his ancestors have done in the same county (Norfolk) for 300 years. Two members, Sir D. Gooch and Sir Charles Bright, owe their titles to their connection with Atlantic Telegraphy; and Sir B. Guinness, to his philanthropy and princely expenditure of £150,000 in repairing St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Experience of colonial legislative business has been achieved by Messrs. R. Lowe and M. H. Marsh, both of them having been members of Australian Parliaments prior to their being returned.

Of Eastern celebrities are Sir Henry Rawlinson, the oriental linguist and decipherer of cuneiform inscriptions; Col. Sykes, chairman of the "East India Company," and strong in statistics on miscellaneous subjects; Mr. Oliphant, who was severely wounded in the attack on the British Legation in Japan, in July, 1861. Of philosophers, Mr. Stuart Mill gets the credit of being the chief, and some might place in the same class Mr. Corbally, in consequence of his being a large tithe-owner, and refusing to receive pecuniary or any recompense in payment of his legal rights.

The M. P.'s who recently successfully competed at the Wimbledon Rifle Meeting for the "Lords and Commons' Prize" were, with one exception, Mr. M. A. Bass, son of the eminent brewer, all representatives of Scotch constituencies —viz., Lord Elcho, Mr. J. W. Malcolm, Mr. W. D. Fordyce, a Scottish barrister, and Mr. J. Lamont, an active member of the "gun club." The total score of the Commons was 251 against 245 of the Lords. Lord Elcho and Mr. Malcolm each made 54 points, Mr. Fordyce 53, Mr. Bass 48, and Mr. Lamont 42.

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[*Leisure Hour.*

CASH, CREDIT AND CO-OPERATION.

In very olden times, and amongst very primitive people, it was considered a very improper thing for men to take interest for money lent. The idea has long gone by, and properly. The principles of political economy were not understood in those ancient days; we, in our generation, have more wisdom. Interest for the loan of money is now held to be just and reasonable.—Money is a commodity which, like other commodities, has a fluctuating marketable value, and must be paid for accordingly at a fluctuating market price. Nobody has to be told that now; but the extraordinary thing is that what people recognize as fair and reasonable in regard to money's worth. Many an individual who would take it quite as a matter of course that he should pay interest for a sum of money advanced by a banker, would demur to interest on money's worth advanced by a baker, a butcher, and especially a tailor; yet slight consideration will suffice to prove that the same line of reasoning applies to both. According as the credit is short or long so will the price to be paid be low or high. It is right to apprehend these fundamental truths, and recognise their application, otherwise we shall be led to think unjustly of tradesmen on whom the system of long credit is imposed. West-end tradesmen are especially reprobated for charging exorbitantly for the wares they sell. That is not fair, as we shall soon discover. If long credit be inevitable, then, also, are high charges inevitable. If we would do justice, we must begin at the root, by asking and answering the question—Who is responsible for the system of long credit? Not wholly the West-end tradesmen; not wholly their customers, is what we say; but partly one, partly the other: it is the system that is at fault.

First of all, let us trace the ramifications of personal trade as they affect the upper classes. You are some great man, we will assume, too high in the social scale for one to expect that you will personally go to market, or have any direct communication with your tradesmen. What, then, happens, or is likely to happen? Something after this fashion. You, although a very great man, are really at the mercy of your servants, in so far as your exchequer is concerned—the spending of your money. It is they, not you, who choose your household tradesmen, and the household tradesmen know it. If, on behalf of a friend or yourself, you wish

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to hire a house for the season, butlers, stewards, and other head-servants expect a "tip" from the person who lets it. The house agent must purchase goodwill in this way, or else woe betide him. If he refuse, rats will be discovered in the cellars, and Norfolk Howards in the beds. Chimneys will be found to smoke, roofs to leak, drains to smell. The tip must be recouped from your exchequer. This is no case of long credit, indeed, but it belongs to the category of prices enhanced through the mastery of servants. Coming to instances of domestic expenditure, the grocer and butcher are mostly bound to fee both cook and butler. You, my lord, will have to pay for all this; and partly the fault is yours: you have tolerated the evil system. If payment were prompt, your servants' peculations would probably be discovered; but it becomes the interest of servants and tradesmen alike that it shall not be prompt.

Hence arises a wide-spread wasteful system of credit, accompanied by plentiful bad debts. Bills are often left unpaid for years. Money's worth has been given, and interest must be paid for it. Nor is this the whole of the evil.—Tradesmen do not buy and sell, and live by the loss; you, my lord, will help to pay for those who do not pay. Tradesmen must regain from your exchequer their losses by defaulters. You, my lord, have an adequate income and need no accommodation; the evil practice in your case is the mixed result of custom and inadvertence. The account is rendered some day—not until you ask for it, perhaps; but, being rendered, it is paid, and there ends the score. In your own social circle are needy gentlemen, persons with small store of loose cash, but great expectations. Let us trace the ramifications of the system as it affects them. The young gentleman, weak in the pockets, but with handsome expectations, saunters amongst his tradesmen, giving orders profusely, seldom deigning to ask the price of the articles he deems necessary to his comfort or adornment. He must be clad, of course; and equally of course, he establishes an account with his tailor. Could he reconcile it with his aristocratic notion to go no farther east than the Strand or Oxford Street, he might, by paying ready money, purchase what he wants, and, in some articles, quite as good in quality, and quite as well made, for thirty, or even, perhaps, forty per cent. under the cost that his fashionable tailor must charge him, on the fashionable West-end tailoring long-credit system. He has been to college, and has there learned the practice of buying profusely with nothing in his pockets. By-and-by the little bill comes in. He glances at it, not listlessly now, and objurgates the "extortionate tradesman."—The extortionate tradesman must live; and he cannot live by the loss. Tailoring becomes a pure speculation. Customers who *do* pay must pay, not for themselves only, but for those who don't pay. Young Montmorency, who is extravagant,

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but has expectations, is the bosom friend of Barkins. Barkin's variety in dress is inexhaustible; he is financially a mystery. Montmorency, being a compassionate man, pities Barkins's tailor. He should pity his own sad fate for having to pay double—for himself in the first instance, for Barkins afterwards. We perceive the working of the system; the provident pay for the improvident, the rich for the poor. And thus it is with everything bought on credit—money's worth must fructify as well as money.

It is curious that a practical people like the English should not have discovered the defects of this system long ago; its ill consequences must be obvious. The poor were the first to discover, and through the formation of coöperative stores to diminish, the evil. Inasmuch as coöperative stores have become a feature of the age, I shall now give an account of them —one that will display their value fully before the reader.

Debt and extravagance bring trouble and vexation, sometimes disgrace, upon the rich; but they mean rags and hunger to the poor. He whose labour just suffices to give a roof and bread and common raiment to wife and children, feels with acute pain the least rise or fall in the price of his necessaries. Once let him get in debt with his tradesman, and he becomes a veritable slave to the latter. He must buy just whatever the tradesmen chooses to give him, and at the retailer's own price. It was the pressure of this home conviction that brought about the first coöperative store. It was the weavers of Rochdale who first saw their way out of this bondage. Twenty-eight of them resolved to be their own tradesmen for groceries and flour, realising a moderate profit, giving no credit, and making, consequently, no bad debts. They clubbed their pence, established a small capital, and set to work. They made no new discovery; the principles they acted upon were old as the hills, only people were slow to apply them. Thrifty suburban neighbours know that by purchasing a chest of tea wholesale, they purchase at wholesale price, and abolish retailers' profits. What the Rochdale weavers did was no more. Clubbing their pence, their twenty-eight bought their groceries and flour at wholesale price, and, at a trifle more than wholesale price, divided among themselves the purchase. The whole thing is as simple as daylight when one comes to see it. The Rochdale hucksters throve apace; their store has now extended to large proportions. At this time they distribute more than *L*170,000 worth of goods annually, the profit on which is estimated at some *L*22,000 a year, which goes into their own pockets. This two-and-twenty thousand pounds is to be regarded, then, as so much clear profit to the Rochdale weavers.—Not only are they free from the temptation of debt, but whenever they make a purchase at the store they are making a provision for the future. That they are acting on sound doctrine, experience and ex-

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ample have taught them. They never trouble themselves about Saint Simon, Fourier, or Owen, but they see facts, and have a keen relish, as is usual with men, for a result that indisputably is to their own advantage. The lesson taught by the Rochdale weavers has not been lost upon men in higher grades of society. Quite recently, coöperative stores have been established in the army, where soldiers can purchase what they want in the way of provisions on terms more advantageous than they used to do at the regimental canteens. There has been a loud outcry raised against this system by the grocers of certain military towns, and the War-office has been memorialized; but the result of inquiry is, that to the soldier these establishments are an unmitigated good.

The most remarkable development of the coöperative store system is, however, seen in two metropolitan establishments—the Civil Service Supply Association, and the Civil Service Coöperative Society; the intent of both these being to supply members with necessaries of life, at wholesale prices, slightly enhanced, to defray expenses of working. Another metropolitan society of similar views has also been established—namely, that of the "Provident Clerks," in Water Lane, City. Nor are these all. I have already stated that the regimental coöperative stores have evoked some opposition on the part of resident tradesmen, as, under the circumstances, seems natural. It might have been also assumed that the metropolitan societies would have met with similar treatment. At first such was the case, but at present the opposition has mostly ceased. Instead of persisting in opposition, many of them have rallied to the movement, thereby showing that tradesmen are not disinclined to put an end to the long-credit system, with its concomitant evils of bad debts and enhanced prices, if the public will only support them.

The civil servants of the Post-office were the first to begin the coöperative system in London. They formed the original "Civil Service Supply Association," having its store in Monkwell Street, Falcon Square. It is registered under the Limited Liability Act, but it is not a trading society, aiming at largely enhanced profits; in proof of which only five per cent. can be paid up on capital invested. Whatever profits there may be go to the formation of a moderate guarantee fund, for rent and other working expenses. In every material respect, then, the society resembles that of the Rochdale pioneers, to whom the Civil Service Coöperative Society freely acknowledge their indebtedness. This, the original metropolitan society, now numbers more than seven thousand members.—Its dealings amount to about 120*l* daily. A West-end store connected with the same society has also been established, the daily receipts of which are already about 50*l*.—Coming now to the terms of membership, they are as follow: If the intending member be an officer of

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the Civil Service, he may join on one of two conditions. If he wish to participate in all the advantages of the society, he has to buy a 1*l.* share, to be paid for in instalments of five shillings the first year, and half-a-crown each subsequent year, until the whole sum has been contributed. If he does not wish to participate in all the advantages, he has simply to pay half-a-crown a year, in consideration of which he has the privileges of a member in respect to the purchase of goods, but he has no voice in the management of the institution. Friends of members of the Civil Service can also obtain tickets upon payment of five shillings yearly, if introduced by a member of that Service, but they cannot be shareholders.

The Monkwell Street store is very general as to its contents, all of the finest quality. They are bought from wholesale importers and manufacturers, and on advantageous conditions. Groceries are arranged on the ground-floor. Ascending to the first-floor, the visitor comes to the stationery department. And so the entire building is occupied, even up to the third floor. The tailoring department is an important place, and has important modifications. Certain economical men have long known the advantages that come in certain cases from the purchase of broadcloth, to be committed to the charge of some working tailor.

Well, the Civil Service coöperative member may be accommodated in this way. He may purchase his own material if he chooses, and get it made up on the establishment. A price list is issued from time to time, by perusal of which the coöperative member may see the extent of his advantages. In the grocery department the amount of saving is especially remarkable, as the following items will prove:—A dozen of penny skins of blacking only cost sevenpence. A reduction of one-half is made on black lead. Twelve penny packets of carbonate of soda are sold for eightpence. A dozen penny packets of washing powder only cost fivepence at the store; so that a small buyer who does not belong to a coöperative society pays for this article more than double the price at Monkwell Street. On biscuits, preserves, condiments, and spices, the reduction seems to amount to about thirty per cent. Thus, an ordinary shilling bottle of anchovies, when purchased at the store, only costs ninepence: there is the same reduction for bottles of preserved fruit. Epps's homœopathic cocoa is to be had for fourteenpence a pound; Fleet's ginger-beer for one and ninepence the dozen. A jar of Narbonne honey only costs tenpence. Jams are sevenpence and tenpence the pot; marmalade as low as sixpence. Child's or Price's night lights are only worth fivepence-halfpenny and sixpence in Monkwell Street. Quart bottles of pickles are marked fourteenpence. Potted meats are tenpence per pot. While these prices appear reduced as compared with the prices at first class shops, it must

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be admitted that many of the articles can be purchased quite as cheap under the existing competition among small dealers.

I have already stated that the coöperative societies established in London have received a very fair share of goodwill on the part of tradesmen; in proof of which the price-list of the Civil Service Supply Association has an appendix of London firms who have agreed to make reductions in their usual prices to members of the association. In this list are included considerably above a hundred establishments, the reductions ranging from five to sixty per cent.

Inasmuch, then, as the principle has been found to work so well, the West-end people—the chief victims of high prices and long credit hitherto—would have been foolish as well as culpable had they hesitated to avail themselves of it.—Accordingly, an association has been formed in the west of London, having Viscount Bury at the head of its working committee. The object of the proposed association is to accomplish for the upper and middle classes what coöperative associations have already accomplished for the Rochdale weavers and the London civil servants.—The arrangements are very simple, even more simple than those of the societies already stated. The association will have no premises of its own, but will merely constitute a club, every member of which is to come under the obligation of paying ready money. Arrangements have been already made with between two and three hundred London shop-keepers, on the plan of the Civil Service Supply Association. The undertaking, on the part of the shop-keepers, is to sell to members of the association such articles as may be wanted at a reduction of from ten to forty per cent., the members paying cash. Membership to this society will cost ten shillings annually, and the over-sanguine calculation is, that each member, having an income of 500*l.* a year, will save from 40*l.* to 50*l.* per annum. In this manner the promoters of this association urge that "it is apparent that ready-money transactions, if kept distinct from those in which credit is allowed, can be made beneficial not only to customers who are able to purchase at the lowest possible prices, but also to tradesmen, who thereby obtain the advantage of increased available capital."

Judging from appearances, this coöperative system of dealing is likely to extend, and its results are beyond doubt advantageous. In case of its adoption, one point must be stated, in common fairness, to those persons whose incomes are not fixed, or are receivable at irregular periods. To suit the condition of persons thus circumstanced, credit will have to be given as heretofore; but we must look at general tendencies. The tendency of the coöperative system will undoubtedly be that of encouraging ready-money transactions; of lessening the current amount of debt, with all its attendant inconvenience, demoralization, and dis-

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grace. Servants and tradesmen will be exposed to less temptation. The former will cease to levy as much black mail as under the present, or rather the olden system, and tradesmen will have less inducement to demoralize servants by the administration of bribes.—As a protection, therefore, against the exorbitant profits of long-credit tradesmen, the system is so far sound; but it cannot be expected or desired that it will supplant the ordinary retail shops, with their fair profits and multifarious convenience in populous neighbourhoods. May coöperative societies prosper, then, is what we say; and may long credit, with its accompaniments of bad debts, high prices, unthrift, and suffering, continually decrease to extinction.

[*St. James's Magazine.*

AFTER THE RAIN.

But when the noiseless shower has ended,
  And the bright sky looks forth again,
And fades the bow in Heaven bended,
  Wrought from the crystals of the rain.

The earth stands held in mute delight,
  And joyous with a silent mirth;
Bride-like in tears, she seems to sight
  A new, rejuvenated year.

A verdure bursts upon the leas,
  As verdure ne'er had been of yore;
Those clumps of leafy-laden trees
  Look fuller-foliaged than before.

With keener, purer life, the air
  Your sense enthrall'd enamour'd greets;
Fraught with a thousand perfumes rare,
  Snatch'd from a thousand summer sweets.

And out of air and dewy ground
  Comes forth a wondrous moving calm;
That unseen incense breathes around,
  And influences, dropping balm.

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Quite steep'd in the delicious sense
Of new-born atmospheric life,
The spirit, from a peace intense,
Can give no thoughts to care and strife.

Then clear ether palpitates,
Beat by a myriad wings of gauze;
Yet ever at a breath it waits
As revelling in ecstatic pause.

Most soothing falls the drowsy hum,
And dreamy murmur of the bees;
Most musical, from far off, come
Vague sounds that mellow on the breeze.

Now drowning them—from bush and briar,
(A sweet collusion of sweet lays),
Bursts forth the untaught woodland choir
In unpremeditated praise.

Oh, linnet! tell me whence is born
The subtle sweetness of your song?
I hear you throstle from your thorn,
That thrilling chant—prolong, prolong!

Waft to me some didactic strain
Through the cleft alleys of the wood;
Can man not learn your bless'd refrain,
And pour spontaneous gratitude?

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[*The Quiver*.

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS.

Mr. Froude has just published two volumes of what he calls "Short Studies on Great Subjects." Some of them are lectures, some are review articles, and all of them are exceedingly interesting—in fact, what we might have expected from so accomplished a writer. They are not only interesting, but they suggest a great many practical questions which it would be better for all of us to try to answer. Among the rest, they suggest these questions: Are we really any better than our fathers? Is the progress of which we are constantly boasting, a real progress, or only a sham progress? Are we in fact, and on the average, as brave, or even as clever, as the people who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth?—Some of us, no doubt, are, in some respects, a great deal cleverer. Nobody in Queen Elizabeth's reign could have sent a telegraphic message from London to Dublin, or travelled from Liverpool to New York in a fortnight. The troops of Queen Bess were not armed with needle-guns; and even her cannon—what the Scotch called the "Queen of England's peacemakers"—would be considered mere toys of modern warfare. But it is surely obvious that, though it needs a very clever man to invent a telegraph, a very commonplace man may work it; and when you have once got your steam-engine, a coward may get to New York as quickly as a hero.

Mr. Froude seems to think that we are a poor degenerate race; that we are not at all brave; and that our boasted progress consists chiefly of a great increase of material comfort. For this he thinks that we have had to pay a very heavy price. So much is done for us that we scarcely know how to do anything for ourselves. If any of us were thrown upon a desert island, we should die of starvation, because we should never be able to light a fire for want of a lucifer match. All our self-reliance, having been rendered unnecessary by the innumerable appliances of mechanical skill, has become starved and dwarfed, like the wings of those birds that never take the trouble to fly.

Perhaps we are better than Mr. Froude thinks we are, but it is most certain that the growth of civilization is by no means an unmixed good. It may increase the general average of comfort; it may even obliterate the grosser forms of vice; it will unquestionably lessen those cruelties which are loathsome and disgusting: but, on the other hand, it will leave far less room for indi-

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vidual superiority—for the force of personal character. The commerce of England now is probably immeasurably greater than any human being dreamed of in the time of Elizabeth; but where are the great captains that can match her heroic adventurers?

To compare, for instance, the adventurous spirit of our own seamen, and the captains and mariners of Elizabeth's reign. Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed from Dartmouth in June, 1583, with commission from the queen to discover and take possession from latitude 45 to 50 degrees north. His fleet consisted of five vessels—it would be ridiculous to call them ships—of which the largest, the *Raleigh*, 200 tons, deserted off the Land's End. Sir Humphrey's own ship, the *Squirrel*, was called "the frigate," and was *ten* tons. The expedition reached Newfoundland safely, took possession of St. John's, and left a colony there; and then Sir Humphrey himself went exploring southwards along the American coast in his little ten-ton frigate. Now compare this little ten-ton vessel with the *Great Eastern*; the difference indeed is enormous, but scarcely altogether to the advantage of modern civilization. The superiority of the *Great Eastern* is material and mechanical; the chances of loss are reduced to their very lowest; and, in a word, the human element also is reduced to its lowest. There are many men who would be proud to command the *Great Eastern*: but is there one man left in all England who would be willing to take the command of the little ten-ton *Squirrel* from Dartmouth to St. John's? We have big steam-engines and big ships, but have we, in the same proportion, great men.

Modes of warfare are so much altered, that the difference between a coward and a brave man seems of much less importance, than the difference between an old musket and a breech-loading rifle. But if we did happen to need courage, are we quite sure that we have not got out of the way of it? Of course, it is no use fighting cannon-balls with your fists. But take another of the Elizabethan stories. Is there pluck left in all England to do the like of this? "It was a deed," Mr. Froude says, "which dealt a more deadly blow upon the fame and moral strength of the Spanish people than the destruction of the Armada itself."

A small fleet of twelve English ships was surprised, while lying at anchor under the island of Florez, by a Spanish fleet; consisting of fifty-three men-of-war. Eleven out of the twelve were able to make their escape. The twelfth, the Revenge, was, for the moment, unable to follow. She was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford; her crew consisted of 190 men, and ninety of these were sick on shore, and there was some difficulty and delay in getting them on board. Nevertheless, with only 100 men left to fight and work the ship, "Sir Richard," says his cousin Raleigh, "utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that

he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her majesty's ship." The fight began at three o'clock in the afternoon and lasted all that night.—"At last," says Mr. Froude following Raleigh's narrative, "all the powder in the *Revenge* was spent, all her pikes were broken, forty out of her 100 men killed, and a great number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight, and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head. His surgeon was killed while attending on him; the masts were lying over the side; the rigging cut or broken, the upper parts all shot in pieces; and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony.

Sir Richard, seeing it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and having by estimation 800 shot of great artillery through him, commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards; seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours' time, above 10,000 men, and fifty-three men-of-war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many of them as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant and resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their own lives for a few days.

This, however, was not to be.—The little ship was surrendered; and immediately after the battle a fleet of merchantmen joined the Armada, making in all 140 sail. A great storm arose, and of those 140 only thirty-two were saved.—"The *Revenge* herself, disdaining to survive her commander, or as if to complete his own last baffled purpose, like Samson, buried herself and her 200 prize crew under the rocks of St. Michael's."

Sailors, however, are always a brave and hardy race, and not even the biggest ship in the world can take the terror and danger out of a storm at sea. But seamanship is now rather a matter of business than of adventure. Men work ships just as other men enlist for soldiers, not for glory but for pay, But in other regions one finds a similar disinclination to anything like an adventurous life. We are so used to innumerable comforts, that even the most moderate self-denial, or the slighest change in our circumstances, is becoming more and more repulsive. Hence it follows that when the spirit of adventure might fairly hope to be strengthened by the very highest motives, or perhaps we should say rather, when the noblest of all works requires for its performance

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an adventurous spirit, the work cannot get done at all.

This seems to be the reason, though not perhaps the only reason, why it is becoming daily more difficult, and, in fact, almost impossible, to obtain missionaries, not only for new fields of labour, but for the superintendence of those which have already been brought under Christian cultivation. All missionary societies are complaining, not so much for want of funds, as for want of men. Such missionaries, as Moffat and Livingstone will always be brilliant exceptions, even when the average of merit is much higher than it is now. But the average itself has been lowered of late years, and still the men are not forthcoming who can reach even that lower standard. The fact is, that the contrast between home life and missionary life is enormously greater than it ever was before; and even the less wealthy of the middle class are every day in the enjoyment of innumerable comforts, which Queen Elizabeth herself would have been unable to purchase with the whole wealth of her kingdom.

Another effect of our modern civilization, or at any rate of the form which it has assumed, is that mad race after riches which is characteristic of the English and American people, combined with the excessive dislike of coming into personal contact with the miseries and misfortunes of our fellow-creatures. Hence it comes to pass that, while England is the wealthiest country in the world, it is also disgraced by the ghastliest poverty that the world has ever known. Such men as Mr. Froude and Mr. Ruskin seem often inclined to blame even political economy itself as being the cause of so dreadful a mischief.—In fact, we can no more escape the law of gravitation. If a man has only a certain amount of wealth to spend upon labour; if, for instance, he had 10,000*l* to lay out in wages for a single year, and if 200 workmen applied to him for employment, he might give each of them 50*l* a year, and employ them all; but, if he fancied that 50*l* a year was not enough for a working man and his family, he might offer 100*l* a year to each of those whom he employed; but he could not by any chance divide 10,000*l* into 200 portions of 100*l* each. The workmen who got 2*l* a week would, of course, be delighted with the liberality of their employer; but, in order that they might receive such high wages, half the 200 workmen would get nothing at all.

What is true on this small scale is equally true on a large scale; and so long as the people who want employment are so exceedingly numerous, the amount of remuneration which each of them will receive must necessarily be small. When the effect of civilization is to produce an enormous amount of wealth, and at the same time to distribute it so unequally that gigantic fortunes shall seem, at any rate, to be secured at the cost of beggary and starvation, there will always be the deepest discontent, and we shall always be

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on the verge of a social war, in which no quarter will be given.

It is obvious, also, that the mechanical inventions of our time—the innumerable applications of chemistry to the ordinary purposes of life, and, indeed the utilisation, of almost all the physical sciences—all this has rendered easy an infinite amount of sham and make-believe, which even in the last generation would simply have been impossible. To a certain extent, no doubt, the wide spread social deception that scarcely anybody will be found to deny, is no more than the abuse of what is really good and genuinely useful. Indeed, it is by no means a crime to secure, as far as we can, that our common every-day life shall as much as possible be made beautiful and graceful.

[*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE HILL FARM.

Thou art not lonely; yet through all the vale
No neighbour roofs are gleaming to the sun.
Thou art not lonely; for the ancient hills
Are clasping thee in love, and every stream
Telleth its own old tale of joy to thee.
Winter and summer, round about thy walls
The knotted trunks of those grey ash trees rise:
And all the glancings of the broad, bright sun,
And every whisper of the mountain winds,
They bring unto thee. Though their leaves hang fair.
Now when the sunlight streams between the boughs
And all the heaven is clear; yet not the less
They stand like guardians round, when misty winds
Are singing through the heath, and glimmering snows
Sleep on the mountain heights the winter through.

Long years have passed, since he who made his home
Here by the rocky stream, first raised thy walls:
Long years have passed; and out amid the stir
Of the great world hath many a storm swept by.
Thou midst the quiet hills wert sleeping still;
Nor did the shout of war or clash of swords
Come to thy old grey walls; nor didst thou know
Aught of the stir that shook the world without,

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Save when, far off, along the green hill paths,
A company went by, with halberdines
That sparkled in the sunshine; or perchance
When by the granite porch some horseman stayed
His course awhile; and resting on the bench
The while he drained his glass, told of the blows
He had seen stricken in the battle-field,
And how the fight was going for the king.

So to thy quiet walls amid the hills,
From time to time came voices of the world,
Faintly, and with a distant echoing,
As when the murmurs of the great sea-roll
Is heard far inland. They who dwelt in thee
And tilled thy home fields, bright with corn, that stretch
Along the river side, cared not to roam
Beyond the rocky hills, that crest on crest
Rise toward the western sea. Enough they found
By this clear stream, and in this heathery vale
To soothe them in their sorrow, and to shed
Glad home-born sunshine on their hours of joy.
Rising above the trees, the steep grey roofs
Where flocks of pigeons sun themselves; the barn
With its wide oaken beams, whence in the dusk
Comes the owl's cry. The old, well trodden lane
Shadowed with broad-leaved sycamore, and hung
Along its rocky sides with soft green moss
And sunny stonecrop: at whose farther end
The open porch, beneath o'er-arching boughs
Gleams like a welcome. And within the walls
Old chambers of a fashion long gone by,
Where on the dusky floors a faint light sleeps
The whole long summer day, scarce stealing in
Through the small quarrels of the lattice, dim
With years; and through the thick-set clusters white
Starring the branches of the elder tree
That grows beneath the wall, and evermore
As the wind stirs, taps the knotted pane.

The weight of years fell on thee silently,
Staining thy roofs with moss, and scattering wide
Short ferns and grasses on thy circling walls.
And with no sudden change. The child who played
Beneath the ash trees by the river side,

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Saw the same quiet home his fathers knew,
Save that a deeper shadow from the boughs
Fell on him: and the same free wandering life
Was his, that had been theirs, along the streams
And upward o'er the heather of the hills.
The mossy path beside the hazel copse,
Where the first primrose of the spring looks up
Between the soft green coolness of her leaves,
Like them he knew; and the high crested rock
Where golden broom is waving o'er the stream;
And far away among the hills, the wood
Where flits the blue-winged jay, and where the dove
Sits cooing on the nest; whence home at eve
Wearied he came, well laden, bearing sheaves
Of bluebells, or the foxglove's stately wand,
Clusters of mountain ash, that fill the breeze
With wild, faint sweetness; or leaf-shrouded stars
Of the shy wind-flower, borne in triumph forth
From out her guarded bower of blossomed thorn.

So the same life passed down from sire to son.
To the same granite font-stone each was borne;
And the same chime from out the time worn tower
Called them to prayer; and by the same dark bench
Carved by rude hands of old, they knelt to God.
Year after year they trod the same green path
Over the moors with wild thyme thickly spread
To the far valley, where the church lifts up
Her pinnacles between the sycamores:
And there, beneath the shelter of their boughs,
Each, as he passed away, was laid to rest.
Calm was their peaceful life, and all unmoved
By the rude striving of the busy world;
Happier in that. The while they tilled their fields
Glad sights and sounds were borne into their hearts
From the wild land around. The mid-day shades
Fleeting in rapid chase from rock to rock
Across the withered bent-grass of the hills;
Or sunlight resting on the turfy moors.
Song of the mountain lark; or strain that floats
Up from the holly trees, where darkly clear
Straight from the heathery hill the stream comes down.
So when the work was done, they bore away
From the fresh field new stores of nature's strength

That mingled with their evening happiness
When the turf fire was blazing, and the roof
Gave back the gleam; when round about the hearth
They gathered; and old stories of the moors
Were telling; and the sparkling stars sent down
Their light upon the red fern of the hills.

Long mayst thou rise, old house, beside the stream.
And long and happy be the years, ere yet
The sun shall cease to shine upon thy roofs!
And, whilst the fortunes of this hurying world
Are changing all without, mayst thou remain
'Mongst the wild hills, untroubled as of yore.
Like some old wood that yet hath 'scaped the axe,
And spreads its gnarled boughs out o'er the fields
With their broad furrows, where the plough speeds on,
And where of old its leafy brethren reigned.
So mayst thou linger still, and spread around
The quiet of thy walls, that mid the toil
Of the great world speak with a solemn voice
Of ancient peace and stillness; like the calm
Of some old minster; or the deep repose
That twilight brings to all the o'er-shadowed hills.

RICHARD JOHN KING.

[*London Society.*

THE SULTAN AND THE VICEROY IN EGYPT.

It is generally supposed that the Paris Exhibition was the proximate cause of the Sultan's recent visit to England. This is no doubt partially true, perhaps true in the main; but the journey to Paris could hardly have been effected had not the ice been previously broken by a precedent little known to the British public. The Sultan had already travelled. He had already made a trial-trip to Egypt, and had been right royally received there in 1865 by the same intelligent Viceroy who has hung about his steps while exploring the West. Of this journey we have an authentic account. Professor L. Gardey, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, attached to the Imperial Palace and the School of Engineers at Constatinople, having had the honour to make up one of the party, kept a journal, which he has

published; and so we know as much about the Sultan's trip as his French attendant judges expedient to tell us.

The backward condition of the Turkish empire is manifested by the fact that Abdul-Aziz, on quitting his own proper dominions, and travelling not westwards and northwards, but eastwards and southwards, should find, in a nominal dependence of his realm, a state of material (which implies intellectual) civilization far more advanced than that which he left at home; that in a country conterminous with Nubian darkness and Abyssinian barbarity he should, for the first time in his life, behold what are now unanimously regarded as the most unfailing agents of national prosperity. He found even Oriental architecture worked up to greater perfection at Cairo than in Constantinople. The palace of Kasr-el-Noussa was considered so charming, aërial, and elegant, that his majesty actually ordered a drawing to be made of it. The very fireworks displayed such artistic brilliancy that he requested Ismail Pacha to let him have a few artificers to take back to Turkey with him.

Abdul-Aziz's tastes are simple. He is fond of the country and delights in birds and flowers, which are the pastime of his leisure hours. He drinks neither wine nor spirituous liquors, and does not smoke. Enjoying robust health, he cannot lead a sedentary life, and is fond of active exercise. Consequently, he feels a natural desire to look about him, and to obtain information by using his own eyesight. He is ambitious to effect grand results in his empire; but before putting his hand to the work he wished to behold the grand results arrived at elsewhere.—Whither, then, should he go to witness the progress accomplished by science, energy, and skill? To the West? His people were scarcely ripe for that yet. At the moment of undertaking his journey he allowed the consultation (without putting much faith in his predictions) of a remnant of an astrologer whom he keeps in his palace. The oracle declared that the journey would be lucky in all respects, provided the Sultan did not touch forbidden fruit. When questioned what "forbidden fruit" meant, he specified political questions, warning the imperial traveller to have nothing to do with them, and adding that agriculture, commerce, and manufactures offered a sufficiently wide field of observation, without venturing on the dangerous ground of the general question of the East.

Egypt offered a more likely object. Of all Oriental countries, it passes for the one which has most admitted and appropriated the advancement already made by the West. Very important works have been executed in the land of the bygone Pharaohs. There are good means of communication, railroads, canals; there are factories, systems of irrigation, great commercial activity, extensive culture—all of which the Sultan would be happy

to establish in his European and Asiatic dominions. To Egypt, therefore, he resolved to go. Besides the pleasure of visiting the country which not a single Turkish sovereign had seen since Selim the First conquered it in 1517, he was glad once more to meet Ismail Pacha, with whom he was greatly taken during the latter's stay in Constantinople.

Contrary to the prejudices of Western sailors, the imperial flotilla left Constantinople on Good Friday, 1865, at three of the clock in the afternoon; in spite of which starting on a Friday the weather was magnificent, and the Sea of Marmora glittered like the marble from which it takes its name. The calm continuing under an azure sky, the distinguished voyagers were able to do ample justice to the kebat, salad, helva, and pilau, offered to their kind consideration. Easter Monday saw them unharmed by sea-sickness, which spares monarchs no more than ordinary mortals.—Out of gratitude the Mussulman's evening prayers were repeated with even greater zeal and precision than usual. For the accomplishment of this pious duty the forepart of the vessel was occupied by soldiers, sailors, servants, and cooks; the aft by the musicians and subaltern officers; the saloons by the pachas and superior officers.

Then occurred a half-hour of exemplary and edifying devotion.—Each group had its impromtu imam who sometimes alone and sometimes in chorus, chanted the "Allah is great, Allah is good," of their Litany, and gave the signal for the postures, genuflections, and prostrations, all which movements were executed with military precision. Three or four little knots of men followed these religious exercises on the tops of the paddle-boxes and the cabin-roofs; returning thanks for the propitious influence of Abdul-Aziz's lucky star. As they approached the land, they looked out for hills and mountains, the objects to which their eyes had been most accustomed; but on the coast of Alexandria all is flat, displaying none of the tufts of palm-trees or clumps of bananas which are assumed to be matters of course in African scenery.

The imperial landing was effected in the midst of all sorts of display and noise—banners, flags, cannon, military bands, and endless shouting. As soon as the Sultan, the princes, the pachas, the chamberlains, the eunuchs, the imams, secretaries, and a score of other nondescripts, were installed in their respective quarters, by a fortunate coincidence the breakfast-hour arrived. Lambs, chicken, pigeons, roast meats, fresh vegetables, delicate pastry, and tropical fruits, appeared as if by magic. Something like good living this, after the monotony of shipboard meals! Two tables were magnificently served in European style, one in the Selmilik, the other in the Harem, whose fair inhabitants had taken flight before the far from hostile invasion. In all the chambers repasts were served to whoever would—to whoever asked. The only difficulty

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was to get understood; for the quick and attentive fellahs, who hung about the doors, ready to execute the inmates' wishes, spoke no Turkish, but Arabic only.

The appetite once satisfied, there was a general omnium gatherum, or medley meeting of the travellers, for the comparison of notes. It appears that the Sultan, while at sea, spent his whole time in discussing affairs, projecting schemes, and observing incidents, with his commander-in-chief, his first load of the admiralty, his chamberlain, and his aides-de-camp. Fuad Pacha was especially competent to improve and edify his Majesty's mind on every topic that could possibly present itself. Sprung from learned and literary parentage, Fuad Pacha is a worthy son of his father; he has acquired great information by study and travel. From Madrid to St. Petersburg there is not an European capital in which he has not laid in a stock of knowledge and experience; whilst there is scàrcely a province in Turkey in which he has not had some important and difficult mission to fulfil. His conversation is fluent, solid, discursive, and highly polished; and the present was a good opportunity of rendering himself useful to his sovereign and his country.

M. Gardey, anxious to see the city of Alexandria, despised the carriages standing in the palace court, at the disposal of the visitors, and hunted up, outside the Monumental Gate, one of the little long-eared quadrupeds which at present swarm in Egypt, as once they did in Arcadia. With legs dangling on either side, and fearing to break the creature's back, he scoured a broad and handsome street, with a solid macadam roadway raised in the middle, and with neither stones, dust, nor mud.—Carriages and animals proceed along it at a rapid pace, suffering no stoppage, check, nor jolting. A little narrowed at the Arab Market, it widens afresh at the Place des Consuls. Up to this square the houses on either side of the street (half Italian, half Oriental in style) offer nothing very remarkable.—Having no visible roof, they look as if they were still unfinished. The little Arab shops, extremely neat in their aspect, are bedecking themselves for evening display. Articles of value are spread out for sale, showy stuffs form draperies, candles or lanterns are ready to be lighted, and brilliant lustres are suspended from the roof which covers and crosses the way at certain points. The stranger's surprise at finding so handsome and commodious a street in the East increases when he beholds the Place des Consuls. It is spacious, rectangular, and bordered with elegant stone built houses. In the centre its public walk, inclosed from the roadway by an iron chain, is planted with flourishing trees, and adorned with a couple of splashing fountains. In the middle there rose a temporary kiosk, intended to be the bouquet of the evening's illuminations. Eastward of Itály such another square has not yet been made.

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Returning to the Palace, M. Gardey took the street which leads directly from the Place des Consuls to the custom-house. This street, which traverses the Turkish town, is also handsome and convenient, allowing the traffic a free passage everywhere. The Selamlik of the Ras-et-tin Palace is a sort of look-out, or belvedere, whence the eye embraces the port, the arsenal, the custom-house, the warehouses, the opening of the Mahmoudieh, the quays belonging to it and to the railway, the forts, the factories—all which gives life and importance to Alexandria. From this spot Mehemet Ali must have watched the execution of his orders, when he built the arsenal and its dependencies, and created the fleet which the allies of the Greeks destroyed at Navarino. This arsenal cost three hundred thousand pounds, employed twenty-five thousand workmen, and was nevertheless finished in the course of a year. The Sultan spent a portion of the afternoon in beholding from the windows of his apartments the vast panorama which lay before him, and in listening to the tale how Mehemet Ali had accomplished the majority of these grand results.—The canal and the railway were especially the objects of his thoughtful meditations, as well they might. Then came illuminations, noisy crowds, and fireworks, which perhaps, for the time, might drive more serious matters out of his head.

Next morning the order was given to send off to Cairo by train all cumbersome baggage and personages, which meant that it was intended to proceed next day to the capital of Egypt. After breakfast official receptions, commenced the day before, were ceremoniously continued. His majesty, attended by Ismail Pacha, Fuad Pacha, and the principal officers of his household, most graciously received the ambassadors and the consuls, expressing his pleasure at seeing the representatives of allied and friendly powers, and declaring that his object in travelling was to put himself in the way of being able, by the development of agriculture and trade, to increase the well-being and happiness of all his subjects without distinction; and that one of his most ardent wishes was to strengthen the ties which connect the Ottoman Empire with Europe, and that foreigners might find in his dominions all protection and security.

After the translation of these heretical words (heretical in the mouth of a Turkish sovereign) by Fuad Pacha, refreshments were served; and then the Sultan went out, nearly alone, to have a quiet look at the town. By express order, his numerous suite were left free to follow their own devices.—Amongst other things visited were the hovels of fellahs. What a contrast with viceregal residence! In a fellah's den, there is nothing to sit upon, nothing to lie upon, but lumps of Nile mud, hardened in the sun. Those are the only materials—or rather, that is the only material—with which he constructs

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his dwelling. Neither wood nor stone (which are rarities in Egypt) constitute the slightest fraction of the edifice. The articles stored around or upon his cabin consist of reeds and the excrement of animals, moulded and fashioned into cakes, with which he makes now and then a handful of fire. His only ventilation is supplied by the door and a little bull's-eye window beside it. Only one room is to be discovered, which shelters all—father, mother, children, goat, and kids. The very beavers have a keener sense of architectural comforts. Amongst the fellahs are individuals the aspect of whose wretchedness and filth is enough to turn the beholder's stomach. There they lie on the ground, stretched in the sun, letting themselves be devoured by the swarms of flies that settle on their swarthy faces; they are too listless and idle to drive them away.

If the fellah's habitation and furniture are of trifling value, the scanty clothing which he wears on a few portions of his person are of still less worth. Is it habit or necessity which induces him to live in this extreme of privation and poverty? It is stated that there is money beneath those mud roofs.—If everybody in the world fell into the same way of employing their capital, the looms of Lyons and Manchester, the workshops of Paris and London, might very soon discharge their artisans.

Whilst living with Mussulmans you must fall into the custom of going to bed early and not rising late. During the imperial visit the five hours of Mussulman prayer were announced by salvos of artillery—at daybreak, at noon, at the third quarter of the sun's diurnal course, at sunset, and an hour and a half afterwards.

The morning was employed in the transport of the remaining baggage, which was taken in carts to the river's brink, whence it was towed in boats by little steamers to the railway quay. At ten the Sultan left the palace, driving through the town and receiving a continued ovation all the way. At the station he was met by the directors and conducted through the writing-rooms (which he attentively examined) to the platform, where the imperial train was waiting with its steam up. Some of the newspapers have erroneously stated that the Sultan first became acquainted with railways during his recent trip from Toulon to Paris. It was here, at Alexandria, that his eyes first beheld a complete apparatus of terrestrial locomotion by the agency of heated watery vapour.

How the carriages are attached to each other, how their wheels are fitted to the rails, how one single engine contrives to drag fifteen heavy vehicles, how crowds of men and masses of merchandise can be transported to great distances in almost no time, flashed on the imperial comprehension. Moreover, the Sultan was to be accompanied by men capable of satisfying his inquisitive spirit respecting all these points and many others. After casting a rapid glance over the extent and arrangements of the sta-

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tion, he entered the carriage reserved for him. Its comfort and elegance rendered it impossible for him to regret, even were he fonder of luxury than he is, the sumptuous saloons of Raset-tin.

An adult sovereign, the ruler of an empire, taking his first railway trip! What a curiosity in the sixties of the present century! Ismail Pacha and Halim Pacha followed his Majesty with Fuad Pacha and took their places in the adjoining compartment. The princes had a special carriage to themselves: the rest of the train was occupied by the cream of the suite. Those who were not the elect of the moment were to fill the carriages of two or three trains that were to follow afterwards. M. Gardey's good luck gave him, as travelling companion, Omer Hafiz Effendi, the wittiest and the merriest man in all Constantinople. But who, until now, would have ever supposed that a Turk could either be merry or witty? On starting, the train was saluted by the shouts of an Arab multitude crowding along both sides of the railroad.

Once out of the station the Lake Mareotis looks like a boundless ocean, the tongue of land which separates it from the Mediterranean not being visible. The train seems to skim over the surface of the sea. The first station, Kaffr-Daour, is at the same time a little port of the Mahmoudieh. Numbers of sailing barges are stationed there. Its inhabitants are also numerous, but are despised by the travellers as "maghrebler," or ill-savoured.—Their fields, however, are well cultivated. The waters of the Mohmoudieh have fertilized the plains whose aridity, towards the close of the last century, nearly arrested the further advance of Lannes and Murat while making there the first stages of their Egyptian expedition. What a difference between *their* rate of progress and this of the Sultan's!

Dahmonhour, the second station, is a considerable country town, which displays, in the midst of its earth-built huts, several handsome-looking houses, a mosque, minarets, mausoleums, clumps of palm-trees, and even cannon which salute the imperial railers. Near this spot Bonaparte, walking almost unattended, just missed being captured by the Mamelukes, as the victorious Amrou had been at Alexandria by the Greeks. When scolded by Desaix for exposing himself so imprudently, he gravely replied, doubtless intending a mere pleasantry, although he afterwards became a believer in fatalism, "It is not written that I should ever be made prisoner by the Mamelukes: made prisoner by the English, if you like!"

The country becomes more and more beautiful until Kafr-Zayad is reached. At this station an hour is spent in taking refreshments and in contemplating the broad and majestic stream of the Nile, the fields rendered verdant by his fertile mud, and above all the bridge of twelve vast arches and iron piers, which defies the whole strength and pressure of his current. This

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bridge—so long, so handsome, and so solid—cost four hundred thousand pounds to complete it. Before it was finished carriages and animals crossed the Nile in ferry-boats, whence the catastrophe in which Achmed Pacha perished, Halim Pacha escaping only by a miracle. While the grandees are thus reposing, three trains, on their way to Cairo, laden with luggage and minor folk, whisk by at full speed. Another delight for the new arrivals, unable to appreciate the appearance of the train in which themselves are travelling!—Viewed in flank, and in the act of transit, they renew the wonder and admiration of spectators who had never beheld such massive vehicles urged on their way by a puff of steam.

At first the speed was quite moderate, for fear of frightening the unwonted inmates of the carriages or putting them out of breath and making their sides ache; but now that august heads and lungs are becoming habituated to the motion, a more rapid pace is ventured on. The Delta is dashed through in mail-train style. Not a hand's breadth of unproductive land is to be seen; all is covered with vigorous vegetation, diverse crops, fodder and grain; all is endless plain, watered by numerous canals, cultivated by laborious fellahs. Men, women, and children strive which shall work the hardest. Animals innumerable plough, carry burthens, and drag carts or simply graze in the teeming pastures.—Not a mountain, not a hedge, not a tree whose roots can rob the soil of its fertility. Here and there hillocks and mounds, scarcely breaking the even level of the ground, support the dwellings of the population above the inundating waters. As Cairo is approached the plain is covered with handsome trees of different species; and through their foliage glimpses are caught of the minarets and cupolas of Egypt's capital.

The Sultan, like everybody else, must have his night's rest, and willingly takes it in the palace assigned to him. When the cannon announce the return of rosy-fingered morn, suddenly, from the summits of a hundred minarets, the sonorous voïce of the muezzins wake the city up by their repeated cries, "Allah is great! Come to prayers! It is better to pray than to sleep." From that moment, before it is broad day-light, pious Mussulmans rise to make their first namaz. Crowds of fellahs, better clad than those beheld in the villages, scour through the palace, offering their services to all and whosoever may want them. Is water required for performing ablutions, fire for the tchibouk, coffee, or little breakfasts on silver waiters? they procure everything with most praiseworthy zeal. Do you wish for a hundred, a thousand horses and as many carriages besides, they are already waiting in the courts and coach-houses belonging to the palace.—There is no difficulty of any kind in a country where they once erected obelisks and pyramids as easily as we now set up telegraph-posts.

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Amongst the lions of the palace is a court paved with marble, surrounded with alabaster columns, and embellished with a fountain, for ablutions. There is also a clock whose striking is audible to all the inhabitants of the city. Formerly it was Haroun-el-Raschid who sent clocks to Charlemagne. This clock was sent to Mehemet Ali by the *king* of France, doubtless through the hands of the person to whom he had presented the obelisk of Luxor, erected in the Place de la Concorde by the engineer Le Bas, who, by the way, answers to his name by being as short in stature as he is high in science.

Another memorable object to visit is the spot whence mounted on his charger, the Mameluke Emin Bey, leaped out into the open space, and so became the sole survivor of the general massacre ordered by Mehemet Ali. Seeing his companions perishing without the possibility of resistance, he made that desperate effort to escape. It makes you shudder merely to look at the depth of the fall. The animal was left dead on the spot, but his rider sustained little injury.—He was removed, concealed for a while, and in the end became the friend of Mehemet Ali, who was henceforth able to set about civilizing Egypt as he pleased. Ali imitated Peter the Great, whom the destruction of the Strelitzes enabled him to create the Russian empire. The Sultan Mahmoud followed both these examples when he strove to set Turkey in the way of progress by shaking off the restraint of the Janisaries. If Trajan, or somebody else, had also exterminated the Prætorian bands, the Roman Colossus would not have crumbled to dust so quickly nor so miserably as it did.

The handsomest mosque in the eastern portion of the town is that of El-Azhar, a word which signifies The Splendid. Not far from El-Azhar is Hassenein, the mosque of the two Hassans. Knowing that one of the sons of Ali, Hassein, has a tomb at Kerbellah, near Bagdad, M. Gardey inquires the signification of Hassenein. His guide replies, "Hassan, the son of Ali and grandson of the prophet Mahomet, was beheaded by Jezid, the son of Moahviah. His head was subjected to every outrage which Jezid's partisans could contrive or imagine. A pious woman of Hassan's party, to put an end to these enormities, conceived a most extraordinary project. She had a son who was also named Hassan, and who bore a striking likeness to the decapitated caliph. She therefore cut off his head, and after it was discoloured and dried she took it, hidden beneath her clothes, to the spot where they were still insulting Hassan's remains. She approached it, saying that she also wished to manifest her contempt for the offspring of Ali and Fatima. She stooped, substituted her son's head for the caliph's and then pretended to spit upon it. She religiously preserved the precious relic as well as her son's head, when the gratified hatred of Hassan's enemies allowed her to take possession

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of it. Subsequently a mosque was erected to the two Hassans, Hassenein on the site of this devoted female's house." It is a tolerable proof of a people's fanaticism when such a story excites among them no horror or repugnance.

The Sultan, wishing to leave his card at the harems of Cairo most deserving of that gracious condescension, delivered the list of the addresses to his second moucahib, with orders to fulfil the mission in the course of next day. The list contained fourteen addresses, some of which bore the names of the widows of Mehemet Ali, of Ibrahim, Abbas, Said, and others, besides those of the harems of the surviving members of the same great family. While counting the addresses, the worthy Ramis-Aga, flattered by his sovereign's confidence, expressed only one apprehension, namely, that he did not know how he should be able to stow away inside his small person the fourteen coffees and the fourteen sherbets which, on the most moderate calculation, will be administered to him in the course of three or four hours. On such occasions Oriental good breeding admits of no refusal. You must either conquer your satiety or give offence. Do not smoke, if you choose not, the tchibouk offered to you, but accept it, hold it in your hand, and put it in your mouth from time to time. Strive hard, however, to eat the morsel of meat or pastry, which an officious neighbour, in token of goodwill, will thrust on you plate with the same fingers with which he is eating. It is not enticing, but it is patriarchal.

On his way home the Sultan was pressed into taking part in (to him) an unwonted ceremony. The English engaged on the Smyrna Railway had prepared a wheelbarow and a spade, as well as a plank on which to roll the vehicle. The two instruments were covered with red velvet at the places where the hands would touch them. Those gentlemen wanted his Majesty to put a few spadefuls of earth in a barrow and drive it to a certain distance. They required this performance to inaugurate, not as some said, the erection of a monument, but simply the completion of a railway. Fuad Pacha went and acquainted his Majesty with the project, offering to fulfil the task himself.

Arriving near the locomotives, which were decorated with flowers, the Sultan stopped, looked, and could not help laughing at the sight of his minister acting as navvy.—The operation completed, the hurrahs burst forth; everybody was happy; everybody, even the priests and choristers, laughed. At that time, probably, the Sultan little dreamt how far from home and into what strange lands railways would eventually carry him.

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[*The Saturday Review.*

MARRIAGE-BROKERS.

It will be a highly agreeable piece of intelligence to hosts of charming women and fascinating men when they learn that a Company is in existence for the purpose of promoting "matrimonial alliances." We have before us a lengthy prospectus or circular, printed on paper of a lovely tint, which was a few days ago sent by the coarse medium of the penny post to a lady of rank. At the close of the season, which is understood to have been only moderately brilliant in the important department of match-making, there must be a good many baffled beauties and frustrated fortune-hunters to whom the opportunity of continuing the campaign on the new principles will be exceedingly welcome; and for their benefit we venture to call attention to the "Office for Marriages, ancienne et seule Institution internationale de l'Angleterre pour la conclusion des alliances matrimoniales," conducted by Messrs. John Schwarz and Co. of—let us say Dalston. It will be observed at once, both indirectly from the use of two languages in the title of the establishment, and directly from the epithet describing the institution, that our benefactors scorn to be behind the age, and that the great international principle is to be extended to the most tender and solemn association of man with woman. Why, if a woman fails to meet some beautifully sympathetic male soul among her cold English compatriots, should she not roam further afield? If a man fails to pursuade some blonde *Meess Anglaise* to bestow her glowing affections and her money upon a constant suitor, why should he not seek a mate among the dark daughters of Italy or Spain, the gay children of Gaul, or the substantial maidens of Holland? Civilization demands the instant abolition of all the trumpery ideas which cluster round love of one's country.

Let us shake off these feeble prejudices. They are unworthy of the time. Messrs. Schwarz and Co. are ready to annihilate time and space to make two lovers happy.— And not only time and space, but race too. They have already affected a union between a lady in Europe and a gentleman in Africa. As it happened, indeed, the gentleman was a European, but this was an accident, of course, over which he could not have had the least control. The principle of intercontinental alliances was established just the same. If he had been an African born, the Dalston Company would not have quailed. Is not the nigger our brother? How then can any European gentleman,

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with the slightest sense of logic, object to have him for a brother-in-law? Dalston at any rate is above such mean insolence of race. It is the grand centre of moral eclectic cables, stretching forth over the wide universe, bearing the sighs of lovers from Rotten Row to Afric's sunny fountains or Greenland's icy mountains, or anywhere else, if the lovers will only carefully prepay their sighs. This as an essential condition. If a lady wishes to vindicate her rights by marrying a gentleman of colour, or if a gentleman wishes to break that dire monotony which is the curse of our civilization by placing a Hottentot Venus at the head of his table, you have only to send "applications for marriages (*prepaid*)" to the international Company.

This marriage between Europe and Africa is treated in a really impressive manner by the philogamist author of the circular. "Who will not recognize in this union," he cries, "the distinct command of Providence," employing Messrs. John Schwarz and Co. "as instruments for uniting these persons, who without their assistance would surely never have met in this world, in consequence of their limited spheres of life?" Clearly. Marriages are made in Heaven, *viâ* Dalston. "This case," we are assured, "may serve as an encouragement to those persons who through timidness or diffidence do not like to address themselves in confidence to the Directors of the Institution." As the Directors of the Institution have just given us the names and addresses in full of the happy couple whose union Providence distinctly commanded, we do not quite see how the case is likely to encourage shy couples to banish their diffidence. Or is it that the extremely flattering fact of the interest taken by Providence in one's limited sphere of life ought to encourage one? We cannot tell, but there the case is. It is numbered with accuracy—No. 2360—and so must be true.

Another very interesting case is that of a Prussian Freiherr, who married "a young English lady, daughter of a high dignitary of the Church of England, and related to the English aristocratic families." The Freiherr—name and address again given in full—writes to his benefactors, "I also acknowledge the receipt of all my letters and of my note of hand for 150*l.*, due to them as the agreed commission for their agency on behalf of my marriage. Signed by my own hand, and sealed with my own coat of arms." It will no doubt be exceedingly interesting to the high dignitary of the Church of England and to the English aristocratic families to know the precise amount paid by their admirable relative for the young daughter. A hundred and fifty pounds seem to us to be a most reasonable price. Many a curate would contrive to scrape that sum together for the sake of the young daughter of a high dignitary. A wife, and the prospects of preferment, would be cheap at the price.

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Occasionally the Directors give us tantalizing glimpses of married bliss. For instance—

BELGRADE, Dec. 7, 1859.

Gentlemen—In reply to your honoured letter I beg to announce that I am since several weeks married to Lady von T——. . . . My wife is a very excellent person, and I am quite satisfied, and therefore thank you again. As soon as I shall receive her dowry I shall make my thanks more substantial.

Assuring you of our highest mutual esteem,

I am, yours obediently.

The mutual esteem between this precious gentleman and the Dalston Company must be something quite unique. Was it not a trifle shabby, though, to pay for the wife out of her own dowry? But perhaps this is a sentimental view of things. At all events, it must be a comfort to the lady to know that she is found satisfactory; according to sample, as it were. What would have occurred, we wonder, if the purchaser had happened not to be quite satisfied? Messrs. Schwarz will not think it impertinent if we suggest that their establishment, to be perfect, ought to have a Divorce Department in case of accidents.—Their skill in fastening would, no doubt, be surpassed by their skill in loosening; and one cannot help suspecting that a good many of the people who can testify to their skill in the former part of their delightful and honourable business would be only too happy to have a chance of doing the same for the latter. It is quite possible that the lady whose husband gave for her his note of hand for a hundred and fifty pounds would eagerly give three hundred pounds to get rid of him. But these are unpleasant thoughts. Let us reflect on the case of one F——. To him Messrs. Schwarz had sent an honoured letter containing their good wishes for the new year—and possibly also a request for cash, or perhaps for postage stamps.

The receiver of this epistle writes with much fervour and gratitude. "We were married on the 10th October, 1862, at Trieste, but alas, my good wife is at present ill. . . I send you, as well as your lady, my most heartfelt thanks, and shall endeavour, as far as I can, to express it always." Messrs. Schwarz would perhaps almost as soon have had stamps as any amount of heartfelt thanks. But what is this about the lady? The letter is addressed to "Messrs. John Schwarz and Co." Your lady! How can John Schwarz and all the rest of the Co. speak of their lady? Surely, on the principle that the physician ought to begin by healing himself, each shareholder and director in the Matrimonial Company ought to begin by using its agency to provide him with his own lady. Whatever may be the mystery here, about a fortnight after the above letter the "good wife" wrote to the lady in question—"Madame, mon mari est un honnete homme, je vous le répète." Before she was a good wife, she had written in a manner that is almost touching:—"J'espère ma-

dame, par ces détails avoir satisfait à l'intéret que vous me portez; croyez, je vous en prie, que si, comme je l'espère fermement, je dois gouter le bonheur dans l'union qui se prépare, je n'oublierai jamais que c'est à vous que je le dois."—Perhaps the lady will take care that she never does forget it, so long as she continues to reside in a town which enjoys the benefit of postal communication. It is rather strange that the good wife herself an Italian, with a German husband, writing to the lady of a German firm, should use French. But then foreigners are all such queer people. Or perhaps it is because French is the language of diplomacy.

Why, however, linger over these cases? In them what has been done cannot be undone. Let us look to the future. The Company has names on its books at this moment. They "beg leave to state most respectfully that amongst a great number of gentlemen claiming their assistance, are at present *several highly distinguished Noblemen.* Let us enumerate them:—

1. An Austrian Count, 32 years of age, Chamberlain to his I. R. Majesty and Major in the army, possessor of large estates in Saxony, with a yearly income of 12,000 thalers.

2. A Dutch Count, 33 years of age, attached to the household of a royal prince of Holland and Director of a well-known Gas Compagnie in a foreign country.

3. An Italian Count, 40 years of age, holding a commission as Lieut. Col. of Cavalry in the Italian army.

"These noblemen," we are told, "being desirous of concluding matrimonial alliances, do not look for high family descent; they would cheerfully offer their hands and high social position to any lady of good education, unblemished reputation, and possessing a jointure from 20*l.* to 40,000*l.*" This may remind one of the lady who advertised for a small loan on "the security of a spotless name and a rosewood pianoforte." *Argal,* "any lady, either of the aristocracy or middle classes, possessing the enumerated qualifications will have a rare opportunity of acquiring, not only a highly-gifted husband, but also of becoming a member of one of the first families in Europe."—The Company forgot to name among the qualifications for candidature incurable idiotcy, because certainly no woman, either of the aristocracy or middle classes, who was not an absolute fool could bring herself to believe that rich and highly gifted and patrician German and Dutch counts would be reduced to the good offices of the benevolent Schwarz and Co., and their lady, if they wish to marry.

There must be idiots of this kind, or else where would the money come from to pay for all the paper and print of Schwarz and Co.? The worst of it is that a mere act of folly in such a quarter may lead to the most horrible and prolonged wretchedness; for a silly woman who has once entanged herself with marriage-brokers would submit to almost any demands on her

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purse rather than have her folly exposed to her friends. It may be assumed that such persons make their living mostly out of women. No male over fifteen, we are sure, could have so little knowledge of the world as to open a correspondence with a matrimonial agency office. In vain the net is supposed to be set in the sight of any bird, yet the fact that these fowlers should send their circulars to respectable people shows that their ventures are not always unsuccessful. Now and then, no doubt, some imbecile with money listens to their overtures, and one success may pay for many failures. Yet, after all, Schwarz and Co. must do a good deal of work for the money, and, with the same amount of trouble well directed, they might make a respectable living. They would not have so much amusement in reflecting on the blind fatuousness of mankind, we admit.

[*Cornhill Magazine.*

WHAT TIME DOES FOR US.

The looseness of idea which is traceable in many of our semi-philosophic phrases and opinions offers a curious subject for reflection: Habitually, partly from mental indolence probably, partly from inherent unscientific carelessness of mind, we are satisfied with *approaches* to an idea about, or an explanation of, the phenomena which catch our attention,—with what Dr. Chalmers used to call "the inkling of an idea,"—not so much with half an idea as with the raw materials of an idea. We are content with feeling that a conception, and probably a true conception, *lurks* under the expressions we hear and repeat; and under cover of this inarticulate *sentiment* (for it is usually nothing more) we absolve ourselves from the exertion of analysing the conception, embodying it in appropriate language, or even carrying it so far as distinct and expressible notices. We use a phrase, and then fancy we have done a thing—have elucidated a fact or given utterance to an idea. We employ words not to express thought, nor (as Talleyrand suggested) to conceal it; but to hide its absence and so escape its toil.

No word has been oftener made to do duty in this way than Time. We constantly say—speaking of material things—that "Time" destroys buildings, effaces inscriptions, removes landmarks, and the like. In the same way—speaking of higher matters appertaining to men and nations, to moral and intellectual phenomena—we are accustomed to say that "Time" obliterates im-

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pressions, cures faults, solaces grief, heals wounds, extinguishes animosities;—as well as that under its influence empires decay, people grow enlightened, errors get trodden out, brute natures become humanised, and so on,—that the world "makes progress," in short. Now what do we mean when we speak thus; or do most of us mean anything? What are the mighty and resistless agencies hidden under those four letters, and embodied in, or implied by, that little word?

Sir Humphry Davy, in those *Consolations in Travel* which worthily solaced "the last days of a philosopher," endeavoured to answer this question as regards mere physical phenomena. He analyses the several causes which, in the course of ages, contribute and combine to produce the ruins which cover the surface of the earth, and most of which are more lovely in their decay than ever in their pristine freshness. Putting aside all results traceable to the hand of man, to the outrages of barbarian invaders, or the greed of native depredators—leaving out of view, too, the destruction wrought from time to time by lightning, the tempest, and the earthquake,—he shows that the principal among those elements of destruction, which operate slowly and surely, generation after generation, are traceable to *heat* and *gravitation*. More precisely, they may be classed under two heads, the chemical and mechanical, usually acting in combination, and the former much the most powerful of the two. The contraction and expansion of the materials of which all buildings are composed, due to changes of temperature, operate to loosen their cohesion, especially where wood or iron enters largely into their composition; and in northern climates, wherever water penetrates among the stones, its peculiarity of sudden and great expansion when freezing, renders it one of the most effective agencies of disintegration known. The rain that falls year by year, independent of its ceaseless mechanical effect in carrying off minute fragments of all perishable materials, is usually, and especially near cities, more or less charged with carbonic acid, the action of which upon the carbonic of lime, which forms so large an element in most stones, is sometimes portentously rapid, as indeed we see every day around us.

The air, again through the instrumentality of the oxygen which is one of its component parts, is about the most powerful agency of destruction furnished by the whole armoury of nature: it corrodes the iron by which the stones are clamped together; it causes the gradual decay of the timber of which the roofs of buildings are usually constructed, so that we seldom find any traces of them in the more ancient remains which have come down to us. Thus the great principle of organic life becomes also, in its inevitable and eternal action, the great principle also of decay and dissolution. Then follows what we may term the unintentional or accidental agencies of

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living things. As soon as the walls and pediments and columns of a statue or a temple have lost their polished surface through the operation of the chemical influences we have enumerated, the seeds of lichens and mosses and other parasitic plants, which are constantly floating in the atmosphere, settle in the roughnesses, grow, decay, and decompose, form soil, attract moisture, and are followed by other and stronger plants, whose roots force their way into the crevices thus formed by "Time," and end by wrenching asunder the damaged and disintegrated blocks of marble. The animal creation succeeds the vegetable and aids its destructive operations; the fox burrows, the insect bores, the ant saps the foundations of the building; and thus by a series of causes, all of them in the ordinary and undying course of nature, the most magnificent edifices ever raised by the genius, the piety, and the industry of man are brought to an end, as by fixed and irreversible decree. And this is "Time," so far as its physical agencies are concerned.

When we turn from the influence of Time on the work of man's hands to consider its influence on the man himself, we find a very different mode of operation. "Time" with individuals acts partly through the medium of our capacities and powers, but more, probably, through our defects and the feebleness and imperfection of our nature. It ought not, perhaps, to be so, but it is so. Time heals our wounds and brings comfort to our sorrows, but *how?* "It is beneath the dignity of thinking beings (says Bolingbroke) to trust to time and distraction as the only cure for grief—to wait to be happy till we can forget that we are miserable, and owe to the weakness of our faculties a result for which we ought to be indebted to their strength." Yet it is precisely thus that "thinking beings" generally act, or find that "Time" acts with them. Half the healing influence of Time depends solely upon the decay of memory. It is a law of nature—and like all nature's laws, in the aggregate of its effects a beneficent one—that, while the active powers strengthen with exercise, passive impressions fade and grow feeble with repetition. The *physical* blow or prick inflicted on a spot already sore with previous injuries is doubly felt; the second *moral* stroke falls upon a part which has become partially benumbed and deadened by the first. Then new impressions, often far feebler, often far less worthy of attention, pass like a wave over the older ones, cover them, cicatrise them, push them quietly into the background. We *could* not retain our griefs in their first freshness, even if we would. As Mr. Arnold says:—

> This is the curse of life; that not
> A nobler, calmer, train
> Of wiser thoughts and feelings blot
> Our passions from our brain.
>
> But each day brings its petty dust,
> Our soon choked souls to fill;
> And we forget because we must,
> And not because we will.

In a word, we do not overcome

our sorrow—we only overlive it.—It is succeeded—not subdued: covered up, mossed over, like the temples of Egypt or the tombs of the Campagna—not conquered.

It is the same, too, usually, with our faults. "Time" cures them, we say. It would be more correct to say that it removes the temptation to them. Sometimes it is only that pleasures cease to please; we grow wise and good through mere satiety,—if wisdom and goodness that come to us through such an operation of "Time" be not a most fallacious and cynical misnomer. The passions that led our youth astray die out with age from the slow changes in our animal frame, from purely physical modifications of our constitution:—the appetites and desires that spring from the hot blood and abounding vigour of our early years no longer torment the languid pulse and phlegmatic temperament of after life; the world and the devil, not the flesh, are then the tempters to be prayed against. The frailties of

> ——cheerful creatures whose most sinful deeds
> Were but the overbeating of the heart,

come easily and naturally to an end when from the dulled emotions and impaired vitality of advancing age we feel nothing vividly and desire nothing strongly. Time does not so much *cure* our faults as *kill* them.

Sometimes—often, indeed, we would hope—Time brings experience in its train. We learn that vice "does not pay." We discover by degrees that the sin is far less sweet than we fancied, and that it costs much dearer than we had bargained for. We grow better calculators than we were; and we reflect more profoundly; we measure and weigh more accurately.—Occasionally, no doubt, "Time" operates through a nobler class of influences. The observation of life shows us the extensive misery wrought by all wrong-doing; we find those around us whom we love better than ourselves; and affection and philanthropy gradually initiate us into virtue and self-denial. Growing sense aids the operation of dulled sensibility;—we become less passionate and fierce as our nerves become less irritable; we drop our animosities as failing memory ceases to remind us of the offences which aroused them, and as a calmer judgment enable us to measure those offences more justly; we are less willing to commit crimes or neglect duties or incur condemnation for the sake of worldly advancement, as we discover how little happiness that advancement brings us, and as we reflect for how short a period we can hope to enjoy it.. But, through all and to the last, the physical influence of "Time" upon our bodily frame is the best ally of its moral influence on our character and our intelligence. Time brings mellowness to man much as it brings beauty to ruins—by the operation of decay. We melt and fade into the gentle and the good, just as palaces and temples crumble into the picturesque.

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When we come to speak of nations, and of national progress, the idea of "Time" embraces a far wider range of influences, both as to number and duration, which we can only glance at. Time, as it operates on empires and on peoples, on their grandeur and their decadence, includes the aggregate of the efforts, separate or combined, of every individual among them, through a long succession of decades and of centuries.

But "Time," in reality, when used in speaking of nations means nothing but the sum of all the influences which, in the course of time, individual labourers in the field of discovery, invention, reasoning, and administration, have brought to bear upon the world.—In the work of religious truth and freedom "Time" means the blood of many martyrs, the toil of many brains, slow steps made good through infinite research, small heights and spots of vantage ground won from the retiring forces of ignorance and prejudice by generations of inspirations of stern struggle and still sterner patience, gleams of light, and moments of inspiration interspersed amid years of darkness and despondency, thousands of combatants falling on the field, thousands of labourers dying at the plough, with here and there a Moses mounting the heights of Pisgah to survey, through the mist of tears and with the eye of faith, the promised land which his followers may reach at last. In material progress, in those acts of life which in their aggregate make up the frame-work and oil the wheels of our complicated civilization, "Time" signifies the hard-won discoveries of science, augmented by the accessions of each succeeding age from Thales and Archimedes to Newton and Davy—the practical sagacity and applicative ingenuity of hundreds of inventors like Arkwright and Watt, Stephenson and Wheatstone (to whom we owe the cotton manufacture and the steam-engine, the railway and the telegraph,) as well as the humbler and unremembered labours of the thousands whose minor contrivances paved the way for their great completors; the innumerable contributions, age after age, of the professional or speculative men who at last have made medicine and surgery what they now are; finally, the daily, unacknowledged, half-unconscious, because routine, exertions of the rulers and administrators who have rendered these great victories of peace possible because they have enabled those who achieved them to labour in security and in hope. As far as "Time" has made the world, or any nation in it, wiser and better, it is because wise and good men have devoted that brief fragment of Time which was allotted to them here below to the task of enlightening and encouraging their fellow-men, to rendering virtue easier and wisdom more attractive, to removing obstacles in the path of moral progress, to dragging up the masses towards the position which the *élite* had previously attained. Where nations, once in thraldom, have won liberty

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and independence, it is not the cold abstraction of "Time" that has enfranchised them, but tyrants that have so misused time as to make sufferers desperate; prophets who have struck out the enthusiasm that makes sufferers daring because hopeful, and patriots who have been found willing to die for an idea and an aim. And, to look on the reverse of the picture, when in its ceaseless revolutions "Time," which once brought progress and development, shall have brought decay and dissolution, the agencies in operation and their *modus operandi* present no difficult analysis. Sometimes the same rough energy which made nations conquerors at first makes them despots and oppressors in the end, and rouses that hatred and thirst for vengeance which never waits in vain for opportunities, if only it waits long enough; and the day of peril surprises them with a host of enemies and not a single friend.—Usually the wealth which enterprise and civilization have accumulated brings luxury and enervation in its train; languor and corruption creep over the people's powers, exertion grows distasteful, and danger repels where it formerly attracted; degenerate freemen hire slaves to do their work, and mercenaries to fight their battles; and no strength or vitality or patriotism is left to resist the attacks of sounder and hardier barbarians.—Occasionally, in the process of territorial aggrandisement, a nation outgrows its administrative institutions; the governmental system and the ruling faculties which sufficed for a small State, prove altogether unequal to the task of managing a great one, and the empire or republic falls to pieces from lack of cohesive power within or coercive power above. Not unfrequently, it may be, the mere progress of rational but imperfect civilization brings with it its peculiar dangers and sources of disintegration; the lower and less qualified classes in a nation, always inevitably the most numerous, rise in intelligence and wealth, and grow prosperous and powerful; institutions naturally become more and more democratic; if the actual administration of public affairs does not pass into the hands of the masses of their nominees, at least the policy of the nation is moulded in accordance with the views of the less sagacious and more passionate part of the community; the mischief is done unconsciously but irretrievably, and the catastrophe comes without being either intended or foreseen. In other cases, States and monarchies come to an end simply because they have no longer a *raison d'être*—because they never had in them the elements of permanence; because destructive or disintegrating causes, long in operation, have at last ripened into adequate strength. The Ottoman Power is falling because the military spirit which founded it has died away, and it has no other point of superiority to the people over whom it rules; because the Turks are stagnant and stationary, and the Greeks are *au fond* a pro-

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..ressive though a corrupt and undeveloped race. Austria, too, seems crumbling to pieces, because composed of a host of incongruous elements, and because neither the genius to fuse them, nor the vigour to coerce them, can be found among their rulers.

Is there, then, no permanence in any earthly thing? Must nations for ever die out under the slow corrosion of "Time," as surely as men and the monuments men rear? Is there no principle of vitality strong enough to defy at once assaults from without and disintegration from within;—no *elixir vitæ* discoverable by the accumulated sagacity and experience of centuries, by means of which the essential elements of national life can be renewed as fast as they consume, and the insidious causes of decay watched and guarded against the instant they begin to operate, and counteracted *pari passu* with their operation? In a word, cannot the same wisdom and self-knowledge which tells nations *why* and *how* they degenerate and die, discover antidotes against degeneracy and death? Or is fate too mighty for human resistance;—that is, to speak more piously and definitely, has Providence decreed that the progress of the race shall proceed by a *succession* of States and peoples, and not by the adaptation and perfectation of existing ones; and must nations perforce forego the noble egotism of immortal life, and be content to live vicariously in their offspring and inheritors? The question is of infinitely small moment except to our imaginations; but there is surely no reason why the dearer and more human hope should not be realised, though we may be ages distant from the day of realization. We have all the preserving salt that lies latent in the true essence of Christianity, as yet so little understood; we are learning to comprehend, far better than the ancients and our ancestors, in what rational patriotism consists, and wherein lie the real interests of republics and of empires; all the needed pharmacopœia of policy is within our reach as soon as we thoroughly know our constitutions, and have the virtue and nerve to apply the remedies in time. If there had been conservators of the Coliseum, versed in all the destructive and reparative agencies of nature, vigilantly watching the one and promptly applying the other, the Coliseum would have been standing in its strength and its beauty to this hour.

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[*Chambers's Journal.*

SEXTONS.

We are assured, on excellent authority, that there are no ancient gentlemen but gardners, ditchers, and gravemakers; therefore we need not apologise for introducing the reader into the society of the gentlemen of the mattock, or beat about for excuses to justify us in having our say about sextons.

The old sexton in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, who is ever dwelling upon the uncertainty of life while planning what he will do—next summer, says it is only those who turn up the ground where nothing grows, and everything decays, who read the signs around them rightly. Never was there a greater mistake. Dicken's sexton, moreover, "drawing one stern moral from his pursuits and everything around him," is no type of his craft. Shakspeare's merry clown, bandying jokes as he jowls the skulls to the ground, ready alike for a stave or a stoup of liquor, comes much nearer life. "Hath the fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at gravemaking?" asks Hamlet, when he hears the sexton trolling a love-ditty as he plies his spade. "Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness," replies Horatio. Just so, familiarity soon breeds insensibility. Your hospital nurse will turn with a jest from laying out a dead patient, your coffin-maker will whistle as he hammers, and your gravedigger sing at his work. If habit did not blunt the sense, and strip such occupations of their sad associations, who would voluntarily follow them? But it *is* astonishing how quickly a man whose trade depends upon other people's misfortunes, get to look at those misfortunes entirely from a business point of view. When the Tunbridge sexton was shewing Southey over the church, somebody came in to tell him of a certain townsman's death. "Is he dead at last? Is he dead at last? Thank God for it! It's the best piece of news I've heard this many a day!" The poet surprised at this outbreak, inquired why he should rejoice so heartily at the death of the man. "Why," was the sexton's answer, "he has left me five shillings on condition that I bury him in a particular corner of the churchyard!" And we may be sure the Newcastle sexton looked upon himself as an injured individual, when he recorded of a certain slack week in the summer of 1795—"Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, *seven days and no funerals!*"

Sacristan and sexton are reckoned to be synonymous terms; but the modern bell-ringing, grave-digging institution is somewhat very dif-

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ferent from the older office, which the sir-priest of a former day did not think unbeseeming the dignity of the cloth. By the statutes of the cathedral of Durham, drawn up in the reign of Philip and Mary, it was ordained that the sacristan of the cathedral should be a faithful and industrious person, chosen from among the minor canons. He was to take charge of all the vestments, vessels, and paraphernalia of the church, and see that the linen was kept neat, whole, and clean. He had the care of the school-books, and all those belonging to the cathedral library, and was especially enjoined not to lend any of the latter to any canon or stranger, without obtaining the consent of the dean; even then, he was to insist upon the borrower giving him a note of his name, and that of the book he borrowed, with a written engagement to return it upon a certain day. The duty of providing the wine, wax, and oil required for the uses of the church also fell to the sacrist. He received oblations, kept order during the services, and furthermore, had to visit the sick, and administer the sacrament when need or time required. To assist him in his multifarious duties, he was allowed two careful honest men as sub-sacrists, to fold the vestments, cover the altar, light the cathedral, and act as vergers generally; and two still humbler assistants to clean the edifice, take care of the clock, ring the bells, dig the graves, and see to the opening of the cathedral doors before six o'clock in the morning, and to the closing of them at curfew. The sacristan was paid a salary of eight pounds a year, besides being found in vestments and commons.

In Peterborough Cathedral may be seen the counterfeit presentment of a sturdily-built, self-satisfied looking little man, clad in a red jacket, trunk hose, and blue stockings; his head crowned with a red cap, and his feet encased in black shoes, tied with smart blue ribbons. One would scarcely guess his office by his costume, did not his keys, his mattock and spade, his whip—one dreaded by obtrusive boys and intrusive curs—emphatically bespeak his calling. Few of his fraternity have attained even local fame, but Robert Scarlett, whose portrait still holds its pride of place, may be considered an historical character. He missed being a centenarian by just a couple of years, but followed his vocation long enough to bury two generations of his fellow-townsmen, while it was his fortune to perform the last sad office for two famous queens. In 1535, Scarlett plied his tools in behalf of the ill-used Catherine, the first and noblest of the many consorts of Henry VII., and in 1587 dug the grave of the yet worse-fated Mary Queen of Scots. Beneath the portrait of the old sexton stand these lines by way of epitaph:

You see old Scarlett's picture stand on hie;
But at your feet here doth his body lye.
His gravestone doth his age and death-time shew,
His office by heis token [s] you may know.

Second to none for strength and sturdye lymm,
A scare-babe mighty voice, with visage grim;
He had interd two queenes within this place,
And this townes householders in his life's space
Twice over, but at length his own time came,
What he for others did, for him the same
Was done; no doubt his soule doth live for aye
In heaven, though here his body clad in clay.

When his turn came, we are told by a square stone inscribed July 2, 1591, R. S. ætatis 98.

A wielder of the spade, a female one too, is one of the few notabilities of which Kingston-on-Thames can boast. Hester Hammerton, daughter of Abraham Hammerton, sometime sexton of the perish, was a woman of robust frame and strong constitution, who occasionally assisted her father in his churchyard duties.

In the year 1730, she was thus employed when an accident happened, of which Dr. Rawlinson gives the following account in a letter to a friend: "On Monday last, our sexton, with his son and daughter, being employed in digging a grave, part of the ancient chapel of St. Mary fell in upon them, killed the sexton and one other man on the spot, and buried in the grave both the son and daughter for above three hours, during which time many were employed in digging out the rubbish, in order to get at the bodies that were buried. After the removal of the timbers, and several loads of rubbish, they heard very plainly some loud groans and cries in the grave. Soon after, they came to the heads of two persons: the man was speechless and almost dead, the woman was not so much pressed; but being immediately taken care of by Dr. Cranmer, they are both in a fair way of recovery." They owed their lives to a part of one of the columns having fallen over the grave, and the column is still preserved in the church as a memorial of the event.

One might have supposed the strong-minded damsel would have had enough of grave-digging; but as soon as Hester had recovered from the effects of the accident, she accepted the offer of succeeding her father, was formally inducted into the office, and for sixteen years she rang the great bell, and dug all the graves in the parish churchyard. Her official costume consisted of a man's waistcoat and hat, a long loose gown, and a silk neckerchief; but on Sundays and holidays she arrayed herself in a gown of the latest fashion, donned a mob-cap with frilled border and gay ribbons, and carried a nosegay in her bosom. Feminine occupations this stalwart maiden disliked and despised, while skating, cricket, football, and other manly sports were her delight.—Partial to convivial parties, she contributed her share of the singing, and enjoyed her share of the feasting, drinking, and smoking; but if any one presumed to insult her, or made more free than pro-

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priety allowed, her fists were ready and apt to inflict summary chastisement. One Sunday afternoon, going to the church to ring the bell for afternoon service, Hester espied two men busily engaged ripping the fringe and gold-lace off the pulpit hangings. Seizing one by the collar, she threw him over the reading-desk into a pew below, but had no sooner done so than she was felled by a blow from his companion, and by the time she recovered herself, the precious pair had disappeared: they were, however, caught soon afterwards, and hanged in the market-place. Hester Hammerton died on the 28th of February, 1746, at the age of thirty-five, and was buried in the churchyard in which she had laboured so long. We must not assume that Hester Hammerton's early death arose from the unfitness of one of her sex to cope with the duties of her office, for Mrs. Mary Hall, who filled the same place in York some century ago, attained the age of a hundred and five, and was able to see and hear, talk and walk, to the last, the stout old dame not taking to her bed till within two days of her death.

Incongruous as the association of the sex with the sextonship seems, female sextons were and are by no means uncommon — especially in London churches in which the burial-service has long ceased to be heard. In the reign of George II., the question of the legal eligibility of females to serve the office was raised and settled. A vacancy occurring in the sextonship of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, two candidates solicited the votes of the parishioners—a man named Olive, and a woman named Sarah Bly. The latter polled two hundred and nine votes to her opponent's hundred and ninety-six, forty female householders voting for the representative of their sex. Not satisfied with this result, Olive went to law, and the judges had to decide upon two points—firstly, whether a woman could be elected sexton; and secondly, whether women could take part in the election. That women had held offices of greater consequence, was a fact not to be gainsayed—one lady having officiated as workhouse governor, another as keeper of the Gatehouse, a Lady Packington had served as returning-officer, and the famous Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery sat on the assize bench as hereditary sheriff of Westmoreland.—With these precedents in favour of feminine capacity before them, the court decided against Olive on the first point; and for the second, held that, as the office did not concern the public, or the care, and inspection of the morals of the parishioners, there was no reason to exclude women from voting at such elections, providing they paid church and poor rates.

The father of the sextoness of Kingston-on-Thames was not the only one of his fraternity to whom working for the dead proved fatal. In 1765, the sexton of St. Andrews, Newcastle, was found dead in a grave he had been digging. Three years afterwards, the sexton of St.

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Catharine Cree, in the City of London, laid a wager that he would dig a certain grave ten feet deep; he won the wager, but just as he completed his task, some of the soil he had thrown out fell back into the grave, filling it up again to his middle. Some lookers-on rushed to his rescue, and in their eagerness brought down a second mass of mould, which smothered the unlucky official. A similar fate was the lot of the sexton of Newington in 1804, who was buried alive just as the funeral-procession for which he was waiting entered the churchyard.

If the sexton was liable to peculiar dangers, he was also beset with peculiar temptation, leading him to test the truth of proverbial saying, that dead men tell no tales. A monumental brass in the church of St. Decumans, near Watchett, Somersetshire, records how the lady it commemorates was brought back to life and the world by the ruthless knife of the sacrilegious sexton, who, in attempting to remove a ring from the finger of the supposed defunct, awoke her from her trance. We have no right to impugn the truth of the record; but it is singular that the self-same legend, with variations, should exist in Gloucestershire, in Halifax, and Drogheda, as well as in three different towns in Germany—a circumstance, at anyrate, eloquent enough as to the estimation in which the pliers of mattock and spade were popularly held. It is certain that with them originated the horrible offence of body-snatching; for the first indictment for that crime was laid in 1777 against the sexton and assistant-sexton of St. George's, Bloomsbury, who were fairly caught in the act of carrying away the body of a lady.—The wretches were found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and whipping from Kingsgate Street to Dyott Street (a distance of half a mile;) but this well-merited item was afterwards remitted. As some slight set-off to these delinquencies, fate made a sexton the instrument of bringing a foul criminal to justice. One day, Dr Airy, passing through St. Sepulchre's Churchyard stopped to watch the gravedigger at his work. Presently he was astonished to notice that a skull thrown out of the grave seemed endowed with a power of motion. Taking it up, the cause of progression was found to be a large toad; but while the skull was in his hand, the doctor made another and more exciting discovery—embedded in the temple-bone was a tenpenny nail! He drew the gravedigger's attention to the extraordinary fact, and departed. The sexton turned the matter in his mind; he knew the skull was that of a man who had died suddenly twenty-two years before, and gradually memory brought back certain floating rumours of the time. Putting this and that together, he became some thing more than suspicious, and lost no time in consulting a magistrate. The widow of the long-buried man was arrested, and taxed with having murdered her husband; she con-

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fessed her guilt, and was duly hanged for the crime so long hidden, and so strangely brought to light.

The sexton's lot is certainly no very enviable one; it would be less desirable still if the melancholy monotony of delving in the churchyard were not broken by the duties of the belfry. Those, at least, are not always of the same sad complexion—there are marriage-bells as well as death-knells to be rung—

> To call the folk to church in time,
> We chime;
> When joy and mirth are on the wing,
> We ring;
> When we mourn a departed soul,
> We toll.

Ringing, tolling, and chiming form the three variations of the bellman's vocation. In ringing, he swings the bell round; in tolling he swings it just enough to allow of the clapper striking the bell's side, the solemn sound peculiar to the knell being imparted by setting the bell at every pull; chiming is merely tolling the bells in harmony. The ordinary bell-duties of the sexton consist in ringing the people to church, tolling for a funeral, and ringing the passing bell.—In the seventh year of Elizabeth's reign, it was ordered that, "when any Christian body is in passing, the bell be tolled, and that the curate be specially called for to comfort the sick person; and after the time of his passing, to ring no more but one short peal; and one before the burial, and another short peal after the burial." It was a popular belief that the soul never left the body till the church-bell had been rung. The usual method of ringing the passing bell is, we believe, to toll quickly for a few minutes, and then give a certain number of knells—three for a child, six for a woman, and nine for a man; sometimes finishing with as many strokes as the departed has numbered years.

The authorities of a town used to be fined at one time if the church bells were not set going upon the arrival of the king or queen. The bell was rung, too, in cases of fire or public commotion; and in old times the sexton sought to drive away storms and tempests by ringing the bell vigorously, and so frightening the evil spirits who stirred up angry weather. With so many demands upon them, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that lazy sextons attached the rope to the clapper, and eased their labour at the risk of cracking the bell.—The church-wardens at St. Lawrence, Reading, in 1594, made an entry in the parish books anent this evil practice—"Whereas there was through the slothfulness of the sextun in times past a kind of toling ye bell by ye clapper rope; yt was now forbidden and taken away; and that ye bell should be toled as in times past, and not in any such idle sorte." We suspect the church-wardens interfered too late to prevent mischief, for by another entry we see they were compelled to have their great bell, "Harry Kelsall," recast soon afterwards. It had probably, like many a good bell, been cracked in tolling it by the clapper.

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When "execution-day" was a weekly Newgate institution, the sexton of St. Sepulchre's used to go to the prison at midnight and exhort the unhappy inmates in the following fashion:

"You prisoners that are within,
Who for wickedness and sin,

after many mercies shewn you, are now appointed to die to-morrow in the forenoon, give ear and understand, that to-morrow morning the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre's shall toll for you in form of, and manner of a passing bell, as used to be tolled for those that were at the point of death; to the end that all godly people hearing that bell, and knowing it is for your going to your deaths, may be stirred up heartily to pray to God to bestow his grace and mercy upon you whilst you live!" As the carts passed the church, the great bell was tolled, and the sexton again exhorted the criminals to repentance. For these services, he received twenty-six shillings and eight pence, derived from a legacy left to the parish, for the express purpose, by one Robert Dove or Dowe.

Twelve years ago, a Derbyshire newspaper, in recording the death of Peter Bramwell, the sexton of Chapel-en-le-Frith, commented upon the long and unbroken succession his family had enjoyed, the office having been filled by his father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather during a period of two hundred and twenty-three years—giving an average of above forty-four years' possession to each. It might be difficult to match this so far as regards the average, but the family succession itself might probably be paralleled, if not surpassed; for in many parts of England the sextonship is, to all intents and purposes, hereditary. Local customs rule supreme in the matter. In some places, the sexton only holds office at the pleasure of the parishioners, but usually the appointment is a life-appointment, the office being a freehold one, not subject to ecclesiastical deprivation. Where custom does not vest the election in the hands of the ratepayers, the law holds the right of choice to rest with the minister of the parish.

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[*The Argosy.*

THE BELGIANS AT HOME.

To an Englishman who sees the Belgians in their own country, and observes the current opinion amongst them, one thing becomes speedily apparent. He finds that he is not separated from them by those marked diversities of temperament, or by that entire divergence of view upon the most fundamental interests of life, which he feels to be fatal to all prospect of his fraternising to any serious extent with some other nations of the Continent. On the contrary, he finds that the Belgian has much in common with himself. He has the same conception of freedom, both individual and social; he lives under a government similarly constituted to our own; and he has institutions based upon those same principles that lie deepest in the heart of this country.

The Constitution of Belgium is laid down in one hundred and thirty-nine articles, and bears the very recent date of 1831, having of course been drawn up subsequent to its separation from Holland. As amongst ourselves, the legislative power is vested in three separate estates of the realm—the King, the Senate, and the Chamber of Representatives. But there is this important difference between us—that neither of their two houses is hereditary, like our house of peers. The Senate appears to be the more dignified assembly of the two, consisting of only half as many members as the other. But the Senators, like the members of the lower house, are elected by the people for a period of eight years, the Deputies of the other chamber holding their seats for four years only. The qualifications for holding a seat in either house differ only in degree, and not in kind from each other. The Senator must be at least forty years of age, while the Deputy need not be more than twenty-five; and the Senator must be a man who pays at least one thousand florins in direct taxation, a smaller sum being required of a member of the lower house. Upon the question which sometimes gets debated amongst ourselves, whether members of parliament ought to be paid or not for the admitted services they render, the Belgians appear to be of a different opinion from that which obtains here. For it is provided that every Deputy of the lower house shall receive an indemnity of two hundred florins a month throughout the whole duration of the session; but it is thought unnecessary to extend the same allowance to the more wealthy gentlemen who sit in the upper house.

In the very first Articles of the

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Constitution, immediately after the definition of the territory and the subdivision of it into nine provinces or counties, we have the Belgium ideas of freedom laid down; and they are in remarkable accordance with our own. In the State there is no distinction of rank, but all men are equal in the sight of the law. Individual liberty is guaranteed; that is to say, no one can be arrested at the caprice of a minister, or by the despotic order of the sovereign. It can only be done, as in England, by virtue of an order of a judge; and a prosecution can only be instituted in the cases for which the law provides, in the forms which the law defines, and before that particular judge which the law appoints for the accused. Like other governments, the Belgian government of course has its opponents, and formidable ones too; but it cannot get rid of them by the summary procedure of an arrest without warrant, a hole-and-corner trial, and an imprisonment *sine die*, all hustled through in the course of a few hours. Belgium, indeed, is full of memories of such things in the past. She will never forget the deeds of blood perpetrated upon her soil under the name of Religion, but really in the interests of Politics, in the time of Alva and the Inquisition; and it seems almost in revenge for being saddled with such traditions as these that she has now hedged round the personal freedom of the individual with every conceivable safeguard, and from the very beginning of her present constitution has wiped out the penalty of death from her civil code, decreeing that it shall never be reëstablished.

Freedom, indeed, seems to be the word which has set the key of this Constitution of 1831. The press is free; editors may write what they like. Education is free; people may teach what they like. And religion is free; you may hold what opinions you like. Not, however, that the State is so unpaternal as to take no interest in these things at all. On the contrary, she recognizes both education and religion as indispensable instruments for promoting the welfare of the people; and accordingly she pays largely for both. Only she does not apply restrictive measures to any manifestation of either of them. In her eyes all forms of religious opinion are equal. Thus there is no form of established religion, but on the other hand, a large sum is paid annually out of the public treasury towards the maintenance of ministers of religion. On the same principle the Government pays handsomely towards education, and professes an earnest wish that every single subject should receive at least the elements of knowledge. Accordingly, besides many special schools for agriculture, navigation, and professional knowledge of various kinds, the Government supports the two important universities of Ghent and Liege; while they have normal schools for training their teachers, middle schools, and primary schools for children between seven and fourteen years of age, the children

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below seven years old being nursed and taught in institutions, for which they have invented a name—*La Crèche*—as full of poetry as the work done by them is full of practical utility. The evil of having large masses of population growing up without even the most rudimentary education has been felt amongst them no less acutely than amongst ourselves. The Belgians have shrunk, however, from adopting a system of compulsory education; but they have attempted to reach the end aimed at by removing the excuse of poverty for a neglected education. Their law provides that the children of the poor shall receive instruction gratuitously. It is fair, however, to add that their official documents lament that even with this liberal temptation the poor remain uneducated in very considerable numbers. In such a system of education the question must necessarily arise, what form of religious teaching is to be adopted? Their law solves it by deciding that the religious and moral instruction of each school shall be given under the direction of the ministers of that particular creed which is professed by the majority of the pupils at the school, the minority being protected by an exemption from undergoing that instruction.

There are, perhaps, few subjects connected with the Belgians upon which there is greater inexactness of statement with people who have not been amongst them than upon the language of the country. You hear it commonly said that Flemish is the indigenous language of the country, but that the upper classes speak French. Now, in the first place, this statement does not quite represent the fact; and, in the second, people who adopt it have not in general any very distinct idea of what they mean by "Flemish." The truth is that Belgium has two indigenous languages.—Speaking roughly, if you draw a line across the map from about Lille to Liege, the indigenous language south of the line is Wallòn, an old form of French, but one which you cannot understand although you may understand French; and north of the line the indigenous language is what they very properly call, not Flemish, but Le Néerlandais—Netherlandish.—I say they very properly call it by this name, because it is the same language, with only dialectic differences, as that spoken in Holland which we ordinarily call Dutch.

This Netherlandish is a form of German, and deserves an Englishman's notice especially because it forms a stepping-stone half way between the modern High German and his own speech. For instance, *sieben* in German becomes *zeven* in Netherlandish and *seven* in English; the German *mittel* becomes successively *middel* and *middle*; the *buch* of the German is *boek* and *book*; *tag* is *dag* and *day*.—Such illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. Every Belgian, then, has one or other of these two—either the Wallon or the Netherlandish—as his native language.—And beyond this almost every Bel-

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gian of education, whether in the north or the south, speaks French. Indeed, in Brussels itself French seems to be the ordinary language adopted in the better classes of society; and though the Constitution distinctly forbids the establishment by law of any particular language as the vernacular French is practically the language of the Government. Further north, French does not appear to have obtained quite the same footing among the more cultivated sections of the people. I once was present in the north at a meeting of a committee consisting of one of their ecclesitics, a most eminent artist, and a well-known man of letters, and I was surprised to find that they conducted their business in Netherlandish. On my remarking the circumstance to the last-named of the three, and saying that I expected that polished men would have conversed together in French, he replied that it was to them a matter of perfect indifference; sometimes they adopted one language and sometimes the other.

Foremost among the home usages of a nation is, perhaps, their practice with respect to marriage: and herein the Belgians have a mode of procedure quite different from our own. The wedding couple, with their friends and relatives, make a formal appearance before the mayor or his representative, and there the necessary pledges are exchanged, the contracts are made, and the contracting parties are declared to be man and wife. This completed, a general adjournment of the whole party takes place to the church, where the nuptial benediction is pronounced upon the newly-married couple. Arising out of this custom, most town-halls in Belgium contain a room—called the Salle des Mariages—set apart for this department of the functions of the mayor. In some of the larger towns the Salle des Mariages is decorated with works of art of the highest value; that at Brussels, for example, is hung with most magnificent and costly Tournay tapestries, and the room at Antwerp is remarkable for its large carved chimney-piece representing the Marriage in Cana of Galilee.

Few things are more conspicuous amongst the Belgians than the encouragement they give to the fine arts. Go where you will amongst them, you find architecture, painting, sculpture, and music. The town-halls and guildhalls of the Belgian cities are known by reputation, even to those who have not seen them, as being some of the finest specimens of ancient Gothic architecture in the world. Without undertaking to say that it is the finest of them, the most extraordinary of them all is perhaps the hall at Louvain—the Burton-on-Trent of Belgium, which brews, by the way, quite as much, though I am bound to say not quite as good, beer as they do in our own mid-country breweries. This town-hall is quite a miracle of stonework. It is one mass of carving of the most delicate character, so that it looks almost like a network of stone.—The effect of it was well described

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in a few words with which a Belgian gentleman finished his praises of it to me in the train to Louvain. He had said everything he could think of in praise of it, and then shrugged his shoulders with this final exclamation, "Ah, Monsieur, c'est une affaire de dentelle!" And so, indeed, I found it; it realized the idea of lace made in stone more than anything I have seen elsewhere.

There is in particular one result of a few weeks' ramble amongst these old Belgian buildings, which many an Englishman will experience; and it is this—he will be likely to find his opinions about architecture revolutionised by his visit. An impression has been very widely cherished in this country throughout the present century, that pointed, or as it is commonly called, Gothic architecture, is fit only for churches, country parsonages, and schools, being very ill-adapted to the purposes of domestic life or civil business. The very best answer to such an impression is to go and see the architecture of the Belgians. Amongst them you find, it is true, splendid Gothic cathedrals, Gothic churches, and Gothic schools; but you find also Gothic dwelling-houses, Gothic warehouses, Gothic exchanges, Gothic halls, Gothic market-houses, Gothic cranes, Gothic pump-handles, Gothic everything; and you learn perhaps to your astonishment, that these principles of Gothic art, which you have thought hitherto applicable only to ecclesiastical purposes, will adapt themselves with remarkable flexibilty to every single purpose of life that you can take in hand: and prejudiced as you may have been, you will almost involuntarily admit that they are instinct with a glory and a power which all the precisianism of eighteenth-century pseudo-classical architecture in your own country has utterly failed to impart, even to the most pretentious monuments of the style.

Everybody knows that the Belgians have been always enthusiastic patrons of painting. But about one of their greatest painters, Van Dyk, I believe most Englishmen who have not seen him upon his native soil have only a very incomplete idea. Ask any untravelled man of your acquaintance who Van Dyk was, and it is a wonder if you do not get as a reply, that he was a famous painter of portraits.—During his residence in this country he did paint chiefly portraits, for whomsoever he took in hand, he had that invaluable faculty of always making his sitters look like ladies and gentlemen upon his canvas. And it is no wonder that all the fine people about the Court, finding they had so good a painter amongst them instantly wanted their portraits taken, and left him time to paint nothing else. But see Van Dyk at home, in the galleries and churches of Antwerp for instance, and this view of him immediately disappears. He stands out there at once in his true character as a painter of the greatest subjects of history and religion, his power as a portrait painter being almost entirely subordinate to this. The hopeless desolation and suffer

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ing of his "Christ on the Cross," in the Musée at Antwerp, is such an illustration of the beginning of the twenty-second Psalm as, when once seen, is not easily forgotten; and the memory of only one such picture is quite enough to make you hesitate in adopting the current English impression, that Van Dyk was solely, or even chiefly, a painter of portraits.

The present school of painters among the Belgians seems likely to maintain the old prestige of the country in this art. It will be remembered that at the Exhibition of 1862, in London, some of the modern Belgian pictures attracted perhaps more public admiration than any other pictures in the modern gallery. Most visitors will remember, for example, the crowds that were always gathered round Gallait's fine picture of "The Last Moments of Counts Egmont and Hoorn;" and many will retain to this day the awe-struck impression conveyed to the mind by the large picture which, though critics might have found some faults of execution, was certainly as magnificent as it was original in conception, of Judas suddenly and unsuspectingly coming upon the two men engaged in making the Cross, wherein the traitor seems to have the enormity of his crime fully presented to his mind by the sight of this trivial piece of mechanical detail necessary to consummate it. Another branch of the art, too—that of fresco painting—the Belgians are practising with eminent success.—One of their greatest artists, Baron Leys, is at this moment engaged upon a series of historical frescoes in the Hotel de Ville at Antwerp, which but few Englishmen have been admitted to see in their incomplete state, but which promise to be so fine, that hereafter enthusiasts for pictures will be found making pilgrimages to Antwerp on purpose to see these splendid creations of the painter's art.

I said, everybody knows that the Belgians are zealous patrons of the pictorial art, but I admit that I was not a little surprised to find how universally, and how successfully, too, they cultivate the art of the musician. They have music everywhere. Societies for part-singing, as well as for instrumental performance, exist in almost every village. I was once dining with a wealthy landed proprietor in the neighbourhood of a little country town in Belgium, of about one thousand inhabitants, and talking of this subject, he told me that out of the inhabitants of that very town and the surrounding villages, they maintained a band of eighty-four players. Later in the evening we went down to the rehearsal-room, and found upwards of fifty of them actually practising together. I do not say that the performance was of the highest order of excellence, but it was very tolerable; and I could not help contrasting this assemblage of country instrumentalists with what one would find in an English country town of the same size, where a brass band of about eight would represent all the musical resources of the place,

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and would be thought very fairly to sustain its reputation as a locality having some appreciation of the art. But at Antwerp I found a body of amateur musicians in an advanced stage of discipline as executants. There is a very large club there, called the *Société du Cercle Artistique*, which is not the most fashionable and select club there, but embraces men of letters and talent of all sorts; and, besides the usual attributes of a London club, is established for the purpose of encouraging the fine arts. Amongst other ways of giving this encouragement, the *Société* maintains an orchestra, complete in every department, from amongst its own members. I was assured that every single instrument (and not one was absent) was played by an amateur; and, building upon one's English experience, this assurance prepared me for a somewhat indifferent performance.—However, as I entered their concert-room, I heard them playing Weber's "Jubilee Overture," with a dash and refinement which at once made me reflect that, if amateur Belgians could do that, then Belgium must be a very musical country. And so, in truth, it is. Wisely, too, the Government undertakes to cultivate and foster this national inclination. It takes the study of the art under its especial patronage, by the establishment and maintenance of two important schools in the Conservatoires of Brussels and Liege, where there is opportunity for receiving instruction in every branch, under professors who are paid by the Government.

There is, of course, very much more to be said about the national life of the Belgians than all I have been able to set down here. But I think I have said enough to convey the very just impression that the Belgians are a people quite in the van of European civilization. Their free monarchical government, the aggregate of their conceptions of liberty, their unfettered public opinion, their enlightened views of social policy, their culture of the more refined side of modern life in their successful patronage of the fine arts—these are criteria of an advanced civilization, and all of them points on which they find a ready sympathy in the heart of England; and for the sake of these we could not help being proud to welcome them here, even if we did not recollect their affability to strangers, their unfailing courtesy, their quiet *politeese*, have so generally the effect of rendering an Englishman's residence in their country both humanizing and agreeable.

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SONNET.

That son of Italy who tried to blow,
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song,
In his light youth amid a festal throng
Sate with his bride to see a public show.

Fair was the bride, and on her front did glow
Youth like a star; and what to youth belong,
Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.
A prop gave way! crash fell a platform! lo,

Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death, she lay!
Shuddering they drew her garments off—and found
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth, white skin.

Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

SCIENCE AND ART.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON SOUND.*

Professor Tyndall deservedly holds a place among the foremost of our lecturers on science. His style is clear, connected, and animated. He has the art of seizing at once the most essential and prominent features of his subject, while at the same time throwing himself into the mental position of his auditors, so as to appear a fellow-learner with them. It is thus that he seems to make himself a link of intelligence between them and the body of facts under illustration, and to enable them, so to say, to see through the medium of his own mind. His experiments are unsurpassed in neatness, and never miscarry. The lecturer's voice and manner join with the habitual perspicuity of his language in engaging the attention and kindling the intelligence of his hearers. A certain glow of enthusiasm acting

* SOUND. A Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By John Tyndall, LL. D., F. R. S., &c. London: Longman & Co. 1867.

upon a fine imagination and a happy command of language gives an air of poetry to what in common hands is often bald, prosaic, and uninviting in the extreme, and throws an artistic finish over the hard substratum of fact. We are glad to have the opportunity of studying in print the series of lectures on Sound which during the last season drew full and attentive audiences to the lecture-room of the Royal Institution. We cannot say that these lectures strike us as equally interesting with the previous series on Heat. Not that they exhibit by comparison any defect in the lecturer's treatment of the subject, in the fluency of his language, or the clearness of his experiments. The falling off, if any, is due to the subject itself.—In dealing with the phenomena of sound we find ourselves shut up at once in a comparatively restricted area.

The medium within which we move is more limited, and affords less scope for widespread and glowing speculations. The phenomena of light and heat connect us immediately with the furthest range of cosmical forces, and carry us on the wings of imagination to the extremes of infinite space. But the facts relating to sound lie essentially within the narrow bounds of our atmosphere. They are not cosmical, but terrestrial. Imagination itself is distanced the moment we try to pass beyond the limited ærial envelope which swathes our planet, and which conveys to us all we are capable of knowing of the nature of sound. Observation gives us direct evidence of the agencies of light and heat affecting worlds of untold remoteness from our own, and theory can roam at will over realms of space without any misgiving that the analogies of physics as taught us by experience here will fail us wheresoever the eye can extend its range. But what of the nature of sound, when fancy ventures to branch out beyond the few hundred miles within which we seem compelled to limit the acoustic medium, or ocean of air, in whose lower depths we live? Take, as the nearest instance, the moon. Who shall say what are the relations of sound to a planet in which the indications of an atmosphere, if appreciable at all, are so slight and indeterminate? In the presence of vast cosmical convulsions such as the telescope seems to certify as even now in progress in the moon, are we to divest our thoughts of all that class of effects which to us forms perhaps the most emphatic evidence of physical change? Is the crash of worlds before our eyes going on *in vacou?* Is the moon's rigid metallic crust upheaved and broken, or does the titanic crater sink down into the abyss of central fire, without awaking a vibration in the eternal silence? We can only come back baffled from the feeblest flight into space to make the most that we can of the narrower and more commonplace facts actually within our ken. Even here, too, we soon encounter a further cause of limitation. The widest range of acoustics can be,

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as we have said, but conterminous with the atmosphere whose vibrations give rise to the property of sound. But there are limits, too, to the powers of the ear or the brain to receive or to appreciate the vibrations of that medium.—The range of hearing is no doubt infinitely various among different classes of sentient life. It differs, we find by experience, among individuals in the case of mankind. But the human ear itself at its best is limited in both directions of the scale in its perception of sounds, whether grave or acute. The most satisfactory test of this fact lies in the sensibility of the ear to sounds so sustained as to have a definite or musical pitch. The experiments of men of science have resulted in an arithmetical scale for the normal power of the organ of hearing.

Savart fixed the lower limit of the human ear at eight complete vibrations a second; and to cause these slowly recurring vibrations to link themselves together, he was obliged to employ shocks of great power. By means of a toothed wheel and an associated counter, he fixed the upper limit of hearing at 24,000 vibrations a second.—Helmholtz has recently fixed the lower limit at 16 vibrations, and the higher at 38,000 vibrations, a second. By employing very small tuning-forks, the late M. Depretz showed that a sound corresponding to 38,000 vibrations a second is audible. Starting from the note 16 and multiplying continually by 2; or more compendiously raising 2 to the 11th power, and multiplying this by 16, we should find that at 11 octaves above the fundamental note the number of vibrations would be 32,768. Taking, therefore, the limits assigned by Helmholtz, the entire range of the human ear embraces about 11 octaves. But all the notes comprised within these limits cannot be employed in music. The practical range of musical sounds is comprised between 40 and 4,000 vibrations a second, which amounts, in round numbers, to 7 octaves.

Dr. Wollaston was the first to take note of the difference that exists in the power of hearing between different persons. While employed in estimating the pitch of certain sharp sounds he was struck with the total insensibility of a friend to the sound of a small organ pipe which, in respect to acuteness, was far within the ordinary limits of hearing. The acoustic sense in this case extended no higher than four octaves above the middle E of the pianoforte, while other persons have a distinct perception of sounds two octaves higher. Professor Tyndall has accumulated various instances of the limits at which the power of hearing ceases in different individuals. The squeak of the bat, the sound of the cricket, even the chirrup of the common house-sparrow, are unheard by some persons, who possess a sensitive ear for lower sounds. The ascent of a single note is sometimes sufficient to produce the change from sound to silence.—Two persons, neither of them deaf, may be found, the one complaining

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of the penetrating shrillness of a sound, the other maintaining that no sound exists. In the *Glaciers of the Alps,* Professor Tyndall has referred to a case of short auditory range of this kind.

While crossing the Wengern Alp his ear was rent with the shrill chirruping of the insects which swarmed in the grass on either side of the path, while a friend by his side heard not a sound of all this insect music. The pitch of sounds has something closely analogous to the various hues of light, which are excited by different rates of vibration. Both alike arise out of the pulses or waves of their respective media. But in its width of perception the ear greatly transcends the eye. The chromatic scale over which the eye ranges consists but of little more than a single octave, while upwards of eleven octaves lie within the compass of the ear. The quickest vibrations or shortest waves of light, which correspond to the extreme violet, strike the eye with only about twice the rapidity of the slowest or extreme red of the spectrum; whereas the quickest vibrations that strike the ear as a musical sound have, as Professor Tyndall remarks, more than two thousand times the rapidity of the slowest.

By means of the syren, an ingenious instrument for measuring the velocity of sound, the rapidity of vibration of any sonorous body can be determined with extreme accuracy. The body may be a vibrating string, an organ-pipe, a reed, or the human voice. We might even determine from the hum of an insect the number of times it flaps its wings in a second.

"The waves generated by a man's organs of voice in common conversation are from 8 to 12 feet, those of a woman are from 2 to 4 feet in length. Hence a woman's ordinary pitch in the lower sounds of conversation is more than an actave above a man's; in the higher sounds it is two octaves."

To the extreme elasticity of woody fibes, especially when in a highly dry state, are due the wonderful effects of sound drawn out of the violin, or the sounding-board of the piano. There is practically no limit to the distance through which sound may be transmitted through tubes of rods or wood. The music of instruments in a lower room may be made to pass to a higher floor, where it is excited by a proper sounding-board, being all the while inaudible in the intermediate floors, through which it passes.—It would be possible to lay on, by means of wooden conductors, the music of a band to a distance in all directions, much as we lay on water. Mr. Spurgeon's voice might be turned on from a main in the great Tabernacle, or Mr. Beales's eloquence from a platform in Hyde Park, to the ears of admirers in every parlour in the metropolis.

The fourth and fifth lectures reproduce and illustrate with much force and neatness the beautiful experiments of Chladni, Wheatstone, Faraday, and Strehlke, by which sonorous waves are made visible by means of the vibrations

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of metal plates strewn with fine sand. The curved lines, nodes, and other modifications of form which sand or the fine seeds of lycopodium exhibit, under different degrees of excitement, enable the eye to realize the rhythmical relations which belong to the phenomena of sound. The Pythagorean theory of figures, as applied to music, has its counterpart in the geometrical as well as in the arithmetical laws which are shown to govern the movements of sonorous waves. No portion of the present course, however, is more original and striking than that which treats of "sounding flames," or the effects produced by sound upon ignited jets of gas. The first great novelty in acoustic observations was due to the late Count Scaffgotsch, who showed that a flame in such a tube could be made to quiver in response to a voice pitched to the note of the tube or to its higher octave.—Where the note was sufficiently high the flame was even extinguished by the voice. Following up this rudimentary idea, Professor Tyndall was led to take note of a series of singular effects with flames and tubes, in which he and the Count seem to have been running a race of priority. A number of these curious and beautiful phenomena are described in the sixth lecture. The cause of this quivering or dancing of the flame is best revealed by an experiment with the syren. As the pitch of the instrument is raised so as to approach that of the tube, a quivering of the flame is seen synchronous with the beats. When perfect unison is attained, the beats cease, but begin again when the syren is urged beyond unison, becoming more rapid as the dissonance is increased.

On raising the voice to the proper pitch the Professor showed that a flame which had been burning silently began to sing. The effect was the same, whenever the right note was sounded, at any distance in the room. He turned his back to the flame. Still the sonorous pulses ran round him, reached the tube, and called forth the song.—Naked flames uncovered by tubes will give forth the same effects if subjected to increased pressure, or suffered to flare. Professor Tyndall ascribes this discovery to Professor Leconte, of the United States, who noticed at a musical party the jets of gas pulsate in synchronism with the audible beats. "A deaf man," he observes "might have *seen* the harmony." The tap of a hammer, the shaking a bunch of keys, a bell, whistle, or other sonorous instrument is answered by the sympathetic tongue of flame. An infinite variety of forms is assumed by the luminous jet, according as the fish-tail, the bat's-wing, or other burner is employed, or a greater or less column of flame allowed to rise. The most marvellous flame of the series is that from the single orifice of a steatite burner reaching a height of twenty-four inches. So sensitive is this tall and slender column as to sink to seven inches at the slightest tap upon a distant anvil. At the shaking of a bunch of keys it is vio-

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lently agitated and emits a loud roar. The lecturer could not walk across the floor without agitating it. The creaking of his boots, the ticking of his watch, set it in violent commotion. As he recited a passage from Spenser the flame picked out certain sounds to which it responded by a slight nod, while to others it bowed more distinctly, and gave to some a profound obeisance, to other sounds all the while turning a deaf ear. There is also the "vowel" flame, so called because the different vowel sounds affect it differently. Hence we get a scale of vowel sounds in perfect accord with the analysis of Helmholtz. The pitch of the pure vowel sound A (as in "arm") is the highest. E (or I in French and Italian) contains higher notes than O, and O higher notes than U.—This flame is peculiarly sensitive to the sound of *s*. A hiss from the most distant person in the room would forcibly affect it. To a musical box it behaved like a sentient creature, flowing slightly to some tones, but curtseying deeply to others.

We look with lively interest for the development of this novel and highly curious branch of discovery in the hands of Professor Tyndall. The seventh lecture contains some interesting remarks upon the graphic representation of musical and other sounds by means of beams of light thrown upon a screen. The continuity or intermittence of sound is made to announce itself by the alternate lengthening or shortening of the luminous band. We should have expected here some reference to the ingenious attempts of the Abbé Moigno to render musical and spoken sounds self-recording by means of sheets of sensitive paper. Experiments of this kind are, of course, as yet vague and rudimentary in the extreme. It is impossible to say how far off we still are from the time when a sonata or a speech will register its own acoustic pulsations in fixed and legible characters. For the existing state and prospects, however, of the science of acoustics, we cannot point to a more succinct and intelligible statement than that contained in the course of lectures before us. We would draw the attention of our readers in particular to the concluding paragraph of the last lecture. They will find there briefly and lucidly explained the recent discoveries of Prof. Schultze and the Marchese Corti regarding the manner in which sonorous motion is transmitted to the auditory nerve. If not as yet scientifically conclusive, these ingenious speculations open up a new and promising passage in the anatomy and physiology of that wondrous organ the human ear.—*Saturday Review.*

Says *Chambers's Journal :* The members of the Horological Institute have held a discussion on the decline of the watch-trade in England, and are filled with alarm at the prospect of a further decline, with a corresponding increase in the watch-trade of America. But if the ingenious artificers of New England can make watches better

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and cheaper than we can, what is there to complain about? So much the better for watch-buyers all over the world. The notion that England should strive to monopolise the trade of the world, has too long prevailed. It would not be good for us that it should be so; but much better to believe that we ought not to expect more than a fair share of that trade. If England wants more than her share of that trade, let her be strictly honest in all her dealings, and note the effect that the mere rumour thereof will have on the world of customers. The American watchmakers produce nearly every part of a watch by machinery, and thereby have a manifest advantage over those who trust to hand-work only. In one of their factories, they turn out 70,000 watches a year. If English manufacturers hope to compete with such a rate of production as that, they too must adopt machinery, and a uniform standard of construction. At present, there are in this country, as one of the Horologicals confessed, fourteen different-sized movements.

The popular belief that the moon exerts an influence on the wind, has been tested by Mr. Glaisher, by seven years of wind observations (1840—1847), taken at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich; and he finds reason to conclude that the belief is supported by fact. He tabulates his data, and so obtains the direction of the wind for every lunation throughout the period. The most prevalent winds are the south-westerly; north come next; and the lowest is south-east. During the seven years, the south-east wind blew for 482 hours; the east wind, 2226 hours; the west wind, 3236 hours; the south wind, 4234 hours; the north wind, 4816 hours; and the south-west, 6684 hours; and in the same period there were nearly 15,000 hours of calm.

Some interesting facts as regards movement of population appear in emigration tables. In twenty years, 1847—1866, the number of emigrants who landed at New York alone was 8,664,837. Of these, 1,508,725 were from Ireland; 1,348,619 from Germany; 445,647 from England; 88,352 from Scotland; 69,245 from France; 56,959 from Switzerland; 27,190 from Holland; 21,930 from Wales, and 98,160 from other places.

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BOOKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH LITERATURE.

Archbishop Trench's "Studies in the Gospel" form a series of papers on sixteen passages, each of which presents some difficulty or obscurity. Towards the elucidation of these passages, as well as towards a more clear and full apprehension of the scope of our Lord's teaching in them, Dr. Trench makes contributions similar in kind and calibre to those contained in his works on the Miracles and the Parables. He is not remarkable for great intuitive skill, or for much power of grasping firmly and expounding clearly the great thought or thoughts of our Lord's sayings; but the light which his patient, judicious, and reverent contributions throw on different passages is a valuable help to the full understanding of them.

Dr. James Buchanan's work on "Justification" forms the second biennial series of the Cunningham Lectures, recently founded in Edinburgh. It is in two parts; the first examining the subject historically, and the second dogmatically. The idea of such a double view is excellent, and makes one almost wonder that in so few cases has been carried out, as one can barely comprehend any great theological question apart from its history. The patience, clearness, and fulness with which he presents his subject give much value to his book; but his mind is of the kind that rather reflect than radiate light; so that while the book is free from the hazardous speculations, it is also destitute of the fire and flash so conspicuous in the former volume of the series—Dr. Candlish's Lectures on the Fatherhood of God.

Professor Plumptre's "Christ and Christendom; being the Boyle Lecture for 1866," belongs to a more modern school of theology.—Starting with the fact that in the Church of the present day the two most noticeable features are the desire for union and the interest in the life of Christ, Mr. Plumptre conceives that it is through a true appreciation of the life that we shall at last realise the union. His lectures aim at presenting such a view of the life. They gain in interest and power as they proceed.

"The Oxford Reformers of 1498," by Frederick Seebohm, professes to give a history of the fellow work of Dean Colet, Erasmus, and Sir Thomas More. There is something extremely attractive in the personal character and history of

each of these men, especially the independence and courage they showed in uttering their views; and something of singular interest in the times when they lived, and in their personal relations to each other.

The contributions to religious biography have been of late considerable. From the Rev. E. B. Elliot, of Brighton, we have a life of Lord Haddo, in his later years fifth Earl of Aberdeen. He was the eldest son of the Prime Minister of 1854, "the travelled thane, Athenian Aberdeen." The volume gives us some interesting glimpses of the Earl of Aberdeen, so well-known in the political world, revealing more of religious sensibility and paternal affection than those who knew him only as the politician might have thought him to possess.

The "Life of the Rev. William Marsh, D. D.," by his daughter, the well-known author of "English Hearts and English Hands," traces the career of one naturally so gifted with gently, winning, loving, and loveable qualities, that when his life was pervaded by the Christian spirit, and mellow with ripe Christian graces, he attained, in the eyes of his family and friends, to something approaching perfection.—Readers that prefer a hard head to a loving heart will not find in this biography much to interest them. The place which he gained in the esteem and deep love of a large and influential circle was not due to eminent talent, but to his warmth and tenderness of heart, his genial interest in the welfare of all connected with him, and the simplicity and earnestness of his character. Living to his ninetieth year, he may be said to have become the patriarch of Church of England evangelism, and no man could have filled the position more worthily.

"Lessons from the Life of the late James Nisbet, Publisher, London, a Study for Young Men, by Rev. J. A. Wallace," is partly a narrative and partly a series of little homilies founded on personal characteristics or on incidents in the life of the well-known publisher of Berners-street, a man of strong character, much energy of Christian conviction and feeling, and great activity in well-doing.

Mr. Ellis has given us a very interesting volume under the title of "Madagascar Revisited: describing the events of a reign and the revolution that followed, setting forth also the persecutions endured by the Christians, and their heroic sufferings, with notices of the present state and prospects of the people." So many contradictory rumours were in circulation about the murdered king, and the affairs of Madagascar generally, that a minute, authentic narration like that before us is a great boon. The notices of the Madagascar martyrs are of the most thrilling description. Mr. Ellis thinks that, though

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with exceptions, progress is the rule in Malagasy society, and that the condition of the people is improving. It will be for the ultimate benefit of Christianity in the island that it has had so bloody a baptism, and that the people have been habituated to such an idea of Christian duty and heroism. Though Christianity has advanced wonderfully, it is yet exposed to many dangers, but the very existence of the Malagasy race depends upon Christianity becoming the religion of the people, and raising them above the debasing influence of their superstitions and traditional practices.

"The Private Letters of St. Paul and St. John," by the Rev. Samuel Cox, consists of three week-evening lectures, delivered by the author in the ordinary course of his ministry, founded on the Epistle to Philemon, and the 2nd and 3rd Epistles of St. John. The lectures are fresh, racy, and scholar-like, showing a remarkable insight into character, and bringing out many of those traits which give special worth and interest to the private letters of public men.

"Bible-Teaching in Nature," by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, is a collection of biblical papers of remarkable freshness and interest, a few of which have appeared in the monthly Magazines. Mr. Macmillan possesses a rare gift both of insight and exposition; both greatly aided by his extensive acquaintance with natural science. The more obvious Bible symbols from nature acquire at his hands a fulness, point, and richness, like what the microscope gives to familiar objects; while many that are obscure to the ordinary reader start from his touch flashing with light and beauty.

French Literature.—The second volume of M. Amédée Thierry's *Histoire de la Gaule sous la Domination Romaine* is now published also in a revised edition. The government of Diocletian, and the persecution directed against Christianity, are the opening subjects. Step by step our author leads us through the reigns of Diocletian and of his successors; we see Christianity standing the ordeal of persecution, and then rising to supreme power under a system realising the complete identification of the church and the State. A last reäction takes place after the death of Valentinian, when Roman Polytheism combines with the Paganism of the Teutonic races for the purpose of crushing the Church. Theodosius, however, once more secured the triumph of Christianity, and when at his death the Empire was divided between Arcadius and Honorius, these two princes found heathenism outlawed, and punished as a political offence. Such is the subject of M. Amédée Thierry's new volume; it is treated with the author's usual accuracy, and forms a narrative of great interest.

M. Beulé, a member of the French Institute, and known by his excellent works on archæology, had

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given in the lecture-room of the Paris Imperial Library a series of lectures on the Emperor Augustus and his contemporaries. These lectures, taken down by short-hand writers, are now printed in a collective form under the title *Auguste, sa Famille et ses Amis.*

The series of national biographies published by Messrs. Hachette has just received a fresh instalment — namely, the life of General Hoche. In treating this interesting subject M. Emile de Bonnechose has displayed much skill, just as he had manifested great tact in selecting it. Few of the heroes belonging to the French revolutionary era have left so unsullied a reputation as Hoche. His career was unfortunately prematurely cut short, and he did not live long enough to see his country suffer from that spirit of conquest which succeeeded to the patriotic outburst of the early revolutionary epoch.

Like Hoche, Kléber did not see the star of the Empire rise from the turmoil of the Republic and the Directory. His biography is very instructive, and has been compiled by Baron Ernouf with the help of original documents extant only in manuscript. Kléber's lofty stature and noble appearance commanded respect quite as much as his courage and his military skill. "On a battle day," said Napoleon, once, "nobody is handsomer than Kléber."

The relation between Buonaparte and Kléber have given rise to many discussions, some authors believing that the former did not deal fairly with his lieutenant; others, on the contrary, accusing Kléber of irritation, jealousy, and want of candour. Baron Ernouf treats the subject impartially, and decides that, as in most cases, there is fault to find on both sides.

Mr. Boullée's *Histoire de Démosthène* is the second and very much improved edition of a work which appeared for the first time in 1834. Critics have often noticed that, whilst biographies of Cicero abound, the great Athenian orator has been comparatively neglected. Plutarch is too meagre; Libanius writes like a panegyrist rather than with the accuracy of an historian; Photius, Zosimus, and Suidas are incomplete; and, finally, Dionysious Halicarnassensis treats merely of the style of Demosthenes. Since M. Boullée first published his volume, two Germans, Becker and Schäfer, have, however, written works on the great orator and statesman which deserve to be numbered amongst the masterpieces of modern erudition; and M. Boullée has not omitted to consult those high authorities. He has also availed himself of the details given by Dr. Thirlwall and Mr. Grote in their histories of Greece.

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Editors of the RICHMOND ECLECTIC in sending out this, the last number of the first year's issue of their Magazine, deem it a proper occasion to address a few words to the public.

They have found the task of selecting articles suitable for republication more difficult than they anticipated. Although they have had all the standard periodicals of foreign literature at their command, they have often found it impossible to fill even a single number of the ECLECTIC with such articles as met with their entire approval. Sometimes when the subject matter has been interesting and important the style of the composition was so faulty as to compel the rejection of an article, otherwise unexceptionable; and, oftener still, when the literary merits of a piece have made it attractive, it has been rejected because the theme discussed was not interesting to American readers, or because the moral inculcated was questionable.

But while the scarcity of articles, at once instructive and entertaining, has been greater than was expected, the work of the Editors has been in many respects very pleasant. They have been greatly encouraged by the approval of those for whose taste and judgment they had the highest respect.—Communications, unsolicited and unexpected, from persons whose literary and moral culture made their kindness more welcome, have been addressed to the Editors, urging them to persevere in conducting the ECLECTIC upon the plan already adopted, and to republish nothing which was not calculated to instruct and refine as well as entertain. The circulation of this Magazine could have probably been doubled by the republication of serial novels and sensational stories; but the Editors believe there are a sufficient number of readers in the land to appreciate and to sustain a periodical which is conducted on a better plan and with a higher purpose. At all events, they mean to make the experiment fully and fairly, and do not seek success by any meretricious means.

They take this occasion to tender their hearty thanks to the Editors of newspapers and other periodicals who have so warmly, and some of them so frequently commended their enterprise to the public. Some of the most flattering of these notices have been from the Northern press. The RICHMOND ECLECTIC has never contained a line that was sectarian or sectional, and while it will never publish one that is unfriendly to the South, it takes no part in the political discussions of the day, believing that on the broad domain of general literature there is a common ground where all may meet and mingle in harmony and find enjoyment together, just as all men may together breathe the liberal air, and walk beneath the light of the same sun without depriving each other of air and light.

In commencing a new year, the Editors find encouragement in the fact that while they continue to receive the names of new subscribers they have had scarcely a single order for discontinuance.

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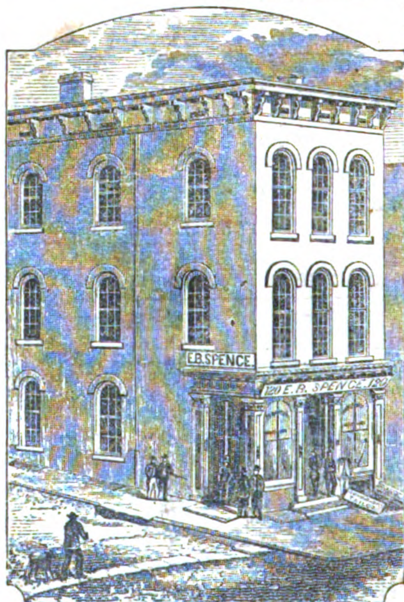

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